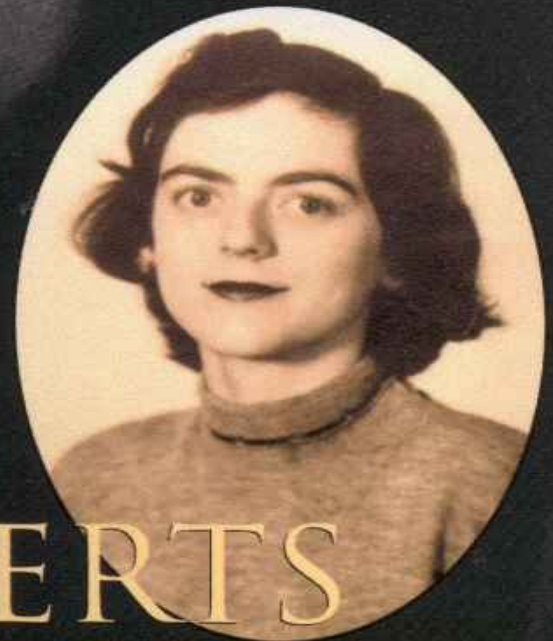


A SETH BOOK

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

THE
EARLY SESSIONS
Book 1 of The Seth Material

SESSIONS 1-42
11/26/63-4/8/64



BY
JANE ROBERTS

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY ROBERT F. BUTTS

**THE
EARLY SESSIONS**

Book 1 of The Seth Material

Sessions 1-42
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Visit our website www.sethcenter.com
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Seth books and recordings by Jane Roberts

THE EARLY SESSIONS

The Early Sessions consist of the first 510 sessions dictated by Seth through Jane Roberts. There are 9 books in *The Early Sessions* series.

THE PERSONAL SESSIONS

The Personal Sessions, often referred to as “the deleted sessions,” are Seth sessions that Jane Roberts and Rob Butts considered to be of a highly personal nature and were therefore kept in separate notebooks from the main body of the Seth material. There are 7 books in *The Early Sessions* series.

“The great value I see now in the many deleted or private sessions is that they have the potential to help others, just as they helped Jane and me over the years. I feel that it’s very important to have these sessions added to Jane’s fine creative body of work for all to see.” –Rob Butts

THE SETH AUDIO COLLECTION

Recordings of Seth speaking through Jane Roberts are available on CD. (Further information is supplied at the back of this book.)

For complete information on Seth Books, Online Seth Classes, Seth Conferences, Seth CD’s, Jane Roberts’ books and The Art of Robert Butts (Jane Robert’s husband and co-author of the Seth Books) write to New Awareness Network and request the latest catalogue or visit our website at www.sethcenter.com

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*I dedicate The Early Sessions
to my wife, Jane Roberts, who lived her 55 years with the greatest creativity
and the most valiant courage.*

-Rob

PREFACE

I'm tremendously pleased that Rick Stack, the proprietor of New Awareness Network Inc., is publishing the eight-to-ten-volume set of *The Early Sessions*. These books consist of the first 510 "sessions" that my wife, Jane Roberts, delivered for that well-known "energy personality essence", Seth, after she began speaking in a trance or dissociated state in December 1963. They cover a six-year period between November 20, 1963 and January 19, 1970.

Having this set published for the record is something I've long wanted to see take place, and Rick's dedicated interest and time make it possible. (I told him more than once along the way that he'd better think twice—and more!—before taking on the job of publishing eight-to-ten books.) Jane died on September 5, 1984, at the age of 55. When she was close to death she asked me to publish all of her work. In my grief and shock I agreed, without understanding what a challenge that labor of love was to entail. I'm still working at it 12 years later!

With the loving help of others I made several attempts over the years to publish various portions of Jane's work, but with little success, for a variety of reasons. Also, even though I'd been so intimately involved with the Seth material from the very beginning, for example, I didn't fully comprehend the volume of just the session material that we'd accumulated over a total of 21 years. Let alone the bulk of Jane's other work: her poetry, novels both published and unpublished, her other published books, an unfinished autobiography, the records of her ESP class sessions, her journals and paintings, her singing in musical trance language, Sumari, her never-ending correspondence. My wife was—and is, I know, for I'm sure that she still lives—the most creative person I've ever met, and through her extraordinary abilities she's left a body of work that I regard as a legacy of inquiry about our understanding of ourselves and our reality. In my opinion its "true value" is only now coming to be better acknowledged. Rick's publication of *The Early Sessions*, then, is a very important advance in the marvelous journey of discovery that, I think, each one of us is inevitably involved in, that each one of us has chosen to create, in whatever way and for whatever purposes.

These eight to ten volumes are meant to show Jane's and my growth—in the most literal way—but always that of my wife, above all else. From the start we felt that if our “psychic” work had value it should be presented as is, within all of its human connotations; not only its great successes, but with its gropings and mistakes, its questions and learnings along the way. Not edited or prettied up, but as is. Real. I still feel that way. These 510 sessions, then, are exact copies from the verbatim transcripts I made in my homemade shorthand while Jane spoke for Seth; I added notes and comments while typing the material after each session. Over half a dozen years we filed the typed sessions in 44 three-ring binders. The sessions in one of the volumes published by Rick are accompanied by my drawings of the objects used in the series of “envelope tests” we conducted, both for ourselves and long-range with a well-known scientist, over some 11 months.

I asked Rick to correct spelling, to delete the few notes I inserted in succeeding years, and to keep the presentation of the sessions uniform in the use of roman and italic types, punctuation, parentheses and brackets, dashes and hyphens, and so forth. This framework matches that in the already-published Seth books like *Seth Speaks* and *The Nature of Personal Reality*.

The Early Sessions are also very important for the sheer preservation and distribution of the Seth material. Many have asked about this, and I'm always conscious of it. The set is one more way to bypass the fragility of a lifework that's so vulnerable on its brittle dimestore paper in those old binders. The Seth material is a long way from being on computer—if that ever happens—and relatively few readers will make the journey to Yale University Library, to study the collection of Jane's and my papers that's available there for anyone to see.

I often think—like every day—that from “where she is now” in her larger reality, Jane must watch our all-too-human manipulations in this “physical” reality with great compassion and understanding, and probably with some amusement, too, as in our frantic days of living we try to get everything done. To do what we're supposed to do as well as what we want to do, to finally get it all just right for our individual purposes.

And Seth himself? Well, according to him that old guy has lived and died many times. He's seen plenty and done a lot. He's known many places on earth, and many loves as man and as woman, but I'll bet that even now his experiences are still new, and that he reinforces Jane's living feelings for each one of us. And thanks us for what he learns as much as we thank him.

I want to thank so many for their help and reinforcement that it's unbelievable. How do I thank all of those thousands and thousands who have written, let alone the millions who have bought books and told others about

them? All have helped create the living psychic reality within which Jane's and my work has been nurtured and grown. Our work is really dedicated to one and all, then. I love to hear from readers—even if it does take me forever to answer sometimes. No letter is ever unread or unappreciated. I've saved them all from the beginning. Eventually they're added to the collection of our papers at Yale University Library, while not being open to the public for privacy's sake.

Now let me list some of those I know personally, and who have helped Jane and her work so much: Tam Mossman, Richard Kendall and Suzanne Delisle, Sue Watkins, Debbie Harris, Laurel Davies, Janet Mills, Lynda Dahl and Stan Ulkowski, Bob Terrio, Norman Friedman, Jeff Marcus, Juan Schoch, Michael Goode. And oh, yes: Rick Stack and his wife, Anne Marie O'Farrell, who's my literary agent. I don't know what, if anything, I'd have accomplished in carrying out Jane's wishes without the unstinting help Anne Marie has offered in so many ways.

So here's to each one of us, willingly caught up as we are in the brilliance of this "now" even when we may think we're not, exploring our individual and joint creation of reality in all of those uncountable variations that result in a seamless whole. Let's keep doing just that. My wife, Jane Roberts, and I salute you!

Robert F. Butts
Elmira, New York
January 1996

A note about the photographs of Jane on the cover of *The Early Sessions*: They were taken 11 years apart. In the oval, she was 30 years old when she sat for my father, Robert F. Butts, Sr., in 1959. Jane and I had been married for four years. In the larger one, she was 41 years old when Rich Conz, a photographer for the Elmira Star-Gazette, took her picture in 1970, when she was in trance. By then Jane had been speaking for Seth for a little over six years.

Rob

INTRODUCTION

It might be interesting to note that with the rather generous average of 3 hours per session, for 43 sessions, the material in this book was collected in about 129 hours. (This includes a few sessions other than the Seth material.) There are 168 hours in a week.

All answers obtained through the Ouija board, and later through Jane's dictation, are in caps. My questions are in regular type, my comments and descriptions are in parentheses. Occasional corrections the board made in mid-passage are also in parentheses, and can be skipped in the reading. The word "gratis" is used to denote places where, after a pause, the board delivered up further information without being asked to.

Unless otherwise indicated in the early sessions, the pointer gave yes and no answers by moving to the appropriate word printed on the board, rather than by spelling out the answer letter by letter. Also in the first few sessions the pointer very often indicated the word yes between each word of the message being received. For ease in reading this word has been eliminated when so used, without changing in any way the content or intent of the material received. Everything else, misspellings included, is presented just as received, and is taken from my handwritten transcripts of the actual sessions.

To obtain this verbatim record: In the first few sessions Jane and I sat facing each other with the board on our laps, and with a desk close beside me on the right. Jane always kept both hands on the pointer. I kept my left hand there and wrote down questions and answers with my right, using the desk as support. At times my onehanded approach slowed up the pointer's transmission, but if I touched my right hand to it, it picked up speed. At times it moved very fast. If it moved too fast I either held it back every few words until I had the message down, or wrote with one hand while keeping the other in position.

This rather cumbersome method was greatly simplified as soon as Jane began to dictate the bulk of the sessions. For a time we needed the board to open and close the sessions, but now we do not require it at all. I have complete freedom to take notes. We have also begun to experiment using a tape recorder.

Neither of us has ever obtained any results using the board alone.

We borrowed the Ouija board from our landlord in the fall of 1963, when by chance he mentioned that he'd bought one but had never obtained any results with it. Jane and I tried the board a few times (sometimes with friends) and at first had no success. Then for a few sessions we received what seemed to be understandable information in the form of various names, initials, dates, places, *etc.* Nothing we could very easily verify, and some of it was contradictory. Nor could we ever contact the same "source" again.

From the very beginning we kept detailed notes of the sessions, even when we were writing down strings of meaningless letters. Early in November/63 we had several sessions in which we received only gibberish, and rather lost interest. On the night of November 26 we tried once again however, and this time among the random letters were a few words and phrases; enough to make us try again on the night of December 2/63. And from that session on the material began to flow.

At first when she began dictating Seth's answers to my questions, Jane would hear the words within, then repeat them aloud so I could write them down. Now she does not hear the material beforehand, but simply speaks it out, literally and consciously unaware of what she is going to say from one word to the next. She talks on faith or trust, she says, in a way she couldn't do ordinarily.

Now even when Jane delivers an answer via Seth that may be five typewritten pages long, she never repeats herself, loses track of what she is saying, uses the words "uh," "er," etc., or changes in any way what she had said. Time alone would not permit any tinkering with the material. I have taken down each word as she dictated it; nothing has been added, eliminated or changed. It is as though Jane, in giving the material, is reading from an invisible script, so sure and straightforward is her delivery. And her speed of dictation is evidently limited only by the speed at which I can write.

As for the question of distortions in the material, and the obvious contradictions in the early sessions as far as dates, etc., are concerned: The reasons for these are dealt with by Seth as the material unfolds. One by one these problems are disappearing. We now seem able to clear up any such discrepancies by referring back to them, if we choose to, and have done so a few times. But here again time is a factor. As Seth has often said, the material will furnish its own evidence, more and more emphatically as time goes on.

Robert & Jane Butts 458 W. Water St.,
Elmira, N.Y.
March, 1964

Please note that in a few instances, page numbers are mentioned in the text for the purpose of cross-referencing material. These page numbers apply only to the page numbers in the trade paperback version.

SESSION 1
DECEMBER 2, 1963 APPROX. 9 PM
MONDAY

(Literal transcript of the results obtained by us on the night of November 26/63 — a few days before we began to receive the series of messages from first Frank Watts, and then Seth.)

(Note that the words EASTERN and ROADS appear twice, and that they tally with an answer given us by Frank Watts during the second session, December 4/63. See page 14. This might not be unusual, though the words in this context are a bit out of the ordinary; and Jane and I wonder whether these, repeated twice among what seems to be gibberish and other unrelated words, might not be the first groping attempts of Frank Watts to make contact with us.

(The separations are arbitrary on my part, in that I made them only to pick out ordinary words. Note that the word ROAD, singular, also occurs once.)

A SET ESGDP REED RE GREAT WAR ETPQQAEFRNAEROA ERR
REST EAR EAR RCRGTGURE ROADS EASTERN TO HTA TORN OSP
SOP A EASTERN ROADS GQURTIGG ERA EST FIGHTS VEST GIP
SEYSV IT AH RAN TST SET ROAD V ASS T BATTALION

(We were a little more hopeful of obtaining results on the board after getting the few jumbled words on November 26/63. Jane and I sat facing each other with the board on our laps, hands on the pointer but asking no questions. We wanted to see what developed, if anything. Slowly the pointer began to move.)

ASOREJEPTOREUSRPESTRSQTDESTGH 6 RRESFTGTNCFUTEUS
([Jane asked] “Are you there, Edgar Cayce?”)

Yes.

(“Do you have a message for us?”)

ERESTOPSEDESERFTORSERETQFS

([I asked] “Are you there? Can you give us your initials?”)

F. W.

(“Please spell out your first name.”)

Frank.

(“Last name.”)

Watts.

(“Can you give us the year of your death, Frank Watts?”)

1942.

(“Did you know either one of us here on earth?”)

No.

(“Do you have a message for us?”)

Yes.

(“What is your message for us?”)

Butts.

(“How many years have you been dead, Frank Watts?”)

32.

(“Were you married?”)

Yes.

(“Is your wife alive or dead?”)

Dead.

(“In what year did she die?”)

1954.

(“Is your wife with you now?”)

Dead.

(“What was her first name?”)

Ursula.

(“What was her last name?”)

Torto.

(“Is there more to that last name?”)

No.

(“What was your wife’s nationality?”)

Italian.

(“And your nationality?”)

English.

(“How many children did you and your wife have?”)

3.

(“Are they alive now?”)

Yes.

(“How many of your children are alive now?”)

2.

(“Can you give us the name of one of your children we might know?”)

Pardon otade need pardon.

(Note: Otade can yield the word date.

(“Did you live in the United States at the time of your death?”)

Yes.

(“Give us the name of the town or city in which you died.”)

FQTP

(To date, this is one of but three answers Jane and I have received that seems to be gibberish. See pages 4 and 8. We did not pursue these questions at the time. All of this was such a novel experience for us that we did not know whether to probe deeper, or continue. We chose to continue.

(“Can you give us the name of your oldest child, Frank Watts?”)

Doris.

(“Is she alive now?”)

Yes.

(“What is the name of your second oldest child?”)

Saros.

(“Is Saros alive or dead?”)

Dead.

(“In what year did Saros die?”)

1936.

(“How old was Saros when he [or she] died?”)

3 3.

(After hesitating, the pointer indicated the second 3.

(“Are we correct in thinking you indicated the age 33?”)

No.

(“Saros was just three, then, at the time of death?”)

Yes.

(“Now can you give us the name of your third child, Frank Watts?”)

Ed[Ed]ward

(“Edward?”)

Yes.

(“What was your profession here on earth, Frank Watts?”)

Teacher.

(“What subject did you teach?”)

English.

(“How many years did you teach?”)

34.

("Where?")

School.

("What kind of school, grade or high?")

Grade.

("In what city or town did you teach?")

Elmira.

("Can you give us the name of the street your school is, or was, located upon?")

Strate.

("Strate St? Is that the correct word?")

NO QE

(We did not pursue this further at the time.

("What was your age at the time of your death?")

74.

(“74? Is that correct?”)

Yes.

(“And the age of your wife at the time of her death?”)

75.

(“That is correct?”)

Yes.

(“In what year were you born, Frank Watts?”)

1985.

(“Can you answer that question again?”)

1885.

(“What was the year of your wife’s birth?”)

1888.

(“Upon what street were you born, Frank Watts?”)

State.

(“What was the house number?”)

243.

(After a pause: "Is there more to that message?")

No.

("Is the house in which you were born still standing?")

Yes.

("What are the initials of the man living in that house now?")

S.A.

(We could have been too impatient here to ask the next question, since we took A to be the initial for the last name.)

("Spell out S.A.'s first name.")

Sam.

("And the last name?")

Towson.

("Did you know Sam Towson, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

("What was the relationship between you?")

Friend.

("How long did you two know each other? How many years?")

43.

("Is that correct?")

Yes.

("Frank Watts, do you watch over Sam Towson now?")

Yes.

("Why?")

Because we were friends.

(This was the longest answer, four words, we had yet received.)

("What is, or was, Sam Towson's profession or job?")

Retired.

("What was Sam Towson's occupation before he retired?")

Docorf.

(Gratis)

Medicine.

("Sam Towson was a doctor of medicine, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

("Frank Watts, do you have any children living in Elmira now?")

No.

("Where does your daughter Doris live?")

Schenecty.

("Do you mean Schenectady? Is that correct?")

Yes.

("Is Doris married?")

Yes.

("Who is her husband?")

Doctor.

("What is Doris's married name?")

Towson.

("Is the Towson Doris is married to Sam Towson's son?")

Yes.

("What is his first name?")

Dick.

("What is the street number of the house Doris and Sam live in?")

2427.

("This is the street number?")

Yes.

("What is the name of the street they live on, in Schenectady?")

Guippy Street.

(Gratis. While we were puzzling over Guippy Street.)

Train.

("Train? That is correct?")

Yes.

(Gratis)

Tim.

("Tim is the name of a child?")

Yes.

(Gratis)

Grandson.

("Frank Watts, do you have any granddaughters?")

Yes.

("Can you give us their names?")

Sally.

("Are there more?")

Yes.

("Please continue then.")

Patricia.

("Patricia?")

Yes.

("Do you have any more granddaughters?" [After a pause])

No.

("What is Patricia's age?")

4.

(“And Tim’s age?”)

18.

("Why the big age difference?")

Because of 2 marriages.

("Doris, your daughter, was married twice?")

Yes.

("What happened to her first marriage?")

Divorce.

("Frank Watts, why are you telling us all this?")

Because u take an interest in [Y - No].

("Please continue.")

Psychenonon.

("Are you trying to spell out psychic phenomena?")

Yes.

("Do you mean that you are willing to help us?")

Yes.

("How?")

Contact for u.

("Is there more to that?")

No.

("That's the end?")

Yes.

("Who or what would we contact?")

Sprts.

("Do you mean spirits?")

Yes.

("What spirits?")

Dead.

("Who?")

Allm.

("Is that a mistake, Frank Watts?")

No.

("Then the word is all?")

Yes.

("All right, please continue.")

No.

(Here Jane and I had the feeling the session might be over. The pointer

hovered near the word Goodbye on the board. We wanted to continue, of course.

(Gratis)

Evry.

("Do you mean we can or should try to contact every spirit?")

No.

("Which ones, then?")

Any one.

("Any one. That is correct?")

Yes.

("When?")

Wednesday nights 9 0'clock.

(In the word o'clock, the numeral 0 was indicated by the pointer, not the letter o.)

("Do you mean every Wednesday night, or just next Wednesday night?")

Every Wed yes.

("Frank Watts, do you have a sense of time, as we know it, where you are now?")

No.

("No sense of time for you, correct?")

Yes.

("Why?")

Time for u is different.

("In what way is time different for us?")

Yes.

("How is time different for us?")

Perspective is off for u.

("Can you please clarify that?")

Yes. Dimmeson.

("Do you mean the word dimension?")

Yes.

(Gratis)

Forth diminson.

("Fourth dimension, Frank Watts? Correct?")

Yes.

("Continue then.")

Fifth dimension.

("The fifth dimension, right?")

Yes.

("Can you explain the fifth dimension for us, Frank Watts?")

Space.

("Space?")

Yes.

("All right, please continue.")

Fifth space.

("Is there more to that answer?" After a pause.)

No.

("You said, then, that the fifth dimension is space?")

Yes.

("Do you see us here now, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

("Can you see us as you choose?")

G.

("Is there more to that answer?" After a pause.)

No.

("Frank Watts, do you, Jane and I have any mutual acquaintances?")

Teacher.

("Can you wait while I get all this down on paper?")

Yes.

("Then we three have a mutual acquaintance, correct?")

Yes.

(This answer was spelled out on the board, whereas the previous yes and no answers had been indicated by the pointer moving to the words printed on the board.)

("Can you give us the name of this mutual acquaintance?")

Callahan.

(Gratis)

Yes.

("Do you mean the Florence Callahan living in the front apartment in this house? Did you know her?")

Yes.

("In what way did you know Florence Callahan?")

Friend.

(Gratis)

Of a family.

("Do you ever contact Miss Callahan?")

No.

("Do you watch over her to see if she is all right?")

Yes.

(“Does she have any idea you watch over her, Frank Watts?”)

No.

(“When was the last time you saw her while you were alive?”)

1943.

("Do you know whether Miss Callahan ever thinks of you?")

No.

("Do you have any message for us?")

Learn and listen, yes.

(Since the board does not indicate punctuation, it is arbitrary on my part. However it presents no problem, and is used to make reading easier.

("Can we learn more from you about contacting you where you are now?")

Yes.

("Can you give us a one-word answer concerning what we can learn from you?")

Communication.

("All right, do you have a message for us now?")

[Vikl no] Vital telepathy.

("Vital telepathy? In what way is telepathy vital, Frank Watts?")

Has power for good.

("Then you mean we can help others?")

Influences.

("Will we be able to tell others the truth?")

Yes.

(Spelled out on the board.

(Gratis)

When you learn truths.

("How do we learn these truths?")

Study, listen, try to do all, read all, everything.

(As mentioned before, most words of the above message were followed by the pointer moving to the word yes on the board. This was also our longest answer so far.

("Are you saying that we have access to the truth, here on earth?")

Yes.

(Spelled out.

("In the books we read, and will read?")

Question.

("How?")

Ask and it will be shown.

("Is there more to that message?" After a pause.)

No.

(Gratis)

Mediums try. U try.

("Do Jane and I have any mediumistic ability?")

Yes.

("Both of us?")

Yes.

(Spelled out.)

(Gratis)

Fair ability, both. Board, try again and again.

("Are you in touch with others, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

("Here in Elmira?")

No.

("Where, then?")

All around.

("Do you mean here in the United States, or around the world?")

World.

("Jane is writing a book on her theory of the world as idea construction.

Do you know about this?")

Yes.

("What is your opinion of it?")

Good.

(Gratis)

Will publish.

("The book will be published? Who will publish it?")

Ha.

(Here there was a pause, which we misinterpreted as being the end of the answer.)

(Gratis)

Harcot Brace.

("In what year will the book be published?")

1966.

(“And this will take until 1966 to accomplish?”)

3 Volumes.

(“Frank Watts, is Jane receiving your thoughts now, besides your answers as you spell them out on the board?”)

Yes.

(Jane had remarked that several times during the session, she appeared to know what the answer to my questions would be, before the board spelled them out.)

(“Will the book on idea construction be successful?”)

Yes.

(“How many people will read it?”)

60,000.

(“Any more than that?”)

Who knows.

(“What kind of a reception will the book receive?”)

From who.

(“From the critics.”)

What kind.

(“Well, for instance from the reviewers of works on psychic phenomena.”)

Some amazed.

(“Yes, continue.”)

Some scornful.

(“Will Harcourt Brace be the first publisher Jane will show her book to?”)

No.

(“How many other publishers will see it first?”)

Some.

(“Can you be more specific with that answer?”)

No.

(Gratis)

Wed 9 Night.

(The pointer indicated the above message after Jane and I had talked of

being very tired. We had also been wondering how successful we would be at resuming this contact when next we tried.

(The pointer then indicated the word Goodbye on the board. First session ended at 12:40 AM.)

SESSION 2

DECEMBER 4, 1963 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(By now Jane and I were very curious, since this was the first time we had ever had the chance to resume with a contact made previously on the board. As before, we sat in our living room, with the shades pulled and a couple of soft lights on, trying to duplicate the atmosphere of our first session. Indeed though, we were half afraid to begin, for fear that nothing would happen. We touched our fingers to the pointer.

(“Are you there, Frank Watts?”)

Yes.

(“Do you have a message for us?”)

Question.

(“Where did you spend most of your life, Frank Watts?”)

Elmira.

(“Where were you born, in what house?”)

State St.

(“State Street in Elmira?”)

No.

(“Where then?”)

City.

(“What city?”)

Long time ago.

(“Well, in what state, then?”)

State of sorrow.

(“Again, do you have a message for us?”)

Study and learn.

(“What do you want us to study and learn?”)

Truths.

(“Is there such a thing as reincarnation?”)

A life.

(“Continue.”)

Several.

(“Have you had other lives here on earth, Frank Watts?”)

Yes.
(“*How many?*”)

3.

("Three, correct?")

Yes.

("When did you live on earth for the first time?")

6 Century.

("What were you?")

(Soldu no) Soldier.

("Who were you a soldier for?")

Rsoset.

("In what country?")

Turks.

("Did you die in battle?")

No.

("Did you know either Jane or me in a previous life?")

Yes yes.

("Which one of us?")

Both.

("Did you know me, Rob, in a previous incarnation?")

3 centuries ago.

("Where did you know me?")

Country far away, ocean.

("In what country across the ocean?")

Denmark.

("Frank Watts, do you recall all of your previous lives, where you are now?")

Yes.

("Do you know when you will return to earth the next time?")

No.

("Did you know Jane previously?")

Yes.

("When?")

3 centuries ago.

(Gratis)

Denmark.

("Did Jane and I know each other three centuries ago in Denmark?")

Yes.

("What was our relationship?")

Father and son.

("Which one of us was the father?")

U.

("What was your relationship to us, Frank Watts?")

Friend close.

("What was your occupation?")

Merchant.

("What kind of merchant?")

Exotic.

("Continue.")

(Sps No) Spices.

("What was my occupation?")

Landowner.

("What kind of land did I own?")

Farms.

("Where was one of my farms located, for instance?")

Eastern Roads.

(See page 1, for the transcript of Nov. 26, 1963, taken before this series began. The words Eastern and Roads were received twice. Prelude to this series?)

("Where is Eastern Roads?")

Denmark.

("Near what city or town?")

(Goe No) Gone now.

("What was the name of this city?")

Triev.

("Do you know what happened to Triev, Frank Watts?")

No.

("Did you live in Triev?")

Yes.

("For how long?")

56 Years.

("Were you born there?")

Yes.

("Did you die there?")

No.

("Where did you die?")

Sweden.

(“In what reincarnation of yours was that?”)

2.

("Your second reincarnation; correct?")

Yes.

("In what city in Sweden did you die?")

Stockholm.

("And in what year?")

1655 Uncertain.

(Gratis)

Fire.

("Where were you born the third time, Frank Watts?")

War.

(We did not pursue this at the time.)

("Why did you move to Sweden from Denmark?")

Money.

("How was money involved?")

Ships.

("Did you own ships?")

No.

("Then how were ships involved?")

Cargo spice.

("What was my present wife Jane in Denmark, what sex and relationship?")

Son.

("What did my son grow up to be?")

Painter.

("Do you mean an artist?")

Yes.

("Could you give me the name of my son, the artist?")

Van Dyck Younger.

("Do we know this man's works today?")

Yes truths.

("How long did Van Dyck live?")

80 Years.

("Did this man have any brothers or sisters?")

No.

("When do you want us to contact you again, Frank Watts?")

9 Night Fri.
(“*Goodbye, then.*”)
Yes.

SESSION 3
DECEMBER 6, 1963 9 PM FRIDAY AS
INSTRUCTED

(We conducted this session in the same way as the first two; that is, in quiet surroundings, with the shades pulled and two soft lights on. Jane thought that in the previous session she had quite often received the answer to my questions mentally, before the board had a chance to spell them out. She wanted to verify this, if possible. And of course we still wondered whether we would receive anything at all.

(“Are you there, Frank Watts?”)

Yes.

(“Where are you now?”)

Space.

(“Is it space as we know space here on earth?”)

No.

(“Does your space contain time as we know it?”)

No.

(Spelled out.

(“Frank Watts, where do souls go after they leave this life?”)

Space.

(“How many times have you lived on earth?”)

3.

(“And the same number of times for Jane and me?”)

Yes.

(“Were the three of us acquainted in previous existences?”)

Yes.

(“Can you tell us how many incarnations we will go through on this planet?”)

No.

(“Can you give a life reading for me?”)

3 lives.

(“Is there more?”)

Male 2 Female 1.

(“In which life was I a female?”)

1.

("What was my female name?")

Mother.

("What was my last name?")

Rest.

(Gratis)

4 Children.

("What was the name of my oldest child, Frank Watts?")

Peter.

("The next oldest?")

Reba.

("And the next?")

Wirth.

("And the last child?")

Esther.

("In what century did I live?")

B C 4 Century.

("What was the name of my husband?")

Stephen.

("Can you tell me how my husband made his living?")

No.

("Did you know me in that life, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

(Gratis)

Relative.

(By this time, Jane was usually getting the answers to the questions mentally, before the board had time to spell them out. She did not trust this method, however, and insisted that we continue to receive the answers also through the board.)

("What kind of a relative were you?")

Sister.

("What was your name?")

Mary.

("In what country did we live?")

Mesopotamia.

("Near what city or town?")

Near city of Sepia.

(Gratis. As we wondered whether Sepia still existed.)

Place is there.

("Did we know my wife Jane then, Frank Watts?")

Yes.

(This answer was both indicated on board and spelled out.)

("What was the relationship?")

Brother of mine.

("What was our brother's name?")

Seth.

("Did we have any other brothers?")

2.

(“Give us the name of another brother.”)

Tennar.

(“And the other brother?”)

Quenton.

(“What was our family’s last name?”)

Son of Robin.

(“At what age did I die in that incarnation?”)

35.

(“What was the cause of my death?”)

Pneumonia.

(“At what age did Seth die?”)

53.

("What was the cause of Seth's death?")

Attack.

("How?")

Animals.

("What kind of animals?")

Wolves 5.

("Frank Watts, what weakness must I watch out for in this incarnation?")

Too much isolation.

("And the same question, applied to Jane.")

Too much aggression.

("Why do I have that particular problem in this incarnation?")

Aloofness leads in your case to unsympathetic attitudes.

("Why?")

1st life overly worldly.

(Gratis)

Overly compensate now.

("Is that why I am an artist now?")

Not wholly reason.

("What is the rest of the reason?")

Ascending knowledge.

("Will I be successful in this quest for ascending knowledge?")

Yes.

(Gratis)

Humility only steps of knowledge. Not 1 big step.

("Am I trying hard enough, or in the right way?")

Hard, yes.

(Gratis)

Some isolation necessary and good, particularly for (no) u. Then expand.

("Expand in what way?")

Conscious.

("Will my relations with others improve?")

Yes.

("Will my art say anything, or help anybody?")

Yes.

("In what way?")

Images of immortality, glimpses of other dimensions.

("Jane wants to know, Frank Watts, how or why she is receiving your messages before you spell them out on the board.")

Medium.

(Gratis)

Poet.

("Why does Jane have too much aggression?")

Timidity has roots of rage.

("Why these roots of rage in my wife?")

Previous hates unresolved.

(Gratis)

Must conquer now.

("Can Jane do this through her poetry?")

Partly. Spirit must open, expand.

("Can Jane consciously get rid of that hate and open her spirit on this plane?")

Free will this plane for that type adjustment.

("What previous hates of Jane's are unresolved?")

No information direct permitted.

("Frank Watts, do you have authority over you now?")

Yes, mind.

("Can you tell us more about this mind?")

Whole, no compartments. Each life a compartment.

("More?")

No separate compartments where I am.

("Do you travel in our space; among our planets, for instance?")

Different planets different.

("Can you see everything where you are now?")

Most, not all. If I saw all I wouldn't be interested in communication.

("Could you travel to the next galaxy if you chose to?")

2 change form each sphere.

("What is your form while you communicate with us?")

Thought waves, time currents.

("If we were there with you in the same state as you, could we see you?")

Yes, you would have to. Only same see same as a rule.

("Do you have a sense of light and dark where you are?")

Question meaningless. Everything different, comparison impossible.

("Frank Watts, what would be your favorite topic or subject of

communication with us?”)

Psychic truths, dimensions of knowledge.

(“All right, we’re ready for lesson number one, or a message.”)

Love, even the transitory, which is image of permanent.

(“Is there more to that, or are we ready for the next lesson now?”)

Nothing is that simple.

(“Does a person know immediately when he dies?”)

Not always.

(“Why not?”)

Time to get bearings. Consciousness continues. Confusing.

(“How long does it take for a person to realize his death, usually?”)

Gradual realization, by stages of withdrawal and arrival.

(“How does a person know he is dead at first? Is he left alone to find his own way, greeted by others, or what?”)

Greeted by acquaintances from other lives.

(“Why haven’t our serious creative writers dealt more fully with this fact of communication between the two planes, if you can so easily communicate with us now?”)

Many know. Confusions hamper realization.

(“Are Jane and I in a state of health now, physically?”)

Bodes good.

(“What can you say about our mental health?”)

Subject to adjustments. Flexibility vital, but also purpose unchanged.

(“What’s the main world event of the next decade?”)

China wall collapses.

(“Just what do you mean?”)

Hordes rush out.

(“Do you mean the United States will go to war with China?”)

Not war necessarily.

(“Will there be an internal upheaval in China?”)

Yes. Not possible to access.

(“Can you give us more on this?”)

All this sketchy and difficult. Jane’s subconscious is help.

(“How is Jane’s subconscious a help?”)

Corridor with many doors.

(“Frank Watts, am I receiving any of your messages, or is Jane getting them all?”)

Both.

(“When do you want us to contact you again?”)

9 night Sunday. Goodbye.

SESSION 4
DECEMBER 8, 1963 9 PM SUNDAY AS
INSTRUCTED

(Again, Jane and I sat at the Ouija board at the appointed hour. And again we wondered whether we would receive anything. We touched our hands to the pointer.

(“Are you there, Frank Watts?”)

Yes.

(“Do you have a message for us?”)

Consciousness is like a flower with many petals.

(“Is there more, or can we ask you some questions?”)

Questions are in order.

(“Are animals entities?”)

Personalities.

(“Are people reborn as animals?”)

No.

(Gratis)

Pattern is interwoven.

(“Can you clarify that?”)

Detached personalities.

(Gratis)

Sometimes seek expression in various forms.

(“Can you tell us anything about racial memory?”)

The corridor is many-levelled.

(Gratis)

Windows (T No) view on the inside. So is time many-levelled, yet all levels are one. No contradiction. Only from master level is true perspective seen.

(“Frank Watts, what do you think of the sum of your previous existences here on earth?”)

They are what I am, but I will be more.

(Gratis)

Pun: The whole is the sum of its hearts, ha.

(“What about our population explosion?”)

Partial (s no) personalities keep returning. Split entities. One whole entity

may need several manifestations, even at simultaneous so-called times.

("Will there be an end to this process on earth?")

What process?

("What I mean is, what happens when physically there is no room left on earth for an increase in sheer numbers?")

It won't be.

("Why not?")

Finally it will be off limits.

(Gratis)

Spirits can go elsewhere. Violence only ur plane. Problems worked out (tr no) thru action are bound to lead to violence.

(After this message, Jane clearly heard within the following, although the board did not spell it out:)

Any action is violence, after all.

("Frank Watts, is part of your psyche alive on earth now?")

Very small part. I hardly miss it. I watch it but I leave it alone.

(Gratis)

It is a dog fragment.

("Where? Can you give us the location of this dog?")

No.

("Can Jane's poems be likened to experiences or conclusions on her part of past events, lives, or dreams?")

Some are. Many memories, say of a room whose door once opened is now closed. But the soul has peepholes. She cannot see but she sees. Once she saw too well. She saw the future but she could only live in the past. Now she seeks release from the present, but she must now work hard for what once came easily. Talents must be polished, now or later.

("Why must talents be polished now or later?")

What is cannot stay or grow less, but grow to fruition.

("Is all of this Jane's subconscious talking?")

Subconscious is a corridor. What difference does it make which door you travel through? Notwithstanding I can speak through her if I so choose. Once she spoke through me. You can't see the joke, of course. Ha.

("When did you speak through Jane?")

Ago century, seance. She was medium reaching me for you. I came through, too.

("Can you give us the location of that seance?")

No, later. You always want to know it all at once.

("Frank Watts, can we refer back to you on any specific questions in the

future, for further elaboration?”)

Yes. I prefer not to be called Frank Watts. That personality was rather collarless.

(“What would you prefer to be called?”)

To God all names are his name.

(“But we still need some kind of name or title we can use in talking to you.”)

You may call me whatever you choose. I call myself Seth. It fits the me of me, the personality most clearly approximating the whole self I am, or am trying to be. Joseph is your whole self more or less, the image of the sum of your various personalities in the past and in the future.

(“Can you tell us more about this?”)

You are Joseph, the Joseph you see in your mind, the blueprint. Wall or walls are the divisions between your various personalities, and also represent the times of incarnations. Sometimes you can see over the wall, sometimes it is 1 wall, and sometimes it is many. To the (w/ no) whole Joseph there is no wall, but unity. I will call you Joseph.

(This message referred to an experience Jane and I had consciously forgotten. Many months ago, Jane and a friend had succeeded in putting me into a trance state. While in this state, I had repeated visions of a man, an aged man in robes, standing before an ancient wall. At times I could see over the top of this wall, made of vine-covered stones; at other times it was honeycombed and complex; and at other times it was so tall that I could not see over it. The mental data were very vivid, and in full color.)

(“Would it help to paint a picture of my recollection of Joseph and the wall?”)

Excellent. The image is always there.

(Gratis. After Jane and I had been discussing whether to ask Seth about people other than ourselves.)

Jane’s mother old enemy. Disorganized forces disin 2 grating. Fragments of strong entity, broken off. Downgrade this time.

(“Seth, why does such a thing happen to an entity?”)

It will regain footing eventually. Consequences of free will.

(“Free will exercised during this present incarnation on the part of Jane’s mother?”)

No.

(Jane’s mother is a bedridden arthritic, and has been since Jane was a very young girl.)

(Gratis)

Results of a previous life. Jane must avoid any act of cruelty toward her. Jane chose circumstances this life to test own patience, to compensate earlier temper. I was Frank Watts to learn humility. Caution, pride can destroy much. The stupid are not to be scorned because we must all learn humility.

(The following came after I had remarked half-jokingly that humility seemed to be Seth's favorite word.)

Not favorite word at all, but I don't dare forget it. Insist on quality but don't be so smug, Joseph.

(Gratis. After Jane and I had discussed taking a break.)

Pause if you want. I have more time than you, ha. 15 min.

(Break at 11:40. Resume at 11:55 PM.)

("All right, Seth.")

I am here.

("What would you call Jane, as you call me Joseph?")

Ruburt.

("Would you clarify this a bit?")

What's to clear?

("It seems like a strange name to us. I don't believe Jane likes it, either.")

Strange to the strange.

(Gratis. After I had remarked aloud that Ruburt sounded like a half-and-half name, meaning male and female.)

Sex has meaning in those terms only on your plane.

("Well then, do we have the spelling correct on Ruburt?")

Yes.

(Gratis. After Jane had complained again about the name.)

Male image confuses you.

("Seth, why do human beings eat animals?")

On your plane the law is such. More on this on another date. A cycle set up within your sphere, but not imposed upon it from without.

("What connection, if any, does the picture of the man I painted in Florida, around 1954, have with Jane or myself?")

Joseph sees with his eyes.

("If you choose, can you use any healing powers in regard to us?")

Yes.

("Would it be up to us to ask?")

Always.

(Gratis)

Such a thing takes more attention on my part.

(*“Then can you tell me why I had all that back trouble earlier this year?”*) Vertebra 1 didn’t channel vital force through organism. Restrained by fears pinching nerves. Expansion of spirit allows physical organism to expand, releases pressures.

(*“When do you want us to contact you again?”*)

Mon 9 PM.

(*“Good night, Seth.”*)

We meet again after much time, the three of us.

(*“What is Jane’s name again?” [After Jane had done some more complaining about the name given her by Seth: Ruburt.]*)

Rubert.

(*“Now the spelling is different.”*)

Rupert.

(*Gratis*)

Jane I’ll call you, if it will make you happier.

SESSION 5

DECEMBER 9, 1963 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(We sat at the Ouija board as usual.

("Are you there, Seth?")

Yes.

("Do you have a message for us?")

Good evening.

("Can you tell us something about the significance of playgrounds for Jane?")

Incarnation. She early became aware of it in playground.

(Gratis)

Significant to her.

("Does it matter what religion one belongs to, or chooses?")

No, except that rigidity and closed minds can be detrimental. Not dogma but feeling is important.

("Has earth ever known before a civilization as complicated as ours?")

Yes, in another phase coexistent spacially but not simultaneous timewise. Evolved into another phase naturally.

(Gratis. After I had mentioned a toothache; I'd had a filling put in that afternoon.)

The tooth and nerves and roots are now at rest. Sensation will now be normal. No poison.

("Seth, have you ever been on earth in two or more incarnations at once?")

Entity usually 1 at a time. Fragments not on earth plane at same time as entity. Fragments living and vulnerable to forces, same forces, to which all earthlife is.

("Are insects fragments?")

Yes. Difficult to explain.

("Why were animals here on earth for so long before man?")

Took that long for (s no) entities to build human images.

("Is this process continuing on earth now?")

Yes. Entities coming and going.

(“Do other stars have planets?”)

Certainly.

(“Could you travel to the Milky Way if you chose to?”)

If I choose. However I have other considerations. I would be stepping out of line. Nothing but good sense prevents me.

(“Could you voyage to Arcturus, one of our closest stars?”)

Anywhere is possible. Those places are different to you and me. No division to me.

(“How many planets does Arcturus have?”)

5.

("How many of those planets are inhabited?")

3 but all life is not your type life.

(Gratis)

Many inhabitable places would seem uninhabitable to you. Your senses can only see your own kind of life.

("Has earth been visited by alien life?")

Constantly. Not strange that this is so. Alien lives can't see each other. Bunk into each other and feel no scratch.

("What will happen when we begin making our journeys to other planets and stars, looking for life?")

You may find some you can recognize. Your science may discover ways of finding life that your senses alone cannot find.

("What can I do to earn some money?")

Your problem. You (a no alde no) already know. Have confidence you will solve it. You have made your living often enough before. Ha, Joseph.

("Would it be okay for me to work part-time for Artistic, for instance?")

No big problem. More money relieves some of your anger at your employers.

(Gratis)

Spirit (must no) might have difficulty in necessary flexibility.

("I was thinking of pursuing my present course.")

Then do so. Strength, purpose, talent and inclination you have on your side. They bring success.

("When will Jane's book on idea construction be finished?")

2 years from beginning.

("Will she have any difficulty getting it published?")

Some.

("But it will be published?")

Yes. No later than one year from finish.

("Can you tell us who will publish it?")

I have.

("And it will be in three volumes?")

3.

(Gratis)

1 vol, 2 years. 3 in all.

("What do you think of the content of the book?")

Excellent.

("According to Jane, the senses create the physical world. Is this correct?")

Yes. Physical world is idea construction, as all worlds are.

("Why did Jane get this flash of intuition about the book just when she did?")

Playground intuition and poem.

(Jane knows which poem. She calls it The Fence. She wrote it in May 1963. She began the book on idea construction with an obvious burst of intuition on Sept. 9/63, after having a vivid dream about it the night before. She made notes on the dream.

("Will this book be Jane's major life work?")

This is important book but only root. Will flower often. Will go into this further other time, much more.

(By now we were both very tired.

("When do you want us to contact you again, Seth?")

Wednesday 9 goodbye.

(Copy of the poem by Jane, referred to by Seth on page 27.

May 1963

The Fence

*Though this crisscrossed fleshmesh
Tastes like peach and feels like peach fuzz,
All utterly mergings of gold and green and red,
Sunnily rendered, dizzy and delicious,
Still, touching it with eyes is like peering
Through a crisscrossed fence
With wires cunningly connected,
A million to an inch.*

*The wind of the arm blows the hair,
And at the base, a golden mole,
Such a speck as a peach might have,
But the hair arches back to show a gaping hole,
And each ounce of flesh is a fence,
Erected roundly and snug
About hidden landscapes, suns and shadows,
Inroads laced with prickly shrubs.
Peer through. The holes are not big enough to see much,
But dreams travel wondrous wires.
Fires brighter than autumn moons
Throw leaping shadows on the arm.
Days and nights burn like stars
In the twinkling meadows of the skull,
And through the fence of peach blooming flesh
Other fruits blossom beyond reach.*

SESSION 6
DECEMBER 11, 1963 9 PM WEDNESDAY
AS INSTRUCTED

(Conducted as usual, with Jane and I sitting at the Ouija board.

("Are you there, Seth?")

Yes.

("Do you have a message for us?")

Questions.

("Do you have a last name?")

No.

("Are we in a trance or under light hypnosis when we are talking to you?")

Sometimes.

("Can we talk to you at any time we choose?")

Try.

("Can hypnosis send an individual ahead into his next incarnation, or into life after his earth cycle is completed?")

Yes, though much caution must be used.

("Why such caution?")

Inability to adjust and return intact.

("Do you mean just mentally?")

Spiritually.

("Did you ever try anything like that while you lived on earth?")

No, never thought of it.

("Do you think you might have tried, had you been aware that such a thing was possible?")

As Seth I might have. Other personalities would not.

("Do you know many who have tried?")

Attempted, yes.

("Why is my father so timid?")

He was an extremely aggressive woman last time. Caused unhappiness.

("When?")

18 century.

("In what country?")

France.

("And in what town or city?")

Capitol.

(Gratis)

Always intelligent but often ruled by emotion, as now.

("Can you tell us something about Jane's father?")

Fragment entity, uneasy with present personality. Gap between (t no) ego and subconscious, vital forces escape. He is a part of his last mother's entity.

("Why did Jane's parents marry?")

Attraction both fragments. She solid aggression. He saw aggression as strength. She reborn too soon, chased after her father. Knew him before. Shocked to find herself his daughter. Wanted to be contemptry.

("Why did my father marry my mother?")

Vitality. Also wanted her boldness.

(Gratis)

He frozen on top, she frozen beneath. Together bearable temperature. Saved each other.

("Would psychoanalysis or psychiatric help be of use in such cases?")

Yes. Age is some detriment in that sort of adjustment.

("Seth, where is Jane's father right now, on December 11?")

Florida.

("Just where in Florida?")

Orange Beach Park.

("How long has he been there?")

Very short time.

("How many dogs does he have with him?")

3.

("Is there anybody else with him?")

Woman.

(Gratis)

He basically good, but hidden aggressions a danger. They belonged to his mother. She put them on him unknowingly.

("In what way are these aggressions a danger?")

To him and others. Fragment ego not strong. Aggressions deep.

("Can you give us the name of the woman with him right now?")

No.

("Why do human beings live only 75 years on the average?")

That's long enough. Entity is split during incarnations. Between lives whole self.

("How many times have the continents on earth risen and fallen?")

Endless.

("When will the next period of such activity begin?")

2,000.

(Gratis)

Begin 2,000.

("Will this destroy our civilization as we know it?")

No.

("Seth, can you signal your presence to us by something like table raps?")

Yes, possible. *(Pause.)* Sit quietly 3 minits, wait.

(This period began at 10:11 PM. This was very strange for us. I was surprised to find my pulse speeding up; my palms became very wet. Jane and I did not know what, if anything, to expect. We both felt somewhat apprehensive. The table was close by my right hand; I used it to take notes on. The period ended at 10:14, with nothing happening.)

(Gratis)

I can't get through. You aren't receptive enough. When I can get through you will know.

("Can we do anything to help?")

Not consciously.

(Gratis. After I had remarked that perhaps Seth could try to move Jane's ring, which lay on the table.)

I'll try the ring.

(Gratis. After another wait, during which nothing happened.)

Sorry. Reaching to another level not easy.

(Gratis. While we were talking about the ring.)

Take break.

(Break at 10:23. Resume at 10:33.)

("Now what, Seth?")

Ask.

("Is it possible for humans to—")

(I got this far in my question about levitation when the board began to answer.)

Levitation possible. Jane's dreams on subject valid.

Her intuitions good.

(Jane had a very vivid dream about receiving instructions in levitation while we were on vacation in Maine last August.)

("Has Jane ever levitated?")

Helped someone else. Trickery then, part trance.

("Whom did she help?")

Man.

("Can you give us the man's name?")

No, but unwholesome.

("Seth, in the future will it be possible for us to contact you without using the board?")

The import is magical. Yes. Sometimes ask questions. Both try. Do not dispense with board but begin trying other method also.

(Jane received the first few words of this answer within before the board spelled it out. I had not let her see the question as I wrote it down.)

(Gratis)

Begin training.

(Jane received the word training.)

"Why do we have cripples?"

(I asked Jane. Her answer came deliberately, with little hesitation:)

Fragments refuse to help individual as organized organism.

(Jane said this was not the answer she would have given in her book on idea construction. But later, after thinking it over, she said it could be the reason or motivating force behind her own explanation.)

(Gratis)

Very good.

(Jane then received another message, which she quoted:)

Also have Joseph try to answer questions. This is an experiment.

(Jane then asked me if her book, To Hear a Dolphin, would be accepted by the publisher who now had it. I did not know consciously who the publisher was. I answered, thinking I saw the answer:)

Yes.

(Gratis. From Seth.)

Be receptive and answer further.

(I said the book would be accepted this month, and that some changes would be asked for. The board answered:)

Yes.

(Gratis)

Two together should do well with this.

(Jane asked me her second question, as we sat with our hands on the pointer:

“Is Ruburt my name? What is the significance of this name for me?”

(I answered, eyes closed, describing a picture I saw before me:

(Ruburt signifies a tall man walking along a path, in robes, and in hilly country. He reminds me of Joseph. He appears to be alone. The sky is very blue with white clouds. It is a very beautiful colorful day. I see gnarled trees and large boulders. Ruburt walks with his arms outstretched. The flowers, daisies, are very vivid, the grass very green.

(Gratis)

Very good. You say more, I will correct. This is an aspect of spirit expansion as mentioned earlier.

(After thinking a bit, I told Jane I had the thought that Ruburt was once Joseph.

(Gratis)

Part of same entity, or counterpart?

“I think part of the same entity.”

True.

“Seth, what kind of an arrangement would that be?”

Excellent. High stage of cooperation. Near end of reincarnation cycle.

(I was looking through our notes for a question I had down on how the Pyramids were built when Jane received the answer within:)

Rock followed the will. Rock followed the hand of the will.

(Gratis)

Fine.

(I then remarked that we were both quite tired, and wanted to call it a night.)

Go ahead.

(“Seth, when do you want us to contact you again?”)

Fri. 9 PM, if you please.

(“Good night, then.”)

(End of session at 11:20 PM.)

SESSION 7

DECEMBER 13, 1963 9 PM FRIDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(To open this session we tried something different, to see if we would still get results. We sat with our hands on the pointer at the given hour, but asked no questions. The pointer began to move.)

Good evening.

(“Good evening, Seth. Now why do we sometimes feel that we know someone we are introduced to, when consciously we know we’ve never met them before?”)

Sometimes you have known them before, in other lives.

(“Does this explanation apply to places also?”)

You may have been to them. You may retain sense of familiarity, if not actual memory.

(“Could this sense be brought out by hypnotism?”)

Yes, but the conscious mind should know what the unconscious is doing. Consciousness is after all the goal.

(“Well, isn’t it true that at the present we are more or less at the mercy of the subconscious?”)

That is true, but that is saying that the whole is at the mercy of its parts. Man just hasn’t learned to use his parts effectively. The sum of all should be excellent consciousness. Jane, the individual consciousness is all-important. It never loses but gains. Each time it expands to include more.

(“Out of curiosity, Seth, what do you do between these sessions?”)

What do you do?

(Whereupon I commented with a laugh that I was spending a lot of time thinking about these sessions.)

You better relax.

(“Can you give us more information on the name Ruburt?”)

This was her name once long ago, as yours was Joseph. Both represented high points of your entities, images in the mental genes, blueprints for your spirits to follow. Joseph and Ruburt represent the full scope of your earthly personalities, toward which you must grow. But in another sense you are already Joseph and Ruburt, since the blueprint exists. Now everyone has such a master

plan. Through each life the individual tries to follow this. Pattern is not imposed upon him but is the ents own outline.

([Jane asked:] “Why then do I have to grow toward Ruburt now?”)

You existed as j and r spiritually, but you must be fully j and r on earthly plane.

(“Does this blueprint business interfere with free will?”)

How? You made the blueprint yourself, and your various incarnated selves are not consciously aware of the blueprint. They have free will. You gave it to them. That’s the challenge.

(“Seth, can we take a short break?”)

Yes, you need it.

(Break at 10:03. Resume at 10:10.)

(“Is Ruburt a male or female entity?”)

Male now learning gentleness. Must realize though that whole entities are neither male nor female in your terms.

(“Did you seek us out for contact by ordaining our interest in the board, or did we try the board on our own?”)

You sought contact. I was the natural one. (I no) lag till I could come through. Expected you. Contacts always tried at certain level.

(“Was this the reason for the experiment in trance states involving Jane, Bill Macdonnel, and myself, some months ago-the night I saw Joseph and the wall?”)

Yes. You were too sick to follow through.

(Last night, while sitting quietly for a moment after my day’s work, I saw again briefly the scene of the 6th session-Ruburt on the path. Then, it was followed by a short scene of a sailboat on sparkling blue water. I recall no figures; the sails were a beautiful rich brown, as of woven material or leather; the design of the boat, while simple, was primitive; the water was brilliantly sparkling, the sky very blue.)

Boatlike vehicle carrying you to Joseph, as it once carried you away. Then Joseph goes about his business on other planes.

(“Seth, Jane’s ring lies on the table beside us. Can you move it an inch or two?”)

You concentrate.

(We watched the ring intently from 10:30 to 10:34. Nothing happened.)

(Gratis)

Patience. I will give a sign when I can.

(“What is the mind as opposed to the brain?”)

Brain is mechanism and mind is spirit.

("Sometime in the future, will you help us reconstruct a family tree of our incarnations?")

Yes, but involved.

("Seth, why does my left ear become noisy at times?")

Passage stuffed with fears.

("What fears?")

Fears when present find any justification. Fear is the problem, not fears.

("Does Jane have sinus trouble?")

Yes. Old attempt to close out world, same as her eyes and your ear. Hay fever symptom of rejection of world also, earlier.

("All right, we understand that; but what can we do about such things now?")

You are doing something.

(Gratis)

Illness result of partial failure to materialize spirit faithfully. Lose control of matter when spirit is fatigued.

("Seth, is Continental going to publish Jane's book of poetry?")

Yes.

("When?")

1964 contract.

("Will Continental accept her novel, Enemies and Beloved Ones?")

They are undecided now.

("Why are they undecided?")

For several reasons. Mostly habit of indecision, not having much to do with book itself.

("Well, when will Jane get word about the novel?")

Between now and January.

("Will the answer be yes or no?")

No.

("What publisher should Jane send Enemies to next?")

Fell.

("Do you mean Frederick Fell?")

Yes. Would I lie to you?

("How soon will Jane get word from Fell about the book?")

She has to send it first.

("Then finally, when will Fell accept it?")

1964.

("In what month?")

March or May.

("What will the book pay?")

No. Good royalty.

("Can you give us some more information? Will the book make a little money?")

Yes.

("What will the critics say about it?")

A few good reviews from well-known critics.

("How much will Jane be paid for her book, To Hear a Dolphin?")

(1 No) 2,000.

("How much of that 2,000 will be in advance?")

1,000.

("When will she receive it?")

Spring.

("And why in the springtime?")

Delays.

("Will I sell the art work I'm doing now?")

Yes.

("To whom?")

First place.

(Jane said she was getting very tired.)

("Can we take a break?")

You should. Jane is right.

(Break at 11:20. Resume at 11:30.)

("Seth, what publisher shall I send the cover drawing to?")

Ace.

(Gratis)

Also send something to Fawcett.

("What will Ace pay for the cover?")

300.

(“Is that correct? That sounds much too high.”)

Yes.

(“I can’t believe it.”)

Yes.

(Gratis)

Perfection is good, but so is faith.

(“Well then, will I be able to sell the science-fiction cover I’m working on?”)

Yes again.

(“Who would like to see that?”)

U try Bantam. Good market, many subjects.

(“Seth, can you give us a poem a few lines long?”)

I am no poet, and I know it, and I show it, da de da de da.

(“Why did I offer Spaziani the use of six paintings?”)

You like him very much.

(“What happens in cases of accidental death, to the spirit?”)

Death is death.

(“But people who die accidentally don’t expect death. The very ill, or old, or both, might be more or less prepared.”)

Confusion, but only momentary. Shock not as bad as birth.

([Jane asked:] “Will Robbie and I have a nice Christmas?”)

Yes, you silly.

([Jane:] “You’re being condescending.”)

No, I like you very much.

(“When do you want us to contact you again?”)

Sunday 9 PM.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

Merry Christmas, Jane.

(During this session, Jane received the answers to many of the questions before the board spelled them out. Nevertheless she insisted on letting the pointer go to each letter of the answer, as a means of checking.)

SESSION 8

DECEMBER 15, 1963 9 PM SUNDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Begun as usual, sitting at the board.

("Good evening, Seth.")

Good evening.

("Seth, can we have others attend these sessions?")

Yes, but observor should remain silent. No one should sit in who is not of same mind yet.

("Will you answer an occasional question for a friend?")

Sometimes. I am more than a question and answer service, however.

("Will our abilities grow as we practice contacting you?")

They should.

("Ace seemed to like the outline idea for a book on ESP that Jane sent to them. What do you think of that?")

Yes, very good.

("Will this material we are accumulating through you help Jane in doing the book?")

Naturally.

("Why is it that in our readings on psychic phenomena we have never come across the word fragment used in just the way you employ it. Is that an original term or use with you?")

That is an original term with me, as far as I know.

(Jane received not only the answer to this question before the board transmitted it, but the question itself before I had either voiced it aloud or written it down.

("Seth, when you were incarnated on earth as Frank Watts, did you know a Treva Watts?")

Sister older than Frank.

("In what year did she die?")

1941.

(“1941, is that correct?”)

Yes.

(“How old was she?”)

54.

(“How did Frank and Treva get along as brother and sister?”)

All right.

(“Why is Jane rather reserved about our contacts with you? I can tell that at times she isn’t too enthusiastic.”)

She is concerned because she receives my messages before they are spelled out. It would make you cautious too.

(“But why is this a cause for concern?”)

It is more unsettling.

(“Why is it more unsettling?”)

A board is neutral, messages in own mind are not. She is cooperating and your two attitudes give excellent ballance. She will grow used to it. Individual attitudes change with various approaches, and you will try other ways also.

(“Do you think automatic writing might work in my case-something more visual, that is?”)

It may. Wait a while.

(“Will Jane’s novel, To Hear a Dolphin, be published?”)

Yes. Spring.

(“Who will publish it?”)

I don’t know everything. Many variants. Book sell.

(“Then I did answer Jane’s question correctly the other session, when we tried receiving answers without the board. I was concerned because I thought I had given her the wrong answer when Fawcett rejected the book.”)

Yes, good practice. However, you must expect some errors.

(“What was the image our friend Bill Macdonnel saw in the rocking chair, in his bedroom in Niagara Falls, in December of 1961?”)

Girl.

(“Was this girl an apparition?”)

Was fragment of his own entity, a past personality regaining momentary independence on visual plane. Sometimes a lapse occurs of this type. Take break.

(Break at 9:55. By now Jane was receiving the answers to so many of my questions in advance of the board, that with her agreement I began to take them down from her dictation. In these instances she felt too restless and impatient to merely sit quietly while the board spelled the answers out. Whenever she dictated an answer to me, or part of one, it is noted in the text of the answer at

the exact point dictation began. Resume at 10:03.

(“Seth, was this image conscious of Bill’s presence?”)

In some submerged manner all fragments of a personality exist within an entity, with their own individual consciousnesses. (*Jane dictates:*) They are not aware of the entity itself. When Bill saw the image and recognized its presence, the fragment itself seemed to have a dream. As Bill saw and did not recognize, the fragment saw and did not recognize.

(“All right Seth, what do you think of Jane’s answer?”)

She received it very well. The entity could be compared to a superego as far as its own fragments are concerned. I said this earlier but Jane lost it.

(Jane did remember it, beginning with the word superego, but she was receiving the answer very quickly at that point; also she thought she might be consciously tinkering with the message by using such a word as superego.)

(Gratis)

The entity operates its fragments in what you would call a subconscious manner, that is, without conscious direction. (*Jane dictates:*) The entity gives the fragment independent life, then the entity more or less forgets them. When a momentary lapse of control happens they both come face to face. It’s as impossible for the entity to control fragment personalities as for the conscious mind to be aware, or control its own heartbeat. In this case the image concerned was a past fragment.

(“Seth, will you verify Jane’s reception of the above message?”)

Yes. It should make her feel better.

(“Who was Bill Macdonnel’s second landlady?”)

No question, not clear. Has something to do with a Wilcox family, as Jane said.

(Jane had given this answer spontaneously, when Bill had asked the question some days ago.)

(“Then it’s possible to walk down the street and meet a fragment of yourself?”)

Of course. I will try to think of a good analogy to make this point clearer later. Even thoughts, for instance, are fragments, though on a different plane. (*Jane dictates:*) They have to be translated into physical reality. Fragments of another sort, called personality fragments, operate independently, though under the auspices of the entity.

(“Is that right, Seth?”)

Is what right?

(“I mean Jane’s answer.”)

Yes. (*Jane dictates:*) It perks her up not to have to wait around for the

board to spell out the answers.

(“Will the board spell correctly for us if we close our eyes?”)

You can try it. However, I like you to work with me consciously.

(“Could either one of us, using the board alone, contact you?”)

Not sure. Try.

(I sat with my hands alone on the pointer.

(“Seth, did Atlantis ever exist?”)

No A p d...

(The pointer moved slowly, not at all certain, and finally stopped.

(“What do you think of that attempt, Seth?”)

Not very good. Any contacts on your part will probably include internal visual data. Jane will probably be able to receive me direct. *(Jane dictates:)* In either case, naturally, contact is not possible at all times. You would find that more embarrassing than I would.

(With both of us operating the board, I repeated the question.

(“Did Atlantis ever exist?”)

Yes. It was one of many that came and vanished. *(Jane added:)*
Mesophania.

(“Can you tell us more about Mesophania?”)

No, not much now.

(“Is it a lost country like Atlantis?”)

Yes.

(“We’ll be back after break.”)

Yes, have one for me.

(“One what?”)

One whatever.

(We took the break.

(“Seth, are we confusing Mesophania with Mesopotamia?”)

Now do I know?

(“Well, are they two separate countries?”)

True.

(Jane reported that she distinctly felt that Seth was largely uninterested in this exchange.

(“Will it be possible for me to market that oil sketch I did of the cowboy head?”)

Send it and see. You have a knowledge in the field. Use it.

(“I was thinking of sending it to Ace.”)

Is that a question or a statement.

(“A question. Any crumb of information is welcome.”)

Ace. Haven't you another done?

(“Do you mean the casein painting? I'd forgotten about that. I'll send them both in, then. To Ace.”)

That's more like it.

(“Will I make a sale?”)

Now cut that out.

(Jane had the qualifying thought that Seth was more amused in his reply than angry.)

(Gratis)

I think so.

(“Seth, this morning when I asked Jane what chlorophyll was, she replied that it was a mental enzyme. Is that correct?”)

Yes. I will go into it further next session. Wednesday at 9. Good night dear friends.

SESSION 9
DECEMBER 18, 1963 9 PM WEDNESDAY
AS INSTRUCTED

(We sat silently at the board. Both of us were tired and not very much in the mood. We'd both had rough days working, and almost decided not to hold the session at all. But the pointer began to move.)

(Gratis)

Yes, good evening.

(I did not even feel like asking questions.)

(Gratis)

I hope it's not the company.

("Seth, are trees and plants fragments?")

In a sense all things could be called fragments, but there are different kinds. Personality fragments differ from others in that they can cause other fragments to form from themselves. In a way, say, *(Here Jane lay the board aside and stood up. Pacing back and forth, she began to dictate:)* that a tree cannot, personality fragments form other fragments having all the properties of the parent fragment—emotional life and so forth.

As for others all fragments have *(pause)* are throwoffs or projections. Difficult to explain, I am not doing well. In a physical sense this board is a projection of wood or a tree, but in this case the board has less properties than the parent tree. The tree can grow, the board cannot. A personality fragment on the other hand never has less properties than its parent. This is the difference. A personality fragment has all the properties of its parents inherent, though it may not know how to use them. The board however cannot learn to grow, even though you stick it in the earth.

(Jane continues:) In a sense the present individual in any given life could be called a fragment of his entire entity, having all the properties of the original entity, though they remain latent or unused. The personality fragment in this sense can learn to develop what it has, rather than seek new powers. There are no new powers. The image that your friend saw was, as I said, a personality fragment of his own. It contained all the abilities of your friend, whether latent or not I do not know. This type of personality fragment is of different origin than your friend, who is himself a fragment of his own entity. We call this type a split

personality fragment, or a personality image fragment. Usually it cannot operate on all levels of your physical plane.

Seldom, but sometimes, an individual may send a personality fragment image into another level of existence entirely, even without his own knowledge. This image personality fragment may even gain valuable experience on this other level. It will then return to the individual. Sometimes the individual is not even capable of assimilating this knowledge, or even recognizing his own returning personality image. The type of fragment your friend saw was something like this latter personality image, but so disconnected from your friend, and so absent-mindedly was it sent upon its travels, that its information was probably passed directly to the entity which your friend represents.

Increased concentration of the conscious individual is the trend. Then these split personality fragments or images can be kept under scrutiny without taxing the present ego to distraction. Now, the subconscious performs this task—not too well, since it was never meant to focus clear attention.

The consciousness will expand on your planet, just as it expands for those who go beyond your plane. The scope of consciousness will be so broadened in the future that all personality fragments, split personality images, and even individual fragments in succeeding incarnations, will be held in clear focus without strain. It is toward this that evolution on the earthly plane is headed, though of course with its usual donkey-slow rate.

In the meantime, when incarnations on the planet earth are finished the entity moves toward this goal anyway. In any case by the time that this goal is reached on the earthly plane, those who have passed from it will have evolved in ways of which even I can only dream. Now rest your hand.

(Break at 9:50. By now I had developed writer's cramp from taking the above down at nearly top speed. We were both by now more than a little surprised and amazed. Jane had delivered the entire monologue exactly as I have recorded it here. She made no mistakes in delivery, did not lose her way, make any changes or corrections of any kind, at all. She said that Seth would have outdistanced her had she insisted on keeping to the board. She had to recite it because the words sounded within her. Resume at 10:00.

("Seth, did I get all that down correctly?")

I said what I said. I presume you got it all. Take a break.

(We took a short additional rest. During it, I remarked that the next question I wanted to ask Seth was whether either Jane or I, or both of us, had ever unknowingly seen a fragment of the type our friend Bill Macdonnel had. Once again, pacing back and forth while I took down the message, Jane began to dictate:)

The man and the woman in the York Beach dancing establishment, sitting across the floor alone at a table. They were fragments of sour selves, thrown-off materializations of your own negative and aggressive feelings. Jane's were even stronger than yours, since the woman was fatter than the man. She almost recognized them because of the circumstances and your illness, and because of the peculiar vitality of your conflicting emotions at the time.

These fragments existed for a longer period, had solidity and did not deteriorate, because you gave them continued inflation. At the same time these fragments contained your intellect, and therefore they partially recognized you and Jane.

Your friend's image fragment did not recognize him because he was not strongly attuned. His emotions were not creatively—if you'll excuse the term—destructive. You and Jane both have a peculiar problem in that you are creative even when you are destructive.

Please do not comment, because Jane is having enough troubles with me tonight as it is. Ruburt, you are doing fine. Speaking about the problem you mentioned, because your aggressions are fairly well controlled consciously, and because in the present your creative energies are in the realm of your subconscious, at this stage they can be, and often are, used to create unhappy image personality situations such as at York Beach. You can rely to some extent on Jane's intuition, which has been strong in all her incarnations. However, often she will only recognize something strange, and be unable as in that case to pinpoint the trouble.

I suggest that you take a break and stick your heads for a moment out the window. If I read Jane correctly the kitchen window is the most accessible.

(We took the break as suggested. I remembered that we had today also received a Christmas card from the owners of the hotel where we had stopped at York Beach, Maine: Ocean House.

(Jane and I of course clearly remembered the couple referred to by Seth in the above monologue. I recall that at the time Jane had seen them first, and pointed them out to me. I remember that she had seemed oddly intrigued by them, and that they had borne more than a little physical resemblance to us. The woman's face especially had reminded me of Jane, though she had indeed been fatter. The man had my build, my shape of head, and much whiter hair. They had been a peculiarly unsmiling couple. I recall also that Jane mentioned that she wanted to talk to them. I had not wanted to, and we did not approach them.

(Jane resumed dictating:)

Jane's entity is an extremely strong one. Her intuition represents glimpses by her present person of her whole entity. As a rule these intuitions

come through strongly. However, she is not operating at full entity level any more than you are, so you cannot rely upon her intuitions to catch all the mistakes that you may make.

(Meaning mistakes on the part of both of us, Jane said.

("Seth, why did I make Jane get up and do the twist with me in that dancing establishment at York Beach?")

At the time, one of the reasons for the two split personality fragments was the power of the struggle going on at that time. The images were formed by the culminating energy of your destructive powers. While you did not recognize them consciously, unconsciously you knew them well. Unconsciously you saw the image of your destructive tendencies, and these images themselves roused you to combat them.

Looking back, you can say that this effect was therapeutic, but if you had subconsciously accepted the images it would have marked the beginning of a severe deterioration for you both personally and creatively. Again, the images marked the critical culmination of your destructive energies. The fact that the images were of yourselves shows that your destruction was turned inward even though materialized in the outer world.

Once more, your personality is creative and constructive even when it is tuned to a destructive trend. Therefore more than is normal you must be aware of this problem. The very fact that the images were so solid and real, and so vested with physical attributes shows how strong your aggressions were.

Your dancing represented the first move away from what those images meant, and violent action was the best thing under the circumstances. Because your personalities were momentarily disconnected from their usual physical and psychic environment, and because the ordinary physical duties were not necessary, it was all the more easy for you to release these energies into the formation of the images you saw. However, you very nearly drained your energy reserve in forming these images. The energy you used dancing came from psychic reserves, saved subconsciously for emergency.

Jane was literally though unknowingly kicking her heels in the faces of the images you had created. You are lucky that the images themselves did not rise up and fight back, since the image fragments have all the powers of their parents, though they may be latent.

A subtle transformation could have taken place. Such a thing is far from usual but possible, in which you and Jane transferred the bulk of your personalities into the fragments you had yourselves created. Jane's intuition here was right. The images did represent a possible variation. You could have actually transferred yourselves to those images, and from their eyes watched

yourselves across the room. In this case, your present dominant personalities would no longer be dominant.

I suggest you take another break.

(Break at 10:30. This York Beach dancing establishment was actually a ground floor room in one of the older beach hotels there. It was a rectangular room, lined with tables and chairs in rows. The ceiling was very low, and it was dimly lit. It was not a large room, and the dance floor was quite small; fifteen couples would be forced to stand elbow to elbow. The bandstand was at the end of the dance floor, and when the trumpet blared the noise was deafening. Both times we were there, it was very crowded, blue with smoke.

(The couple in question sat at a table for two directly in front of the bandstand; a most peculiar spot, I recall thinking, for an older pair who did not smile, did not dance, who caught our eyes occasionally, who did not seem to care about the drinks before them. I also recall that at the end of our stay there, Jane pointed out to me the fact that they were smiling. This was after we had been dancing for a while. Part of the time while dancing, we had been so close to their table we probably touched it. Truly, we had kicked up our heels in their faces. Jane resumed dictation at about 10:40.

(“Seth, who left the dance hall first—Jane and I, or the projected fragments?”)

The projected fragments disappeared. They stood up, walked across the floor and disappeared in the crowd in the anteroom by the door. They had no power to leave the place where they were born, unless you gave it to them. Remember, however, that they did exist; and having once existed could reappear with less impetus than the original. As Joseph represents the fullest potentiality of your entity the image of the man represents a possible, though I hope not probable, pitfall image of your present personality, though not of your overall entity.

That image is only connected with your present personality ego, and could be likened to a fibrous projection or growth, into which your present personality could become entombed. I use the word purposely to show the danger, because such an occurrence would be a setback, not only to your present personality but indirectly for your entity, since you would be further away from it than you are now. By the same token, your triumph represented a necessary one, and reinforced the healthy points of your present ego.

(“What is the personal significance of the drawing of the old woman I am now working on, in egg tempera?”)

(Jane dictates:) The old woman was the mother. The drawing represents a synthesis of the knowledge that you learned during that personality. The

knowledge of the mother lingers in the mental genes, and the memory of the flesh still occurs in your physical genes. That which is, is never blotted out. Another drawing of a woman and a baby also represents you as a young mother with a child.

Neither of you have a need for children in your present personalities. You are almost finished with incarnations on the earth, so much so that the physical bodies will return completely and unfragmented upon your physical death. This is always the case in the final earth life. The physical property is left behind, no portion of it being carried on that plane through children.

You are able to think in terms of immortality through your work, rather than through physical offspring, simply because your entity has known itself in terms of the flesh. Therefore you are no longer bound or drawn to it in that fashion. This is not to say that psychic love of earthly phenomenon is not with you. It is and will be. Even on other planes the sensual nature and appreciation of the earthly habitat is maintained.

(“Seth, will you begin again on the subject of mental enzymes? I asked you to verify Jane’s answer on this in the 8th session.”

(Jane dictates:) Some substances produced mentally are absolutely necessary for the maintenance of a world. Chlorophyll is one of these. I had intended to go into this with you tonight. However we got involved in other affairs, and also there is some difficulty in explaining an idea to you that I know to be mental, when to you it appears as definitely a physical manifestation.

Remind me of this again. I would tell Jane to remember her own idea construction, for part of the answer is certainly there. It all depends on which side you are looking at the problem from.

Too bad, Joseph, that you can’t write with either hand. I think this is enough for one session. It’s more than either of us bargained for. I got through to Jane very well.

(“When do you want us to contact you again?”)

9 PM Friday. Night all, and Willy.

(This answer came to us through the Ouija board. Willy is our cat. And I certainly did have writer’s cramp.

(There follows Jane’s version of the York Beach incident, dealt with so extensively by Seth in the 9th session.)

(The incident referred to is as follows: Rob was very sick last winter and spring and into summer. We planned on a vacation in Maine. Rob was inclined to call it off, but I was for it and we went. In a York Beach joint, I immediately

noticed a couple sitting across the room from us. They disturbed me to such an extent that I watched them almost constantly all the time we were there, three hours or more.

(The man resembled Rob to an amazing degree, except that he was an older version; profile darn near identical, hair white, same brows and same expression as Rob has when deeply upset. The woman reminded me of myself, though she was older, much stouter and also unpleasantly reminiscent of my mother.

(The couple seemed detached from the room, observing, as we were also detached and observing. I wanted to speak to them, had strong impulse to do so but didn't—after all, what on earth would I say? I mentioned my feelings to Rob, along with their uncanny resemblance to us, and also said that they could almost be us many years from now, though I certainly hoped not.

(Rob surprised me by asking me to dance, insisting even, though the dance number was a twist, and we didn't know it. Reluctant, I agreed. We found ourselves on the other side of the floor, shoved next to the couple's table, dancing very close. The woman smiled. I do not remember them leaving. We just looked up much later and they were gone. I am very poor at visual imagery yet their faces came to mind often during our stay at York Beach, and for months later after our return.)

SESSION 10

DECEMBER 20, 1963 9 PM FRIDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(We began as usual by sitting at the board.

("Good evening, Seth.")

Good evening.

("Can you tell us why Jane became so nervous that night a few years ago, when we stopped at that roadside picnic area in Texas?"

(It had been a very windy night in late summer or early fall. We could tell there was a railroad nearby, but it was so dark we could see nothing. The trees thrashed over our heads, and Jane's nervousness finally infected me. We ate a quick supper, then drove on. It was some hours before we could find another place to stop. We had our dog Mischa with us. Until otherwise noted, the answers came through the board.)

Intuition correct but misplaced. Place reminiscent of another in another life, when the wolves came. Dark and wooded, same time of year. Also had dog with you that other time.

("Where was that place of the wolves? I forget.")

Forest, Denmark. (Pause.) Jane shouted but no one was near. Railroad reminded her of a river, very narrow, that ran nearby.

("What was the name of that river?")

Yahn.

("Was Jane a male or female then?")

Male.

("In what year was she killed? Can you tell us?")

No. (Pause.) 1670 maybe.

(Gratis)

Many intuitions, hunches, and inner disturbances of this sort can be explained in like manner. It is always best to heed them, though the original wound to the psyche occurred to a previous personality.

(Here Jane, who had begun to hear the answers within before the board spelled them out, once again began to dictate the rest of the answer.)

Nevertheless at such times the old wounds are opened without the present personality's understanding or awareness. The reminiscent stimulus

charges storms in the subconscious, which themselves sometimes initiate fresh instances of unpleasantness.

“Can you tell us something about my brother Loren?”

(This answer came through the board.)

Many times a woman. Sensuous.

“Can you tell us something about my brother Richard?”

(Begun through the board.)

Died last time when a small child. A boy, lived in England. Three brothers and two sisters. Died of diphtheria, 1871 *(See page 59 where I wrote 1671. Did Jane say the two dates? Or my error re one of them—or both?)* 9 years old. *(Jane dictates:)* Lived in the third house before the end of a dead-end lane. Died in a front upstairs bedroom. His present mother was a very jealous older sister. The doctor charged 3 shillings for his final call.

You were not in this family, but were resting during this period. Your two present brothers were intertwined with your life on two other occasions, once as friends and once as cousins. Your present father secretly admires Loren’s apparent easy sociability, not knowing that Loren is forced to laugh and shout loudly, just as your father is more or less forced by his own personality to sit silent and sullen.

“In what town or city in England did Dick die?”

(Jane received the answer within.)

Devonshire.

“What was Dick’s name at that time?”

(Jane dictates:) Richard Grayson. Father’s name was Throckmorton. They had French relatives. The sister, who is your present mother, married one of the cousins and moved to France. She had many children. Many of her generation women were so wearied by drudgery in past lives that they wanted no children or responsibilities in this life, and may felt subconsciously cheated when children were born. She was drowned in a flood in another country, not France. Her fear and panic weighed her down.

“If Jane and I had subconsciously accepted the images we projected at York Beach, [they were older] would we have been able to return to our present home, where we are known?”

(Jane dictates:) Of course. The images represented a culmination of many years experience of a negative trend. If you had accepted them you would end up as an exact replica, as you transferred into the images. If you had, then what creativity and constructiveness were still in you would have softened the faces of the images, really to an amazing degree. You would be recognizable to friends, but nevertheless changes would be noted. The remark would be made

that perhaps you didn't seem the same, and for good reason.

("Have we, or either one of us, had any other experiences with similar projections?")

(Jane dictates:) There was an afternoon in a small park when you were a boy, about eleven. You sat on a bench, eating ice cream piled into a cone. It was, I believe, in late summer or early fall. You thought you were alone. You had visited your father in his shop of machines of some sort. It was close to five, September 17th, but on a day when there was no school.

Another boy appeared, standing in the middle of the walk. You had not seen him approach, and took it for granted that he came by way of a walk that wound around a bandstand. He had jacks in his hand. You looked at each other and were about to speak. A squirrel ran up a nearby tree. You turned to watch, and you were going to point out the squirrel to the stranger, but when you turned around he was gone. You looked around and could see him nowhere. For a short time you wondered, and then the incident was forgotten. As a matter of fact, at that same time your brother Loren was looking out of your father's shop, and he saw nothing.

("Okay if we take a break?")

(The answer came through the board as Jane sat down.)

Yes.

(Break at 9:55. Giving this answer seemed to tire Jane considerably. She said that receiving the material direct instead of through the board was much more exhausting. At the same time she is definitely aware of a feeling of impatience on Seth's part. The board, she states, is much too slow a medium to use at times; and even my writing, fast as it is, is sometimes too slow.)

(Jane is developing the habit of pacing back and forth as she dictates. Her eyes seem half shut [and darker somehow], though I can see she is watching my progress writing. Usually her enunciation is good, though at times I have to ask her to repeat a word.)

(Since Jane was tired, we decided to wind up this session with one more question. Resume at 10:00.)

("Seth, what was the significance of that episode for me?")

(The answer began through the board.)

Personality fragment of your own. You were wishing for a friend to play with. You were jealous because your brother was staying so long with your father. Quite without knowing it, you materialized a personality fragment as playmate.

(Jane dictates:) However, you had no way of knowing what had happened, and your abilities at that time would not give any permanence to the

image. Subconsciously, there is no limit, really, to what mind can accomplish.

On this plane you must work within certain limits. Man simply cannot use all his abilities on the earthly plane indiscriminately. Nevertheless, occasionally a personality will astound itself by such an image production as the one you met in the park. Usually this particular type of image production vanishes by the time the personality reaches adulthood. In childhood, however, such occurrences are frequent.

Often when the child cries about a bogeyman, what he has seen is such an image production or fibrous projection, formed by vivid desire or fear on the part of the subconscious. These powers to project realities of this sort, or pseudorealities of this sort, are meant to be suspended for all intents and purposes during the earth plane. The entity, however, is not so bound. Naturally the subconscious is always linked with the entity, and merely attempts in these cases to imitate the powers of the entity itself. And it does have these powers, although they are usually latent.

The entity, after all, does just this in creating the various personalities. What are they but projections or fragments from the entity itself? What the entity does however it does consciously and with purpose, since it is by definition beneath consciousness, and without consciousness there is no purpose.

It is obvious, however, that all these powers of the entity cannot be vested in its various personalities. The consciousness of a part of the whole could not bear the weight of the consciousness of the whole. Fragment personalities could not possibly contain the whole, but they do contain the seeds of the whole.

The powers of the seeds are to remain latent, but many times they bear fruit. In each life the new consciousness struggles to tie together the whole present personality, to use what is necessary from the subconscious for the good of the personality, and to keep submerged in the subconscious any knowledge that would threaten the dominancy of the present ego.

(We rested for perhaps ten minutes. Since Jane was so tired, we decided, again, to end the session. As we sat at the board Jane received the following:)

Jane is very tired. For this type of session we really need three nights between. I could go into more on the English life of your brother, but don't believe I could reach Jane clearly enough. Her participation is exhausting. This sort of psychic maneuver uses many reserves of energy.

(“Is there any other method of communication we can use, to make it less tiring?”

(Through the board:) No. *(Jane dictates:)* She needs time to recuperate.

(“When shall we contact you again?”

(Jane dictates:) Monday 9 PM. if possible. I understand you will have holiday plans. Too bad I can't be with you for Christmas.

(We moved the pointer to the word goodbye on the board.)

("Good night, Seth.")

(The board replied:)

Good night, dear friends. Don't forget your dream, Joseph.

(This remark referred to a very vivid, colorful dream I'd had on December 18/63. We had wanted to ask Seth about it during this session, but forgot to.)

SESSION 11

JANUARY 1, 1964 8:30 PM WEDNESDAY

UNSCHEDULED

(The regular 11th session, scheduled for Monday, December 23/63, was not held for various reasons. The main one of course was the fact that the holidays were close at hand; and beside having company we also did some traveling. Thus the regular schedule was broken, and required some effort on our parts to restore. We did not manage to resume until this unscheduled session of January 1; and by then we wondered whether we could resume.)

(This session began without plan, and involved Jane, Bill Macdonnel and myself. It was the first one without the Ouija board. When it began, I for one had no thought that we would end up asking Seth for assistance, yet within an hour I found myself doing just this. I was quite reluctant to do so, since I felt it was better to continue with the board, and to accumulate a written record which might serve as a basis for other types of experiments at a later date.)

(However, once the three of us began talking about a "seance" [a word I did not want to use describing our sessions and experiments], getting into the mood, we found ourselves trying things that ordinarily we might not have considered.)

(Certainly the results we obtained were surprising, and quite unexpected. The following pages contain my own account of what happened, written at various times as memory served. I will try to keep the events in chronological order. The parts containing quotes from Jane, Bill or myself will be rendered to the best of my recall, and if they are not accurate, I am sure their flavor will be. Just as I am sure that no claims will be made for anything that did not take place.)

(The following pages of this account will be called A B C D E etc., for insertion into the record after this page. Yet at the same time the continuity of the board sessions will not be broken by a mass of material other than derived from the board.)

(Thus the 12th session, of January 2, 1964, begins on page 57.)

(This account will also draw from the chapter on seances in Jane's projected book on ESP. She made detailed notes on our amateur seance the day after it took place, when her memory was fresh. And she will check over this

account before it goes into the record.

(As stated, I had to be dragged into this event by Jane and Bill, and went along, finally, quite reluctantly.

(We began by sitting at a small table in our living room. We had covered the table with a dark material. Our kitchen opens off the living room, so we closed the blinds in both rooms, and pulled the curtains over them. Not knowing just how to go about a seance, we had a small red electric Christmas candle on. Our rooms have white walls also, so we could still see fairly well once our eyes became adjusted.

(I asked Jane to lay her wedding ring on the table. The three of us joined hands around the ring. Sitting quietly in the dim light, staring at the ring, I soon realized that with a nudge or two from the imagination the unwary observer might not have too much trouble seeing what he wanted to.

(A tiny point of light grew on the edge of the ring. But by moving my arm, I discovered I could make this light wink on and off; it was simply red reflection from the candle. So I placed the light behind the curtains, where it was much diffused.

(I now asked Jane to place the ring in the upturned palm of her left hand. Sitting on my left, she held my left hand with her right, and I joined hands with Bill on my right. Nothing happened as we stared at the ring. I began to ask questions aloud, at random, searching for a presence or a sign, but I did not direct them at Seth. I wanted to see if the questions would help Jane establish contact with another entity or a fragment. Since we seemed to be getting nowhere, Jane began to answer me aloud. Still it appeared that we would get no results.

(Then Jane suddenly announced in a firm, clear voice: “Watch the hand.” It was a command, and I knew Seth was with us. Jane felt her left hand immediately grow cold. I asked no more questions, except rarely. Seth-Jane talked constantly from then on. Jane, Bill and I hunched over the table, over the left hand. The ring had slipped out of it by now.

(With considerable relish Seth described in detail each phenomena that followed—so that, as he said, there would be no doubt as to what took place. He began by telling us to watch Jane’s thumb. The tip of it began to glow. It seemed to be an internal suffusing of the flesh with a cold white light; there was no radiant effect, merely the changing color of the flesh itself.

(Since the hand was in shadow to begin with, there was no mistaking the change.

(The glow spread up the length of the thumb to the mound of flesh at its base, next to the palm. “Watch the mound,” Seth repeated with more than a

little satisfaction. “Watch the mound. See the color change, see the shadows in the palm disappear? You have no idea of how difficult this is for me, to reach out to your plane from mine, to perform these little tricks for you. If you want a demonstration you shall have it, silly as it is...”

“And now the wrist—see how it thickens and turns white?” Jane’s wrist did thicken. She sat with the wrist of her left hand pressed to the table top. She wore a black sweater with the sleeves pushed halfway up her forearms. The cold white light spread up over the thickening wrist, up the forearm to the sweater. Seth was smug and sardonic at the same time. “You didn’t think I could do it, did you my lovelies? But you have no idea of what you’re asking, of how difficult it is...”

(Jane’s hand began to change its general proportions. Slowly, with Seth’s monologue in our ears, the hand came to resemble a pawlike shape. I had the eerie feeling of an animal’s forepaw. Jane’s fingers, normally long and graceful, had shrunken to stubby appendages, or so it appeared. The glow suffused the palm, eliminating the shadows normally to be seen there, so that it did not seem the fingers were merely folded over.

(Jane’s hand slowly regained its normal shape. She still sat with it turned palm up. Now Seth extended himself. The fingers began to elongate noticeably, and to whiten. Then, a second set of fingers began to rise up, over Jane’s own fingers. Now, it would have been easy enough for Jane to bend her own fingers up into this position. But here the three of us saw now a second set of five fingers rising up, long and white. And moreover, this set of fingers had the fingernails on top. The nails were to be easily seen. Had they been Jane’s own fingers, the nails would have been on the undersides, and invisible.)

“For a first attempt I’m doing beautifully”, Seth said. “What do you think of that? Take a good look...” For some minutes we studied the effect before us. To me the extra fingers bent so grotesquely up looked waxen, almost wet, as though freshly molded. Jane did not appear to be frightened. She looked down at her own hand and talked steadily. Then gradually the extra fingers withdrew, disappeared. “Now the hand changes again,” Seth said. “It becomes a stubby fat one, a doctor’s short fat stubby-fingered hand... A surgeon’s hand, short and fat.” He repeated this several times. “Frank Watts had a hand like that,” Seth said. “Just like that. Frank Watts was a fathead,” he said with obvious satisfaction, even though Frank Watts was a personality fragment of Seth’s own entity.

(And now Seth incongruously told us that Bill Macdonnel’s entity name was Mark, and that Seth, Bill, Jane and I had all known each other in previous lives.

(“And you,” he said to Bill, “have been twice a man and once a woman. You should be very careful of high places. They are dangerous for you. Once before on earth, you climbed a tree to escape from animals.” Here Seth laughed. “You got away from the animals all right, but you fell asleep in your tree that night. You fell out, landed on your head, and were killed. You were 46. The apparition you saw beside your bed last summer was a personality fragment out of your past, warning you that you have an imbalance as far as height is concerned. You should be careful.” At the time he saw the apparition, Bill, who is a schoolteacher, had a summer job painting houses. He often worked from high ladders.

(Now, while Jane still sat with her left wrist pressed to the table, her hand, turning white in part again, rose several inches [perhaps three by my estimate] up from the table. My hands were held by Jane on my left and Bill on my right, but Bill passed his free right hand beneath Jane’s hand to see that it was actually rising and was not an illusion. [Was Jane’s elbow dropping, so the hand rose up? I do not know.] But laughing, Seth told us plainly that when we had attained more proficiency, he would materialize a fully independent hand for us. He explained that he drew on all three of us for the psychic energy necessary to do this.

(Jane’s hand returned to the table and resumed again its pawlike shape. “Now,” Seth said to me, “very carefully, reach out and touch the hand. I want you to carefully touch it so that you will see what it is like.” I touched my fingertips to Jane’s palm. The hand, pawlike, clublike, felt very cold to me, wet and clammy, and the skin had a bumpy feeling that I was not used to in Jane’s hand.

(Seth then had the cold inner light suffuse Jane’s wrist and palm to an even more remarkable degree. At the joining of hand and wrist, the flesh rose up in an egglike lump; the light crept up Jane’s arm to her sweater, and bled down her fingers until all semblance of shadow was gone. Then, to end this part of the demonstration, Seth had Jane place her hands side by side so that we could plainly see the difference between the two. It was easily seen.

(Gradually, Jane’s left hand returned to normal; we then took a break at Seth’s bidding.

(I would estimate that a good hour was taken up by the above proceedings. Usually the changes in shape and color took place quite slowly. Our interest was of course intense the whole time. We did exactly as Seth told us to; often, for instance, I wanted to reach out and grasp Jane’s hand while it was in metamorphosis, but I did not touch it until Seth said to. During the whole time, Jane-Seth spoke constantly. The dialogue, while unmistakably Seth, had the

added fillips of an almost macabre wit and a biting sarcasm. Often Seth remarked upon our rather childish desire for demonstrations; yet when I asked him if he would rather we refrained from such requests in the future, he said he understood the desire, that it was natural, and that if he felt like it he would comply.

(We had turned no lights on during break. Now Seth rather imperiously commanded us to move our little table over a few feet so that it faced the doorway to our bathroom. Looking back, Jane, Bill, and I recall with some humor that we docilely followed Seth's every order. The three of us sat shoulder to shoulder, staring into the bath, which is large and tiled with white. We were hoping to see a materialization of some kind in the open doorway, since we had discussed this at break.

("This isn't a lunch meeting," Seth snapped at me through Jane, for I was still finishing a piece of candy. "Nor is it a circus session. Your bathroom is much too light for what you desire. White is a very poor color for what you are asking." When I asked if he required total darkness to be at his best, he replied, "We make light from darkness."

(Seth then ordered us to shut the bathroom door. The living room side of the door holds a full-length mirror.

("Now," Seth said, "look into the mirror." The red candle was still on, though hidden behind the curtains. Since the mirror is tall and narrow, we had to crowd in close on three sides of the little table, in order to see our reflections. But we could pick them out. Jane sat in the middle. Her lips were very close to my ear as she talked now; I could hear and feel each breath she took, each swallow she took; her voice dropped considerably in volume and I had the sensation that she was indeed speaking for someone else.

("Now the three of you see your reflections in the mirror, just as you should... Now watch closely, for I am going to change Jane's image in the mirror, I am going to replace it with another. Watch the shape of the head. Closely now, for this is very difficult..."

(We could see our reflections clearly enough, even though dimly. As Jane continued to talk, her image did slowly begin to change in the mirror. Her head began to drop lower between Bill and I. At the same time, the shape of the skull changed, the hair grew shorter and fit around it much more closely. The shoulders of the image in the mirror hunched over, and grew narrower. And then the head tilted and looked down, while Jane stared straight ahead into the mirror.

(Jane said later that this surprised her, indeed shocked her, more than anything else. She knew she was looking into the mirror. I looked at her, first,

beside me, then into the mirror. I saw her head turned down in the mirror; I also saw a shadow suffuse the mirror image. At the same time, I had the feeling that the face, now somehow animallike in the shadows, hung forward of the body, that it had somehow detached itself from the shoulders. The head grew still smaller. I thought I detected a faint glow about it as it hung in space, seemingly between the mirror reflections and the three of us.

(“That’s the astral body,” Seth said. “I cannot let you see the features of the image clearly. My control is not steady enough. It would be unrecognizable to you, and quite frightening. The image is that of another entity...”

(There was no doubt that we saw an image in the mirror that sat several inches lower than Jane herself sat, and that the mysterious head would dip down and then hang forward of the body. The strongest impression I had was of the change in proportion of the head, and the sensed or felt alien presence of a snoutlike creature confronting us.

(Shortly after this, the session ended. There were no more phenomena of any kind.

(Jane was quite tired. It was after 10:00 PM. Bill Macdonnel was more impressed with the hand phenomena than the mirror demonstration. To Bill, while he thought he sensed a change in the shape of Jane’s head in the mirror, there was little else to be seen. He did not sense an aura, for example, or receive any impression of an alien countenance.

(Jane and I agree on this account, but make no claims. We feel that some things did take place. We do not know whether one member hypnotized the other two, for example, and so influenced them. If so, this would be quite an accomplishment. We have not tried to hold another seance, partly because of time limitations, partly because of a fear of failure [we imagine], and partly because we want to learn more about such things from Seth before we try again.)

SESSION 12
JANUARY 2, 1964 9 PM THURSDAY
UNSCHEDULED

(After the success of last night's session, during which Jane manifested some startling phenomena with her left hand and arm, we were naturally curious to learn what Seth would have to say about it during a regular session with the board. We decided to try for another unscheduled session, rather than wait until next Monday, January 6, as we would have done ordinarily. We sat at the board, as usual.

("Are you there, Seth?")

Yes.

("Do you have a message for us?")

Good evening.

(Gratis. Through the board.)

What wonders do you request of me tonight? How did you like my fireworks? Not only were you tardy, but you brought a friend and wanted a display.

("Well, I hadn't planned on that kind of session. I wanted to learn more before we started trying for phenomena like that.")

I did not mind because I did so well. *(Pause.)* Only who is reluctant now, Joseph?

("Seth, when the three of us sat before the mirror last night, you caused Jane's reflection to change shape. Then you said it was another entity we were seeing there, however dimly.")

Oh yes. I was surprised. The entity never was an earthling—completely different plane. No point of reference for you at all.

(Halfway through this answer, Jane laid the board aside, rose and began to dictate. Just before doing this, she had begun speaking the answers aloud in advance of the board.

("How was it possible for an entity from such a different plane to intrude like that upon our plane?")

(Jane dictates:) There is no problem there, as far as intruding is concerned. There is no such thing as intrusion for that matter. The amazing thing is that you were able to see the so-called intrusion.

Last night was very instructive in many ways, though for a pair of partners you two are sometimes no helpmates. If one is not reluctant then the other one is. I prefer this to gullibility. Your friend is caught between charming gullibility and self-conscious, sardonic refusal to accept many things. Last night was no 4th-of-July fireworks, but it was your first such experience.

You forget that consciously you did not beckon the fragments at York Beach, and that last night's materializations were consciously requested. This certainly must hint at some conscious control, Joseph, and should make you feel more confident about our sessions, not less. I am hardly worried that your critical sense will dim in this or other sessions. That is as it should be. But if other demonstrations should follow at least go along with me, as you certainly can.

Had I materialized my creature from outer space—I believe that is a current term, scoffed at and ridiculed—however, if I had materialized this image you would have really opened your eyes. Lines of communication were open and the entity merely slipped through, or partially through, momentarily. Even the shape of the features, never clearly glimpsed, were space distortions necessary to come through on this plane at all. As a stick thrown into the water seems distorted to those who watch, so this image thrown into your plane seemed distorted to you. But the distortions were what gave it any features at all. Without them, the distortions that is, you would have seen nothing.

(Now Seth paused, and Jane said that that was the end of the message. We tried waiting, without asking questions. Then Jane began to receive another message, which she dictated.)

The bedroom in which your brother died was yellow. The sea was not far off, or at least water of a fairly large body. Downstairs was a shop owned by your brother's father, who was not your father this time. The shop had a large sign out front with a picture of a spoon, and no lettering. Throckmorton could not write. I do not know the significance of the spoon or what kind of shop he had, though I may be able to tell you at a later date.

The house was tall and narrow with three windows on the top floor, with two and a door at the bottom. Very seldom were the windows open. For diphtheria they closed all the windows and the doors. The boy might have lived without the dubious assistance of the doctor. The doctor meant so well, but did so poorly. This time you know him well. Already you must suspect your Doctor Stedge, who has also been connected with your entity on various occasions, though never as a relative. I presume his trade has advanced in stature and proficiency through the ages. I certainly hope so.

Your brother was born on the 22nd of April, I believe in 1671 (*I wrote*

1871 in an earlier session. See page 49.), and died at the age of 9. I do not believe that the church is still standing or that any records will be found. His eldest sister who is your present mother had a picture of some sort, a miniature in a locket, but it was with her when she drowned. Lack of record should not be taken to ridicule the validity of these facts, since many people today could not find their own birth certificates.

It is difficult for me to tell you too much about Loren. Your Jane sets up barriers. He is not, I'm afraid, her favorite relative. I'm well aware there is no blood relation between Loren and Jane. Nevertheless I've managed, as I always do, to speak with some clarity through your collective reluctance, prejudices and barriers. You both mean very well, and part of your own entities aids me in making contact with your present personalities.

Now Loren was a priest in the Roman Catholic church. I'm sorry, I'm not sure if this was in Wales or in France. The monastery was of gray brick. He copied old manuscripts, fussy as an old woman, and yet this methodical part of his nature there served him very well.

He and your other brother who died at 9 were in Europe for at least part of the same time, though Loren died at a fat and sassy monkish 81. He was not above dallying with shall I say fair maidens, but all in all was competent. Now as a teacher he uses the same talents he used in the past, his rather smirky tongue making up with jokes for prim silence that had suffered in the past. I see him also England 13th century, as a shepherd dying at the age of 33. He has been a male three times. The personalities which he has layered about him are not well rounded. For this reason, though this may seem strange, one-sexed personality pattern is not the best as far as incarnations are concerned.

An excess of male lives will turn a personality sour in a feminine manner, without the inner understanding and compassion that is usually associated with the female sex. In like manner consistent female personalities will turn harsh without the inner strength usually associated with the male sex. For this reason most entities live lives as male and female.

(Break at 9:45. Jane paced back and forth constantly as she delivered the above message. She talked just fast enough to keep me writing at near top speed; by its end I once again had writer's cramp. Also, Jane's voice was getting hoarse. She began dictating again when she felt more material coming through. Resume at 9:50.)

Loren was 3 times a man. The overall impression of the 3 existing personalities is nevertheless female, for the reasons that I have explained. Sex, regardless of all your fleshy tales, is a psychic phenomenon, merely certain qualities which you called male and female. The qualities however are real, and

permeate other planes as well as your own. They are opposites which are nevertheless complementary and which merge into one. When I say as I have that the overall entity is neither male or female, and yet refer to various entities such as Joseph and Ruburt, which are definitely male names, I merely mean that in the overall essence the entity refers or identifies itself more with male characteristics, or so-called male characteristics, than with the female.

The seeming dominance of the male in earthkind is merely because the aggressiveness of male personalities makes itself known quicker, and often with a vehemence. The basis however is very strongly female, since without the giving quality the aggressiveness would be but a stationary closed fist, incapable of motion and incapable of unfolding into other lives, as it must. The aggressiveness is a thrust for life and action against inertia, but without the acquiescence of the female quality, life would not open.

I would say something about the fifth dimension, although it is extremely difficult. You understand that I can only use concepts with which you are somewhat familiar. There may be times when I can introduce a completely new concept, but if so this will be a flash of intuition on Jane's part.

As far as fifth dimension is concerned, I have said it is space. I will have to try to build up the image of a structure to help you understand, but then I must rip out the structure because there is none there.

Consider then a network of wires somewhat like, although different from, Jane's conception of idea construction—a maze of interlocking wires endlessly constructed, so that looking through them there would seem to be no beginning or end. Your plane could be likened to a small position between four very spindly and thin wires, and my plane could be likened to the small position in the neighboring wires on the other side. Yet not only are we on different sides of the same wires, but we are at the same time either above or below, according to your viewpoint, and if you consider the wires as forming cubes—this is for you, Joseph, with your love of images—then the cubes could also fit one within the other without disturbing the inhabitants of either cube one iota; and these cubes are also within cubes, which are themselves within cubes, and I am speaking now of only the small particle of space taken up by your plane and mine.

Again now think merely in terms of your plane, bounded by its small spindly set of wires, and my plane on the other side. These as I have said have also boundless solidarity and depth, yet in usual circumstances to one side the other is transparent. You cannot see through, but the two planes move through each other constantly.

I hope you see what I have done here. I have initiated the idea of motion, for true transparency is not the ability to see through but to move through. This

is what I mean by fifth dimension. Now, remove the structure of the wires and cubes. Things behave as though the wires and cubes were there, but these were only constructions necessary even to those on my plane in order to make things comprehensible to our faculties, the faculties of any entity. We construct images consistent with the senses we happen to have at a particular time. I have more senses, so to speak, in operating use that is, than you have, because not only am I aware of my own plane but of yours and other parallel planes, even though I myself have not existed in some of those parallel planes.

We merely construct imaginary lines to walk upon. So real are the wall constructions of your room that you would freeze in the wintertime without them, yet there is no room and no walls. So in a like manner the wires that we constructed are real to us in the universe, although there are no wires. All is one, as you are one with the apparent walls of the room. Again the idea of transparency. The walls are truly transparent to me though I am not sure I would perform, dear Joseph, and Ruburt, for a party demonstration.

Nevertheless to me the walls are transparent. So are the wires that we constructed to make our point about fifth dimension, but for all practical purposes we must behave as if the wires are there. There are certain planes which I cannot glimpse from my viewpoint, although I have greater understanding of these things than you. I realize that the changes that must occur before I can view those other planes will occur in me, not in the other planes. Again if you will consider our maze of wires, I will ask you to imagine them filling up everything that is, with your plane and my plane like two small bird's nests in the net-like fabric of some gigantic tree.

I suggest you take a break.

I suppose I should consider myself lucky that you don't request a demonstration of the tree to grow up through your living room. You will have to forgive me but I am not really irritated, dear friends, with this desire for demonstrations. Ha, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. It is only that you are so innocent and I am so amused. You have so little conception yet of what is involved, and yet personally I found last night's session enjoyable. Your friend however really would have intruded, in a bumbling but quite domineering manner, had I so allowed him. He is like a child begging for a piece of frosty cake, and I must admit I was tempted to shove his head in the frosting.

I like him, but after all I insist on even mental manners. That's the trouble, you see. Consciously he had no intention of trying to dominate the session, but underneath he really wanted so much, and I don't know him very well. You should at least seek acquaintance before you ask favors.

I forgot. Do take your break.

(Break at 10:27. After the rest, we sat again at the board, but almost immediately Jane laid the board aside, got up and resumed dictating. Resume at 10:47.)

I would suggest in the future that you attend the board at regular sessions. It is better to meet with me less often, but on a regular schedule, than meet with me three or four times one week and none the next. A certain period of recuperation is necessary for all of us, for you two more, but it also involves me in shall I say extracurricular activities. This is my first lesson class.

At one time or another all of us on my plane give such lessons, but psychic bonds between teacher and pupils are necessary, which means that we must wait until personalities on your plane have progressed sufficiently for lessons to begin. To explain more clearly, lessons are conducted with those who are psychically bound to us, although reason is extremely important and I do not mean to minimize its value. Nevertheless what you call emotion or feeling is the connective between us, and it is the connective that most clearly represents the life force on any plane and under any circumstances.

From it is woven all material of your world and mine. If you consider the wires again, then you could view them as solidified emotion, woven together, however with a strong cohesive and stiffening power of the intellect. With feeling alone, although it is the basis, you would have an inconsistent, very precarious framework. Reason is the form that disciplines and upholds these frameworks.

At a later date I will go in even further into this fifth dimension. You consider for example that these wires are also mobile, constantly trembling, and also live, in that they not only carry the stuff of the universe but are themselves projections of this stuff, and you will see how difficult it is to explain. Nor can I blame you for growing tired, when after asking you to imagine this strange structure I then insist that you tear it apart, for it is no more actually seen or touched than is the buzzing of a million invisible bees.

I would suggest meeting twice a week at 9, if this is convenient. Once a week would be better than none. For my own purposes I prefer the hour of 9. The nights Monday and Wednesday should work out well.

There is nothing wrong, certainly nothing to be lost and perhaps much to be gained, in your trying whatever experiments you want on your own. Call it homework if you like. Perhaps I'd even give you a gold star, although if I know you, you will insist that the teacher give the proverbial apple to the pupils, instead of the other way around.

In any case I wish you the best of luck in whatever experiments you would like to try. You can of course train your abilities to some extent in this

manner. I will meet with you then Monday at 9 if that meets with your convenience. Regardless of what you may think I do have your convenience in mind. In some way I have not yet explained to you, your friend Mark is of a younger entity than yours—frisky like a colt.

The board is a matter of formality, actually exceedingly important in that it renews contact in a familiar manner, and also I have always been partial to formality to some extent. The board gives us each a breathing spell, and is a method of saying good day or good evening or tipping one's hat. I'm also of the opinion that small ritual tends to emphasize data in the mind, and set it off to advantage, in the same way that good cuisine is set off by fine dishes.

Incidentally I know Jane's old friend, Father Trainor, who also liked his food, perhaps too well. And so good night. At the end of a session I think it would be most cordial merely to touch your hands briefly to the board. You're lucky that I don't request you wear full dress clothing.

(We said good night on the board. Session ended at 11:15 PM.)

SESSION OF JANUARY 4, 1964 SATURDAY APPROX. 7:30 PM

(This session did not involve Seth in any way. His presence was not asked for, and he did not appear during the evening. This was an experiment tried, however, more or less at his suggestion that we try different things.

(It was already dark outside, but we pulled our blinds and put one red Christmas light on. We sat at our dark-topped walnut table in the living room. Upon it we had spread a triangular piece of black cloth. We also wore dark clothing. On the cloth we lay Jane's wedding ring. It was very dimly visible; we sat opposite each other, hands flat upon the cloth and sometimes touching, with the ring always visible between our hands. We sat quietly. Nothing happened, though we felt we might be cultivating a mood. After a while we substituted for the ring a Spanish-American military insignia, of brass, that Jane's grandfather had secured from his brother. It was part of a medal; Jane had polished it the day before, and removed the ribbon.

(We turned the one light off and sat in the dark. Sitting quietly with my eyes closed, I obtained a sighting or vision, in color, that I will note after describing this session. I believe it is part of the Joseph series, and will ask Seth about this. The vision involved a man walking down a road.

(Now Jane remarked that at times as she sat at the table, her hands seemed to disappear; that is, she could no longer see them, although she was not worried that they did not exist. At times, she observed the same phenomena with the metal insignia. She also stated that she could still "do something" tonight,

but after an hour of silence without results thought that some kind of communication, or talking, was necessary to achieve it. We took a break.

(We resumed at 8:40. I began to ask Jane questions at random. She answered each one, and if one of her answers suggested a line of thought I followed it up. Sitting in the darkness, we talked thus for a few minutes. The lights were off, but by now we could see fairly easily. The room was not pitch black. I had laid pen and paper by my elbow, and now I reached for them.

(Jane began to talk, spontaneously, in a regular voice. The following copy represents the sum of what she said, minus my questions. It was not necessary for me to ask many questions once she was under way, and finally I ceased altogether as I became confident that she would resume after a pause.

(And surprisingly, my script, written in the dark, was quite legible and quite complete. I could of course make out the outline shape of the paper in the dark, and the place where my pen was touching down.

(Jane's monologue:

(I see the name Sarah Wellington. She was in a cobbler's shop—that's where they make shoes.

(It was in 1748, in England. They were leather shoes. They had huge cowhides hanging up in a back room of the cobbler's shop, and there were a lot of dried cowhides hanging up in another room, too. It was very cold in there, where the first cowhides were. It wasn't ventilated, they didn't have any windows there.

(They had windows in the front room, though—and benches and a stone floor. It was a stone house with a fireplace in it. It was September, damp and foggy in the afternoon, about four o'clock. Sarah Wellington was blond—she had stringy hair, she wasn't pretty, but bony. She was 17.

(Her father and mother weren't there. Sarah didn't live there, she was just in there. She lived 3 doors away. How long did she live? She died at 17, there in the cobbler's shop. She died from burns. The cobbler came out of a back room into the front room and there she was, all in flames and screaming. The cobbler shoved her out in the street and rolled her over on the stones and in the dirt, but she died.

(Sarah lived 3 doors down the street in a dark front room. She had two brothers, one off someplace, he was a sailor. The other was younger. Sarah's father did something for the cobbler, so he made shoes for the young brother and she was in the shop to get the shoes.

(I don't know what Sarah's father did for the cobbler. It was a craft,

something he bartered for shoes. Something to do with fishing nets. The village was right by the sea. It was the only cobbler's shop in quite a few villages around there, and there was a lot of community bartering going on. Sarah's father made fishnets out of seaweed, dried seaweed, sounds crazy, doesn't it? They wove it together like rope, then made the nets.

(The fishermen had plain wooden boats, not canoes. I don't know what kind of fish it was, but they had piles of it on a good day. Blackish fish, some of it only a few inches long, some much longer, averaging maybe a foot in length. Yes, they had fish all year long, it wasn't seasonal. The water was warm in the winter. That's why it was so foggy. They didn't farm too much because the ground was poor and rocky and very hilly, so they depended on the fish.

(The name of the village was Levonshire. It had less than 300 people. It was very rocky there. It was on the northeast coast of England. The people there used to get food also from another village farther north. For some reason the land was better there. What did they grow? Yes, I see tomatoes. But as I say it I remember reading that they didn't eat tomatoes in those days. But yes, the people in the smaller villages ate them. And there was wheat and barley. They had nice cows.

(The cobbler was an old man. He had something to do with being the sexton of a church. It was a small church, not Catholic. It was a Church of England. The cobbler used to ring the bells. His wife was 53, she was named Anna. She wore glasses and had grayish white hair, she was stout and messy.

(There was a boy in the shop too. He wasn't their son, just an apprentice to the cobbler. He slept in the kitchen. His name was Albert, Albert Lang. He was 11, I think. The cobbler and his wife didn't have any children. She had trouble with her glasses. This was strange, because most people didn't have them. I don't know where she got them, in another town, but they weren't very good. Handmade, they had to grind the glass and stuff. They were like magnifying glasses, in a frame on her nose.

(The cobbler was comparatively well off, though not wealthy. He was 53 years old when he died. The boy Albert was too young to take his place when he died, so the village didn't have a cobbler for a couple of years. The boy was a fisherman for a while. Then another cobbler came and Albert helped him in the shop.

(Albert did okay. He got married, and his wife's name was Sarah too. She was a cousin of Sarah Wellington. There were lots of cousins in the village. Most of the people were related, they had no place else to go.

(The fish were mackerel.

(Albert and Sarah had 4 children. Two died when they were babies.

Those that lived were Billy and Jane.

(I can more or less see the main street. I see houses and a couple of shops, then a narrow cobbled walk raised up high—it was a partly dirt road built up of rocks and stones that ran around an inlet from the sea. But it was never flooded, the road kept the village dry. There wasn't any sandy beach. No, I wouldn't know it if I saw it, it's not there now. I don't think I'd know the spot. It was just this little inlet, with the rocky hills and not much grass. It wasn't a seaport, big ships couldn't get in close. There was just room enough for their little boats to go out after fish.

(How far were they from London? Well, it was two days overland, by stage, two days on horseback. They made about 20 miles a day. They didn't like to travel after dark. It was too dangerous, there were too many robbers. So they always stayed at this inn that was about halfway there. It was called Sedgewick. They'd get there by evening of the first day.

(In the inn there was a huge fireplace. Their dishes were made of earthenware. They had ale, they served lots of ale at meals. Their meat was ribs, they had mutton ribs, I think. And something called braunschweiger. They had bread, barley bread and soup. Fish soup and mussels. They didn't have salt. They had beans, I don't know what kind.

(There was a stable out in back for the horses. They usually had 4 horses on the stage, sometimes 6. And sometimes they used only 2. Just families traveled on the stage. The men went on horses. It was safer that way, sometimes say 4 men would go together in a group.

(They always carried pistols. The pistols were black and long, much longer than pistols of today. There was a jigger at the top that they used with powder. They kept powder in it, I don't know what for. [Jane laughed.] They made bullets and put the powder into them. The powder and bullets were kept separate until they were put into the gun, though one or two bullets were always kept ready.

(They always saved the bullets if they could find them after using them. The metal was hard to get. The guns were awfully heavy, they didn't shoot them much. These bullets were something new. They didn't last, they stopped making them. For some reason I don't understand the bullets might explode. The men didn't want to keep the powder and the bullets together. Sometimes the powder was rusty and sometimes whitish. They were big bullets—one of the reasons the guns were so big.

(The people didn't go to London often. Some never went at all. The first Sarah who died at 17 never went. Albert's Sarah went. King Edward was in London then. Albert and Sarah did well and could afford to go. When Edward

was being crowned they went to London. They didn't see the coronation, they were just common people but they wanted to be there. Everybody was excited.

(They went in a coach. She was 41 and he was 46. They had 2 or 3 children. I don't know what happened to them. The few people I can tell you about must have died. Albert-Ralph—liked to hunt because he was used to guns and knew about them. But he couldn't get much because the ground was too rocky. Deer and rabbits, a special kind, no big tails, gray hares of some kind. And there were gray squirrels.

(The village had been there for 350 years. I told you its name before, Levenshire. I think before that it had a different name. All those invasions, a lot of them came along that coast. There were the Norsemen, and I guess the Gauls. They had sails, big sailboats. The Gauls looked French, swarthy, a lot of them were little men. Everybody knows what the Norsemen were like. That was long before these people I'm telling you about lived there.

(In London, I don't know why, Albert's wife liked to go to the bakery shops. They had fancier breads there than they did in the village. I'll figure out why I want to call Albert Ralph. The bakery always smelled good. Sarah liked to eat a lot.

(And Sarah, the first one, if she hadn't burned to death she would have died anyhow at 17. It's so funny, but she had tuberculosis. One lung was bad. It was a bad place to live. The village wasn't sunny, and they kept the windows closed. There weren't many windows anyhow. The land was very rocky, and they just would build a house on a slab of rock, and it was always damp. They had dogs and cats.

(Young Sarah's dress was dirty. It was of wool, and a brown natural color because it wasn't dyed. It wouldn't have burned so, but it had grease on it, the grease caught the flames.

(The descendants of the invaders lived in the village too. There was the Laverne family, and De Nauge, and the Breims. They slept on hay. It was so damp it wasn't healthy, it was too foggy. The hay was never dry. There were many children around. Families that could had a cow. Were the people happy? That's a silly question. They were as happy as anybody else. They didn't like their babies dying, though, but they just thought it was life. They drank a lot—ale. No school, they couldn't read. Well, the sexton, he read some but not much, nobody else could. They didn't think it was necessary. They didn't have books, so what good did it do to be able to read?

(A few could write. They could write their own names but they couldn't read others'. Sometimes a family would have a son go away to learn to write. Then he would teach his parents to write their names, but not often.

(They didn't have water to drink. There was salt in the ocean, that's why they washed in the ocean. But they didn't think it was healthy to drink water. It was hilly and rocky behind the village but there was a stream up there, and they went up there with horses and buckets. But they didn't drink the water. They drank ale. They made soups out of the water but never thought of drinking it. They were lucky, too. They had a stream that came down from a high place. They'd have had to dig down too far for water otherwise.

(But they boiled the water when they made soups and kept it cleaner that way. This killed a lot of germs. The fish were always available. So they were a lot healthier than other communities that actually had more water. These other places were sicker because the water was polluted. They used natural liquids from the animals when they made stews.

(End at approx. 10:30 PM.)

(The following is an account of the brief vision I experienced during our session of Saturday, January 4, 1964. I had it while sitting quietly in the dark with Jane at our walnut table in the living room. It came before Jane began her recitation about Levenshire, England.

(During our 13th session of January 6, 1964, Seth verified this visual data and gave an interpretation of it.

(The vision:

(I saw the feet of a man walking along a flat dusty reddish road. He was I think barefoot, though I wondered about some kind of rudimentary sandal. He carried no staff, and had what was apparently a brownish long robe flapping about the calves of his legs. The legs were thin. I could not see the man's head or shoulders, or even his waist. The land was very flat, reds and browns. There was nothing but horizon in the far distance on the left side, beyond the feet.

(At one moment I thought I glimpsed, far ahead on the horizon on the right, a group of pyramids, in some kind of cool brilliant color, blues or greens. I could not see the bases of these structures and am not positive they were even pyramids. The whole viewpoint of this data was very dramatic, low, very close to the ground. I seem to remember being able to see the soles of the feet, wrinkled and brown and without shoes, lifting after each stride. I recall them being covered with dust. It was a vigorous stride.)

SESSION 13

JANUARY 6, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(To begin this evening's session Jane and I sat at the board as usual, with our fingers touching the pointer. But we did not ask any opening questions. Until otherwise noted all answers came through the board.)

(Gratis)

Yes, good evening friends.

("Seth, can you tell us the meaning of the vision I had the other night, in which I saw a man walking?")

(I did not describe the vision further at this time, although by now Jane had read my written version of it. As the board spelled out the answer, Jane began to hear it within, a bit in advance.)

Loren. The man was a monk on a pilgrimage.

("My present brother Loren was traveling? Where to?")

He was on his way to the holy lands. His shoes had been stolen as he slept. The buildings you saw were not pyramids but the ruins of monasteries in the distance.

("In what land was this?")

Asia was where you saw him though he was in many other places, traveling in his middle years *(Jane dictates:)* doing penance for his sins according to the customs of the age.

("Was I alive then? Did I see him passing by?")

No. *(Jane dictates:)* You weren't alive at that time.

("Will you fill us in on what mental enzymes are? They've been mentioned several times before.")

Something along the line of mental genes. *(Jane dictates:)* As mental genes are behind the physical genes so to speak, so mental enzymes are behind the physical stuff that you can examine on your plane. Chlorophyll is such a mental enzyme, and there are more which I shall describe to you at another time.

In a sense any color or quality of that nature could be considered a mental enzyme. There is an exchange of sorts between the mental and the physical without which, for example, color would not exist. Now I use color as an example first because it is easier perhaps to understand how this could be a

mental enzyme, than it is to understand the same thing about chlorophyll. Chlorophyll is green but more than color. *(Pause.)* Nevertheless there is an interaction here also which gives the chlorophyll its properties. *(Pause.)* This is one of the most difficult terms to explain. I hope to make it much clearer to you, but it involves part of a larger concept and as yet you do not have the necessary background.

(“What can you tell us about Jane’s recitation the other night about Levenshire, the village in England?”

(Jane dictates:) I thought you were going to ask me about her recitation of the fifth dimension, which came across unusually well and quite undistorted. You understand that generalized material on the fifth dimension and other matters in no way jeopardizes her present personality, or causes strain or panic. This is one of the reasons why this sort of data comes through so much more clearly than more personal material which her ego may find burdensome.

This will also have something to do with your life readings in some cases, where the personalities involved are closely entwined with your own. This is not to say that you will get false data. It is possible however that along the way true data will become distorted. I am in no way responsible for these distortions.

At later times with your present rate of development, the distortions themselves will be held to a minimum. And now Joseph you will see, I am sure, in which direction I am leading you. The more personal and the more direct the bearing of a question upon your daily life, the greater the distortion is likely to be. What more can you expect?

The material in these cases apparently comes through quite distorted. Again this is beyond my control, in these cases you simply do not understand what I am trying to say. The more you push at a sore point the sorer the point becomes. My attitude in no way prevents prediction per se. At this point your attitude however does stand in the way. I hope to go into this also at a further time, because there are definite reasons for this that have nothing or little to do with you personally, but represent a more or less natural distortion of data along these lines. *(Pause.)*

If you cannot prove my existence now neither can you touch music. Not that I am comparing myself with a symphony, far from it. Now and then I do strike a sour note.

(“Then perhaps you’ll tell us more about the fifth dimension. We found that very interesting.”

(Jane dictates:) Chlorophyll as I said is a mental enzyme, and is one of the moving forces in your plane. However, a variant of this exists in all other planes. It is a mental spark so to speak that sets everything into motion. *(Pause.)*

This has also much to do believe it or not with feeling, which also is a mover. You must try not to categorize things in old ways, but when you open your mind you will see a similarity between chlorophyll as a mental enzyme or mover, and emotion which is never still. Emotion solidified is something else again and perhaps is a framework of other worlds. (*Pause.*) And really Jane, you're giving your subconscious an awful lot of credit. Let's see credit where credit is due.

I suggest you take a break.

Perhaps I may be able to make mental enzymes clearer afterwards since they have a basic part to play in the universe, at least as I know it so far. Let me say though in your own experience you are familiar with steam, water and ice. These are all manifestations of the same thing. So can a seemingly physical chlorophyll be also a part of a seemingly immaterial emotion or feeling, but in a different form; and of course directed into this form or caused to take various forms as response to certain laws, as of course ice will not exist of itself in the middle of your summertime. And if I am not to be compared to a symphony, Joseph, you must admit I do well with a figurative baton.

(Break at 9:45. After the break Jane remained standing while I sat down to take more notes. As I did she remarked, "Oh oh, I can feel him, he's gathering himself." Resume at 10:00 PM.

(Jane dictates:) Why do you find the phrase solidified feeling outlandish? You both already understand that your plane is really composed of solidified thought. When your scientists get through with all their high fiddle-faddle they too will discover that this is the case, though woe to any one of them that dares breathe such a concept yet.

When I told you to imagine the wire structure penetrating everything that is, I meant that you should always imagine these wires being live, as I am indeed a live wire myself.

Joking aside, I will now ask you to imagine these wires as being composed of the solidified emotion of which I have just spoken. Surely you must know that even the words feeling or emotion are at best symbols to describe something else, and this something else comes extremely close to your mental enzymes.

Actually a counteraction within a mental enclosure (*pause*) occurs in some manner. A mental enclosure divides itself in two, splits up, divides, multiplies, acts upon its own various parts, and this produces a material manifestation. The material is material, and yet it is mentally produced.

The mental enzymes within the enclosure are the elements that set off the action and—listen closely—are also the action itself. In other words the mental

enzymes not only produce action in the material world but become the action. I will always call any materialization an action from here on in, since as you both know by now nothing is stationary. If you will read over the above three or four paragraphs you will come close to seeing where mental and physical become one.

You both know again what love and hate are, but as I told you before try to think in new ways. Love and hate for example are action. They are both action and they both imply action in physical bodies, and even as far as thoughts are concerned. In your plane action is the main word of importance.

These mental enzymes, to go back to them, are solidified feeling but not in the term again that you usually think of. I see I will have to try to give you a better definition of feeling or we will get into trouble.

Let the definition go for a moment however while I make this one point. I have said that our imaginary wires that seem to permeate our model universe are alive, and now if you will bear with me I will say that they are mental enzymes or solidified feelings, always of course in motion and yet permanent enough to form a more or less consistent framework. (*Pause.*) You could almost say that mental enzymes become the tentacles which form material, though I do not find that a very pleasant phrase.

The framework is only for convenience, as your walls are for your convenience as I mentioned earlier. The walls are not there as such, but you had better act as if they were or suffer a possible broken neck. I must still respect many like frameworks in my own plane, but my understanding of them renders them less opaque—and that is a poor word—all the time.

Intellectual truth alone will not make you free, though it is certainly a necessary preliminary. If this were the case your walls would fall away, since intellectually you understand their rather dubious nature. Since feeling is so often the cohesive with which mind builds, it is feeling itself which must be changed if you would find freedom from your particular plane of existence at your particular time. That is, to some extent a change in feeling will allow you to see variants. Since feeling is a cohesive, to change it completely would hardly be of any advantage since your world of present existence would fall apart.

I will at a later date try to discuss the question of time. Any of these discussions are of necessity of a simple and uncomplicated nature. If I speak in analogies and images it is because I must relate with the world that is familiar to you.

(“Seth, how many worlds do we remember within?”

(Jane dictates:) Your question leaves much to be desired. I am not certain if you refer to the subconscious memory of personality, the conscious

memory of personality, or of the memory of an entity. The entity of course represents and is aware of the lives of all its personalities.

You on your plane for example do not even have conscious memory of your own dream fragments. For that matter you can hardly remember one idea from one week to another on a conscious deliberate basis. It is simply impossible for the ego as you know it to maintain conscious dominance at this time. *(Pause.)*

I suggest that this session come to a conclusion. I hesitate to give you an excess of data on Monday when our next session is on a Wednesday. You need time to digest the material, and this material is difficult on the digestion. In any case you bear with me very well, and I can say the same for myself.

Good night, but do touch hands to the board.

(Jane and I sat at the board, hands on the pointer. We moved it to the word goodbye.)

(“Good night, Seth.”)

(Gratis)

Yes, night.

(The above was spelled out. End at 10:30. (The following material is included here because it is dealt with in the next session, the 14th. I wrote these notes on the morning of January 8; they came to mind while I was working on an ink drawing of a complicated tree bearing within it two birds’ nests. I began the drawing in reference to an image Seth had conjured up in an earlier session on the fifth dimension. I believe these thoughts came to me so easily because I had been making some conscious efforts to think in new ways, and they were triggered by my working on this particular drawing.)

(The notes:

(A drawing is solidified action. In the process of drawing I am solidifying emotion or feeling. There is distortion present, but still I put down something that my obvious senses can perceive. It is an attempt to get to the heart, the mind’s heart, of the matter.

(A curved line may be a complicated thought, a crooked or incomplete one—and a straight line may be a more simple, direct action or thought. It follows that there are more curved lines than straight ones, both in our art on this plane, in our lives on this plane, and in our habitat on this plane.

(A juncture represents a flowering of thought through action. Emphasis on a line would be thought translated into more positive action.

(The ink sketch I did more than a year ago represents man bound by his senses, yet peering out through the wires trying to see more.

(Each line is one thought, one recorded or frozen bit of action;

representing or capable of representing many things. But a collection of lines, with the same or similar thoughts behind them, assembles itself into a recognizable whole.

(“Abstract” art done in this manner would be an attempt to appeal, to generate an emotional response—in other words action on our plane—on a subconscious level. This would enable the emotional response so generated to radiate its warmth through all levels of our being. The appeal of “recognizable” art is more direct, and may penetrate the being in reverse direction, that is from the top down. Whether it is as profound I cannot say.)

SESSION 14

JANUARY 8, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(As usual to begin we sat at the board, in our living room with the shades drawn and a soft light on, shielded somewhat from my view. At the appointed hour Jane and I touched our fingers to the board but did not ask any questions. The pointer began to move.

(Gratis)

Yes, friends.

(“Good evening, Seth. Well, do you want to continue where you left off last time?”)

As you wish.

(“You were going to define feeling for us.”)

So I was.

(“Do you want to do that now or would you rather wait?”)

(By now, Jane was hearing the answers within, in advance of the board’s spelling. But we continued with the board.)

However that will come later in the session. Needless to say emotion and feeling are the same, so any definition will include both.

(“Jane has been very curious to learn something about her grandfather. Can you help us with this?”)

Part of a very strong entity. However, extremely inarticulate in last life, due to an inability to synthesize gains in past lives.

(“Why was Jane so attached to him when she was a child?”)

Besides normal reasons (*Jane dictates:*) he was psychically inclined, at a time when Jane was young and herself close to a past life. She sensed his deep and personal inner awareness. It confused and haunted him, since his inarticulateness applied also to thoughts within himself. He felt strongly but could not explain. In his solitary nature he came close to being a mystic but he was unable to relate his personality as Joseph Burdo with the social world at large, or even to the other members of his family. There was a block, regrettably. He felt strongly his connection with the universe as a whole and with nature as he understood it. But to him nature did not include his fellow human beings. The solitariness that besieged him—because it did besiege him—is dangerous to any

personality unless it comes after identification with the human race.

(By now as usual Jane was pacing back and forth as she dictated.)

That is, in his feeling of unity with All That Is, he excluded other human beings, and on your plane it is necessary for the personality to relate to them. Only after such relation is isolation of that nature of benefit. Jane sensed her grandfather's feeling of identification with the rest of nature however, and since she had not yet developed a strong ego personality as a young child she felt no sense of rejection as did, for example, the other members of the family. When he spoke of wind she felt like wind, as any child will unself-consciously identify with the elements.

He responded to his own attraction for her and was able to expand in her direction because she was not an adult. He was essentially childlike in one manner and yet he had little use for most people. Had he lived to see Jane mature the feeling between them might well have dissipated. *(Joseph Burdo died in 1948 at the age of 68. Jane was 19.)* He could not relate to another adult, and when in his eyes she joined the league of adulthood he would not have been able to retain his strong leaning toward her.

He never forgave his own children for growing up, nor did he forgive his wife for tending to earthly ways. Yet he related his own body, at least until the very end, very well with nature. He considered that he aged as a tree will age, but perversely he felt that others aged to spite him.

It was an unfortunate defect in the personality. The psychic nature grew in an oddly distorted manner in some aspects and yet remained stubbornly shrunken in others. From early age however Jane drank in his feeling of completeness with nature, and it had much to do with her later development. She now displays in some instances her grandfather's closed attitude toward people. At times both you and Jane reinforce each other along these lines.

You must of course use discipline in personal relationships, but you must have personal relationships, as I think you are beginning to learn. You have both expanded in that direction and that is good.

Such relationships, disciplined of course, will nevertheless yield richness for both of you that neither of you would get in any other manner. You do not have to take hordes into your house. On the other hand all stages of relationships are necessary, and a casual give and take between you and friends will expand your spirit in ways that neither you nor Jane personally can do alone. I am going into this matter because it has concerned both of you at various times, and I would like to state that your work will not suffer by expending energy in these other directions.

I am speaking now of disciplined relationships. When you avoid them or

attempt to avoid them you both do so out of fear. Your personalities, work habits and goals are well set and secure enough not to be threatened in such a manner. You also Joseph have much to offer other individuals and through giving you yourself will grow.

Keep your regular work habits intact. I know I need not tell you this, far be it from me when I know your habits so well. When you were worldly you were the fleshiest man I knew. Now in your compensation you show the same tenacity of purpose.

Your isolation during working hours becomes even more precious and more constructive when contrasted with periods given to friends, as sweet is sweeter when bitter is on the tongue. You forget also that because of your makeup all your experiences are translated into your work, and work becomes play and play becomes work.

As to your jottings this morning concerning art, very good, I commend you. You are already beginning to think in new and wider concepts. As your paintings are solidified feeling on board or paper, apparent in the physical universe and therefore vulnerable to the laws of that universe, so is the universe itself on your plane physical materialized feeling, only with more dimension than a drawing or a painting. There is however also an extra dimension in a painting than people usually recognize, beside the lines and color and form and content, which are as you said so aptly feeling solidified. You have the action of which you also spoke. First you have the action of the lines, form and content and so forth, caught and solidified, then as an observer looks at a painting feeling is again motion moving out from the painting into the beholder's perception.

As for your straight lines and curves you realize, I know, that there are really no straight lines and curves, but that they are symbols. Otherwise your dissertation was excellent. Action is solidified, or should I say transfixed, in a painting and yet even in a painting action is never really solidified or transfixed, but continually fluid.

As far as the ink sketch is concerned, do not forget that while your man was imprisoned by his senses, in trying to reach beyond them in your physical universe your man could not perceive anything at all; and yet it is through these very earthy senses that he has a chance to glimpse beyond, or indeed realize that there is a beyond to glimpse.

Perception of beauty through the senses is the trigger on your plane for subsequent inner perceptions. The two are so closely bound, through music for example, which can only be appreciated through the senses. Psychic actions take place which lead the individual beyond the senses. There is much more to be said here. There is a phrase which I will explain at a later date—inner senses—

which you will find extremely interesting. By this I mean senses within the senses. I would use behind the senses but I believe this would lead to confusion.

I suggest you break. Quietly however, do not crash into pieces.

(Break at 9:50. To date the above monologue is the longest answer we have received. During its delivery Jane talked at a steady rate, just slow enough for me to be able to take it down word for word in longhand. Shorthand would be a great help. During this dictation Jane neither stopped, speeded up, backtracked, gave any indication of confusion, stopped or started anew.

(The reader will note that I did not ask Seth to comment on my writings concerning art, but that the subject came up during the monologue. I had given Jane my copy to read earlier in the day. We wondered if this method of acquainting both of us with involved questions before the session began might not save asking the question during the session itself.

(After break Jane promptly began dictating again. Resume at 10:05.)

Everything on your plane is a materialization of something that exists independent of your plane. Therefore within your senses there are other senses that perceive inward. Your regular senses perceive, or as Jane would like to say create, an outer world. The senses within them, that is within the recognizable senses, perceive and create an inner world, they perceive part of an inner world. This is difficult for me to explain to you. However as your regular senses are limited according to the plane which you inhabit—in your case dear friends on your plane extremely limited, I'm afraid—so are the corresponding inner senses limited.

It is almost as if you could see, feel, touch and perceive so much outwardly and feel, touch, see and perceive so much inwardly, though much more exists in all directions, of which you are necessarily ignorant. Once you exist on a particular plane you must necessarily be attuned to it while blocking out many other perceptions. *(Pause.)*

It is a sort of psychic focus, a concentration of awareness along certain lines. As your ability grows in relation with the environment of your plane then you can afford to look around, use the inner senses, and enlarge your scope of activity. This is only natural. Survival on a particular plane depends upon your concentration in that plane. Again, when survival is more or less satisfied by attention then you can avail yourself of the opportunity to turn your attention elsewhere.

The time element is something I told you I would discuss, and if my intentions are strong Ruburt at this point is growing weak. And there is a certain element of time in this statement. The material itself has not made either of you weary. Time involved, or your idea of the time involved, has.

On your plane no action is really simultaneous and so time instantly enters in. You mentioned yourself Joseph—oh see, you can't hide anything from me—you mentioned earlier—I'm sorry, Ruburt needs a short break. A short one, Ruburt, should suffice.

(Break at 10:25. At last break 35 minutes ago, Jane had already said that she was exhausted. Her voice by now was even rougher, and now as then I suggested that we end the session. But she wanted to continue, mainly because Seth was coming through so well. Jane resumed dictating at 10:27.)

You mentioned earlier Joseph that you had the feeling that I could refer back to myself almost as if I could turn a later page of a book to an earlier one, and of course this is the case.

(I had made this remark several days ago.)

To some extent though to a much lesser degree you can do this on your own plane, but in a weak fraction of a dimension. That is, you can perhaps sense or remember an earlier moment intuitively or capture an earlier moment visually as in a photograph, or audibly as in a recording. You can through motion pictures refer back to past time, capturing the visual and auditory data of a moment and even the apparent motion of its sequence. Viewing through your so marvelous television—ha—a historical moment for example you can refer to much that has passed.

But this referral itself involves time. The time that you spend watching such a historic moment takes up an identical amount of time in the present. Therefore one minute of such a past referral costs you one minute of present time. Also you end up short-changed. You give up your precious moment in the present but you do not have a complete moment of the past to show for it.

Seeing for example a crowd of people, even if you yourself were among the crowd, you cannot experience the feeling that you were experiencing when the picture was taken, and though you may see before you the pictures of people who stood in that crowd, neither you nor they can see or experience the emotions that they felt. There is much more to be said here. I must move into these things slowly.

When I refer back to myself or back to what I have said in an earlier session, I do not expend an identical amount of time in doing so. That is, if two hours of your time were necessary for me to give you certain material it does not take me the same amount of time to refer back to the whole body of the same material.

I did not intend to make you work so hard this evening, Joseph. If your hand is working as quickly as Ruburt's mouth then you must be exhausted. Would you like to take a break or would you prefer to end the session? I am

always thinking of your convenience, at least when I am not concerned with your education.

(Break at 10:37. I was concerned lest Jane's voice give out. I urged her to call it a night although we were both eager to continue. We decided to take a short break and then resume briefly. Jane resumed pacing and dictating at 10:40.)

While I am not affected by time on your plane I am affected by something resembling time on my plane. Time has no meaning without barriers. To put it another way, time has no meaning without the necessity to counteract against other actions.

Basically this is a gem of a description, if I do say so myself. The sad part is that you probably won't be able to understand it. It all takes time! As I try to counteract your ignorance I couldn't resist. I mean it kindly, you have no idea of the difficulties involved in explaining time to someone who must take time to try and understand the explanation.

The study of time will teach you much about fifth dimension also. Our imaginary wires composed of solidified vitality are fluid, I hope you understand this, even while they are solidified. For solidity is only illusion.

(Here Jane pounded on the desk for emphasis and began, surprisingly, to speak in a stronger voice. I had thought without becoming consciously involved that her voice had been strengthening and deepening since last break. Now, the deeper tone became unmistakable. As she talked it became even more pronounced, more formal and louder.

(As I looked down to write I now had the feeling that I was listening to someone else's voice. If Jane was surprised or upset by this phenomena she gave no sign that I could see. Her manner with this more formal and strong voice was almost that of a lecturer. I said nothing to her about the voice change as she talked on.)

I have said also that this feeling of vitality, and I prefer the term vitality, is moving and itself a part of the living stuff of the universe. Now as these wires pass seemingly from plane to plane they actually form the boundaries of each plane and become subject to the particular laws of the plane. Therefore they become subject to time on your plane. And they become subject to other laws, if not laws of time, on other planes.

(Pause. Looking at Jane and knowing her natural feminine voice so well, I had to think twice to realize that this other new voice was issuing from her in such volume, and with no strain at all. I don't know whether I was more surprised at the fact that Jane appeared not at all disturbed by it, or by the fact that it had a definite deep and masculine tone.)

The motion of the apparently solidified vitality gives the illusion of time. The counteraction involved in this case is counteraction within the core of vitality itself, in much the same manner that we spoke of a closed mental enclosure, multiplying and setting up motion within itself.

The action and counteraction is the time trigger. To you this will be almost unbelievable, but on some other planes motion is simultaneous and time unknown. To me time can be manipulated, used at leisure and examined. To me your time is a vehicle, one of the several vehicles by which I can enter your awareness. It is therefore still a reality of some kind to me. Otherwise I could not utilize it in any manner whatsoever. As an example of my good intentions I will end this session.

I felt extremely pleased with your frames of mind this evening. I would continue if I did not have your physical limitations to contend with. For some reason I am able to come through very well, and when this happens I like to take advantage of the opportunity. After all, do you blame me? I admit that I miss you occasionally between sessions, dear friends; and Ruburt, your voice almost reminds me now of your old one.

In any case I shall say good night. You should know that I too enjoy a moment of social discourse or I would not keep you so long. I regret the necessity to keep Joseph so occupied. However I try to speak to you, Joseph, and answer the questions you would ask if you had the time to open your mouth.

(At the board, Jane and I said good night to Seth. With our hands on the pointer we received an answer.)

Yes, goodbye.

(11:05 PM. Jane's voice now was perfectly normal. As we laid the board aside she said, "He feels very affectionate tonight—I almost got a lump in my throat. He's real sentimental. He'd go right on if we went back to the board, he'd go on for hours if we could stand it. He doesn't want to quit."

(Jane also said that Seth was quite pleased with the new voice, and that she now knows what he is thinking sometimes, even though he does not relay it to or through her as part of a message.

(We debated whether to continue. Jane felt better now, and of course we were interested to try resuming in this fashion since it would be something new. Almost as if by signal Jane began to dictate again. We did not touch the board.)

Besides, you owe me a session, having missed one.

In one sense meeting with you costs me little energy, it is true. On the other hand the effort to communicate explanations does involve very real effort on my part. And so you are not the only ones who grow weary in this respect. As I have said, feeling is action, and in my communications to you feeling plays a

strong part.

(Here again, Jane's voice began to deepen.)

I realize that you both are tired. I enjoy speaking with you and wanted merely a few moments of what you might be pleased to call normal conversation. Friends do not always talk of high and weighty matters, and at times when we have the energy left over from our philosophical dissertations, then let us now and then indulge in at least some pleasantries.

Feeling acts in many worlds. It is the connective and it strongly connects the three of us. If I sound ponderous it is only because these necessary explanations cannot be given to you in a playful manner. You would discount them. And my dear Joseph, at times I peek in on you between sessions. The twist is a beautifully innocent and wicked contortion that I would enjoy.

I see you both now very clearly and I must say that I approve of what I see. I will try to answer a few questions but let us keep these few moments in a light and pleasant vein. This is something of an experience involving your so-called emotions in these sessions for perhaps the first time.

Previously we have been too concerned with other matters for any interchange of an emotional kind, and if Ruburt's voice sounds rather dreary in this transitional phase I myself am in a very playful, I might say frisky, mood. By all means ask any questions and we will see what we can do.

(At this point I laughed.)

("I'm afraid, Seth, that all the questions we've got written down here are rather serious. You caught us by surprise.")

The trouble is, you see, you look upon me as a veritable fountain of knowledge, and I would also be known as a personality in myself and as a friend.

("Do you have friendships on your plane, as we do here?")

I have friendships where I am of course. The one thing about your plane that makes it such a tempting field of endeavor for all of us here is of course that we still have ties of an emotional kind, and we attempt, though clumsily, to make contact with friends. As you yourself write letters to friends in strange countries and do not forget them, so we do not forget.

("Do you have a sense of play and relaxation on your plane?")

We have a much stronger sense of play and relaxation than you have, and much more enjoyable. We can play as a child plays, having however full conscious appreciation—the I am principle—which the child lacks in his fanciful games.

("Do you also experience such emotions as anger?")

I have to admit that you've lost me completely. Because we experience

play why does that mean we experience anger? In your terms we experience emotions and therefore are capable of anger. However we are so disciplined that anger seldom arises.

It's almost impossible, I can see, to talk with you in a conversational manner for purely mechanical reasons. If I speak quickly in ordinary tones through Ruburt you simply cannot write fast enough to take the words down. Some night I will speak to you as I choose for my own enjoyment. We shall have an interchange, and for that one night the notes will get the boot. I promise to speak on fairly personal and inconsequential matters so that you do not miss my pearls of wisdom.

The one thing that pleases me immensely is the way Ruburt can translate at least a few of my humorous remarks and inflections of my natural speech. It is difficult to carry to you at this point but I have hopes of doing better. Ruburt's voice is an experiment. The immediacy of our sessions would be enhanced if more of my personality could come through. I could go on quite happily, you might say blithely, for hours but I shall not. I would if I thought I could get away with it.

I am not some old fogey. Now and then old Frank Watts comes through simply because he is the latest independent materialization, and is used to taking things upon himself. I have not assimilated him completely but you can believe me, I intend to.

I am glad Joseph that you enjoy my humor. What were you going to say?

("I was going to say that I got a charge out of your calling Frank Watts a fathead, at our seance the other night.")

I'm afraid I haven't learned humility yet. On the other hand you knew me before I knew Frank Watts, and my vanity was astounding. You were quite vain yourself, and as a woman you certainly put your present wife to shame as far as vanity is concerned.

(Jane, pacing back and forth and talking in her deep strong voice, touched the large begonia plant we have on a coffee table in the center of our living room.)

I like Jane's plant very much. Green things are a touchstone of your existence. You notice I do not use the word planet but plane, since you do not have the whole kettle to yourself.

As a man's voice I fear Jane will sound rather unmelodious. I do not have the voice of an angel by any means, but neither do I sound like an asexual eunuch, which is all I've been able to make her sound like all night. And incidentally, Ruburt, you were a good brother at one time. The so-called male aspect of your personality has always been strong, but by this I mean powerful.

Without the loyalty that you are learning as a woman your character had serious defects. And there, I said I would not get into anything serious.

(“How’s the weather up there, Seth?”)

There is no weather, whether or not you think there is. This involves far more than a playful question, and would take me at least a month to answer.

Ruburt, if you want a cigarette get one. She’s been walking around with a match in her hand for the last ten minutes. And don’t blame me Ruburt for your oversmoking.

(Jane lit a cigarette, and sipped some wine.)

If I could have a glass of wine with you and enjoy it, I would. If you want Ruburt to talk only for a few moments to me without the record, go ahead. I’ll certainly last as long as Ruburt will and a lot longer.

If ever your wife’s features change imperceptibly some night as we talk, I suggest you do not mention it till the end of the session. Ruburt makes a lovely woman, though he would have been horrified at the transformation.

(Along in here I had the intention of laying my notes aside, yet the habit was so strong that I continued writing rather automatically. Seth however began to talk faster than I could follow, so for the balance of the session I recorded key words and phrases and filled in between as soon as the session ended, while memory was still fresh. Jane and I agree that the following material is an accurate sum of Seth’s remarks.)

One of the reasons Jane does so well with her male characters—if you insist on notes go ahead—is that she has been a male so many times. She has retained the better male characteristics.

Please don’t ask me to recite poetry again. It was never one of my lines. Ruburt has always been gifted artistically, as you have Joseph. With you, your art talents lay beneath layers of fleshy lust at times. You were exceedingly lecherous in Denmark, and I was not much better.

Your brother Dick is extremely impulsive, and much in need of friendly reinforcement and approval.

(“Oh. We thought he was quite happy now.”)

I didn’t say he wasn’t happy, merely impulsive and in need of friendly reinforcement. Dying as a boy in his last life, the experience of adulthood is new to him this time. The transition into adulthood is easier for people who lived to adulthood the last time.

You are the damndest notetaker I ever saw Joseph, you take the proverbial cake. I know you’re tired but I’ve really enjoyed myself at your expense. From utter mercy I will now stop and let you go to bed.

(We said good night on the board. End at 12:10 AM.)

(The following is from Jane's account of the events of the evening of January 10, 1964, when she induced a trance state, or a rather strong state of dissociation, within herself. It was written on the morning of January 11.

(I have the original account with my notes on the Seth sessions, along with three pages of notes she made with pen while in this state. Excerpts from these will be presented after this account. All of this material is presented here because Seth deals with it in the following session, the 15th.

(Jane's account:

(I had an extremely strange and uncomfortable experience last night. Worse, I don't know what initiated the odd condition in which I was in for some three hours. Beyond doubt it was some sort of somnambulistic state, I think a sort of self-induced trance. The thing that worries me is that I wasn't trying to put myself in a trance as far as I know.

(Yet for my book I tried crystal gazing, using a round glass vase filled with water. I saw nothing but the usual reflections that could be expected. When Rob finished work in his studio at around nine, I told him about the experiment which was unsuccessful as far as I was concerned. I mentioned that the experiment was fascinating because of the natural effects of reflection, etc., and as far as I know I was myself at this time.

(We began talking in the living room. I mentioned being able to put myself in a dissociated state at the gallery when things got sticky, and said this saved lots of effort on my part. My voice seemed to get hoarse and husky as I spoke; I laughed and commented that I hoped Seth wasn't going to start using my voice when he wanted to.

(As nearly as I can recall it was then that I began to feel strange, as if something were going to happen. I put this feeling down to imagination. Almost at once I felt dissociated, drowsy, and sat in the rocker without rocking. My eyelids felt very heavy, my head slumped sideways. I could hardly keep awake but at the same time my senses were extremely acute; I could hear every sound in the house. Rob asked what was wrong. I answered that I felt very odd and unlike myself.

(My body was very light, weightless it appeared. I was conscious of no muscular weight or pressure at all. Particularly my shoulders were affected; my arms and hands felt like water or air. Rob told me to get up. He was beginning to feel worried. I could hardly rise from the chair, he had to help me to the couch. I didn't feel physical enough to move.

(I felt as if I were heading into a very deep trance state of some sort, which I was fighting off. And yet I thought that I was supposed to be experimenting, and was tempted to go along with it. Fear got the best of me.

While I stopped myself from going into a deeper state, I wasn't able to snap out of what I was in.

(Rob made coffee for me. I didn't believe I could lift the cup. When I finally did my motions were extremely slow, as in a motion picture played slow. It seemed impossible to exert any pressure in the physical world at all. Rob made me drink two cups of coffee; I stood with my head out the window in the cold night air. Nothing seemed to help. I was thoroughly frightened by now, yet thought that I could snap out of it if I really wanted to; and knew how to.

(Rob thought the concentration of writing a statement on how I felt would help. Instead my efforts showed what a crazy state I was in. My handwriting just wasn't my own. No pressure was exerted on the pen. The writing was wavery, very small, and grew even smaller. My prose expression was nothing like my own, childish in fact. Thought or messages or bits of conversation popped to mind and I wrote them down in this weird script.

(Since my senses seemed so acute, Rob asked me to read a letter on my bulletin board, the small print on a match cover, and a few lines from a book, all held out much further than I could usually manage. I read the stuff.

(My condition: A feeling of weightlessness, of inability to function in the physical world, yet because my motions were so strange this gave Rob the impression that my limbs were heavy; to me they were light as air. I felt relaxed to the ninth degree. Yet all the while my senses were amazingly alert and I conversed with Rob more or less normally. My body seemed to have no physical resistance. When Rob took my hand it was very wet and floppy.

(The condition lasted from about nine to twelve PM. I slowly came out of it. My right arm and hand were the last to be released, however, and I still felt odd when finally I went to bed.

(A few quotes from the three handwritten pages Jane attempted while in the trance state... Most of this writing was extremely small and quite unlike her normal hand. Twice she made determined efforts to write larger; when she did she wrote very large and with much force, and the letters leaned at odd angles and had a stiff feeling to them. She also tried twice to use the typewriter. The first time, at about 10:45 PM, she could not exert enough pressure to use the keys; the second time at about midnight was more successful, but still uneven in pressure and lacking punctuation and capitals.

(The quotes:

(I was sitting at my desk when I began feeling funny. I don't know how. Then I sat in another chair & felt funnier. My hands felt very light & so did my shoulders. Light then almost as if they were not there at all.

(I do feel strange though, no doubt about it Rob say I'm just wiggling my

fingers.

(Jerry never should go there I've told you that, Mary. Forget the whole thing, there isn't any need to get angry. The trolley went without him and the weather was poor. It wasn't anyone's fault, don't blame yourself honey. 1913 May 8 PM. N.Y. City corner of 6th and —

(Joseph

(Just remember that Jerry is 66

(This is a test taste. How do you like it. It's alright silly. Silly sassy

(Jerry went alone and no matter why he did it — No reason is necessary. You didn't care really. Anyhow. Fortiszimo Alleggro. The Notes are long overdue. Tell Mary so. She will want to know and it is important, Hannah.)

(I can add one fact to Jane's account. By experimenting we found that she could make a rapid decisive movement while in this trance or dissociated state, but only with great effort. For example, in the kitchen I had her try to lift an empty cup up from the counter. Jane found that the only way she could do this was to concentrate as best she could on what she wanted to do, then make a supreme physical effort. As a result her hand holding the cup would fly up head high suddenly, then just as suddenly bang the cup back down on the counter.)

SESSION 15
JANUARY 13, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS
INSTRUCTED

(We began as usual by sitting at the board. A foot of snow had fallen, beginning Sunday night. Although we took the first few answers through the board, from the beginning Jane received them within also. We did not ask a question to open the session.)

(Gratis)

Yes, good evening. Have you recovered?

(“Yes, I think we have, Seth.”)

That’s good.

(“We’re having a storm here tonight.”)

Stormy to the stormy.

(Jane said this smart remark referred to her.)

(“Do you get storms where you are?”)

I get not your kind of storms. *(Jane dictates:)* But I’m not going into so-called weather on my plane tonight. I came halfway in on an interesting little experiment that Ruburt tried on his own, and you can thank me that he came out of it so well. Really, Ruburt, I’m surprised at you. In your past life you would have known much better.

Consciously you didn’t know what you were up to but unconsciously you knew very well. This sort of dissociated state can be dangerous, particularly induced haphazardly as was certainly the case with you. If I had not happened to look in you would have been in a great state for the rest of the evening, or should I say morning.

(Here Jane’s voice began to get louder and to deepen as she paced back and forth. Although there was quite a change, her voice did not reach either the depth or volume of the previous session.)

And yet you had the nerve to suggest that I played a part. Trickery is not one of my qualities, at least not trickery of that type, so you need have no worries on that score. The state of dissociation that you reached can be used most effectively. You however blundered into it all unaware and unprepared. For shame.

The fact that you slipped so easily into this frame should remind you of

abilities that you had at one time. Then, you misused them. But without their previous experience you could not have entered such a state so quickly, with so little knowledge and preparation. When I mentioned homework I was not thinking of anything so strenuous, or certainly suggesting anything that could be so dangerous to you at the present time.

That state which you achieved could be likened to my state, except that I am fully conscious and able to use the abilities inherent in it. As Joseph supposes it may well have been possible for you to have levitated had he so suggested it, and he used extremely good judgment in restraining from such a suggestion.

If you recall, part of your mind was conscious, you were capable of normal conversation. Another part of your psyche was completely dissociated and waiting for your command.

It floundered like a wet rag in a foul wind. This all ties in with the personality fragments which we discussed earlier. In like manner the personality is divided, one part conscious of the primary self and another disconnected and waiting formation into something new. On a subconscious basis this is exactly how you both created the images at York Beach, the difference being that the personality split occurred on the subconscious level.

I should clarify this perhaps by saying that the split was a split of the entire subconscious. In Ruburt's case last January 10th the split was of the conscious level. Since Ruburt was unaware of causing the dissociation to begin with, he was unable to find his blundering way out.

Incidentally, so-called schizophrenia follows in many cases along these lines. As for the writing, it was by an (*pause*) unorganized, unformed, possible personality of Ruburt's that merely took this opportunity to show itself and supersede a strong hand which has always dominated it.

Joseph, your part in these sessions is extremely important. Without your participation they could not have begun, nor could they continue. Because of our past alliances the three of us are closely bound together. However, I need the two of you in order to come through at all. Later you will understand why this is so.

Ruburt, you will cease smoking within two weeks. For one thing it is harmful, and believe me I will go into the reasons at a later date. They are so little understood. For another, I refuse to sound like a hoarse horse. It is not good for my morale. Your voice is too sensitive and rough this evening for me to attempt any transformation of it into the more melodious accents of my own.

I suggest, only to give Jane's much-maligned vocal chords a rest, that you take a break for a few minutes, though as you will note by the clock hardly a half hour has passed. Hardly a test of your endurance.

(Break at 9:27. By now Jane's voice had regained its normal tone,

though it was a bit hoarse. We sipped some wine. Among other things I mentioned that I had intended to ask Seth about schizophrenia sometime. Jane began to get an answer to this, and when she began dictation her voice was normal. Resume at 9:30.)

An excellent question. Schizophrenia is caused by a personality fragment that is broken off, so to speak, from the primary acting personality, operating often in direct opposition to the primary personality, but in any case operating as a secondary personality.

In your York Beach experience had you not been able through your peculiar creative abilities to form those images outside of yourselves, and so endow them with a physical reality, you might very well have instead turned yourself into schizophrenic personalities. Even your psychologists know that the schizoid is at least temporarily two personalities, a primary or dominant personality and an inferior one.

(Jane's voice was by now a little deeper and stronger; but that was the extent of such phenomena for this session.)

Many people are unable to endow fragments with such physical reality, and thus shove them more or less harmlessly away at arm's length. It is as if in Ruburt's great experience the other night that the dissociated part of the personality donned another identity and battled with Ruburt's own for dominance.

Many so-called cases of possession can be laid to this alone. The dominant personality can be likened on your plane to the dominant entity. Please understand that I am using an analogy here. As the personality on your plane actually changes, expands and grows according to its potentialities, as it presents at various times varied images to the world, such as—if you'll excuse me for using clichés—a smiling face, a sorrowful face, but is still basically the same personality, so on another level does the entity present at various times a varied appearance and speak in a different voice. As the smiling and the sorrowful face also express and expand the personality, so too do the various reincarnated personalities express and expand the entity as a whole.

Without the stages of childhood, adulthood and old age, the personality could not expand to its fullest degree, and without various incarnations the entity cannot expand. Along these lines your brother Dick will most likely have an extra visit to make up on this earth for a previous early death.

In dreaming, such a dissociated state as Ruburt reached is of course the rule, only here the ability is used to form the dream images. But these dream images work for the entity as a whole and serve as a means for the various personalities to communicate. That is, in many cases for the previous incarnated

personalities to correspond with the present personality. It is a means of acquainting the present personality with its past and also of reminding it of its goals, without disturbing that blatant awake ego.

Joseph when your hands grow tired I do wish you would volunteer to take a break, and relieve me of an evergrowing compassionate concern for your physical condition. Surely after our pleasant chat the other evening you should know nothing of this sort would offend me, and I would much prefer more broken-up sessions, if they are necessary, than sessions in which I see myself as a torture master.

And please do not think of yourself as some sort of male stenographer. Through means I cannot explain at this date I could not speak through Ruburt without you, and a kink in your own present personality would quite prevent me from communicating with you alone, if indeed Ruburt would allow it. And if you are not good I will have another cozy little chat that lasts until three o'clock in the morning.

(Quite often during these sessions, Seth will call for a break just as it seems I could not write any longer without rest. My hand is actually painful by then, yet I don't believe I have ever mentioned this fact aloud.

("Okay, then we'll take a break.")

Excellent.

(Break at 9:50. When Jane began dictating again, her voice once more deepened slightly. Resume at 10:02.)

As a special favor I would like to make a request. Would you for a moment turn off your main light and open your blinds and curtains or whatever so that I may look out into the snowy night?

While I am with you I am in a way that I will explain later attached to Jane, in that I see what she sees, and so forth. I can of course dissociate myself but the effort involved in doing this and returning is really not quite worth the effort. It is like putting one sort of diving equipment on, removing it for another, and then redonning the first. Costumes are not always physical attire. They may also serve as a sort of vehicle, in the manner of the diving equipment.

(Jane now turned off the brightest of our two lights, then opened the blinds as Seth requested. She stood at the window, looking out at our busy intersection one house away as she talked. Fresh snow covered everything.)

The view is truly astounding. I'm glad you live on such a nice corner; and as far as Einstein is concerned, he saw more than he knew he saw, and he was more than he knew he was. We will go into this thoroughly when we return to our discussion of time.

(I had mentioned asking Seth about Einstein's theories during last break,

and we had also mentioned our cat, Willy.)

Your cat is indeed a fragment, and he does sense me at times.

(“How about that time in the kitchen?”

(On a recent Friday night, we had just returned home from grocery shopping. Jane had opened some fresh food for Willy, and while he ate in our very small kitchen she began putting the groceries away. Carrying an empty waste basket, I walked out to the kitchen from my studio. Jane was kneeling, reaching into a cupboard, and Willy was momentarily trapped behind her. At my approach he began to hiss and spit quite madly, and raced about in a tight little circle, not being able to get out of the kitchen. Jane, her back to him, stood up so quickly that she banged her head on an open cupboard door. The blow was a hard one and left her somewhat dazed for hours. We had never seen Willy behave this way before, and in a few moments he was as friendly and calm as usual, and resumed eating.

(A second similar episode took place a few days later. This time I walked into the living room. It was dark outside. Jane was holding Willy. At my approach he spat in a terrified manner and vaulted from her arms, scratching her quite well on both forearms. Again, a minute later he was as friendly as ever to both of us.)

His senses are extremely acute, his inner senses perfectly attuned. Even now he senses my presence. However as he grows more familiar with me his strange actions will altogether cease. My presence alternates between you both and this leads to confusion on Willy’s part. Watch him even now.

(Even as Seth spoke through Jane, Willy uttered a loud meow. He began to tease and jump at her, as he will do when he wants attention. Now however he was unusually persistent. Entangling himself in Jane’s feet as she tried to pace back and forth, he finally interrupted her dictation while she petted him. He then hopped up on Jane’s empty chair, opposite mine, and lay there staring at me for some time while I took notes. His eyes were very large and luminous and somehow darker than usual. I then realized that Jane’s eyes also had this look when she was dictating. It was some time before Willy finally relaxed and slept on the chair.

(Seth now referred to a fragment of a vision I had experienced the day before. I had been doing some painting when once again I seemed to see my brother Loren, as a monk in a previous life, wearing his old red robe, fall face down with outstretched arms upon the same dusty red road upon which I had seen him before. This was a very brief vision, and the first that had popped to mind consciously while I was doing something else.)

Your vision experience is coming along well, Joseph. You can expect it

to enlarge, grow and mature, as Ruburt's ability has already shown astounding progress. I hesitate to go into Jane's Walter Zeh experience at this time. Her conscious ego sets up barriers, and in all cases she must willingly permit material to come through. Suffice it to say that she got rid of some previous responsibilities and paid off an old debt.

I have been visiting other planes lately. I grow quite gymnastic.

("Seth, will you tell us something about President Kennedy?")

He was your president, not mine. You know who the assassin was. Of course the senseless slaughter was not foreordained. It was always a realm of the possible world, and the tragic circumstances culminated in much the same manner as Jane related in her *Idea Construction*.

Jack Kennedy himself had a premonition of events and even in the midst of action he was prepared for death. His subconscious mind always knew the true nature of death and flirted with it consciously.

When I said watch the cat I didn't realize he was going to put on this display. I assure you I didn't order it.

(Willy was acting up again, chasing after Jane as she paced back and forth while dictating.)

The good Jack will be a beggar boy in India, to be born in 3 years. In later life he will attain prominence if he carries through as beautifully as he did in the past. His first name will be Ambum, A-m-b-u-m, pronounced Ammum. This time he will attain prominence from poverty, an experience which will greatly reinforce the strength of his entity's purpose.

Oswald was always a personality fragment, as all psychopaths are. As fragments of a personality break off in the manner that I explained for schizophrenics, so in some cases part of an entity reincarnates before it should, does not carry its full mental gene blueprint, and therefore causes trouble and confusion. It is as though one of the wild images of a nightmare emerged with full physical power into the world of the day.

Such people realize their deficiency, yet conversely because they do have a distorted but seemingly dominant "I" they are only all the more furious and confused. There is no basic unifying factor to give them consistency, and no unifying subconscious memories to give them true inner identity. This is one of the main reasons why they strike out at strongly integrated personalities, and why it is so easy for them to be catapulted by raw emotion into tragedies of this sort.

Nightmares represent only possibilities of disintegrations that rarely occur in actuality. I bring this up since I did mention the word in passing. They are usually not messages as most dreams are from past personalities to the

present personality, though they may be messages from the primary personality to itself, as notice of fear or panic that may exist directly beneath the strata of the primary personality.

Beneath this you will find the succeeding layers that have to do with personal reincarnations. Beneath this you will find material dealing with the race as a whole, and as Jane supposed even layers dealing with the prehuman state.

The entity is the sum of these layers, having all of this knowledge at conscious command at all times. Yet though I speak of them as one beneath the other they are not actually so, and I speak only for convenience. They are in all places, intertwined with paths leading from one to the other and with the echo of the entity's voice resounding through each interconnecting corridor.

I have decided as you have seen to include a little new material this evening. However, I shall not neglect at any time to give you a thorough picture of any material that I have once discussed.

("Can we take a break now?")

You may take a break if you so desire.

(Break at 10:37. During the above monologue Jane's voice was quite normal, and so it remained for the rest of the session. Without my asking any questions, Jane resumed dictating at 10:45.)

You are yourselves aware of other planes to some degree, and to some degree you can communicate with them as you communicate with your cat. Imagination allows you to enter into these planes, as when you imagine what another animal's life would be.

It is true that man is physically an animal and that a cat is an animal. Nevertheless the differences amount to a difference in plane, though they are not actually different enough, and so the various existences do manage to coexist. You cannot of course experience the cat's sense of time, but you can come closer to understanding his sense of time than he could ever come in understanding yours.

(During break I had mentioned Seth's declared visits to other planes.)

There are of course therefore obvious variations in life within one generalized plane, and many various sorts of evolution occurring. When I say I visit another plane you can imagine the following experience.

Pretend that you not only understood your cat's concept of time to some degree, but could also experience his sense of time through the cat itself. In doing this you would in no way bother, inhibit or annoy the cat. He would not be aware of your presence and in no way could this be represented as any sort of an invasion.

(And here, staring at me, Jane pounded the table for emphasis.)

Imagine further that you actually experienced the feeling of such a furry coat, and all the other feline equipment from the inside. Purely as a spectator this would loosely represent an analogy to my traveling to other planes. It follows that I could not travel to higher planes than my own, where more acute senses than mine would instantly perceive me. This sort of thing does not as a rule go on in your plane. Even with your limited senses you would perceive my presence, though my plane is further developed than yours.

So you see that the laws operate in such a manner that we are more or less kept in our place. Controls are applied. This subject will come up again and I will go into it more deeply. You have also seen that your cat can sense me to some extent when I am in his environment, so we do not get away with much.

On many planes we are fully visible to others on that plane. To some we are invisible, and to us some are invisible.

([I asked Jane:] “Is Seth going to say anything about his form?”)

As I have mentioned earlier the senses change according to the plane of materialization. If you are speaking about my present form, I can be many forms. That is, within limits I can change my form, but in doing so I do not actually change my form so much as I choose to become part of something else.

My incipient form is a man’s form, if this is what you want to know, but it is not materialized in the same fashion as yours, that is as your form, and I can dematerialize it whenever I choose.

It is not however at all physical in your terms... And so here I suppose we will run into a block. The physical human form is extremely important to all entities, and they retain its idea shape for a long while. Again I will have more to say about the idea shape, which is somewhat like the physical genes and the blueprint, only on a different manifestation level. I believe, though I am not positive, that this human idea shape vanishes at some point and changes into another that is somehow more fitting and ideal. The entity in itself may only be a part of something else.

(“Can you tell us something about the dream Jane had, in which she seemed to be receiving instructions on psychic phenomena?”)

(Jane dictates in a normal voice:)

There are various types of dreams and dream fragments. I will follow this through also later, since in these beginning sessions I am giving you what may be considered a broad outline to be filled in. These dissociated states often occur in sleep, an excellent time since the ego is quieted. At such times it is extremely possible for present personalities to be visited by others such as myself, but only on the bidding of the entity itself.

I suggest that we close this session for this evening. I have endeavored to

fill in some previously mentioned material tonight. After our last arduous meeting you really needed a bit of relaxation. Nevertheless as you read this material you will see that it correlates with many other matters, and forms necessary connections which will be important in future discussions.

It is not that I wasn't feeling humorous this evening, merely that I didn't think you could stand the full force of my really astounding sardonic nature. I just say these things to watch your reactions. And as far as assimilating our old friend Frank Watts, don't let me lead you too far astray.

(I was about to ask Seth about assimilating Frank Watts.)

The entity never dominates or tries to dominate a previous personality. Sometimes these personalities also travel divergent ways for their own benefit and with the entity's full consent.

There is no such thing as division as far as the personality is concerned. Even a full-fledged fragment can turn into an entity in certain cases. There are no rules that hold any living thing down to one form or one kind of existence. And now, dear patient friends, I bid you a most fond good night.

(Seated at the board, we touched our hands to the pointer. I spoke first, then Jane.

("Goodbye, Seth."

("Good night, kid."

(Gratis)

Fresh.

(End at 11:20 PM.)

SESSION 16

JANUARY 15, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(This morning at breakfast I had announced that light was also a mental enzyme, to Jane's surprise and somewhat to my own. We opened this session by sitting at the board as usual, without asking questions. The answers, once we were underway, began through the board.)

(Gratis)

Yes, good evening.

("How are you this evening, Seth?")

Just fine.

("Anything in particular you want to talk about?")

No. Light is a mental enzyme.

("Credit my subconscious then, for I didn't sit down and figure it out.")

Yes, your subconscious.

("Seth, why do Jane's eyes appear to be darker and more luminous now, when she's delivering your messages? Our cat's eyes also had that same look in the last session.")

Concentration. *(Jane dictates:)* Yet ego is relaxed. The cat focuses upon one thing at a time even though it has no strong ego. So Jane concentrates while I give her the messages, even though it is not her ego which is concentrating. You get a subconscious focus different in many ways from conscious concentration. In this state the attention is focused inward rather than outward, and it is the inner senses more than the outer that are being exercised. The cat is doing the same thing in his way that Jane is, and in the particular situation you are thinking of his inner senses, that is the cat's, were focused in my direction.

As far as light being a mental enzyme, this is true. I'm pleased that you came forward with this yourself. There are other mental enzymes of course. Whether we will go into this during tonight's session I don't know.

The main mental enzymes create senses on the physical plane in order that they may be recognized and appreciated by the physical being. The mental enzymes are the same basically throughout the universe, but their materializations on a particular plane are determined by the properties inherent in the plane itself. The quality called light on this plane could just as well appear

as sound in another, and for that matter even on this plane light can be changed into sound and sound into light.

It is always interaction which is important. Even the mental enzymes themselves are interchangeable as far as the principle behind them is concerned, though for practical purposes they maintain separate and distinct qualities in their materializations in one plane. That is why it is possible for some human beings to experience sound as color, or to see color in sound. Granted this is not characteristic experience, but if the mental enzymes were not interchangeable in principle, then this experience would not be possible for any. Light would never be heard for example, sound would never be seen. Nor is color usually heard, nor sound usually seen.

In practical terms these mental enzymes must of course, and do, give a predictable, more or less dependable result. The reason why they must is understandable. The thing to remember is that this interchangeability can occur and is therefore an ability or property of the mental enzyme in general.

On your plane the action of the mental enzyme would appear to be more or less inflexible, more or less static, irreversible, and permanent. This of course is not the case. It is a view caused by the difficulty of getting any perspective about the particular plane which you happen to inhabit.

(By now Jane's voice had begun to grow somewhat deeper and louder.)

Because mental enzymes seem to give the same effects most of the time in your physical universe, your scientists for years blithely labeled these as the laws of nature, that is, the apparent laws of cause and effect. Now because, if you'll excuse the pun, a certain cause will usually give a certain effect in your physical universe, you may be justified in saying that these apparent results are laws that operate within your physical universe. But please, stay in your own backyard.

What I am trying to say is that there are apparent rules of cause and effect, but the same causes do not always give the same effects. There is much more that I want to say along these lines. If you will perhaps consider again our wires and mazes, I have said if you'll excuse the brief reminder, that these imaginary wires are composed of solidified vitality. They are the living stuff of the universe even as they form its boundaries and seem to divide it into labyrinthian ways, like the inside of a honeycomb.

The planes within the tiny wires, that is the planes formed by the connections and interconnections of our imaginary wires, come into the sphere of each different plane and take on the form inherent in the plane itself. Therefore these wires, if we may use a small analogy, will grow thick or thin, or change color completely, like some chameleonlike animal constantly

camouflaging its true appearance by taking on the outward manifestations of each neighboring forest territory. Then too, the inhabitants of any particular plane are chameleonlike, animallike. Solidified vitality wires do not look like boundaries or divisions. They appear exactly of the same type as the other materializations on that particular plane.

The inhabitants see only the camouflage. They then accept this particular camouflage as a definite rule of nature, never realizing that just beyond their eyesight and just beyond all their outer senses, this familiar tamed animal of a law changes appearance completely.

So complete in fact is the transformation as to be almost in some cases unrecognizable. However, by seeing beneath the camouflage in any one case you see beneath the camouflage in all cases. What these wires are, therefore, that seem to divide our planes and that appear so differently in one plane than they do in another, are solidified vitality whose camouflaging action is determined by mental enzymes.

Now you will understand why I said earlier that sound can be seen and color can be heard. There are many diverse examples along this line. If you will forgive me Joseph, at the risk, and I do mean the risk, of becoming boring, I would like to repeat briefly: Mental enzymes allow the solidified vitality to change its form. If I said this in the beginning before this discussion, it would have choked you to swallow it.

Your light is a mental enzyme tipped me off that you were ready for this discussion. Needless to say solidified vitality and mental enzymes are dependent upon each other in many ways. The enzyme part of our little equation therefore permits vitality to operate successfully under diverse mental and physical situations, and to form the basis for each particular plane. *(Pause.)*

I suggest you take a break. I am very pleased with your progress this evening so far.

(Break at 9:45. Jane and I both were surprised at the amount of material we had gathered in forty-five minutes. The time seemed to fly. During this session our cat Willy slept the whole time. Jane's voice never went beyond a certain medium deepening and a small increase in volume. At times as she talked it was quite normal. During this break I mentioned that I would like to ask Seth about flying saucers. Jane resumed dictating at 9:51.)

Incidentally I do have access to your conscious and unconscious minds, but only when you permit it. Consciously neither of you are aware of the subtle permission or refusal of permission that you yourselves give. And as far as suggestion is concerned, since you both have been reading along these lines, there is a point where the most suggestible of persons is beyond reach.

It is unfortunately true that the dominant present ego can be degraded on your plane to an amazing degree, through for example brainwashing and so forth. However this situation, while bad enough, is not as dire as you might think. When you are considering the human personality as a thing of this time only and destroyed by death, then its disintegration for any reason seems truly a tragic thing. And it is tragic.

Nevertheless, when you think in terms of the entity and its various personality manifestations throughout your earth time then you realize that the basic self, the entity, cannot be destroyed in any particular earth life. You are, I know, acquainted with the idea of regeneration. If you will imagine the various reincarnated personalities—and this is a most unpleasant analogy—as the various limbs and other faculties of the entity, then you will see why if one fragment is disintegrated it can be regenerated in the same manner that a physical cell of your body can be regenerated.

This is actually not as bad an analogy as I first thought, in that oftentimes a particular personality will be like the right arm of the entity as a whole, while another particular personality will have both feet on the ground. To get back however to the original point I wish to make, there is a point beyond which the most suggestible personality will be beyond reach, no matter what the circumstances are. Manifestations of the personality may follow the lines that suggestion commands. This is bad enough, but it only means that the personality has been forced to change its mode of action in the physical world. The personality seems shattered because the actions seem so changed. And here again we have your cause and effect, misapplied. The basic personality, that is the primary personality, has not been changed and will not change except through the personality itself.

What may occur is that lesser fragments of the personality, that were at one time possible competing elements for the dominant personality, take over.

(Here Jane pounded the table for emphasis, although her voice was normal.)

These may come to the foreground in bad circumstances, and actually save the basic personality itself from what would certainly be disintegration. It is as if the basic personality throws the dirty dogs bone after bone, all the while saving the real morsel.

I certainly do hesitate to go into your flying saucer question this evening.

It is not complicated in itself, but complicated in the telling. I do want to mention one little point with which you might be concerned or pleased. You are both experiencing at this point, and have experienced in the past, the distorted time element, or so-called foreshortened time that you read about in your books

on hypnotism. If you will notice the time by the clock you will see how much material I have given you in something like 15 minutes. I do like to save a few little surprises like this for you now and then.

(Seth made this surprising statement at 10:12, just 21 minutes since we ended last break at 9:51. Now typing up this material the next day, I must say that my reading of the clock may not have been entirely accurate; it sat on a shelf behind me and I merely looked quickly over my shoulder. I was so surprised by the statement that I did not think to make absolutely sure of the reading.)

(However, I did take down three full closely-written pages of material during this time. This included pauses during Jane's dissertation, besides the regular-paced rhythm she uses. Therefore it seems plausible to us that some sort of time foreshortening may have taken place. Note that I had also remarked at the end of the first break how the time seemed to fly, and commented upon the amount of material we were accumulating.)

The strange thing incidentally about your flying saucers is not that they appear, but that you can see them. As science advances on various planes the inhabitants of the various planes learn to travel between planes occasionally, while carrying with them the manifestations of their home station.

This is complicated in the telling. As I mentioned they carry their own particular camouflage with them. You recognize it as not your own. Taking off at right angles involves another one of your natural laws which are not natural laws, but seem to be because this is how things look from where you are. I'll take this up at a later date if I do not go into it in the later part of this discussion.

You may as well take a break while you have the chance.

Ruburt, you can stop playing ring around the rosy. (Break at 10:20. Seth referred to Jane's habit of pacing endlessly around the room as she talked. Although her voice sounded normal to me, Jane said that during this session even so she has a subjective feeling that her voice is different, and that sometimes it is a strain to pause in the middle of a monologue to speak to me as herself and not Seth. At these times she reports that she would rather nod her head to a remark or question of mine, so as not to break her continuity with Seth. Jane resumed dictation at 10:28.)

The inner senses are actually the channels through which the entire composition of any particular plane is appreciated and actually maintained. It is through the inner senses that the mental enzymes are enabled to act upon the vitality which is, as I have said, the structure of the universe itself.

The inner senses in other words are the means, the mental enzymes are the tools, and the vitality is the actual material that forms the universe as a

whole, the apparent divisions within it, the apparent boundaries of the various divisions, and the diverse materials within each division. Again, the different materials within each division are only camouflages formed by the inner senses upon the material itself.

I still haven't gone completely into our fifth dimension discussion, but I am rounding out our imaginary structural universe in such a way that the fifth dimension material will fit in almost effortlessly when the time comes. You have already been given a tremendous portion of material this evening. I hit upon the foreshortened time idea to save you actual practical time that you might wish to use in other matters. I will go along with it as far as I can and still achieve the best results, that is, it may tire you in ways that I am not aware of, though I doubt it. In this case I should of course dispense with it.

("I feel okay, Seth.")

(I asked Jane if she felt all right, and she nodded her head in agreement.)

When you reread this material you will find it more than you thought to begin with.

I am quite sure, I know for a fact, that beings from other planes have appeared on your plane, sometimes on purpose and sometimes completely by accident. As in some cases human beings have quite accidentally blundered through the apparent curtain between your present and your past, so have beings blundered into the apparent division between one plane and another. Usually when they have done so they were invisible to your plane, as the few who fell into the past or the apparent past were invisible to the people of the past.

This sort of experience involves a sudden psychic awareness, straight from the entity, that all boundaries are for practical purposes only. However there are indeed many kinds of science. There are many sciences just dealing with locomotion. Had the human race for example gone into certain mental disciplines as thoroughly as it has explored technological disciplines, its practical transportation system would be vastly different, and yet by this time even more practical than it is now. I am making this point because I want it made plain—this, dear Joseph, is a pun—that when I speak of science on another plane I may not speak of the plain old science that you know.

Now back to the point. When however sciences progress on various planes, then visitations become less accidental and more planned. However, since the inhabitants of each plane are bound by the materializations or materialized patterns of that plane, they bring this particular materialization pattern or camouflaged vitality pattern with them. Certain kinds of sciences cannot operate without it. When the inhabitants of a plane have learned mental science patterns, then they are to a great degree freed from the more regular

camouflage patterns. This applies to a higher plane than mine, generally speaking, although my plane is further along in this science than your own.

The flying saucer appearances come from a plane that is much more advanced in technological sciences than earth at this time. However this is still not a mental science plane. Therefore the camouflage paraphernalia appears, more or less visible, to your own astonishment. Now, so strong is this tendency for vitality to change from one apparent form to another, that what you have here in your flying saucers is something that is actually, as you view it, not of your plane nor of the plane of its origin. What happens is this. When the flying saucer as you prefer to call it starts out toward its destination, the atoms and molecules that structurally compose it, and which are themselves formed by vitality, are more or less aligned according to the pattern inflicted upon it in its own territory. Now as this enters your plane a distortion occurs. The actual structure of the craft is caught in a dilemma of form. It is caught between transforming itself completely into earth's particular camouflage pattern, and retaining its original pattern. The earthly viewer attempts to correlate what he sees with what he supposedly knows or imagines possible, in the little he knows of the universe.

What he sees is something between a horse and a dog and resembles neither. The craft retains what it can of its original structure and changes what it must. This accounts for much of the conflicting reports as to shape, size and color. The few times that the craft shoots off at right angles, it has managed to retain functions ordinary to it in its particular habitat.

I do not believe you will have any saucer landings for quite a while, not physical landings in the usual sense of the word. These saucers cannot stay on your plane for any length of time at all. The pressures that push against the vehicle itself are tremendous. It is literally caught between two worlds. This struggle to be one thing or the other is very great on any plane. To conform to the laws of a particular plane is a practical necessity, and at this time the flying saucer craft simply cannot afford to stay betwixt and between for any indefinite period.

What they do is take quick glimpses of your plane—and hold in mind that the saucer or cigar shape seen on your planet is a bastard form having little relation to the structure as it is at home base. At a later date I may go into the inhabitants of that plane more thoroughly, but as it is I am not acquainted with them very much myself. There are so many things that you do not understand that I hope to explain to you. There are other things that you do not understand that I cannot explain to you, simply because they would be too alien now for your regular mode of thought.

(“How about an example of what you mean?”)

(Once again Jane's voice became loud; but it was still quite recognizable as her voice.)

One note along these lines. A plane—and I am using your term, I will try to think of a better one—is not necessarily a planet. A plane may be one planet, but a plane may also exist where no planet is. One planet may have several planes. Planes may also involve various aspects of apparent time. This particular matter is too difficult to go into right now. However I will continue it later.

Planes can and do intermix without the knowledge of the particular inhabitants of either plane. I want to get away from the idea of a plane being a place. It may be in some cases but it is not always. A plane may be a time. A plane, believe it or not, may be only one iota of vitality that seems to exist by itself. A plane is something apparently divided from the rest of the universe for a time and for a reason. A plane may cease to be. A plane may spring up where there was none. A plane is formed for entities as patterns for fulfillment along various levels. A plane is a climate conducive to the development of unique and particular capacities and achievements. A plane is an isolation of elements where each element is given the most possible space in which to function.

Planets have been used as planes and used again as other planes. A plane is not a cosmic location. It is oftentimes practical that entities or their various personalities visit one plane before another. This does not mean that one plane must necessarily be visited before another. A certain succession is merely more useful for the entity as a whole.

In other terms you could also say that an entity visits all planes simultaneously, as it is possible for you to visit one particular state, one particular county, one particular city at one time. Also you might visit the state of sorrow and joy almost simultaneously, and experience both emotions in heightened state because of the almost immediate contrast between them.

In fact, the analogy of a plane with an emotional state is much more valid than the analogy between a plane and a geographical state. Particularly since emotional states take up no room.

(“Seth, when you were speaking to us as Frank Watts in the 2nd session, you said you came from the state of sorrows.

(Jane dictated the answer in a loud firm voice.)

Frank Watts did indeed come from the state of sorrow. He was a makeup personality—that is, through Frank Watts I had to make up for past errors. Never a pretty proposition. These people who seem borne from sorrow to sorrow are often of this type. I should not make light of Frank Watts, since almost literally he redeemed me. This plane for Frank Watts was a plane of sorrow. I will of course make it all up to him, or try to. He has absolutely no sense of humor.

I have seen Ruburt glance at the clock. You may take a break or end the session, as you choose. I would say that you had enough material to keep you busy.

(Break at 11:28. We were both very tired by now, Jane especially. We decided to end the session with one more question. During this answer Jane spoke in a low and quiet voice. Resume at 11:30.)

(“Seth, what do you think about Jane talking to the students at Elmira College this afternoon?”)

I didn't hear her speak. I know she didn't do as beautifully as she does for me in your own living room, and I am sure she spoke in her own voice. Nevertheless I understand she came up against a Frank Watts in poet's clothing—a shocking experience for anybody. She always did like to teach, and this ability is one of the carry-through traits of her various personalities.

I really could keep going for hours again but it is not a good idea. These sessions should be regular above all else. If we begin stretching them into longer sessions within one night, you will not have time to correlate the material or to completely recover from the effort involved. I am afraid we would then end up with only one session a week, and I prefer the two. So, because of this flawless logic and again because of my innate consideration for your convenience, I hereby bid you a fond good night.

Yet as always I dislike parting. When I get through with what I should say, then I just feel like saying what I would like to say. I think your progress is coming along very well, and I am pleased. Ruburt is learning a certain discipline and controlled manner that will do his present personality great benefit. You, Joseph, are opening in one way, and gaining an added self-control and confidence in another.

Good night from your old evening star.

(At the board, hands on the pointer, we indicated a goodbye to Seth.)

(Gratis)

Goodbye, yes.

(End at 11:45.)

(These notes typed up by Jane on January 17, 1964. They are from material written down by Rob immediately after the events of January 16, 1964.)

(Last night, Thursday, we decided to try a few experiments. Color card experiments yielded no results. At 8:45 I received the words, “No winds ever blew across the prairie but I was there.” We sat in semidarkness then, at a small white table in front of a full-length mirror. I tried to put myself into light trance.)

Rob asked questions and I began to answer, using my own voice, which was more wavery in tone than usual however. We had no idea of what effects we might get, and because of the poor light Rob did not take notes during the experiment. He did write the whole thing down immediately after.

(Finally someone who said her name was Malba Bronson spoke through me, in my own voice. She said that she died in South Dakota in 1946, at the age of 46, and that presently she inhabited a “midplane.” She said that she knew Seth, who was however on a higher plane, and that he would explain the term midplane to us. She also said that Seth would probably call her “Malba Toast.”

(Malba said it takes time to prepare for a seance, 15 minutes at least in relaxation before; a black cloth on our table reaching to the floor would help, as well as drapes on the upper half of our windows, to cover the white Venetian blinds. She said that my old friend, Father Trainor was on her plane, and that both of them would probably reincarnate again. She is a female personality but does not operate sexually.

(According to her, ectoplasm formed the various changes and materializations about my hand in our previous seance with Bill Macdonnel. Sessions, she said, should be regular. Darkness or very dim red light will produce the best results for beginners. Rob asked if it would be possible for me to continue in full light. Malba said light would not bother her, but might bother me. She said that the way Rob and I work together, we need both of us to succeed, and that our channels were open before the session. The color experiments failed because we were not prepared. The closet experiment failed because I did not believe it would work. [Reading about mediums and their cabinets, I stationed myself in a dark closet while Rob checked from outside for any ectoplasm or aura.]

(Malba said the state before going to sleep is a good one in which to receive visions and should also be used to suggest good health to the subconscious, to suggest that it help you as far as your work goes, and to suggest that practical daily matters will be taken care of. Worry is bad—it reinforces negative attitudes and is corrosive. Practice will help in seances. Individuals vary in the types of manifestations they achieve. We can expect ectoplasmic creations separated from the body of the medium.

(Tired consciousness sometimes yields good results; so may a clogged-up consciousness. The middle state is usually too concerned with practical matters. Bill Macdonnel should be good in seance sessions, though he is somewhat like mercury, changeable; at times he may not do well, other times good. James Spaziani might be good. [Our landlord.]

(Don't worry about checking data so carefully to begin with; that is, get

materializations first or you won't have anything to check. Suggestion is a good tool. Mirror is a help to me, see perspective on a flat plane. Rob asked about prairie quote earlier, Malba said she was trying to make contact. She is not related to us in any way in a past life, just was available. Sometimes they will not respond on her plane to open channels unless they feel compatible with people seeking contact.

(She has not been looking in on us. She could not give name of town in S. Dakota because I was blocking her, already worried about possible failure if I checked on a map. She had lived in frame house, sandy yard, old house. She suggested Rob do same back exercises I am doing since they teach concentration. I didn't say this at the time, but told Rob later.

(The term midplane is nearest she could come to a translation, they don't use words on her plane. Better to keep our group small, and practice. Can't expect too much yet. Rob told to try sessions with Bill and myself as we did last year, when Rob saw house and other material so clearly. Will not take so much energy from him now; then, he was sick. Keep pencil and paper handy for Rob's visions, and expand ability.

(Malba said connection with her could be renewed by asking questions. Seth, she said, was an excellent teacher, a philosopher where she was not. Don't be discouraged, remember poor Ouija sessions before success. We have been preparing ourselves for this since before our marriage nine years ago, but marriage reinforced our energies. Ego spits like a cat to maintain conscious control, but will relax when it sees it can come to itself whenever it chooses. A drink helps, a darkened room, presence preparation.

(Malba will go over this material later if we want to check notes we intend to make. Malba said she was the girl I spoke about dying early in Levenshire, England, but that she died at 14 and not 17, as I said. The ego distorts material, as in this case. She also said that if we meet anyone who would be good in seance group, we would know it.

(Rob and I weren't as alone as we thought, when we tried first seance. Friends helped us get good results so we wouldn't be discouraged. But we couldn't count on such help all the time, or we wouldn't develop our own abilities. The fingers I materialized were ectoplasm, done with the help of friends.

(Talking about checking data she said, "You don't rip the head of a flower off the stem to see if it will grow a new blossom." She said I should stop smoking.

(We will get better results if we don't look for cheap tricks; but even those who do have to have discipline; if you are sincere you need even more. The

work with Seth is a lifetime project for us. We will get the material published and inform others. As a medium, I may be able to contact deceased friends and relatives. I will have to try our abilities via trial and error, since they vary with individuals. The York Beach experience was a trigger toward more conscious experimentation on our part.

(Speaking of worry, she said we were much better now along that line. Isolation was good when it expanded. When your mind is consciously tight it is like closing a switch; and when you open up you turn off the switch. Rob asked if I could travel in astral body outside room, she said possibly. We should experiment along our lines of interest: Bill with his travel experiences, Rob with his visions, me with my dreams of levitation. Malba said there is no sensation as far as medium is concerned when ectoplasm emerges.

(I had the feeling that Malba had trouble with pronunciation at times. I often spoke in a light fading voice.

(Session lasted from about 9:15 until 10:30 PM. Rob wrote up his notes immediately after, then I checked them to add what I could that he might have forgotten.)

SESSION 17

JANUARY 20, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Jane reports that as she delivers Seth's messages now, she does not hear the words within before speaking them aloud; rather now she talks along without knowing consciously what she will say from one word to the next. It is a very strange feeling. The only time she will hear words within before speaking them aloud, is when Seth has paused during a delivery and is about to resume.

(By 8:45 this evening, Jane could feel Seth "pushing at her," ready to begin. And at the end of the session three hours later, while in bed, she caught additional phrases from Seth but promptly shut them off. By then she was very tired.

(During this session Jane spoke for three hours in a voice somewhat louder and deeper than usual; and during this time she felt no strain, other than the accustomed tiredness coming at the end of a long day.

(We began as usual by sitting at the board without speaking.

(Gratis)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

(Jane was already receiving Seth within, so she laid the board aside and began to pace and dictate, as usual.)

I'll go along with your little joke about Malba Toast of the midplane. Malba of the midplane was your apt description. Actually Malba herself was a not-too-intelligent woman who died in 1946 in South Dakota, as she said.

The midplane is indeed an excellent description of the semiplane which she now inhabits. It is as you deduced a waiting plane for personalities at certain stages of development. For example, I myself am not on a semiplane. The midplane or semiplane contains a conglomeration of fragments at all stages of development, except that they have not attained sufficient knowledge or manipulability to progress further at this point. That is, they may be at various stages of evolutionary development but they are on an only fair level of achievement. They have not excelled, neither have they failed; they are working out problems of their own in a rather dissociated fashion. In other words they do not belong as yet, or are not committed to the next plane of their advancement.

They can be of benefit to you along certain lines. The validity of their information may be excellent. On the other hand it may also be less than trustworthy at times, simply because their achievement level is not high. If they err, they do so through ignorance. As far as I know Malba can be of help to you. I would say crusty old Malba, but she is not even toasty.

I know you are rather concerned with the differentiation between planets and planes. I also know your mind is filled with ponderous questions, like an endless chasm filled to the brim with heavy rocks. Certainly you didn't expect those huge radio stars to be cute little RCA transmitters? They are not quite that. I am in a quandary, and I admit it, as to which matters you would prefer I discussed first. I gather all sorts of weird projectiles thrown at me with vibrant force. Dreams, yours and Ruburt's, your flying saucers, some of your visions, planes, planets and radio stars. You'd think surely that my first name was Encyclopedia. Just call me Psych for short, and spell it P-s-y-c-h.

As far as Jane's levitation dreams, I myself was her delighted but inept teacher. In the dream state she did beautifully. Awake she had leaden feet. There were also two other teachers, but I will go into these at a later date.

I would suggest Joseph, and strongly, that you take up the yoga exercises. You will find these of great help. Not only will they benefit your physical condition, but they will help you in these sessions and in further experiments in which you will become involved in the future.

(By now Jane's voice had reached the state it would maintain for the balance of the session; somewhat louder, a little sharper, a little lower.)

Many of Malba's suggestions along the lines of sleep and the subconscious were very good and should be followed. If you are worried about water dripping in your room by all means investigate. We will wait.

(I'd heard sounds like water dripping in my studio, and had been looking back toward it from my desk in the living room. Recently we'd had a heavy storm, and sometimes this was followed by a leaky roof.)

(“It's okay. I just hadn't noticed those sounds before.”)

Do you have any particular questions?

First of all if you'll forgive me, I would like to go into the situations culminating in your illness of this time last winter. Your psychic state of nervousness, fear, lack of confidence and lack of focus as far as utilizing your artistic abilities were concerned, began to build up like many encircling walls. The ego imprisoned you more and more. Your subconscious healing abilities and the hidden subconscious vitality beneath became dammed up, seemingly with no means of release.

The ego, as I have said before, is extremely important. It is however only

a part of what you call yourself. Your artistic ability does not belong to your ego, dear Joseph, though I understand as I speak that anyone on your plane identifies himself with his ego, and when he says "I am," he means he is his ego, or his ego is.

Nevertheless, the ego is the tool by which the hidden self manipulates in the physical universe as you know it. The ego enables you to use or focus your artistic ability along the lines necessary to make it effective on your plane. However when the ego becomes involved with fears to a greater or lesser extent, it ceases to be an effective tool and becomes instead a hammer hitting you incessantly over the head.

There is much more involved here than would seem to be present at first glance. This material may not be as startling as your flying saucers, but it may be extremely useful. Now, I have seen you flounder at various times and occasions, but I could not make myself heard. As I knew of your York Beach experience, I also knew of other occurrences through the past few years.

The ego must sit lightly, otherwise it can smother the talent that lies beneath. This is very properly your talent, your talent as a personality at this particular time. However, you are also more than you know. Your subconscious is a greater part of you than you know, and the ego is nothing more than the topmost portion of the subconscious. There is after all no dividing line, and you are as much your subconscious as you are your ego, and more.

Now when this ego becomes overly concerned over practical matters it becomes overly conditioned to negative responses. The outer senses are not as quick or as fluent. The creative energies build up their thickly-dimensioned pseudorealities of pain. For a certain amount of time, according to your condition, they automatically create the patterns of fear that belong to the ego.

These fears do not belong to the subconscious. Then these materializations of panic and pain play about the physical body, projected by the ego and stealing the powers of the subconscious mind from their natural constructive tasks to do so. In other words, the ego becomes a tool to disrupt rather than to create.

In the past you did not understand properly this relationship. You understood the destructive tendencies but you placed them in the subconscious. The endless or seemingly endless circle need not occur now, or in the future. This dissociation of which Ruburt has spoken to you is an excellent discipline that will insure your use of energy in the best possible manner. I am not suggesting that the ego be ignored in any manner, merely that the tool is not allowed to become the master.

I suggest that you take a break.

(Break at 9:43. During break Jane's voice abruptly returned to its normal tone. She resumed dictating at 9:50.)

You see, dear Joseph, the subconscious and the ego, of course, are both you. For simplicity's sake I will speak of the ego and the subconscious, though they are actually one. The subconscious forms and projects the materializations of the ego as a tool to enable it to attain its goals. When these goals and talents are attributed to the ego alone they are so to speak decapitated.

(By now, Jane's voice had resumed its deeper tone.)

Your own subconscious is the fountain of your individuality and personality. From it springs your talent. When the ego becomes too concerned with daily matters, with worry in other words, then the works of the tool become clogged. It becomes ineffective. Dissociation, and I will give you many ways of achieving it, unclogs the tool and is absolutely necessary. The freely working subconscious, or the inner you, is completely capable of taking care of all practical considerations, and will use the ego as a tool to see that this is done.

Dissociation puts the power back where it belongs. Ruburt's seemingly impractical suggestions in the past have been much more practical than some of your intellectual so-called practical conclusions. At the time Ruburt felt intuitively the importance of dissociation but didn't know how to achieve it.

A trip of course was the easiest method and Ruburt hit upon it. Daily methods of dissociation are extremely practical and beneficial. You will notice within a few week's time, if not sooner, an added energy. So-called impulses on your part are often quelled because your ego finds them impractical. The subconscious knows its own meat and sauce, and the best means for its own nourishment.

Begin the yoga exercises and follow them faithfully. Your few experiences with autosuggestion upon falling asleep have been egobound. Think of this in terms of muscle-bound and you will see what I mean. Be in a drowsy state and suggest, Ruburt, suggest, Joseph; do not attempt to bully or command the subconscious. Suggestions are all that are needed. Your love of nature, Joseph, and Ruburt your love of nature, is another method of dissociation, or can be if you use it as such.

Joseph, if you are uncomfortable I suggest you move to your sturdy old rocker.

("No, I'm okay.")

(But it was easy to see why I had been squirming.)

My affection for you Joseph is extremely strong. If I speak heavy-handedly it is because I want you to have a light touch. Dissociation actually is a stronger unity with the creative aspects of your personality. It puts you back, or

it puts your creative talents back, in the driver's seat. As yet you have no idea how strong you are.

You will find the above-mentioned exercises more beneficial than you imagined. Because you were such a fleshpot particularly in one of your lives, shall I call it the Denmark incident, at times you overcompensate. You hold yourself in such tight bonds that occasionally you can hardly breathe. Too much of a good thing is a bad thing.

Trust your intuitions. You do have them. There is absolutely no need for you to fear them. You have made up for your mistakes, Joseph. At one time in your development I admit your impulses were not of the best. That is no reason to club them to death now.

Your discipline in working habits and in living habits is admirable. Through your past life, that is the life before this one, you progressed along these lines. You do not have to forge them with steel now. They are sufficiently strong and dependable. You do not have to feel that they will let you down. Now for your own sake and for the sake of the art that you follow, you must allow yourself more inner freedom. There is a tendency in your present personality for forging discipline into a bond that could tie down your strong creative tendencies. It is true you needed controls. Now you have them. You stamped down upon your impulses with a frenzy, since once you felt they betrayed you.

Now I beg of you to give them more reign. This is the key to physical problems that have arisen, and if you recall they bothered you in different form in different places from the time, and even before the time, that you took art up seriously.

To be afraid of the shortage of time is to hoard it. To hoard it is to strangle it. But to respect time is not to hoard it, but to let each moment enlarge so that it becomes more than a moment, and only the strong freedom of your subconscious drives can achieve this.

I suggest you take a short break. Reread the material and I will continue. And if it seems I am lighting into you while leaving Ruburt more or less unbothered and intact, it is only because Ruburt's particular disagreeable early circumstances made dissociation a necessity for survival, and therefore it was learned at an early age.

Nevertheless the two of you interact, and because Ruburt is strongly intuitional at times he is a help to you. And at other times Ruburt senses your state of mind even before it materializes, and this sends Ruburt into an overanxious state which is not beneficial to either of you.

You may take your break. I realize that I've run on. You are such a beloved friend that I want to help you along these lines as much as possible.

Even then it is difficult to keep all aspects in mind, particularly as far as the present personality and its relation to past lives.

(Break at 10:25. After break Jane's voice resumed its slightly deeper and louder tone. Resume at 10:30.)

As far as smoking is concerned, dear Ruburt, I don't want to break your heart. However you will find yourself dispensing with the habit in the very near future. I am amazed that Joseph smoked as long as he did. This was after all an uncharacteristic excess for him this time.

As far as life readings are concerned, I will go into the matter later.

Ruburt's training is coming along very well. However I prefer that we wait a while longer. As Ruburt becomes more proficient there will be less screening of material. Any experiments you may try on your own will now be of definite value. Your ideas as far as hypnotism are concerned are harmless. At the present time Ruburt in these sessions is able to let me speak, obviously, which means that Ruburt allows me to come through.

I hope you will find this evening's session practically beneficial. The breathing exercises that Ruburt initiated with the yoga will also be a help to you. Remember to go slowly and to relax.

The tree on Jane's kitchen wall is very nice, and it is also significant as far as your opening up is concerned. I cannot say that Ruburt would go mad over a painting on a kitchen wall, or anything else on a kitchen wall, but then Jane is a different Ruburt all over again.

(Yesterday Jane remarked that she had always wanted a drawing done on our kitchen wall. The kitchen is very small, but on the spur of the moment I used a brush and black waterproof ink to do a quick sketch of a tree on a limited space next to the windows. It was much fun to do. The tree appears to have a floating quality on the light yellow wall, especially at night, and has added a new dimension to the room.)

I would suggest also, though I don't mean to be presumptuous, that you ask Mr. Clauss over, where he can get a good look at your paintings. He may not be Santa Claus, but it will do no harm.

Joseph, do you have any questions in particular? There would be no harm either in going to the art gallery at your local college and getting acquainted with Clauss and others there. You will see also how your interest in psychic phenomena has increased the scope of your work, although you did not begin it with that intention.

(Mr. Clauss is an instructor in art at Elmira College. It was to his class that Jane spoke on censorship in art and writing—and also ran into “a Frank Watts in poet's clothing,” as Seth called him, in the form of another guest

speaker.

(“Seth, Jane has wanted to know what was going on here in the house during the time our dog Mischa died, and when the two cats also died.”)

The particular atmosphere surrounding your personalities just prior to the animals’ deaths was destructive, short-circuited and filled with inner panics. I do not want to hurt your feelings. This is, I am sorry to say, a natural occurrence on your plane. The fact is that the animals caught your emotional contagion, and according to their lesser abilities translated it for themselves.

The viruses and infections were of course present. They always are. They are themselves fragments, struggling small fragments without intention of harm. You have general immunity, believe it or not, to all such viruses and infections. Ideally you can inhabit a plane with them without fear. It is only when you give tacit agreement that harm is inflicted upon you by these fragments. To some degree, lesser, dependent lives such as household pets are dependent upon your psychic strength. They have their own, it is true, but unknowingly you reinforce their energy and health.

When your own personalities are more or less in balance you have no trouble at all in looking out for these creatures, and actually reinforcing their own existence with residues of your creative and sympathetic powers. In times of psychological stress or crisis, quite unwittingly you withhold this strong reinforcement.

In the cats’ deaths both cats inherited the peculiar illness, which was a virus, that killed them. In the case of the first cat, you were able to reinforce its strength and maintain its health for quite a while, and then you needed your energies for yourselves. The second cat barely enjoyed such reinforcement at all, and quickly succumbed.

(Jane had obtained both kittens from the janitor at the art gallery where she works. Both had the same mother although they came from successive litters.)

Your dog’s illness was incipient. You could not have maintained his health for many long years in any case. I would like to make clear, of course, that animals certainly do have energy to maintain their own health, but this is strongly reinforced as a rule by the vitality of human beings to whom the animals are emotionally attached. The fact is, you were not able to give your dog that added emotional vitality at a time when he needed it most. There is no need to blame yourselves. It was beyond your control.

(Our dog Mischa was 11 years old when he died of kidney failure.)

Animals, like people, sense when they are a burden, and the dog sensed that he was a burden, and also something of a nuisance. I would have preferred

that you did not ask me this question, but since you did and since you both loved the dog, it deserves an answer.

Ruburt, or I will say Jane now, strongly resented your mother, Joseph, on that Thanksgiving directly before the animal's death. And rightly so, since the strong negative suggestions given by her actually represented a turning point, and not a good one. The suggestion acted upon you and Jane, as well as upon the dog.

I suggest again that you take a break, because of the emotional content of this material. However, directly after the break I want to tie this in with personal responsibility, as far as healthy emotional states are concerned.

(Break at 11:06. Resume with Jane dictating at 11:16.)

Dissociation will blot out negative suggestions and is extremely beneficial. Nor is it difficult to achieve. It was impossible, Joseph, for your parents to even be decent when you returned from Florida for the same reason that you and Ruburt were unable to help your Mischa in his time of need. You were using all available energies to fight nervous projections, and therefore could not help maintain what was real.

Dissociation, and I will give you further training along this line, will enable you to bear your parents and to help them. Without it you cannot help them, and sometimes even add to their burdens. You have developed somewhat in this area lately on your own, and with Ruburt's help. From you Ruburt has received and is receiving necessary aids in self-discipline and control, which are necessary to channel the strong intuitional abilities.

From Ruburt you are receiving needed freedoms and necessary confidence in your own intuitional powers. There are strange aspects, or should I say contradictory aspects, in your personality. For instance intuitively you have always felt a unity with nature, yet at the same time you distrusted what could not be proven in material terms. You had a natural affinity with things behind nature, that is you sensed the spirit of nature, and at the same time you had a tendency to distrust what you could not actually see, smell or touch.

This is certainly contradictory. Fantasy left you cold. I say this icily. Intellectually you would have no part in it, yet your imagination spun its fantastic web despite the fact that you believed in neither fantasy or web. Your artwork showed promise from the beginning. Your imagination was rich and varied. But you so feared your present mother's sense of exaggeration, that led often to sheer though unwitting lies and dishonesty, that you denied the capacity of the imagination lest it also lead you into ways of deceit.

This of course happened at a young age. At the same time as a young child you almost adored your mother. This led to these conflicting feelings

toward freedom of the subconscious and of the imagination. Reinforcing this unfortunate circumstance, we have the carry-over distrust of impulse from the Denmark existence. Ordinarily the last life before this would have adequately compensated for the Denmark experience, but the mother situation in this life reawakened the fear of giving in to impulse, and tended to overstrengthen the desire for discipline, which was based on fear.

I hope to use tonight's occasion to do a good bit of work along this personal line, if this meets with your approval.

("All right, please continue.")

Your parents, unwittingly of course, can do you much harm. I use the name Jane now rather than Ruburt for the sake of convenience. Jane is dissociated to some degree as far as your parents are concerned. You can trust her intuition and judgment along these lines. In Florida she said often, whether you remember it or not, that they would not be as pleased to see you return as you supposed. At a later date I will go into her terrific demonstration at that occasion in Florida.

Also her strong feeling that you should borrow money and get an apartment or flat or whatever you call it, was the best advice you could have been given. She was vehement and in tears over this on one occasion. Again this did not seem a practical solution. Looking back, can you not agree with me that it was a much more practical solution than the one you ultimately chose?

If it seems I am hitting you over the head with a small hammer, it is only because tonight I am dealing with you. Ruburt, believe me, will get his turn. This material is meant in no way to corrode your confidence, but to show you past mistakes which you have already begun to remedy. More than others, the two of you operate as a team. For this reason it is necessary that you understand what your particular strengths and weaknesses are, and to know in which field of endeavor you can depend upon various abilities and avoid various pitfalls.

For your ego Joseph the unspoken but strong advice you gave Jane, who was carried away in Elmira at the radio station, this advice was excellent and saved you both much pain. However, she heeded it, therefore it helped you both. Had you heeded hers in Miami or even later in Sayre, you would have saved yourself what really can only be called an agonizing blow. If you are not completely exhausted then take a break and I will continue. If you are way down by tonight's lecture you may call it a day.

("No, I'd rather continue.")

Your Malba spoke correctly when she said that this was a lifetime project, and you know me well enough by now to know that I am going about it in my own way. You will get your life readings in due time, and other material

in which you are interested, and still other material in which you will become interested. I felt that tonight was the time to go into this particular material. You must realize that just your personal data is a project in itself, and just to cover this one life at that.

Your parents, Ruburt, are a problem in themselves, and Joseph's are another.

Joseph's are closer at hand, and therefore it is necessary that you both learn the best way to handle that situation. Dissociation will help particularly in Ruburt's case, since already it is being practiced and can be relied upon to some extent. It is also easier for Ruburt to practice dissociation since it is Joseph's parents who are involved.

I would suggest therefore that Ruburt determine your relationship with Joseph's parents for now until Joseph catches up so to speak. Joseph's mother is particularly difficult to handle since it is against her emotionalism that Joseph first rebelled. He is in a difficult position now.

It is true that because Ruburt is now a woman, and because Ruburt dislikes his own mother so vehemently, that some problems do arise between the two women. That is, Jane and Joseph's mother. Nevertheless this can be handled. As for your life before this time Joseph, this is hardly the time to go into it. It was however relatively calm.

Loren is actually very much like your present mother, though the father's characteristics are also represented. Both of the parents have strongly developed emotional personalities, distorted and actually shoved grotesquely out of shape. The three brothers reacted against this exaggerated, powerful and, in the case of the father, hidden emotionalism to varying degrees. Joseph picked up what seems to be the father's discipline and orderliness, as did Loren. These seeming characteristics in the father's case however are actually frozen emotionalism encased in compulsions.

Because the father freezes emotion in the ritual of fussy compulsion he is actually less dangerous in some ways and more dangerous in others, since the compulsive framework always threatens to explode. Again, dissociation is not only your best weapon but also your most helpful tool in helping both of your parents.

I notice it is after midnight and suggest you close. You will find that on certain evenings because of the state of your mind I will continue this material, and eventually get into Ruburt's for he won't escape for long.

I do want to congratulate you Joseph if you can believe it after how hard I've hit. But you have been making great strides, and believe it or not the

increased freedom of your subconscious mind will give you added energy and personal practical solutions far more beneficial than you would have dreamed possible in the past. I do not really want to leave now. I get wound up.

I hope this material is as interesting to you as for example our fifth dimensional imaginary apparatus. And in closing I would like to say that any experiments you may think of trying should certainly work out very well.

And now good night my very dear friends. You are already doing better. And, Joseph, you have done well many times, and you are doing well now.

Give old Malba Toast some butter and tell her I'm crustier than she is.

(Sitting at the board, we said good night with the pointer. The board replied.)

Good night.

(End at 12:25.)

SESSION 18

JANUARY 22, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(To begin we sat silently at the board, hands on the pointer. As was usual now Jane began to hear Seth within almost immediately. After taking a few words through the board she laid it aside and began to dictate. Her eyes darkened considerably; at times they appeared to contain no highlights.

(This is our longest session to date and at its end we were both weary. Jane smoked 16 cigarettes. Her voice was normal most of the time; she had a few periods of loudness.

(Gratis)

Good evening, chicks.

(“Good evening, Seth. What do you think of my performance last night?”)

Very good indeed if you are referring to the hypnosis session.

Your condition following your first exercise bout should have showed you how badly you were in need of the treatment. When I suggested that you dissociate I didn't mean that you should break up in pieces.

At times the ego can hold you in a tight vice, which the dissociation breaks. This is what happened after your exercises. You have been doing very well, for you, in allowing yourself psychic freedom. However conscious fears cause the ego to tighten its grasp and some effects of this nature were starting up again. This is why I suggested that you begin these exercises now. The fact that the fearful ego was beginning to tighten explains your reaction to the exercises. The ego can build up around the subconscious vitality like a glacier, and these exercises melt it away. Even the prickles in your neck are like tiny picks chipping away at icy fears.

You are already much improved from just two exercises. You were released so quickly last night that quite literally you didn't know what happened. Incidentally while we are on this subject, often in the past when you thought you were dealing with a matter or a person in a dissociated manner, you were instead exhibiting a cold conscious detachment.

This is an unbending conscious pose of the ego, and not to be confused with the lithe subconscious detachment which is actually warm, flexible and

expansive. That is, it can contain within it many elements, acknowledge them but be not affected by bad or negative suggestions or elements.

As to Jane's feeling about the tree having certain consciousness, of course this is the case. What you have here is much latent energy and vitality and capacity, with much of it withheld or suspended momentarily.

The tree is of course dissociated in one manner. In some ways its living forces and consciousness are kept to a minimum. It is in a state of drowsiness on the one hand, and on the other hand it focuses the usable portion of its energy into being a tree. The state of consciousness involved here is dull as compared to the highly differentiated human ability in many ways.

However in some other manners the experiences of the tree are extremely deep, dealing with the inner senses which are, and properly, also properties of freedom. There is something here difficult for me to explain clearly. The inner senses of the tree have strong affinity with the properties of earth itself. They feel their growing. They listen to their growing as you listen to your own heartbeat. They experience this oneness with their own growth, and they also experience pain. The pain however while definite, unpleasant and sometimes agonizing, is not of an emotional nature in the same way that you might experience pain.

In some ways it is even a deeper thing. The analogy may not be a perfect one, far from it, but it is as if your breath were to be suddenly cut off. In a manner this somewhat approximates pain for a tree.

The tree makes adjustments as you make adjustments. The tree listens to its growth up from the earth and listens also to the murmur of the growth of its roots beneath. It adjusts each root ending according to what impediments might lie in its way. Without the so-called mind of man, it nevertheless retains this inner consciousness of all its parts above and below the ground, and adjusts them constantly.

The tree is also innerly aware of its environment to an astonishing degree. It maintains contact awareness and the ability to manipulate itself in two completely different worlds, so to speak, one in which it meets little resistance growing upward, and one composed of much heavier elements into which it must grow downward. Man needs artificial methods for example to operate effectively on land or in water, but the so-called unconscious tree manages very nicely in two worlds as diverse certainly as land and water, and makes himself a part of each. I am speaking now of a tree as a "he" for reasons that I will go into in a further discussion.

And as far as motion is concerned, the tree moves upward and downward. It is quite unfair to say that it cannot transport itself since it does so

to an amazing degree, the roots and limbs moving in all directions. The inner senses of all plant life are well attuned, alert and very important. All these fragments have consciousness to a rather high degree, considering that man holds them in such ill repute.

If you will remember what you know of the trance state, you are for example in a light trance, able to maintain awareness of yourself, your environment and your place in it. You simply behave somewhat differently, not bestirring yourself in any direction unless the suggestion to do so be given you.

The awareness of plant life lies along these lines. In a deep trance there is oblivion afterward, that is the subject though fully aware of what is going on while in deep trance, can remember nothing of it afterward. The awareness of plant life is also like the awareness of a subject in deep trance. Except for the suggestion and stimulus received by regular natural forces on your plane, the plant life does not bestir itself in other directions. But like the subject in trance, our plant is aware. Its other abilities lie unused for the time and latent, but they are present.

The awareness is focused along certain lines. The energy is likewise focused. Much of the ability again is suspended as for a subject in a trance, but consciousness is present. Your hybrid plants merely demonstrate this susceptibility to new suggestion which your plant, like your susceptible trance subject, will gladly follow. I will have more to say along this road of thought, but am detoured for just a moment as to which fork to follow.

I suggest that you take a break. I always like to get you well worn in first.

(Break at 9:43. Jane felt that Seth wanted to go on, but had so many points of departure to choose from that he couldn't decide which to pursue first."I can feel him buzzing around," she said just before she resumed dictating at 9:50.)

As you have probably supposed by now, there is consciousness in everything. Visible or invisible to you, each fragment of the universe has a consciousness of its own. Pain and pleasure, the strongest aspects of all consciousness, are experienced strongly by every fragment, according to its degree. Differentiation is of course various, and it is in the degree of differentiation that consciousness is different.

In some fragments such as much plant life and vegetative life there is strong use of certain inner senses. Your rocks, Joseph, I will call vegetative. Rocks are far from lifeless. Other types of life, including your own, rely on the recognized outer senses. The ideal of course is a consciousness that is adept at using both the inner and outer senses fully.

Your tree lives through its inner senses, experiencing many sensations

and reacting to many stimuli of which you are unaware. Minute earth tremors, even the motion of small ants about its lower trunk, are recognized and experienced by tree consciousness. Such invisibilities as humidity, radioactivity and all electrical earthly values, are felt as quite real things by your tree and recognized as being separate from the tree itself.

A tree knows a human being also. Not only for example by the weight of a boy upon its branches, but by the vibrations in the air as adults pass, which hit the tree's trunk at varying distances, and even by such things as voices. You must remember my earlier remarks about mental enzymes, and my remark that color can sometimes be heard and sight be seen.

In drawing up his list of so-called natural laws, I have said that man decided that what appeared to be cause and effect to him was therefore a natural law of the universe. Not only do these so-called laws, which are not laws, vary according to where you are in the universe, they also vary according to what you are in the universe. Therefore your tree recognizes a human being, though it does not see the human being in your terms. To a tree the laws are simply different. And if a tree wrote its laws of the universe, then you would know how different they are.

The tree does not even build up an image of man, which is why this is difficult to explain. I have no intention of going deeper into this matter than you can follow at this time. Nevertheless the tree builds up a composite sensation which represents say an individual man. And the same tree will recognize the same man who passes it by each day. Beside the recognized outer senses, and the inner senses of which you are just now beginning to gain knowledge, there are other inner and even outer senses, which you are not quite ready to understand.

They deal with finer distinctions than you know now, being somewhat of the nature of your body's ability to sense another person's aggression. As your body senses temperature changes so it also senses the psychic charge not only of other human beings but also, believe it or not, of animals, and to a lesser extent it senses the psychic charge of plants and vegetative matter. Your tree builds up a composite of sensations of this sort, sensing not the physical dimensions of a material object, whatever it is, but the vital psychic formation within and about it.

Size however is sensed by a tree, perhaps because of its inherent concern with height. The table around which Ruburt now walks senses Ruburt even as Ruburt senses the table. At a later date I intend to go quite intensively into the means by which other fragments sense each other, and man. The abilities of the tree are latent in man as, dear Joseph, are the abilities latent in the tree.

Man's ego causes him to interpret everything else in the light of himself.

He loses very much in this manner. The ego is definitely an advancement, but it can be compared to the bark of the tree in many ways. The bark of the tree is flexible, extremely vibrant, and grows with the growth beneath. It is a tree's contact with the outer world, the tree's interpreter, and to some degree the tree's companion.

So should man's ego be. When man's ego turns instead into a shell, when instead of interpreting outside conditions it reacts too violently against them, then it hardens, becomes an imprisoning form that begins to snuff out important data, and to keep enlarging information from the inner self. The purpose of the ego is protective. It is also a device to enable the inner self to inhabit the physical plane. It is in other words a camouflage.

It is the physical materialization of the inner self, but it is not meant to snuff out the inner self. If for example our tree bark grew fearful of the stormy weather and began to harden itself against the elements, in a well-meaning but distorted protective spirit, then the tree would die. The sunlight and so forth could never penetrate. The sap could not move upward for the trunk would solidify through and through, trying all the while to protect, and killing the tree with its obsessive kindness.

This is what the ego does when it reacts too violently to purely physical data on your plane. As a result it stiffens and you have, my well-meaning friend, the cold detachment with which you have faced the world. I do not want to digress here. I have certain points in mind for this evening. Nevertheless lest Ruburt thinks he is getting off scot-free, let me remind him that the tree's bark is quite necessary, cannot be dispensed with—but I will get into that and into Ruburt at a later time.

Take a break, and then I will have more to say about the bark which barks too loudly.

(Break at 10:26. Jane said she had stage fright this evening; why she does not know. She still wonders where the material is coming from, especially when she does not consciously know what she will say from one word to the next. Her eyes have been very dark this evening.

(She said she senses that Seth is hiding some material from her tonight, concerning the inner senses. Her voice has been pretty much her own tonight. She resumed dictating at 10:35.)

The idea of dissociation could be likened to the slight distance between the bark and the inside of the tree. Here we do not have a rigid bark, as you should not have a rigid ego. We have instead a flexible bark, changing with the elements, protecting the inner tree or the inner self, but flexible, opening up or closing in rhythmic motion. The bark is so to speak outside our tree; and there is

a small space between the inner tree and the bark. This small space is our dissociation.

The inner tree continues to grow because the bark is flexible. Man lets his ego face the outer world as does the tree bark, and this is its purpose. Nevertheless the inner self, like the inner tree, must have room to expand. The tree bark makes allowances for good weather (*here Jane pounded the table*) though bad weather is repulsive to the bark. Nevertheless the bark makes whatever adjustments are necessary and is flexible. Forgive me if this is a trite analogy, I almost hate to say it, but it bends with the wind. It does not bend when there is no wind. Nor does it solidify, stopping the flow of sap to the treetop for fear the dumb tree, not knowing what it was up to, would bump its head against the sky.

Neither should the ego react so violently that it remembers and reacts to past storms in the midst of clear and sunny weather. You can understand this analogy, Joseph. You know that such a tree bark would be death to the tree. What you must still understand is that the same applies to yourself.

What Ruburt must learn is that it is equally ridiculous to act as if it is a summer day when snows are falling. The tree has enough sense not to show blossoms in the middle of a blizzard. However, the danger is stronger on your side.

When you are overly concerned with physical matters, and even vital physical matters, you pull yourself in. And more ridiculous, you pull up your roots. A tree would never pull up its roots. I am not speaking now of pulling up your roots in terms of moving from one location to another. I am speaking of something akin to cutting off your roots from any nourishment whatsoever.

We come again to the problem of practicality, and at the risk of repeating myself let me say that in the past Ruburt's seeming impracticality has been more practical than your intellectual practicality. This is merely because you have not trusted your ego's ability to offer adequate protection. You have forced it into anxiety so that it overcompensates trying to protect you, and ends up half choking you to death.

Do you want to sit in the rocker?

(I must have been squirming again. The rocker Seth refers to is one I bought last year when I had back trouble—a Kennedy rocker that is very comfortable.

(“No, I’m okay.”)

For instance, this experience in psychic phenomena would seem to be simply an enjoyable, enlightening, but purely impractical happening. If you were as ego bound as you were last year, you would not have had either the time nor

energy nor even the inclination for it. It would not have seemed practical.

Nevertheless it may prove extremely practical in terms of that beloved financial god. If so, and I believe you will find this the case, it is because you did not block it. You may very well find in the future that a good deal of your income is derived in this fashion. But it will not be the main benefit by any means.

Your work is improving and will improve constantly. It may seem, or it did seem, unreasonable to you that personality had much to do with so-called advancement in the artistic world. And yet people sense your attitude toward them very strongly.

Excellent art will triumph always, because it speaks clearly. But in the lifetime of many artists it must compete with personal vibrations, if you'll forgive the word, of the artist himself.

You have already opened up. This does not mean that you became dishonest in your relations with people, merely that you became large enough to contain the knowledge of good and evil in people, and to observe it as part of what is. If you have no objection I will continue, or you may take a break if you suggest.

("No, let's continue.")

(Jane nodded agreement. While she is dictating she does not like to switch voices.)

When you start out by trying to be practical in cold terms you rarely succeed, because you close yourself away from what does not seem to be practical in your terms. But your terms are not the only terms that apply. The inner self, and I will make these differentiations for you clearly either now or later, the inner self is nourished by many springs. To cut off one is a danger. To cut off many is disastrous, and prevents any sort of practicality, since half of your abilities will not be used.

The confident inner self will let the ego manipulate in the physical world, but will not allow it to become fiercely overprotective. Your work contains the strength of your inner self in many ways. Your particular ego's function is to show this work to the world as you know it. I hesitate, and I mean this, to offer practical advice to one who tries to be so practical. But my dear Joseph, there is no true practicality in smothering your abilities by working in a position where you cannot use your abilities. You will not be paid for abilities you cannot use, since I know you must think in financial terms. Your ego's job is to help you trade your true abilities for your daily bread.

A job which prevents you from using these abilities is at best a compromise and at worst a soul-stunting experience. At the present time you

both are maintaining your physical status very well. If you are worried about social status, I am afraid I am not much help, but I will say this: Things will get better because you allowed yourself to expand. Fear always contracts.

(“We’ll take a break now, Seth.”)

You may take a break. If you do not mind, after the break I will continue for a short while. I am trying very hard, Joseph, because dissociation will answer more than one of your particular problems, and practical ones at that. Associations which you may consider impractical are often very practical. I always feel when I speak along these lines as if I must say over and over that I do not intend any shortening of your working hours, only that you have more energy than you realize and that associations, as certainly you must see with your landlord, are often practical. Take your break.

(Break at 11:13. Jane was tiring by now, and also smoking too much. During break we discussed our experiences in Florida a few years ago. We spent some months at Marathon, in the Keys, with Jane’s father. Driving back to Pennsylvania we passed through Miami. Jane wanted to stay there and I liked the idea, but since I had only thirty dollars I was afraid to chance a strange city with so little, and we headed north to my parents’ home in Pennsylvania. Jane resumed dictating at 11:20.)

I hate to bring this up, however you are the one who brought it up.

Had you stayed in Miami your crazy Ruburt would have pointed out an apartment house in a fair section of the city, but rather far from the ocean, I believe something like Dunlop Street, where you would have found an apartment.

She would have talked the landlord into taking one week’s rent instead of two months’ rent in advance. There is a supermarket three blocks away where she would have gotten a job that would have lasted seven months. At the end of this time you would have had a job in an advertising firm. You would have gotten by very well. You would not have stayed at the advertising firm over eighteen months. However Jane would have worked in an art gallery—this experience was ahead of her, not foreordained but ahead of her in any case. You would have ended up in the same gallery.

The opportunity was waiting. I do not tell you this to make you feel badly, only to show you once again that you should trust your impulses, because in your particular case your ego has overbuilt its defenses.

Your impulse at the time was the same as Jane’s, if you remember, but you were afraid of the practical aspects. Your parents would have visited you last year, and be strongly tempted to settle in a small town northeast of Miami, where your father would be amazed at the opportunities in his own business.

Things have changed. Free will constantly operates. I will not attempt to give you definite so-called practical advice now, but you can learn from this and the paths will be clear.

Ruburt's strong feeling was correct, his compulsive feeling that you should leave Sayre. At the time a trip to Florida would have been fine, although a meeting with Ruburt's father on prolonged terms was not a good idea. Had you left Ruburt's father for Miami you would have done well. Had you, Joseph, offered an alternative to going with Ruburt's father, Ruburt would have accepted it and you would have done well.

Ruburt sensed the growing explosion with your parents, sensed the frigid growth of your ego, and impulsively had to do something. Had you not left at all circumstances would have been far worse in any case, and your parents might have suffered another, but this time fatal, accident. Ruburt of course did not know this in practical terms but he knew it nevertheless.

Had you stayed any longer with Ruburt's father the circumstances would have been tragic. A meeting would have occurred between Ruburt's Mr. Burrell and Ruburt's father in a bar in Marathon, in which Mr. Burrell would have fatally wounded Ruburt's father.

(The Mr. Burrell referred to here was Jane's employer, the manager of a supermarket in Marathon where Jane worked for a few weeks as a cashier. It was a job she hated.)

It was this that Ruburt sensed and that caused the emotional explosion. Mr. Burrell would have come to the trailer to tell—and I will say Jane now—that she did not have to pay the \$17.50 short on her register. Jane's father would have asked Mr. Burrell to go to the bar for drinks. The fight would have been started by Jane's father. Midge, I believe that is her name, would have flirted with Mr. Burrell. You would have been painting in the trailer. Jane would have gone with her father, since I think this particular bar was only a short distance away.

It was for this reason that Jane was antagonistic to Mr. Burrell from the beginning, and filled with panic. What set her off was not the disappointment over the teaching job, which fell through, but the sequence of events, such as Mr. Burrell's advances and her subconscious knowledge of her father's nature.

Since she was unable to explain this in logical terms, not understanding it herself, this triggered the cured, psychologically-caused thyroid condition into new activity. She set up the worse fuss of which she was capable to get out, and thankfully for you both she succeeded.

(Jane had become increasingly nervous on the job, and finally made a mistake on her register which cost her \$13.00.

(Nor did I understand what was happening, beyond the obvious fact that

she was coming to hate the job. I was doing some samples for a business venture with a relative that offered a chance of rather handsome monetary rewards if successful; our agreement was that Jane would hold a temporary job in the meantime.

(Jane finally became unable to eat breakfast before going to work. She had cramps, and then her thyroid gland began to act up. I had never met her employer, but gradually understood that he had made advances by innuendo. I told Jane to stay home and went to the store and quit her job for her; by chance the manager was not there at the time.

(Jane required the help of a doctor in bringing her thyroid under control. I obtained a job painting signs in Marathon for a few days. We then left Marathon for Pennsylvania, a few days before the hurricane devastated the town.)

Had you stayed in Miami you would have been ahead of the game, but you are still ahead of the game by getting out. Whenever Ruburt, or Jane, puts up such a fight against you there is good reason. Because Ruburt is trying to learn gentleness this time and because he is a woman strongly attached to you, his respect for you is boundless and in most cases he will give in to what he considers your superior judgment. When despite this the present Jane puts on a strong emotional guise it is because the intuitions push her to this extreme.

You would have had difficulty also had you stayed in Sayre on returning from Florida. You cannot allow these things to inhibit your spirit, but your mother cannot understand a man who does not have what she considers the ordinary social responsibilities.

The situation would have been much worse. Ruburt was overly weary, and if I may say so, bleary. He would have tried to make a serious mistake at this time. In pity and against his own intuition, he would have tried to move in with your parents. You would have both attempted to support them, with disastrous psychic effects. There is little more I would like to say here. I promise you that neither of you will feel any poor results from tonight's long session. Please do take a break.

(Break at 11:47. Jane's voice had become very quiet, quieter than at any previous time. We had something to eat, then Jane resumed dictating at 11:55.)

You're far ahead for leaving Sayre to begin with, regardless of anything else. The most long-lasting tragedy would have occurred had you stayed there. The same sort of a possibility will not exist again. You avoided it together. Jane did push for the Elmira move, feeling instinctively that Sayre was a mistake.

If you remember, at one time when you had just arrived from Florida she convinced her landlady to give you an apartment with no money down. This was

another opportunity out that would have avoided the nearby association with your parents, but was not taken.

By this time Ruburt-Jane was so confused that he would have taken the radio position in Elmira, and here again this would have been an error. In fact Joseph, and I do not say this to make you feel better but because it is the truth, you literally saved her life.

She would have taken a private plane to Minneapolis. The plane would have crashed, and she would not have survived. So if you think of opportunities missed think also of tragedies avoided, because but for you she would have taken the job to get out of Sayre. I wanted to bring all these points up this evening so that you will see that while you did not always take the best course, you had the sense between you to avoid the worst ones.

I would suggest that you keep up a closer correspondence with your younger brother on a personal basis, and I suggest this rather strongly. I would also suggest that you visit your younger brother much more frequently than you have in the past, and indeed that you do not let more than two months go by before you visit him for a weekend. Unlike you and Loren, he does not have a strongly developed ego core to protect him. He is somewhat like a snail without a shell, and could benefit strongly by your affection, shown in a more practical manner.

He is indeed much like you, but without your artistic talent and without your overly developed protective mechanism. His liking for the planning of houses will grow, and will compensate him for your artistic talents, which he has always envied.

Even Loren's dillydallying with trains is a compensation for the envied, almost magical to him, abilities of an older brother. If you can understand this you will see his natural desire to supersede you in the affections of your mother. He never could compete with you in this respect, and it has made its mark. If he seems womanish at times, fussy and vindictive, it is for this and other reasons—not your fault in any way yet nevertheless a fact.

Dick, being so much younger, saw no reason why he should be able to compete. He identified with you and loved you. His wife is a great help to him, but so far he has not fully developed his intellectual capacities, for many reasons, and he has a tendency to blame her for it. Outside of your mother who left her mark very strongly on you, you have been the dominant active psychic member of your family, exerting very strong influence on all.

Your father somewhat resented your seemingly magical projections of reality into paintings, since he worked futilely in the realm of material inventions and got nowhere. He also, to a much greater degree than you, never trusted his

instincts, although they were very strong. Your mother had much to do with this and so did his own mother.

Inheritance is extremely potent in this case. Your father represents a most tragic example of impulse frozen into inactivity, and practicality which was never practical but molded him into immobility, his powers so encased by fear that he could not manipulate in the physical environment at all.

I presume that you are weary. However if you can bear with me after a break I can discuss your parents in a way that may be beneficial. And please inform my smokestack friend that this smoking will come to a short and hasty end.

(Break at 12:20. We were both tired. Jane's voice was hoarse. This was our longest session, and I thought she might be losing her voice. But she wanted to continue for a little while. Resume at 12:29.)

When I said that you saved Ruburt's life I meant it quite literally. In a sense, Ruburt saved your parents' lives by insisting that you leave Sayre when you did. Any other mistakes you both may have made are more than made up for because of this. Jane's father is still in danger of losing his life violently, but if he survives the next five years he will die a natural death, before 70 I believe. (67).

I do wish to show you how things happen or almost happen. There are always clear reasons, though not necessarily clear causes. Loren is as lucky in his way with his wife as you are in yours. I will go into Ruburt's background later. It does not have as immediate implications however since she, or he, has erected his own barriers along these lines, and the parents are not so involved as far as distance is concerned. Ruburt, or Jane, amputated the present mother for necessity's sake and for survival's sake.

Her Walter Zeh comes in here very definitely. However it is too late now to go into details. The circumstances were so unusual that more leeway is permitted. That is, she, Jane, got away with more without guilt because she was so threatened.

(At this point our cat Willy became very insistently affectionate. Jane had taken a chair while dictating, and he wormed his way up into her lap and began to purr. His eyes were unusually dark, as were Jane's.)

I began this session with a desire to discuss vegetative and plant life. To me, you see, there is no unlife, as you usually consider rocks and pebbles. However I felt this a good time to go into personal background as the session continued. I promise to get back to more philosophical matters, but I did want you to know the dangers and tragedies you have managed to avert, since I also told you of the opportunities that you had missed.

You will see that you came up on top of the pile after all. And now my dear friends I bid you a fond good night. I can only say that I hope I haven't caused you pain, since the opposite is my intention.

I am with you whenever you are able to permit it. Incidentally, your purring cat is very pleased with his home. You have large hearts, certainly large enough to let at least part of the world in. I would apologize for the lengthy session, but I know you will benefit very much.

Good night.

(At the board Jane and I said good night.

(Gratis)

Goodbye, yes, goodbye.

(End at 12:40 AM.)

SECOND MALBA BRONSON SESSION
JANUARY 25, 1964 9:30 PM SATURDAY

(This time we had our windows completely shielded by curtains, as Malba had requested we do in the first session with her. Jane and I wore black clothing; our little table was draped in a dark red cloth, which we used because we had forgotten to obtain the black.

(Before contacting Malba we had sat quietly for some time with but one dim red Christmas candle on, shielded by a curtain. We obtained no results of any kind. I was not particularly in the mood but I did not want to give up so easily, so we turned off the light and sat in the dark.

(Gradually our eyes became adjusted to the very dim light. Jane spent much time staring at her hands. She said that at times she could not see them in the dim light, although I could easily enough. Jane bent her head low to examine her hands, and she paid much attention to them for the rest of the evening; the session lasted until about midnight.

(I began to ask Jane questions, about anything. Malba came through after only a few. Jane talked in her own voice all evening, although the choice of words, the rhythm and phrasing and inflections seemed not to be hers. While talking she laughed rather often, and this was much different than her usual laugh. Malba's voice on the whole was not as strong as Jane's, and more petulant. One had the feeling that behind it was a rather mediocre intelligence; one that did not try very hard to concentrate and whose interests were, and had been, rather ordinary and at times shallow.

(There follows the facts Malba gave us as best we both recall them. I wrote the notes out immediately after the session, then Jane and I went over

them, attempting to add anything either of us had forgotten earlier. Everything included here was definitely remembered by one or the other; nothing was added. If we were hazy in recollection or at all doubtful about anything, it was left out.

(Malba's maiden name was Skilcock; she spelled it out.

(She grew up with an aunt, and had an older brother. She was married at 18. She worked in a dress or textile plant of some vague definition in Decatur, South Dakota. She could not describe her duties.

(We had great trouble with the place of Decatur. This is my interpretation of what Malba said, and I believe now it is wrong. Malba's pronunciation was something like Deka-tur, with the accent on the first syllable.

(Malba met her husband Bronson there; he was a foreman in the factory or plant. Her husband died two years ago [in 1962] in Marlborough, England. He was not English himself, but had English relatives and was visiting them. He had an English grandmother.

(While her husband worked in the factory he also owned a farm outside Decatur. After marriage the couple moved to the farm. It was poor ground for farming and the husband was a poor farmer. Malba mentioned this several times in a rather derogatory way.

(They were married 28 years, and had a son and a daughter. The son is now living in California around Los Angeles. Malba doesn't know where her daughter is, although not in S. Dakota. The son has two children, boys, who look like the son, who looked like his father.

(Malba worked in the factory but a few months. Although not intelligent obviously, she shows an awareness of this fact, and regards education as important. She died in 1946 in the farmhouse kitchen. She was standing at the sink washing dishes and looking out at the dreary flat landscape. A pickup truck was parked out there. She felt a sharp pain in her chest and died of a heart attack. She fell upon the kitchen floor and broke a plate.

(Then she was running across a field looking for help. She did not realize she was dead. She didn't know why she was in the field; she went back to the house and saw herself lying on the floor. The husband and son were working on the farm somewhere. The daughter was gone—had "run off somewheres."

(The husband remarried 7 months after Malba's death. Malba repeated this fact often; she was bitter about it because it revealed how little her husband thought of her. After the husband's death the second wife went to California to live with her stepson and his family. Malba was not happy about this either.

(Malba said that she is still a woman where she is; she can see herself; she is not transparent for instance. She can dematerialize however. She

sometimes sees others, including Jane's old friend Father Trainor; he is still fat.

(Malba was highly amused at the plight of the clergy of different faiths, who had died. Here they were after death, and at least on her plane it was nothing like they had said it would be while living on earth. Some of them were very angry, others were puzzled and hurt, trying to explain it all.

(The house of Malba's aunt was right in town. Malba's parents were not married and the aunt brought Malba and her brother up. The mother left them early, the father a few years later. Malba was ashamed at being illegitimate, and told us that it was very important to have a good name. She didn't think anything of her parents.

(I asked Malba if she could contact her husband, if he was on her plane. She replied that she didn't care to, that he remarried too soon after her death.

(Malba said that on her plane she was supposed to learn things, to be taught, but she didn't know how. Others come to teach her. She called Seth a philosopher. "He's smarter than I am." She likes it where she is much better than on earth. Sometimes she is all alone, can't see anyone else. She doesn't know how she gets around; for instance, she will find herself doing something without knowing how or why she started it.

(She couldn't describe very well how she got through to us. "But I'm here, aren't I?" She likes us because we don't make fun of her. She can visit different places on earth, but she couldn't name another place, or other people. She did not hang around her son in California.

(She has no sense of time on her plane, but was too inarticulate to explain to us what she meant. She has no sense of light and dark. She remarked quite spiritedly that I asked a lot of questions.

(On the farm her husband grew alfalfa and wheat, and tried tobacco and corn. He was not a success as a farmer she said again. She had no friends in town, no one to visit when they went shopping for instance. She knew the clerks in the stores and that was all.

(Malba could not explain what she did between visits with us. She "learned things." She agreed with us that she knew more now than when on earth. She didn't know when, if ever, she would move onto another plane. She remarked quite often that Jane and I were not at our best tonight and that she wasn't either. She said that now she will often do things she doesn't like to do, but could not explain when I tried to learn more. She did say everything was easier though. She said the population of Decatur was about 12,000.

(Our road atlas does not list a town called Decatur in either North or South Dakota, nor any town or city of 12,000, for that matter. Jane suggests that since Decatur sounds similar to Dakota I might have confused the two names.

We will try to clear up the mystery next we meet Malba.)

SESSION 19

JANUARY 27, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Jane reports that during the sessions she now talks along on faith or trust in a way that she couldn't do ordinarily. Also while delivering Seth's messages her hands seem to be "fatter." She first noticed this phenomena two sessions ago but for some reason never mentioned it to me. At times during a session her hands feel heavier and waterlogged, the fingers fatter, the palms thicker, so that when she makes a fist her hand has a different feel to her than ordinarily.)

(Jane has long slim fingers with spaces easily observable between them close to the palms. Examining her hands midway through the session, we saw these spaces somewhat closed up; her index fingers also appeared to be thicker than usual. At the start of the session Jane removed her rings because they had become uncomfortably tight in the previous two. Inadvertently slipping a ring back on during a break, she had great difficulty getting it off. Normally it is easily removed.)

(In this session Jane displayed no voice effects of note. She did not smoke except at breaks and the hoarseness was minimized. To begin we sat at the board as usual, fingers on the pointer. Seth spelled out his greeting on the board but Jane began to receive him within immediately. Thus she dictated the entire session.)

(Gratis)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

I would like to continue with some more personal data if this will not bother you. Any time you become uncomfortable you have only to say the word. I am not a doctor but I am certainly giving you a dose.

I did not mean that Ruburt should handle all your personal matters by any means. Such a suggestion was not my intention. I merely mean that when Ruburt feels strongly one way or another about a particular situation that you should give the matter deep thought and consideration, since you can usually, not always but usually, trust his intuitions.

I did suggest that for the present you trust Ruburt's intuitions in the

matter of your parents while you caught up with the technique of dissociation. There is no need for you to follow Ruburt's lead in all directions. I merely want you to examine your own ideas as to what is practical, because often your ideas have been practical for the short term only, and in many cases though not all Ruburt's seemingly unpractical notions have been based on very practical psychological knowledge.

For example had you left your last job when you were first very strongly tempted to do so, and when Ruburt urged you to do so, you would not have become sick in the way that you were. There would have been a period of financial strain but it would have been over by now, and it would have been a period of financial difficulties mainly. That is, you would have found yourself capable of dealing with the problem since you would not have used up so much energy as you tried to hold off the inevitable.

In the latter case which you followed you allowed your psychic energies to drop to a very low and dangerous ebb, from which you are now just emerging. I have been dealing with you first since you were very ill, and I would like to give you some insight to prevent such an occurrence in the future. And you must remember that the tragic possibilities discussed in our previous session represent but one sample of such possibilities that are occurring constantly with every individual and every family.

Because Ruburt has been somewhat annoyed with me and because I do not want to hurt either of you, let me say again that you averted many tragedies, and if you did not always take the easiest or the best course you have never taken the worst course, and you have never acted through malice. Now I hope Ruburt will stop yapping like an angry cur and let me continue.

Because Ruburt's background in this life was particularly bizarre in a way and certainly unpleasant, he became beautifully efficient as far as sensing the approach of psychic storms is concerned and very adept at sensing moods, and also amazingly efficient in learning self-protective devices. It is true that Ruburt can also be trapped by his own capacity for protection. In his case this amounts to a stubborn refusal to see what he does not want to see. However this mechanism seldom actually goes haywire in this manner. This represents merely a possibility that could occur.

I intend to go into Ruburt's peculiarities at my leisure, and I will. Nevertheless it is still you, Joseph, with whom I will be concerned for a while. The fact remains that Ruburt's intuitions have been of fairly high quality. It is true that your particular talents can give variety and reason to many of Ruburt's ideas. In many cases you could for example accept Ruburt's basic intuitive impulse, and then make your own changes. For example you could have left

your position at a much earlier time and then made your own plans accordingly. When you both are intuitively attracted to the same proposed move then in most cases it would be wise to make it. Because you are so—is the word wobbly?—after your exercises I suggest a short break.

(Break at 9:25. I had done my yoga exercises at 8:30 and felt very relaxed and light-headed. My handwriting was very fluid. Smoking a cigarette during break, Jane received the words “—and as far as mediums are concerned —” but told Seth to wait until she had finished. She also admitted that she had been somewhat upset with Seth because of what he had told me the last two sessions; this I had not known. Jane resumed dictating at 9:30.)

As far as mediums are concerned, for that matter the term is rather ridiculous. From my point of view it is like saying that some people are breathers and some are not. Everyone is a medium, unwittingly and yet knowingly. It is well known to your scientists, or it should be, that you bring many things about without knowing how you do so.

Your so-called mediums are simply people who know more about what they are doing. You are learning step by step how to gain access to abilities that you have always enjoyed, always used to some extent, and which have helped mold the exterior circumstances of your life and given your personality much of its meaning. You will learn more. You can use these abilities in a practical manner and you have already begun to do so to some extent. I have given you enough personal data for a time but I will add to this material as I see fit.

Mental enzymes have much to do with psychic phenomena naturally, as they have to do with the transformation of energy on any level and of any kind. I will also continue with your fifth dimension material, add much to the time discussion, and go into some elements of existence on other planes that are different from your own. This will all take time and we have plenty of time, so there is no difficulty there.

Mental enzymes are the transformers, and as I have said they are extremely important. I have spoken of the inner and outer senses to make our discussion easier. However you must know by now that there is no actual distinction between inner and outer. The apparent outer senses are merely concerned with the particular camouflage of a particular plane. The inner senses are concerned with vitalities beneath the camouflage. These inner senses, if I may use an analogy again, are like hidden underground trains that carry important fuel from one country to another.

In the various countries the fuel may be used for different purposes. The inhabitants of these imaginary countries may change the appearance of the fuel, but the fuel is all derived from the same source and supplies each various

country, while the train itself travels deeply within each country and finds no barriers to keep it out.

I will go into this more deeply also. I am merely presenting a brief outline of the direction in which this material will go in the future. If you will ignore the apparent distinction between inner and outer senses you will get along at a faster rate. Even though they are not different things I must speak of them differently because they appear so on your plane. This is caused of course by the typical camouflage distortion effect, which occurs on almost every plane to some extent.

(Jane later said that this phrase, camouflage distortion effect, was to be a very important one.)

The tree bark for example is not really divided from the rest of the tree, yet I must speak as if it were so divided because this is one of the apparent effects that you see, and I could not ignore what you insist was the evidence of your senses. The evidence of your senses is usually camouflage. Let that one sink in.

The inner senses deal with what actually is. The inner senses are the carriers of our fuel, that is, they can be likened to the various cars of our imaginary train. It takes some doing to be aware of this fuel, since it is so instantly transformed by the outer senses into the stuff of camouflage. The process involved is subconscious. You can hardly catch yourself at it, and yet with training you will be able to catch yourself in the act.

(Jane tapped upon the table for emphasis.)

Almost but not quite, our invisible fuel carried to us by our inner senses could be likened to the air which you breathe, and which on a calm day is so difficult to perceive.

You cannot see a handful of air though your hands may be full of it. You know its effects, you breathe it constantly, but consciously you do not realize what you are doing. You do not know how air tastes unless you really think hard about it. It is fuel to your physical body and the idea of it comes very close to this fuel of the inner senses, which is not a camouflage effect and which is our vitality unsolidified, or the little wires which make up our imaginary universe. In other words these little wires move along constantly like little individual railway cars carrying fuel, and also are composed of the very fuel themselves.

Do you need a break?

(“No, Seth.”)

Using air again as a simple analogy to our fuel for the inner senses, which is converted by the various countries or planes for their own purposes and therefore camouflaged, air in its pure state is not observed easily. And

permeating everything, it could almost pass unnoticed itself since it takes on the form of that which it composes.

Surely you see where that leads us. If you will forgive me, my dear Joseph, you are full of air. I won't say hot air. But you look like a man. The man form, the physical form, is a camouflage that you see. You do not see the air of which you are composed when you look into a mirror. You are also composed of much water, yet you do not see a wet spongy mess when you look into the glass, at least I hope not. You see the camouflage or the physical form.

I have added here the addition of water to air, yet they are composed of the same elements. The elements are the blocks which build our camouflage. Air and water have many forms even on your plane. The elements change position constantly to transform the inner vitality or fuel from one camouflage pattern to another. Then why is it so difficult to understand that this happens on other planes and under different camouflage sequences?

Your scientists are correct in supposing that the universe is composed of the same elements that can be found on your plane. However, what they know as elements are of course particular camouflage patterns that may show themselves in a completely different form somewhere else.

Our last session was a very long one. I will not keep you that long this evening. However I do suggest that you play around with your own camouflage patterns for a few moments, and then I will continue. And Ruburt, if you can find anything personal in camouflage patterns then I am done for.

(Break at 10:06. Time had passed very rapidly, it seemed, and we suspected time foreshortening on Seth's part. Jane said she could tell Seth was very pleased with the above dialogue. She resumed dictating at 10:15.)

Again, your elements, those that you know and those that you will discover, and the elements you will create, are only camouflages of the basic stuff or vitality, which you will not discover with your outer senses. Your scientists will discover that their tools are no longer adequate. Because man has such a sense of curiosity the scientists on your plane will be forced finally to use their own inner senses. Otherwise they will be dealing with camouflage only, and find themselves in a blind alley. Not because their eyes are closed, but because they are not using the right set of eyes. You will come no closer to knowledge of the fifth dimension until you use the inner senses as tools of perception.

The basic rules of the universe as I have said appear differently on different planes. The camouflage is necessary at this stage of development, intricate, complicated, various and beyond understanding of the outer senses which are the perceptrors of camouflage itself, peculiarly adapted to see under

particular circumstances. You cannot use camouflage to see through camouflage. There are basic rules in the universe. The inner senses use these rules consistently and well.

It is only the inner senses which will give you any evidence at all of the basic nature of life itself. Since very often the vitality or stuff of the universe seems as innocuous as air might seem to you, then look for what you do not see. Explore places that appear empty, for they are full. Look between events. What you see clearly with your outer senses is camouflage. I am not suggesting that you take everything on faith, nothing of the sort. I am saying that what seems vacant lacks camouflage, and therefore if this is explored it will yield evidence. I hope I have not carried you too far too fast.

Effects would seem to be evidence, and therefore when you probe into seemingly empty spaces you will receive effects which will be evidence. In concrete terms, if a tree branch blows you can take it for granted that something moves the branch. You know wind by its effects. No one has seen wind but since at times its effects are so observable it would be idiocy to say that wind did not exist. Therefore you will come up against the basic stuff of the universe and feel its effects, though your outer senses will not necessarily perceive it.

Granted, your camouflage is in itself an effect. If you look at the observable physical world in this life, you can, it is true, learn something about the basic rules of the universe, if you take into consideration camouflage distortion. There is so much to be said here, and you have so much to learn that sometimes I have to admit that I'm appalled.

(I laughed.)

Your own experience with creativity should serve you well as far as this discussion goes. When you paint a picture, my dear egotistical Joseph, you are dealing with a transformation of energy and a transformation of camouflage pattern. There is a moment, a brief but vital moment in such an act of creation, when you are dealing with the underlying vitality of which I have spoken. You are forced because of your earthly physical situation to transform this creative energy into another camouflage pattern. There is nothing else you can do. But for this moment you pluck this vitality from the inner senses, you grab ahold of this fuel with both hands. You have it. You transform it into a somewhat different more evocative new camouflage pattern that is nevertheless more fluent, more fluid, than the usual pattern, and which gives greater freedom and mobility to the basic fuel or vitality itself. You approach a transmigration of planes.

A certain distortion must be expected, in the same manner that a distortion occurs in the form of your flying saucers. The painting in other words

achieves a certain freedom from camouflage, while it cannot escape it, and actually hovers between planes in a way that no thoroughly camouflaged object could do. That is, something that exists completely in your plane cannot be evocative in the manner that a painting or, and this is for Ruburt, a poem can be.

Music, or rather a musical composition also achieves this state. Sculpture does not, for reasons that I will go into at a later time. The camouflage here however in the matter of a statue is too much like a prison. I am going to suggest a break. You may fly in as many pieces as you like at once.

(Break at 10:35. It was here that Jane, remarking about her fat hands, worked her ring back on. It took much pulling to get it off. She did not experience this odd sensation of change in any other part of her body. Resume dictation at 10:55.)

Your scientists can count their elements. While they are on the wrong track they will discover more and more elements. That is, they will create more and discover more until they are ready to go out of their minds. Because what will happen is, they will always create camouflages of the real thing. And while they create instruments to deal with smaller and smaller particular particles, they will actually see smaller and smaller particles, seemingly without end.

As their instruments reach further into the universe they will “see,” and I suggest that you put the word see into quotes, they will “see” further and further but they will automatically subconsciously transform what they apparently see into the camouflage pattern with which they are familiar.

They will be and they are prisoners of their own tools. More galaxies will seemingly be discovered, more mysterious radio stars will be perceived, until the scientists realize that something is desperately wrong. Instruments designed to measure the vibrations with which scientists are familiar will be designed and redesigned. All sorts, finally, of seemingly impossible phenomena will be discovered with these instruments. The instruments will be designed to catch certain camouflages and since they are expertly thought out they will perform their function.

I do not want to get too involved. However by certain means the instruments will themselves transform data from terms that you cannot understand into terms that you can understand. Scientists do this all the time. However what this involves is a watering down of data, a simplification that distorts all out of shape, the original is hardly discernible when you are done. You are destroying the meaning in the translation.

The instruments themselves do this transforming, transforming say the idea of time or light years into sound patterns, radio waves and such. You lose too much in this process. What you get is so distorted that you have absolutely

no near perception of the original. I will go into this much more deeply, as there is much more to be said on a technical level. But when you decipher one phenomena in terms of another you always lose sight of whatever glimmer of understanding may have reached you.

It is not a matter of inventing new instruments any longer. It is a matter of using the invisible instruments that you have. These instruments may be known and even examined by their effects. This material itself is evidence. It is like the branch that moves so that you know wind by its effects; and a windbag like me by the billowing gale of my monologues.

Again I suggest a very brief break. I have learned that I can give you more material if I allow you to relax more often. Sometimes I get carried away and forget. However tonight my memory is good. And if I may say so, my material is even better.

(Break at 11:10. During break Jane said Seth wanted to discuss there being more than one plane on earth. The phenomena with her hands persisted but her voice was normal. She resumed dictating at 11:18.)

Scientists realize that the atmosphere of the earth is a distortion, or has a distorting effect upon their instruments. What they do not understand is that their instruments themselves are bound to be distortive. This cannot be emphasized too strongly. Any material physical instrument will have built-in distortive effects. The one instrument which is more important than any other and which has given you, that is mankind, all its breakthroughs and advance is the brain. Or rather the mind which contains the brain, and which is the meeting place of the inner and outer senses.

Einstein used the miraculous aspects of his mind. Parts of the mind are almost completely undistorted. The mind is distributed throughout the whole physical body. The mind builds up about it the physical camouflages necessary for existence on your physical plane. The mind receives data from the inner senses and forms the camouflage necessary. The mind unconsciously or unself-consciously deals with the basic laws according to the camouflage effect that is vital for survival on your physical plane. The mind is the tool which must be used.

The brain deals exclusively with camouflage patterns, transforming vitality into physical environmental camouflage patterns. The mind deals with basic principles inherent on all planes. The brain is itself part of the camouflage pattern, and can be interpreted and probed by physical instruments. The mind cannot be probed by physical instruments. It cannot even be found by physical instruments. The mind is the connective. It is here that the secrets of the universe will be discovered, and the mind itself is the tool of discovery.

The brain is of your plane. You may say that the brain is the mind in camouflage. Imagination belongs to the mind. It can be used by and is used by the brain for purposes of survival, and can sometimes be probed by physical instruments. That is physical instruments can be made to make the imagination move on occasion. But imagination is a property of mind, not brain, and no physical tool can force the imagination to conceive of an original conception or idea.

Physical tools may be used to force the imagination to move along in terms of its owner's personal memories, but it cannot be forced to move along the lines of conceptual thought, because the imagination is in reality a connective fiber between the physical individual and the nonphysical entity.

Mental enzymes have a chemical effect or reaction on your plane. That is they can be observed on your plane through their chemical effect in it. But the effect itself is a distortion. On other planes the distortion effect may not be chemical at all. I have spoken of your plane rather than of your planet because earth is one of the planets that contain many planes.

If you are tired I will close the session.

("No, we're okay. Please continue.")

Mental enzymes transform vitality into the particular camouflage patterns. Mental enzymes as I have said have a chemical reaction on your planet. This explains the reason why a chemical imbalance in a physical body will also show itself as a corresponding distortion of sensual data. That is, when the chemical balance is disturbed the physical world will appear to have changed.

For the individual concerned in such a case, the camouflage actually has changed. If you are willing to continue the session for a short time I again suggest a short break.

(Break at 11:39. By now both of us were very tired yet reluctant to quit. Jane resumed dictating at 11:50.)

The subconscious is a property of the mind, and is to a strong degree independent of camouflage. You must of course understand that these terms are for convenience only. In many cases there is no division between them, and I speak often for convenience's sake.

Part of the subconscious for example deals with camouflage, but the deeper portions are in direct contact with the basic vitality of the universe. When you or Ruburt wonder if this material comes from the subconscious, you often take it for granted that the subconscious is personal, exclusively dealing with matters of your egos' personal past. You are sometimes willing to concede that perhaps an element of racial memory might enter in. Racial memory is of course a conglomeration of camouflage data. The subconscious also contains the

undistorted material of the mind, which is uncamouflaged, and which operates between planes, knowing no boundaries.

I dislike the use of so many terms; since the brain is observable, I am tempted to use it to cover all abilities pertaining to mind in general. This would make it easier for you. However I will resist the temptation. The mind contains the brain. Material which comes from the so-called subconscious comes from that part of the mind which knows no boundaries, either of time or space, and in a deeper sense knows no boundaries of species or planes in any manner. The simple fact is that you are using this portion of the mind as a tool. Exercising the brain exercises the mind also, but the mind has abilities of which the brain is ignorant.

This certainly is not meant to mean that the brain is useless, far from it. On your plane the brain is extremely important, and for your information many animals have a highly developed mind though their brains may be small.

I will go into this sort of development at a later time. The mind however determines which mental enzymes will be utilized and to what degree, and also determines the strength, type, and validity of camouflages necessary to physical survival.

With this my dear friends I leave you for the evening. It is approximately midnight, but this does not mean that I will turn into a pumpkin.

(Sitting at the board, we used the pointer to say good night.

(Gratis)

Sleepyheads.

("Good night, Seth."

(End at 12:10. After the session we discussed Seth's analysis of my particular problems. Jane then wondered aloud if she would get good results when her turn came, since she was the one giving voice to Seth's messages. She received the following very clearly:)

When I get to you it will be crystal clear.

(We laughed.)

SESSION 20

JANUARY 29, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Jane said that once again she had stage fright, a feeling of apprehension and wonder, just before the session was due to begin. The thought that she would soon begin talking on some question of philosophy, etc., “when you don’t have an idea in your head,” was still amazing to her. Especially when she did not feel in A-1 shape.

(Jane had no voice phenomena this session, nor any changes in her hands; the same rings she was so troubled by last session bothered her not at all this time. Seth proceeded at an especially deliberate pace, with many pauses, yet in spite of this we seemed to gather as much material and within the same time limits.

(As usual we began by sitting silently at the board.

(Gratis)

Yes, good evening. Yes.

(“How are you, Seth?”)

Just dandy.

(“We’re ready and willing.”)

(Jane lay the board aside. She rose and began to pace and dictate.)

Isn’t it nice to see Jane in skirts for a change. I also like the hairdo. She is doing very well with the cigarette habit, as I predicted that she would.

Mental enzymes belong to the mind rather than the brain, although they function through both and use chemical properties of the physical body in their operation.

It is extremely difficult to go into detail concerning the inner senses, simply because they are uncamouflaged. I do hope to go into detail however, now or later. In some respects the inner senses can be compared to channels on your plane. When continuity is taken into consideration however then the analogy is a poor one, since the word channel seems to imply a more or less permanent opening, and this is not true. One of the marvels of your outer senses is their reach. They actually carry you further ahead, in distance for example, than your physical body may be at any particular time.

The sense of sight, mostly concentrated in your eyes, remains fixed in a

permanent position on your physical body. This is of course true. Without moving away from the physical body the eyes see something that may be far in the distance. In the same manner the ears hear sounds that are distant from the body. In fact, and this is a rather important point, the ears ordinarily hear sounds outside the body more readily than sounds inside the body itself. Since the ears are in the body more or less, and of it, it would be logical for an open-minded observer to suppose that the ears would be well attuned to the inner sounds to a high degree. This as you know is not the case.

Your eyes, while belonging to the body, cannot see within the body. The ears can be trained to some degree by neurotic individuals into a sound awareness pertaining to the body itself. Breathing for example can be magnified to an almost frightening degree when one concentrates upon listening to his own breath. But as a rule the ears neither listen to nor hear the inner sounds of the body.

The sense of smell also seems to leap forward. A man can smell quite a stink, even though it is not right under his nose. The sense of touch, as you are consciously familiar with it, does not seem to leap out in this manner. Unless the hand itself presses upon a surface in some manner then you do not feel that you have touched it. Touch usually involves contact of a direct sort. You can of course feel the invisible wind against your cheek, but touch involves an immediacy different from the distant perceptions of sight and smell.

I am sure that you realize these points yourself. I do after all, and regardless of what you may think, credit you both with a certain sense of intelligence and imagination.

This difference in immediacy is rather important for our consideration of the inner senses. This is also why I mentioned that the ears and the eyes, while connected with the body, are directed outward. They bring data to the body but very seldom do they collect data from the body. I am beginning to get into some material that is relatively difficult to explain, considering that I must take all of your camouflage patterns into consideration.

As I have said, the outer senses deal mainly and as far as I know exclusively with camouflage pattern. The inner senses, my dear Joseph, are senses which deal with realities beneath camouflage patterns, and which carry data of these realities, these inner realities, to the body. These inner senses therefore are thoroughly capable of seeing the inside of the body, in a way that the outer eyes cannot.

As the outer senses of sight, sound and smell appear to reach outward, bringing data to the physical body from an outside observable camouflage pattern, so the inside senses seem to extend far inward, bringing important inner

reality data to the physical body. There is also a transforming process here much like the moment that we have spoken of in the creation of a painting.

The physical body is a camouflage pattern operating in a larger camouflage pattern. But the physical body and all camouflage patterns, looked at in another manner, are also transformers of the vital inner stuff of the universe, where this vitality is then enabled to operate under new and various conditions.

I suggest that you take a short break, while I consider the most auspicious manner in which to go ahead with this material. I have been ready to speak further on the inner senses for some time now. Go ahead, take your break.

(Break at 9:31. Jane said she felt Seth wanted this material to be very clear to us, and so was proceeding step by step. He was, she said, having a hard time presenting it. Indeed, Jane delivered this material with many pauses. Since we had dispensed with taking messages through the board in the main, this session was the slowest-paced one to date. Jane resumed dictating at 9:36.)

The inner senses deliver data from the inner world of reality to the body. The outer senses deliver data from the outside world of camouflage to the body. However, the inner senses are aware of the body's own physical data at all times, while the outer senses are concerned with the body mainly in its relationship to camouflage environment. In other words the inner senses have an immediate, constant knowledge of the body in a way that the outer senses do not.

The material is delivered to the body, as I have said, from the inner world by means of these inner senses. This inner reality data is received by the mind. This is extremely important. The mind, being uncamouflaged, is the receiving station for the data brought to it by the inner senses. What you almost have here is an inner nervous and communication system closely resembling the outer systems with which you are familiar.

I risk repeating myself, but I want these steps to be plain. This vital data is sent to the mind by the inner senses. Any material that is important for the body's contact with outer camouflage patterns is given to the brain. The subconscious, so-called, is a connective between mind and brain, between the inner senses and the outer senses. It is actually partly on your plane and partly on other planes. Portions of it do deal with camouflage patterns, with the personal past of the present personality, with racial camouflage memories; and the greater portion belongs to the inner world, and as data comes into it from the inner world, so can it reach far into the inner world itself.

You must remember here that time is part of the camouflage pattern. Now the outer sense of sight would seem to confound space, and seemingly conquer a portion of distance by using your eyes. That is, you do not necessarily have to walk a short distance in order to see what is in the particular space

involved.

So the inner senses and the subconscious can do the same thing as far as inner space, and what you would call inner time, is concerned. But this is not amazing, far from it. It only seems strange because you are so familiar with your precious camouflage patterns. Time and space, dear friends, are both camouflage patterns, therefore the fact that the inner senses can conquer time and space is not, after all, so surprising. To the mind with its subconscious, and to the inner senses, there is no time and space, and therefore to them nothing is conquered. The camouflage is simply not present.

When I speak of the subconscious in this manner, I speak of course of that larger portion which deals with the inner realities. I want to give you more detailed information about the inner realities themselves. Actually they do not parallel the outer senses, and this will sound appalling to you I'm afraid, simply because there is nothing to be seen, smelled, heard or touched in the manner in which you are accustomed. This is extremely hard to explain, since I do not want to give you the idea that existence without your particular set of camouflage patterns is bland and innocuous, because this is not the case.

The inner senses have a strong immediacy, a delicious intensity that your outer senses lack. There is no lapse of time in perception, since there is no time.

I suggest again a short period of refreshment. You are both doing well.

(Break at 10:01. Once again Jane remarked upon the fact that Seth was being very deliberate in giving us this material. Resume at 10:04.)

I am deliberately being deliberate. And for the present I am using Ruburt's voice, making no effort to superimpose my own. And for good reason. I do not want this material to be considered any sort of mumbo jumbo. It is not a cult in the terms that people often consider material that seems to come from a source beyond the individual who gives it.

The designations spirit, and medium and so forth, are ridiculous to begin with. You are simply using inner senses. These senses are not magical, they certainly are not religious in any sense of the word, and I am not some degenerating secondary personality of Ruburt's. Nor will I be compared with some long-bearded, beady-eyed spirit sitting on cloud nine.

It is true that I have lived as a human being, but this is simply a fact. This meeting and our other meetings are not seances, and your experiments with your friend Mark are not seances, according to the implications usually given. So-called seances, when they are legitimate, are simply exercises in the use of the inner senses.

The cults that have built up around such happenings are ludicrous, and in some cases unforgivable demonstrations of stupidity by well-meaning but

imbecilic personalities. I dislike being so harsh and vindictive. However on a few occasions I have been involved, to my utter horror, on the other end of such performances. At a later date I will tell you about this. It is not important but it was distasteful.

Superstition breeds superstition. As far as Jane's or Ruburt's subconscious is concerned, I make contact with you through both of your subconsciousnesses (*Jane's pronunciation*); but through that larger portion which actually exists between planes, which is the property of the mind, not the brain, and which deals with the inner senses. I have absolutely nothing to do with that portion of the subconscious which is involved with your personal memories or present personality makeup.

I have more or less avoided giving you the kind of so-called evidence that would be so handy in explaining me to others. I helped you one night to keep your interest high. This occurred during the beginning of our sessions. I am also a personality in myself. I am not going to run around in circles, perform tricks, move rings, throw rocks and so forth. This material is legitimate, speaks for itself, and I will not embellish an otherwise sensible and excellent performance with circus tactics to impress those who will not be impressed under any circumstances.

At times I may use my own voice simply because it will be easier to get some kinds of material across, and also because it just would be fun for a change. You said something, Joseph, that got me on this subject. I had intended to go into the inner senses more thoroughly. However this reminds me of something else.

You asked me, or you meant to ask me, why this material was being given to you, that is to you and Ruburt. My answer is, beside my strong affection for you both, that you are unaffiliated with any cult, religion, particular school of thought. You are open-minded, and I speak of both of you; not fools, and not ready to cast me in the guise of potbellied Cupid, Buddha, god, saint or devil. Such people are difficult to find.

Camouflage patterns are bad enough to deal with from my end, but personal camouflage patterns thrown up by the brain are worse. As far as your neurotics are concerned—for some reason speaking of the affairs usually called seances reminded me of neurotics—as far as neurotics are concerned, this neuroticism is part and parcel of an inadequacy on the part of the physical body and the personality both, that involves an inability to handle camouflage patterns.

A neurotic on your plane for example would not necessarily be a neurotic on another plane, though he might be. The subconscious has been blamed for too

much. Terms sometimes cause more troubles in communication than they solve.

The conscious mind deals directly with survival as far as the particular camouflage patterns are concerned. But there is no actual dividing line or distinction between the conscious and the subconscious, nor among the apparent levels of the subconscious itself.

I want you to take a break but first I want to make one other point, and that is this: The mind contains the conscious and the subconscious, but the conscious and the subconscious are fluid. At various times the consciousness becomes unconscious, and the unconscious becomes conscious. During some periods this happens simultaneously. I will go into this in great detail.

(Break at 10:32. Try as we would, Jane and I could not recall what I had said at last break to bring on Seth's outburst concerning mediums, etc. We think it was at least an innocently intended remark, one made in passing. I now remarked that I wondered whether Seth even wanted us to publish this material, since this might also be regarded by him as using him. Jane said that she definitely did not think he meant that. She resumed dictating at 10:40.)

I have said that the brain is the mind in camouflage, and so it is. It is the portion of the mind that is more or less observable to the surgeon, and the part of the mind that reacts to camouflage pattern, and the part that can be explored and tampered with, though this is dangerous indeed.

The camouflage patterns of course do belong to the inner world also, since the camouflages themselves are formed from the vitality stuff of the universe by mental enzymes, which have a chemical reaction on your plane. The reaction of course being a distortion. That is, any camouflage pattern at all is bound to be a distortion, in a sense, of vitality forced into a particular form.

As far as publishing this material is concerned, I have no objections. I didn't give it to you, and I'm not giving it to you, simply for your own edification. Because of its source you will probably be called crackpots, but I imagine you know this by now.

Mental enzymes are actually the property of the inner world, representing the conversion of vitality into camouflage data which is then interpreted by the outer senses. Before I continue do you have any questions on this material?

("No.")

I'm delighted to see such quick wit.

I would like to make an analogy. Though in some cases it may fall down, overall it will make my point.

Imagine a man standing on a corner, looking down the street at a tree a block away. He need not walk that distance in order to know what is there since he can see everything between himself and the tree, at least as far as large

objects are concerned. His sense of sight allows him this freedom.

Imagine a man in an automobile who passes our man at the corner. Now when our man in the automobile reaches the tree he is further ahead, so to speak, in distance. He is also in some respects further ahead in time, yet actually he is not. That is, the man on the corner has watched him pass by. He is beyond the man on the corner in space. The man on the corner at the same time sees the motorist drive beyond. But although he sees him pass in space he knows that they exist, he and the motorist, simultaneously even though usually the idea of passing on involves time.

If you will imagine the rather odd picture of a solid beam extending from the body of the man on the corner to the tree, then this may help you to think of sight as a path. This particular path exists in space for man A, who is at the corner. If man A hears the screech of brakes there is an interval of time existing between the sound and his awareness of it. Consider this as another solid beam or path.

The reason I am using solidity here is that we are dealing with the world of camouflage, and sound waves and light waves are definite on your plane and can be measured. They are not solid as your tree is solid, but they are solid in degree. That is, they manifest themselves well enough to be recorded on your instruments.

Now with that out of the way, we can consider the inner senses as paths leading to an inner reality. However, here we are not concerned with space or time. If you were, or if man A was blind, he would not see the tree in question. If he were deaf he would not hear the car. Let us pretend this state of events, and let us compare the physical objects between our man and his tree to points somewhat corresponding to them in the inner world. It would be as if instead of seeing the various houses or whatever, our man instead felt them. If you remember, I mentioned earlier that your outer sense of touch was extremely immediate, in a way that sight was not, and I also gave you immediacy as one of the qualities of the inner senses.

Now our man would not vaguely sense these objects, he would feel them. He would be sensitive to them, in other words, while not touching them with anything like physical hands, as for example you feel heat or cold without necessarily touching ice or fire.

This is one of the qualities belonging to the inner senses. I will go into it more deeply but you may call it the first inner sense.

It involves immediate perception of a direct nature, whose intensity varies according to what is being sensed. It involves instant cognition through what I can only describe as inner vibrational touch. This is, if you will excuse

the pun, touchy, since I want to avoid any implication here of sloppy sentimental emotionalism; and the word vibrational is not the best.

This sense would permit our man to feel the basic sensations felt by the tree, so that instead of looking at the tree his consciousness would expand to contain the experience of what it is like to be a tree. According to his proficiency, in a like manner he would feel the experience of being the intervening grass and so forth.

He would in no way lose consciousness of who he was, and he would perceive these experiences, again, somewhat in the same manner that you perceive heat and cold. In your camouflage pattern you must adapt yourself to the effects of heat and cold, but our man in the inner world would not be under any such obligation. I am speaking now only of our first inner sense.

If you two are not too tired to continue the session for a short time, then rest for a moment and continue. I will not take the responsibility from you for keeping you from rosy night dreams. So when you are ready to end the session simply say so.

(Break at 11:22. Resume at 11:28.)

I am not going to keep you too long this evening in any case. However I do want to mention the fact that the inner senses are capable of expansion and of focus in a way that the outer senses are not. They simply extend further, though I am speaking now in your terms rather than my own. And as to where the inner world actually is on your plane, I will go into that at our next session.

The inner world of course is part of all planes. It is not so much that it exists simultaneously with the outer world, as that it forms the outer world and the outer world exists in it.

When you receive more material on the inner senses, you can begin using them to a much higher degree than you do now. For those interested in inner reality the inner senses can be utilized, of course, to explore and perceive portions of this inner reality; and the inner reality is after all what you are after.

I will have to go into what we will call for now evolution at some time to explain the influence of the inner world upon the outer world, because the species to which you have the honor of belonging is now moving in the direction of breakthrough discoveries, as far as inner reality is concerned. There is much more to be said here, and you can count on me to say it.

I have spoken more slowly than usual because I want this material to be taken down carefully, with a minimum of distortion. And now my peachy friends I will leave you with this plum of excellent material, though as usual I dislike saying goodbye. And even to me your next Monday seems a long way off.

(At the board, we said good night as usual.

(Gratis)

A most warm good evening.

(End at 11:40. Jane said that Seth felt very chummy by the end of the session, and would have gladly continued had we asked him to. We were in the mood but also very tired.

(It might be worth noting that during this session we did not have our window shades pulled as we used to do. Also, Jane's eyes did not appear to be as dark as usual.)

SESSION 21

FEBRUARY 3, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Saturday, Feb. 1, while doing some other art work, I had a vision. This was of my present younger brother Dick during his life in England in 1671. I saw very clearly the front upstairs bedroom in which he slept, and the bed in which he died as a boy of 9. I made a very quick sketch of this mental picture with a ballpoint pen. Jane and I both liked it, so I matted it. When this session began I had the drawing propped up on the bookcase so Jane could see it easily as she paced back and forth.

(At the start of the session our cat Willy became very frisky. As we sat at the board preparatory to greeting Seth, Willy jumped up on it; from there he vaulted up on the bookcase, knocking the sketch to the floor. As I retrieved it Jane began to receive Seth within. After Seth spelled out his greeting, Jane rose and began to dictate. She exhibited no voice or hand phenomena this evening, merely the darkening of the eyes.

(Gratis)

Good evening, sports.

("Good evening, Seth.")

Never mind. Cats will be cats.

The drawing is very good. There were three beds in that room. Dick slept in one, the bed that you have pictured. His eldest sister slept in another, and a young brother in the third. There was also a smaller bed in which a maid slept. The family was not rich by any means. The maid was a relative of Throckmorton's. In the beginning she worked for the family to save a decent dowry. However she was no beauty, and Throckmorton never really managed to pay her much above food and lodging.

She also contracted diphtheria and died at the age of 17. She was the daughter of Throckmorton's half sister. You know her in this life as a relative of, I believe a niece of, your mother's. You will recall that your mother, your present mother, was Dick's oldest sister during that life.

The early death of the maid during that existence has overshadowed her present circumstances in her particular case. Because of her death at 17 she finds difficulty in adjusting to womanhood, though she was a female during her brief

English life. Nevertheless she was not able, or is not able, to bear children this time.

("In what year did my brother Dick die, during that life?")

Dick was born in 1671 and died at the age of 9.

Patricia was the maid, died two years later. Approximately five years after this, the oldest sister went to France; first to a small town outside of Paris and then to Paris, where she lived with French relatives. In this capacity she saved a dowry, working for a very short time for friends of these relatives, and adding these earnings to the goods given to her by her father. As I mentioned earlier, she did marry a cavalry officer, and bore him many children.

There were windows on the other side of the room. That is, apparently in your vision you saw the side of the room away from the street.

("That's right.")

(I did not have time to say it here, but when I did the sketch I had the feeling that there might be more than the one bed in the room. But these I could not see. I also had the thought that I'd probably made the room look too spacious for the times.)

These windows were not open however, except in periods of stifling heat which came seldom in England. This room was the front room and not as spacious as your sketch would make it appear. The mattress was straw but the bed itself was the best bed in the family, handed down from Throckmorton's father. Throckmorton and his wife, Lessie, usually slept in it. It was given over to Dick because of his illness.

The top coverlet was an heirloom from Lessie's family. Outside of the room there was a rickety staircase. On the other side of the staircase was a much smaller room where Throckmorton and Lessie slept during Dick's illness, with a younger boy who was 3 at the time. The stairs led downward to the shop.

Behind the shop was another room that served as a kitchen and, you might say, parlor. In any case it was the family's social room. Behind this was a storeroom with earthen floor, and a shed. An imbecilic boy sometimes did errands for Throckmorton about the shop. He slept in the shed. Lessie had already had and lost 4 children. One actually lived to be 18 and was born when Lessie was very young. The others died in childbirth or in the first year. Throckmorton had wanted a son to carry on his shop. The child who died at 18 would have been such a boy, and Throckmorton never really recovered from the lad's death. He died incidentally of pneumonia: took sick and died within three days.

A marriage had already been planned between this boy, whose name was Delton, and the daughter of another shopkeeper.

Throckmorton resented the fact that his eldest was a daughter, and it was for this reason that she was allowed to make the journey to France. She was 23 and unmarried. Since her parents had not married her off, and as she was somewhat of a strain on the family income, Throckmorton gave her a cash settlement. Lessie gave her goods, garments, material and some jewelry, and the parents bid the eldest goodbye.

Much love was bestowed upon the boy, Dick, and at his death Throckmorton was all the more bitter against this eldest child. Nor was there any love lost on the young woman's part. She was temperamentally different from the other members of the family. The house was filled with mourning when Dick died. The 3-year-old boy lived into old age, turning into a prosperous tradesman dealing in wools and textiles. I am unable at present to tell you what Throckmorton's shop actually dealt with.

(At this moment I had a mental picture of the sign outside the shop; I was wondering whether Seth could now tell us more about it.)

As I mentioned earlier, the sign out front was of a wooden spoon. The maid, or poor relative, was attached strongly to the boy who survived Dick. She never married and did not live to see womanhood. At times I will return to this material.

The son who did survive, you do not know in your present existence. Throckmorton however is your present father. One of the side chores he has taken upon himself is to do reparation to the eldest daughter, obviously, taking her as his wife in this existence. However she holds strong resentment against him from that earlier treatment.

They were drawn to each other because of those previous ties, and yet in that past life this daughter was extremely cruel, particularly in speech, to Throckmorton. Sensing of course the bitterness that he felt because she was not a boy—incidentally this is a strong subconscious motive—this caused her to bear him three sons to help allay his bitterness. She gave him these three sons as a gift or sacrifice; and when it seemed he would not accept them as such she turned against him, made too much of the sons to pay him back. The relative who is now your mother's niece contributed to some degree to the unrest in the previous family as it existed in England. The young relative was very jealous of the older daughter for her position in the family, and for the dowry which was hers.

Her clothes were hand-me-downs from the daughter of the family, and since the maid was quite a few years younger than the daughter the clothes fit her poorly. She was glad to see the dissension between the father and the daughter. This time the present personality of the maid tries to make up for the jealousy, and for many quarrels that she initiated secretly between Throckmorton

and his daughter, by malicious tattling and playing one member of the family against the other. I suggest you take a brief break, if this material hasn't already broken you up.

(Break at 9:37. Resume at 9:50.)

You made a witty and somewhat frivolous comment, my dear Joseph, during your lengthy period of rest. It should lead you to understand human nature to a better degree than before. If women feel like mothering their husbands or lovers, if men find themselves occasionally amazed, alternating between feelings of sexual love, paternal affection and even boyish pride, as far as their own wives are concerned, now you can see why these feelings are so natural and inevitable.

The reason that Dick has had the same father twice is simply that he died at such a young age, before the relationship could be worked out between the two. Dick's wife was also alive in England during Dick's short life. She was the daughter of a baker who lived across the street, and was one of the boy's playmates. The two children were very fond of each other. Both with warm and sunny dispositions. They were attracted to each other at that time, and renewed that relationship in this existence.

I may add here that they chose to renew this relationship, that is, free will operating in this case as in all others. There are always varieties of personal problems to be worked out, but the time, place and relationship is left to choice. For that matter, a personality can choose to ignore the problems completely, though this is at best a cowardly solution and simply holds the personality back. There is very much detail involved here. Needless to say, Throckmorton could have tried to make reparation to his daughter in a variety of ways, and not necessarily by being her husband.

There was choice also on her part, that is, they chose to be reborn at approximately the same time so that their ages made them contemporaries. In many cases such as this, one or the other waits a longer period of time, being born as a child to the other party. These things fit together very tightly. They are interwoven, and yet loosely applied.

These questions are worked out by entities between lives, and each entity has many problems to consider. In your technological age such problems are easier to solve than in the past. That is, contemporaries even from different continents can meet in a simpler fashion. The basic problems are necessarily kept from the personality by the entity simply because so many psychological undercurrents would sweep the ego off its feet, and pull the rug of sanity from beneath it.

In some instances this happens despite the personality's attempt to hide

the weight of the past. Also on many occasions the personality escapes the problems entirely. What happens here is that the subconscious communicates with the entity through the inner senses, to the effect that the present personality is not strong enough to handle the problem.

The personality then changes course in midstream. Some, but not all, cases of insanity represent the personality's inability to handle a particular problem, while at the same time it refuses to obey the orders from the inner senses to change course. On such occasions data from past lives rushes up or through the inner senses. The personality is no longer capable of shielding itself from this material when it goes beyond a certain point. That is, the personality is now working against itself.

Some controls are still present. These struggle desperately to distort the past data, clothing it in all sorts of idea camouflages and fantasy. In this case insanity is actually a protective mechanism, in that the personality will face almost complete disorientation rather than confront truths in its past that bring up problems it cannot solve. At the same time such a personality will not let go, either, and will not change course. The dilemma is therefore a dire crisis.

I will give a brief sample, if you do not mind me using your own present family.

("Go ahead.")

If your mother or father found continued life together completely unbearable, which incidentally they do not, then in all likelihood one of their entities would suggest through the inner senses that the relationship be discontinued. If the advice was not heeded, and as the situation grew worse, a danger point would arise beyond which the personalities could not safely continue their association.

After this point was passed, and all inner warnings went unheeded, then to one or another, little by little, or perhaps in flashes, clear pictures from the past would rush to the personality who was no longer strong enough to hold them back. Almost instantly the present ego of the personality concerned would set up countermeasures against what it would consider an invasion. The past's inner data would be turned into delusions, fantasies and so forth.

I suggest you take a break.

(Break at 10:20. Jane said that at times she is still afraid she'll give contradictory information involving past sessions—wrong dates, etc. "Besides, I can't keep all those names and places and so forth straight. I don't want to get all mixed up; so I hardly ever read the material between sessions.")

(And watch me put my unthinking foot in it this time. Resume at 10:25.)

I am never sure really if my analogies help matters or not, but here is

another. If it will make things easier for you, you can think in terms of the entity and the brain and a mind.

The entity in this case would be compared to the mind. The brain would be more or less what it is, that is, the brain of the present personality existing on a camouflaged plane. As the brain gives orders and communicates messages to the various parts of the physical body, so would the mind or entity do in like manner. The mind would contain all data having to do with past existences and intertwining purposes, problems and relationships, but it would only give such data to the brain as was necessary for its present existence.

That is the analogy. In actuality the mind is but a portion of the entity which looks out for the personality on the camouflage plane. Your guardian angel legends and such refer to this part of the entity, which is the mind and which is attached to the present personality during this particular existence. The mind helps to keep the personality from going too far astray. I use the term personality to include the whole person. I use it to express the entirety manifested in physical form, in one life.

The mind as I mentioned earlier is part of the inner plane. It is a mere portion of the entity itself.

“Is it possible for us to contact our own entities?”

(In the light of what follows, this might seem to be an unfortunate question. But while taking Jane’s dictation, I have discovered that while concentrating on recording every word, it is easy to lose the sense of what one is putting down. I had, for instance, no clear recollection of what Seth had just said.)

You are silly sometimes, Joseph. For shame. From the information you have been given before, and from the above paragraph, you should know that you are in contact with your own entities, in that the mind is a portion of the entity to begin with. I have told you that communication between a present personality and the entity is carried on by means of the inner senses, and I have told you that in these sessions you use the inner senses. Surely then the question answers itself.

Also in a very real sense, taking the above into consideration, you are your own entities, though in operation consciously on this particular plane only. In many dreams you talk to yourself, so to speak—that’s a pun, don’t miss it.

“We get it.”

In your visions you are in contact with your entity. Your entity is merely a part of yourself with which you are not completely familiar.

“I guess that’s what I had in mind.”

I made a remark, after sessions I’m afraid, to Ruburt one evening—I

couldn't resist—to the effect that you would both be better off if you would think in terms of your entities. Do not think of your entities as foreign alien individuals ready to gobble you up. Even though I speak jokingly of assimilating my poor Frank Watts, this is not the case at all.

(Jane received this remark on January 23, 1964, according to her notes, just as she was dropping off to sleep: “If you would identify yourself with your entity instead of with your present personality, you'd be a lot better off.” It woke her up and she immediately wrote it down.

(“Seth, where is Frank Watts now, by the way?”

(There came a knock on our door just as I finished asking this question. This was our first interruption during a session. Our living room opens on the hall entrance so we thought we could be heard through the door. Jane broke off her dictation; not knowing exactly what to do we answered the door.

(It was John Bradley, a medical-salesman friend whom we saw occasionally when he was in town. The three of us seemed to get along well and we had some interesting evenings of conversation on many subjects.

(It was now 10:45. We asked John if he could come back later, explaining that we were doing some research on ESP for Jane's book. John thanked us but said it would be too late and that he would see us next time. He said he believed in ESP. Both Jane and I were glad to see John, and later we discovered that both had the impulse to ask him to stay, but did not for fear the other would rather not. And of course Jane and I were wondering what effect, if any, the interruption would have on her ability to continue the session. But John no sooner closed the door upon leaving, than Jane resumed dictating.)

If I may make a comment.

Your eager, bungling friend was an acquaintance in your immediately past lives, making late contact with you now. He was a sort of educated medicine man in those days, peddling many potions supposed to arouse erotic passions in weak and fainting Victorian ladies. He had seven children, a wife of almost obscene girth, and a child called Stephen who was a pharmacist or doctor. His name was Cronton the Third.

He knew you both slightly. You came in contact with him at various times. His wife Geneva—that is not Geneva the city, G-e-n-e-v-e-v-a (*spelled out*)—came to Ruburt to contact a dead brother. Geneveva was wealthy, upright and homely. Your friend was four years younger than she, five times poorer, and ten times more ambitious.

They married over the objection of her family. He actually had a small pharmacy which he ran himself, in Boston. On the side he sold whatever merchandise idiotic men and women would buy to secure lovers. Behind the

respectable scenes such concern was high, and many a good churchgoer let ministers in the front door while they collected bottles supposedly filled to the brim with fleshy incentives in hidden back rooms.

He died in 1863, fat, widowed, and fairly prosperous. He choked to death on a prune pit. Since he was short of breath and fairly portly and filled with gout, this isn't as silly as it sounds. He was 82 or 83. He should watch his drinking habits closely in this life as he has a predisposition toward gout, and drinking to excess can lead in this direction. And I don't care what your doctors say.

(John had told us about stopping off for a couple of drinks on the way over.)

He merely moved in the circle, the outer circle, of your acquaintance at that time. There is no reason in particular why you met him this time, except for this sense of familiarity. It does not follow, in other words, that everyone with which you are concerned involved themselves with you in past lives. You always meet completely new and different personalities in various existences as well as old ones. Many times in fact you solve problems that arose with certain personalities by helping other personalities in other lives.

There are laws of a sort that govern these matters. But you can mark my words: In one way or another, all debts are paid. These so-called debts are actually challenges to the particular personalities involved. The word debt implies guilt, and such a connotation is not my intention.

The sense of original sin, however, which unfortunately has been made so much of, is undoubtedly in part an inner recognition of debts of this sort, hanging over the personality at birth. But again there is no guilt in the terms usually applied to that word.

I suggest you take a break, though I have to admit that the entry of your late friend just about has me all broken up.

(Break at 11:07. We talked about having witnesses to these sessions occasionally. We also discussed my idea, mentioned some days ago, that in the beginning of these sessions we had actually contacted Frank Watts rather than Seth. Jane resumed dictating at 11:17.)

I believe that you are far enough along so that you could work with an observer present, providing the observer was someone with whom you felt comfortable. This is as you wish. That is, it makes no difference to me. If Ruburt becomes uncomfortable, then of course you would not have a good session. Since I make no effort to control Ruburt in any way, I have no idea how he would react.

If the observer was someone you both trusted, the fear of failure would not enter in so strongly. I tried to tell you both that your friend was welcome to

stay, but could not get through the strong conscious static at your end.

Frank Watts, dear inquisitive Joseph, is resting, and he needs it. You are right in supposing that I ran after him, grabbing his shirttail so to speak, in our beginning sessions. And yet, you see, it was easier for him to make contact for me in the beginning than it was for me to do it myself. He was simply more open to your plane. There are many things, naturally, that I have not explained to you simply because of the time involved on your part. Needless to say there is great fluidity and variety and challenge on the part of personalities and fragments and personality fragments.

There is great give-and-take here as in all other matters. I will go into this further at a later date. I am not squelching Frank Watts. I am sure he appreciates your concern. There is much involved here in the matter of personality fragments and of particular personalities, and it is too late for me to begin a discussion in depth.

No potentiality is ever ignored, but given full opportunity to use its abilities. Not only does such a potential depend upon inherent abilities, but also upon a facility to use energy and to gather it together in one field as a unit.

Upon this depends, to a large extent, the strength of any sort of a fragment, and this ability as much as any other is a limiting factor also. This is a matter into which we have not yet gone. It is nevertheless important, and one of the basics with which some of our later sessions will be concerned.

It is this ability which is ever a strong force on your plane, having to do with the building up of particular elements, atoms, neurons and so forth, into camouflage patterns. On your plane you must use this organizing ability to form the camouflage pattern. There are planes with much simpler camouflage patterns, and some inhabited by personalities too weak or limited in this ability, and others inhabited by personalities strong in this ability to use energy, but who no longer need to use it in such a camouflage pattern.

Do you want to take a break? I mention this for Joseph, because his fingers seemed cramped. In any case I believe we will close tonight's session. I am tempted to carry you further along the lines which we have just begun. However I do not feel it would be a good idea so late in the session. You will see that we have covered a good bit of material here. And I certainly hope I have set Joseph right as far as Frank is concerned.

("Yes, I worry about him.")

You needn't. He is doing very well for himself. And now, dear friends, good night. I will of course continue the session if you want me to.

(It was 11:15. As usual Jane and I wanted to continue, but we were both so tired we decided against it. Jane then received this:)

Sleepy time is no crime. Now I am no poet and you know it.
(At the board, we used the pointer to indicate good night.

(Gratis)

Yes, good night, yes.

(End at 11:40.)

SESSION 22
FEBRUARY 4, 1964 6:50 PM TUESDAY
UNSCHEDULED

(This session was unscheduled. Jane had received a letter from her publisher today. We had been talking about Seth, also. Alone in the kitchen after supper, she wondered about a "little" session tonight, and received this:)

Are you gluttons for punishment?

(And after she wondered about the success of her book on ESP, for Ace:)

I cannot afford to give you any predictions at this time for fear that you would unconsciously distort them, and then it would seem that I was to blame.

(While she was in my studio telling me this, she received more:)

I enjoy the lively arts.

(I laughed. But Jane asked me to get pen and paper, so the session got under way in our living room. For the first time we did not use the Ouija board. The curtains were open, it was still light out, we could hear people talking downstairs and in the hall outside our door. Nothing seemed to interfere. During the session we observed no voice phenomena to speak of. There was a moderate darkening of Jane's eyes.)

Well, the chickadees must be restless tonight.

I am not necessarily in favor of sessions outside a regular schedule, for reasons having to do with your natures rather than mine.

However your unbounded enthusiasm this evening made me hesitate to disappoint you. It's so nice to be wanted. I don't mean to be sarcastic, it really is. Though I certainly appreciate your interpretation, Joseph, as far as my comment on the lively arts is concerned, nevertheless though I enjoyed Jane's little performance that is not what I was referring to. Incidentally, I rarely attend your little apartment unless in one way or another you ask me to, and tonight you were yelling my name from the rooftops, so to speak.

(Earlier this evening we had discussed whether I was really necessary to the sessions. I had wondered why Jane, rather than dictating to me, could not just sit down and write out the messages from Seth.)

My remark about the lively arts had to do with the method of communication we use at the present time. Jane is right in supposing that I prefer conversation, even though I admit this usually amounts to a monologue. And this

is what I meant by the lively arts. There is little spontaneity involved in automatic writing, as far as emotional content is concerned. At least that is my opinion.

Even though I do not give you much time to comment, I still like a give-and-take mood, and the interplay of personalities that you get in this manner. Believe it or not, your comments are invited. I will even say welcomed. If Ruburt, or should I call him her, Ruburt, Jane-if Ruburt-Jane feels slighted since I address you so much more frequently, it is because your mouth is free to answer.

The method of communication suits me temperamentally, and believe you me I can be temperamental. Somehow, to me at least, it seems that automatic writing could become like an institution. It is often so one-sided. Also, I enjoy the questions that you do manage to get in. Oftentimes they remind me of other things I would like to say.

This is but a brief session. I do not intend to keep you very long, but I am pleased with the letter from Ace; and Jane is right, you have them hooked. And why not? My name was in the book. In any case the two of you are needed, as I mentioned earlier. For one thing we three have much in common. More in fact than you know thus far.

(“Seth, last night Jane had a lot of confused dreams, in which she seemed to be getting or giving instructions in life readings.”)

I was not trying to reach Ruburt in her sleep. Even I am not so bold as that. A woman’s slumber is after all a private and sacred thing. See how prim that last sentence would sound if it were merely written down without the lively, slightly sardonic inflection which I manage to give to Ruburt’s voice?

In any case however, her inner senses were indeed wide open. She forgot to close them before she went to bed. The material was coming through from her own entity. I had kept you up, as it was, long enough.

This is just a short private little session. I have never completely trusted the written word half as much as I trust the spoken word, and on your plane it is difficult to trust either. But I do not feel that I could be myself as easily if you tried automatic writing, for example. I do not mind speaking through Ruburt’s mouth. Somehow the sound of the words is rather pleasant. But seeing myself transformed more or less into plain black and white words on a page of paper seems dull and uninteresting. And I have always enjoyed conversation, which is the liveliest of all arts. And I am speaking now of the social arts, dear Joseph. Already I can see you yelling foul. I did not mean that conversation was on an equal par with painting.

(“I wasn’t thinking of it in that way.”)

This is a very pleasant little session and very enjoyable for a change. For heaven's sake, Ruburt, get yourself a match. The suspension and suspense is killing me. Will she or won't she light that cigarette? Please find a match.

(I got Jane a match from my studio.)

It is true that Joseph receives much data through inner visions. In the past he has more or less translated this data automatically into a new camouflage pattern, in other words into a painting, without realizing that he had received any vision at all. You can learn, Joseph, to use your other inner senses as I tell you more about them.

Because Ruburt deals in words it is easy for me to communicate in this manner. That is, Ruburt automatically translates inner data given by me into coherent, valid and faithful camouflage patterns, into words. The data that I give is not actually sound on my part. The transference of my data is automatic and instantaneous on Ruburt's part and is performed through the inner workings of the mind, the inner senses and the brain.

It is much more difficult for this data to be transformed by you, Joseph, and Ruburt is right here, because you are sensitive to inner visual data, and pictures that you get in this way would frequently need interpretation.

It just happens that Ruburt's ability happens to lie along the easiest route as far as these communications are concerned. That is, both of you have pursued separate abilities because of the bent of your particular personalities. You will go on now to develop other senses as you learn of them. The problem is not only to receive data through the inner senses in an undistorted and coherent manner, but also of translating this data into the particular camouflage patterns with which you are familiar.

I am sorry that this involved Ruburt with so much work voicewise, and that it involves you Joseph with so much hand work. I do go along with your individual talents, making use of them when I can, and helping you to develop abilities that you have let lie unused and latent.

(“What would you think of my trying some woodcarving, for instance?”)

Woodcarvings are woodcarvings made of wood. I'm not sure of what the question means.

(“I was thinking of trying to express myself in a different way, with a different medium.”)

Do you have in mind the transformation of inner data into woodcarvings?

(“Yes.”)

You could certainly try it. There is nothing to be lost, and perhaps much to be gained.

(“Well, suppose I tried to carve a likeness of you in wood. Could I get

that likeness by using my inner senses? Would it come through?”)

It would if you looked for it. It might be fun certainly to try.

(“I know I could try for a likeness in a drawing, of course. I was just wondering about doing the same thing in a different way.”)

I mentioned once that I found sculpture to be a more imprisoning form than say painting, music or a poem, and here I will mention my reasonings. You will have to look at this in an opposite manner than is usually used when discussing such arts. I believe that it is usually considered that an art is more powerful if it appeals to as many outer senses as possible. That is, you would perhaps think that a statue would be extremely lifelike because it exists in space and depth, having width and girth. That is, you can feel it, see it and touch it.

You must remember that the outer senses react to camouflage pattern. The statue actually imprisons vitality more than a painting or musical composition or poem, because it is bound to you by so many ties. I meant to make this plain earlier. I won't keep you any longer, lest you grow impatient with me tomorrow. At all costs I don't want to wear out my welcome.

(“You're not.”)

As you like. Take a short break or end the session. You see I do give you some choice.

(Break at 7:30. I now described to Jane an experiment of mine that I had tried earlier in the day. Standing in the middle of our living room and looking at various objects, such as a vase, a painting on the wall, a plant, etc., I had attempted to let my mind's eye travel around these objects so that I could picture within the far side of them.

(Similarly, last night I stood at a window and looked out across the Walnut Street bridge. I visualized myself walking across this bridge, feeling the wooden flooring beneath my feet. I felt myself walk beneath the signal lights at the far end, and continue on up the street. I tried to reach out and envelop the feeling of the house and trees on each side of me, to sense them as if by touch as I passed each one by. Jane resumed dictation at 7:30.)

Your experience yesterday Joseph was an exercise of the inner senses, and one that you should try for again and again.

I do intend to go into all the inner senses in a very detailed manner but tonight is not the time. Ruburt would also do well to try for inner visions. However this will take much practice on her part, as she is as far from proficiency along that line as you are far from her use of the ability to transform inner data into audio patterns.

It would be nice if you had a fireplace, wouldn't it?

(“Yes it would. My parents have one and we've often envied them.”)

I will have much to say about Ruburt's family, whether he likes it or not. I did meet with Ruburt's grandfather, who said that his favorite granddaughter last time was a good kiddo.

("You're a good kiddo," was the ultimate compliment that Jane's very reticent grandfather could pay her. He died in March, 1948, when Jane was 19.)

I am having my hands full trying to give you material on Joseph's side without trying to manipulate both of your relatives at once. Do you realize how much time and how much involvement it would cause you to give someone else a rundown on your own relatives, just in this lifetime?

It is not that difficult for me but there is after all literally a stupendous amount of information, and even though I can more or less "see" it at once, I cannot give it to you in this manner, and that is where much of the difficulty arises.

Someday we'll have a party. If you're good, you two, and if you will either borrow a recorder or dispense with notes or some such, we will have a good old informal time of it, though not of course like Denmark. And I'll get down to brass tacks on Denmark one of these days, you old son of a gun, Joseph.

(I laughed.

("I can hardly wait.")

Oh yes you can.

("It must be good.")

You are such fun, you two. I simply will not let you use automatic writing. Not that I couldn't. If I do say so myself my prose is excellent. Even Ruburt will have to agree, with a certain amount of green-eyed envy. But it simply would not be the same and I surely hope that neither of you press the point until it hurts.

I am leaving your past, that is immediate-past lives, for future reference because I'll have such fun with you when the time comes. And I am not just making promises about our little party, either.

("Well, I can see that we're going to have to get a recorder, then.")

There is so much I could say. I could run on for hours but you would probably catch me. Incidentally, I am not fonder of you, Joseph, than I am of Ruburt, though I hope this doesn't hurt your feelings.

("Nope.")

I am not so dumb, either. I am equally fond of you both. It is just so much fun to taunt you. I always did, and you always taunted me back.

("Both of us?")

(Here, I was trying to lead Seth on.)

It was not safe to play around with Ruburt in such a manner ever,

because when you weren't looking he would be just as liable to hit you over the head with a rock for something you had said ten years ago, and completely forgotten. Not really a rock, but you know what I mean. Some things about a personality never change.

There, you two chickadees, good night for now. If you want, I'll subtract an hour from tomorrow's session, but I hope you won't be that picayune.

("No, we won't.")

Incidentally, you called me when you were sick last year, though you probably don't realize it consciously, and Ruburt was calling help like crazy. When he gets panicky does he ever get panicky! He guards you like a mother hen, you egghead.

("Wonderful. That I like.")

Well, I suppose I have to say good night. I have such pity for your fingers, Joseph.

("They're not falling off, you know.")

If they every do, save them. I don't care about how long I communicate, but I don't want to be blamed for fatigue or missed sleep or anything of that sort. I can tell you, though, that any unscheduled sessions will be the exception and not the rule. Too much of a good thing, you know—ha ha.

So again, take a break if you want, or say good night as you wish.

(End at 7:55."Every once in a while," Jane said, "he gets warm and emotional, and it always throws me. I never know quite what to do. And it does take something out of you. I'm amazed..." I could see that even after an hour Jane had tired somewhat, so I said good night to Seth aloud and ended the session. Jane had shown no voice or hand phenomena, nor had she any feeling of nervousness before the session began.

(After the session she took a nap, since we were expecting company later in the evening.)

SESSION 23

FEBRUARY 5, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(By 8:45 Jane had the jitters as usual before a scheduled session. Last night she was not nervous, since the session was unscheduled.

(We had been speculating about spending our immediately-past lives in Boston, since Seth had hinted at this in the last session. We opened the session by sitting silently at the board, but Jane began to receive Seth even as the pointer spelled out his greeting. She laid the board aside and began to dictate in a normal voice, pacing as usual.)

Good evening, chicks.

(“Good evening, Seth.”)

You never were proper Bostonians. I hope our little session last night wasn't too much for you.

(“No, it was fine.”)

It certainly didn't take you by surprise, however, since I felt that you almost expected me to visit.

Ruburt's suggestion concerning ESP cards is a good one. They are elementary, to say the least. However they are good tools, and you would both benefit from using them and trying them out on others.

The bakery across the street from Throckmorton's shop was run by a man called Ragan. R-a-g-a-n. He had a wife, five children, and three children who died in their early years. He was a distant cousin of Throckmorton's, of Irish descent.

The shop was directly across the way from Throckmorton's, and in like manner the family lived upstairs and in the rear. A cobblestone street lay between the two shops. One of the small daughters, Anna, was the child with whom Dick played.

One of the other children, a brother, is now one of your cousins; and another child is now a twin of Dick's present wife. There is, incidentally, a variant in the case of twins that I will go into sometime. The family was more prosperous than Throckmorton's. The house had two small extra rooms.

The girl Anna married the other younger brother of Dick's, who also became prosperous in later years. The head of the family is also someone with

whom you are acquainted, being in this life the husband of your present mother's niece. That English existence had much to do with your family and its relationships in this life. New challenges were set for the personalities.

At that time old challenges had been met and old debts had been paid, to a large degree. I will not make this evening's session too long because of last evening's unscheduled one. However as you have probably supposed by now, change of sex and race is the usual as far as continuing existences on your plane are concerned.

As a rule each entity is born so that he experiences at least three roles, that of mother, father and child. I make three roles rather than two because a complete childhood, for example at least once, is usually necessary so that a personality can experience the knowledge of human growth.

Of course two lives would be sufficient to give you the three roles, but in some cases a personality does not function into adulthood, and therefore does not experience motherhood or fatherhood. Also for one reason or another a personality may not have offspring. Beside the three necessary roles there is another quality, different in dimension, which is also necessary for the personality, and this involves the fullest use of potential.

Lack of this last factor can cause a personality to be reborn more times on your plane than would be necessary if only the role requirement operated. This requirement for fullest use of capabilities has nothing to do with opportunity in the social sense, although of course the particular social framework will have much to do with the particular development of certain abilities.

The personality when it leaves your plane for good will have developed its potentials as far as it possibly can. This does not mean that all personalities who have left your plane are at the same level. Since their potential has individual variety, it depends a good deal upon the personality's ability to utilize energy as a unit, or to transform energy into unit patterns.

The ability to do this is not predestined in any way, shape or manner, but it seems to be inherent, unpredictable; but one of the basic characteristics of any given fragment.

I have only begun to go into this, but this matter is extremely important. Everyone who has left your plane has developed as far as he can on your plane. But as in your life certain environments tend to encourage some people in the realization of their talents, and seem to hinder others in the development of their peculiar talents, so some personalities expand in their capabilities on your plane; and some who do rather poorly on your plane expand surprisingly on other planes.

This talent for using energy to form unit patterns is elemental, not only on your plane but in all other planes. It involves drawing upon the basic vitality of the universe in using the inner senses, and actually pulling to oneself more and more of this underlying vitality. Lest this suggest images of graspy potbellied souls, gluttonously grabbing the stuff of the universe for themselves out of the mouths of the less ambitious, let me hasten to inform you that such is not the case.

(Jane's voice was still normal and her eyes had their usual darker look. But by now the rhythm of her pacing as she dictated Seth's messages had picked up quite a bit. She was moving about faster than ever before; so much so that I began to think it might be extremely fatiguing if she kept it up.)

In the first place this vitality is self-generating and limitless, and we shall go into origins, reasons and so forth all in due time. Nevertheless as you do not deprive another of breath as you breathe, so you do not deprive another of the vitality of the universe simply by the act of using it yourself.

We have, I believe, used the analogy of air, comparing it to the vitality of the universe in one of our previous sessions. As air is dispelled from the lungs in various forms and used and reused without any loss of power, strength or quantity, so is the vitality of which we speak used in different manners. So does it enter as one thing many times, and so does it emerge as something different many times; and so does it change shape and content, and so does it show many faces and yet never disappears. And as air seems invisible so does this vitality seem invisible, and yet like air this vitality gives shape to every object that you see, and so does it form every camouflage. Without it all camouflage would vanish. And so the ability to use this vitality well is as necessary to life as is the necessity to use air for breathing.

I suggest you take a short break.

(Break at 9:35. Jane said the sentences making up this message were so long and involved that she made no effort to pay any attention to them while voicing them. This seemed strange to her because as a writer she is used to watching out for grammar, punctuation, etc.

(When I told her she had been pacing at a faster rate than ever before, she said it felt very effortless. She was not at all tired. This was the first time she had been aware of such a feeling. She resumed at 9:43.)

Now I wish to make another point along these lines. No one, I am sure, denies the existence of air because ordinarily you do not see it. No one denies the existence of air because they do not understand the method by which their own lungs breathe. Yet they know that they breathe, and they know that without breath death is inevitable. To deny the existence of air would seem ridiculous. It

is just as ridiculous to deny this vitality because it is usually unseen, or because you do not understand how you use it.

Some part of the individual is aware of the most minute portions of breath, some part of the individual knows immediately of the most minute particle of oxygen and components that enters the lung. The thinking mind, or I had better say the thinking brain, does not know. Your all-important "I" does not know.

In actuality, my dear friends, the all-important "I" does know. You do not know the all-important "I", and therein lies your difficulty. It is fashionable in your time to consider man, or man's "I", as the product of the brain and an isolated bit of the subconscious, with a few odds and ends thrown in for good measure.

Therefore, with such an unnatural division it seems to man that he does not know himself. He says "I breathe, but who breathes, since consciously I cannot tell myself to breathe or not to breathe?" He says "I dream, but who dreams? I cannot tell myself to dream or not to dream." He cuts himself in half, then wonders why he is not whole. Even in my own lifetimes on your plane I sensed this basic contradiction. Man has consistently admitted to the evidence only those things he could see, smell, touch or hear, and in so doing he could only appreciate half of himself. And when I say half of himself I exaggerate. He is aware of only a third of himself, because two-thirds of himself exists in that realm to which he will not admit.

It is as if a man found himself in a completely dark room, into which no sounds came. And he looked down, could not see his body, could not hear his voice, and therefore deduced that he had no body and no voice, even though he knew he had both a body and a voice before he entered that room. But he says "I will at any moment believe only what I can see, and though I am sure that I saw more at one time, now I can see nothing and so I have no body, since I cannot see it."

With the hands that he does not think he has, our imaginary man then feels the contours of his body. But does this help him in his dilemma? No. He yells witchcraft. If someone else says "Oh, I feel a body," he says "You are a medium." Or, if you prefer, a crackpot. The fact remains that you have within yourself the evidence.

I suggest a brief break.

You will notice I am sure that the brief breaks are getting briefer in duration; and yet I am letting you break more often but for shorter periods. This material, you will find, will be a basis for other material that will come, and I prefer to give it to you before we go any further into a study of time.

(Break at 10:00. Jane resumed her fast pacing when we began again at 10:04.)

If man does not know who breathes within him, and if man does not know who dreams within him, it is not because there is one who acts in the physical world and one completely separate who dreams and breathes. It is because he has buried the part of himself which breathes and dreams. If these functions seem so automatic as to be performed by someone completely divorced from himself, it is because he has done the divorcing. This is not the case on all planes. It is not even the case on planes that you might consider lower than your own, nor is it the case with some portions of life that you consider beneath you on your own plane.

It is not in any manner inevitable or a law of the universe. Far from it. For some reason mankind as a species on your plane has become much more attached to its camouflage patterns than most other kinds of consciousness. And with some important exceptions, all types of consciousness do have their peculiar camouflage patterns to which they more or less adhere.

It is on your part more than anything else, a simple refusal to admit into existence anything that is not a camouflage pattern. Camouflage patterns are of course, with again some exceptions, essentials on any plane, since each type represents the actual form of the plane and the various characteristics within it. Nevertheless it is possible, and actually much more efficient and simple, to accept this fact and also realize and admit the inner vitality behind the camouflage.

I mentioned somewhat earlier that oftentimes the consciousness becomes the subconscious and vice versa. This should certainly come as no surprise. You are familiar with it in your everyday existence. It is not some isolated occurrence that happens once in a lifetime, and yet as a rule mankind has ignored this completely. In sleep the conscious becomes actually the subconscious and the subconscious, in the most real manner, becomes conscious. Every man instinctively knows this simple fact, and yet every man stubbornly refuses to admit it.

The part of you who dreams is the "I" as much as the part of you that operates in any other manner. The part of you who dreams is the part of you who breathes. And this part is certainly as legitimate and actually more necessary to you as a whole unit, as far as survival on your physical plane is concerned, than the part that also plays bridge or Scrabble. It would seem ludicrous to suppose that such a vital matter as breathing would be left to a subordinate and almost completely divorced poor-relative sort of a lesser personality.

As breathing is carried on in a manner that seems automatic to the

conscious mind, so this important function of transforming the vitality of the universe into pattern units also seems to be carried on automatically. But this transformation is not as apparent to the one part of yourself that you are pleased to recognize, and therefore it seems as if this transformation is carried on by someone even more distant and alien than the unrecognized part of yourself that breathes.

You would most probably not even admit that you breathed at all if you did not have tangible evidence before your eyes, and yet you have the evidence of the camouflage world of physical appearance before your eyes; you accept it and make up farfetched fantasies to explain its existence rather than face the facts.

The facts are simply that you yourselves form these camouflage patterns, and I repeat this simple statement: You form the camouflage world of appearances with the same part of you that breathes. You do not admit the breather as really being a part of yourselves, nor do you admit the creator of the camouflaged physical world as being part of yourselves.

Because you know that somehow you breathe, without consciously being aware of the actual mechanics being involved, you are forced despite your inclinations to admit that you do do your own breathing. When you cross a room you are forced to admit that you have caused yourself to cross the room, even though consciously you have no idea of willing the muscles to move or of stimulating one muscle or another; and yet even there, though you admit these things, you do not believe them. In your quiet unguarded moments you still say who breathes, who dreams, and even who moves? How much easier it would be to admit freely and wholeheartedly the simple fact that you are not consciously aware of important vital parts of yourself, and that you are more than you know you are.

But since it is so difficult for man to even recognize the self that moves his own muscles and breathes his own breath, then I suppose it should not be startling that he cannot realize that this whole self also forms the camouflage world of physical appearance, in almost the same manner that he forms a pattern with his breath upon a glass pane.

Again I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 10:32. During break Jane seemed to become aware of several things at once. She said she thought she'd been in a trance of some kind almost from the beginning of the session. She had no memory of giving the above monologue; she said it was as though she had "vanished." I told her that of course she was with me all the time, pacing so fast that at times it was distracting. The material, she said, came through with no distortion at all. She

felt as though she were a pure vehicle; she had no conscious thoughts about it, she was hardly aware of her environment at all. She had a vague memory of picking up a wineglass once. Actually I had watched her smoke a couple of cigarettes while dictating, pace back and forth, pause to look out the windows, etc. She did not feel tired, nor had her voice shown any changes.

(Jane also now became aware of her “fat” hands again. She said they felt as though there was flesh between the fingers that she was not used to having there. We examined them. They were wet, and to me the fingers appeared thicker. Again, she could not get one of her rings back on.

(Jane resumed dictation at 10:42.)

Without knowing what he was doing Ruburt has been developing his inner senses to an almost amazing degree, but naturally he did this unknowingly, pursuing other aims. In the past he was so bound to the conscious ego that in fiction he found it difficult to write anything that was not strictly autobiographical.

The poetry has always been the result of facility in use of the inner senses, but until lately he was unable to give this sufficient pattern in terms of unitary form. His efforts in the book *The Physical World as Idea Construction* represented a breakthrough on his part. He realized, I believe, from the beginning that the conscious critical mind had little to do with the initial conception.

The book was a first attempt in forming a definite pattern of the material that he was receiving from the inner senses. He was beginning to recognize the whole self. The only reason the whole self is not much more conscious and accessible is your own stubborn refusal to admit it. I cannot emphasize this more strongly. The camouflage pattern world is formed by the mind, and I am using this now in its true term as a part of the inner world. Energy is received by the mind through the inner senses and transformed by use of mental enzymes into camouflage patterns.

There is no reason why mankind cannot be aware of this transformation, if once he admits into existence the whole self which makes this possible. As I mentioned earlier the process of breathing seems automatic, and yet some part of you is aware of the most minute portions of air that inflate the lungs.

You, or the part of you that you are pleased to call yourself, refuse to admit as part of yourself the “I” that is aware of every breath you breathe, every move you make, and every dream that you dream. In other words breathing and dreaming are not automatic, nor do they operate without your knowledge. Mankind simply refuses to admit the breather and the dreamer.

(By now Jane’s delivery was really wound up. Though she did not talk

much faster she emphasized the words more, used more gestures, and paced about even more rapidly. However I had the feeling she was not in as deep a trance state as before. Her hands still bothered her also; she had taken off one ring at the start of the session but had left her wedding ring on; now she was trying to get that one off too, but without success.)

In many cases he refuses to admit the mover. He trusts himself much more when he says "I will read," and then he reads, than he does when he says "I will see," and then he sees. He remembers having learned consciously to read, but he does not remember consciously having learned to see. And what he cannot remember consciously he fears, and what he fears he simply denies existence to.

The fact is, he sees although no one taught him how to see. And the part of himself that did teach him to see still guides his movements, still moves the muscles of his eyes, still becomes conscious despite him when he sleeps, still breathes for him without thanks, without recognition, and still carries on his task of transforming energy from an inner reality to an outer camouflage.

He becomes trapped by his own artificially-divided self. He looks for gods, anything at all, to explain perfectly natural functions that belong to him. This beautifully absolves him in his own eyes from all responsibility, but it does not. I have been speaking here only, if you will believe it, of personalities in their particular lives as they operate on your plane, and I have much to say.

You must remember, and this is I'm afraid a sideline: but I must communicate this data to you by words which must necessarily be strung out in order, end to end, when now to me there is no such necessity, and I will go into this further. As I began to say, I have been speaking of your plane and the personalities upon it. Now I will go into this further, into the entities involved.

It is true that as a rule you are not aware of your whole entity, which as a rule does not reside within your boundaries. But there is no reason why you must be blind to the whole self of your present personality, which is part of your entity, and which can be glimpsed on your plane in terms of the breathing and dreaming self of which I have spoken.

Another thing. It is in some ways convenient that you are not consciously aware of each breath that you take. But it is sheer stupidity to ignore the inner self which does the breathing, and is aware of the mechanics involved. What you almost get here is that some little unknown self performs these necessary functions, and that is not the case. I have said that the mind is a part of the inner world, but you have access to your own minds which you ignore, and this access would lead you inevitably to the truths about the physical world. Working inward you could understand the outward so much more clearly.

Because I say that you actually create the typical camouflage patterns of your own physical universe yourselves, by use of the inner vitality of the universe in the same manner that you form a pattern with your breath on a glass pane, I do not necessarily mean that you are the creators of the universe. I merely am saying that you are the creators of the physical world as you know it—and herein, my beloved friends, lies a vast tale.

Nor do I know all the answers. It is however a fact that even mankind, in his blundering manner, will discover that he himself creates his own physical universe, and that the mechanisms of the physical body have more functions and varieties than he knows. Nor in the sleeping state are these functions stilled. They continue in an even more direct form than they do when he is awake. He creates when he dreams in a truer and less distorted fashion, and his physical world is much more the product of his dreaming self than it is of his waking state.

This is not meant to discourage the intellect, but the intellect has never yet been used for the purpose for which it was developed. I suggest a brief break, and may I say that I am unusually pleased with tonight's session, and with Ruburt's performance, since this material is coming to you without any distortion whatsoever, as far as I can tell. This is indeed our best session to date.

(Break at 11:18. During this monologue Jane was not as far out, she said, yet was still "away" while talking. The phenomena persisted with her hands, though to a lesser degree, but she still could not get her wedding ring off.

(Through this session her voice had been normal. However when she resumed dictation her voice abruptly changed pitch, rising several notes up the scale. It was not a falsetto voice yet was close to it, and was the first use of this kind of voice. She maintained it until the close of the session, along with her fast pacing. Resume at 11:27.)

Time is one of your most obvious camouflages, and the study of time will lead you in a fairly direct manner from the camouflaged physical self to the inner self, which you ignore. Even now your psychologists speak of the difference between physical time, by which you set your clocks, and psychological time.

Psychological time so-called belongs to the inner self, that is to the mind. It is however a connective, a portion of one of the inner senses, which we will call for convenience the second inner sense.

Outer physical time is a complete camouflage, unnecessary basically on your plane; but you have made it seem necessary because of your refusal to admit the inner self as part of your whole personality, and therefore you have not been able to utilize psychological time to its fullest advantage on your plane.

Psychological time as I have said is a natural pathway, part of an inner sense, that was meant as an easy access from the inner to the outer world and back again. You do not use it as such.

This is one of the reasons why breathing seems automatic, and why dreaming seems to confound your physical camouflage idea of time. It is perfectly within your present capabilities to understand that time, to your dreaming self, is very much like time to your waking inner self. But you must first disconnect the physical concept of time and watches.

This concept is one of the easiest to explore, since as I have said your clock time is one of the most artificial of your camouflages. The time concept in dreams may seem far different than your conception of time in the waking state, when you have your eyes on a clock and are concerned with getting to some destination by, say, 12:15. But it is not so different from time in the waking state when you are sitting alone in a room with your thoughts, and with no particular need to get anywhere.

You will I am sure see the similarity now between this inner, alone sort of psychological time, experienced very often in waking hours, and the sense of time experienced in dreams. This is meant to show you but one more point of similarity between the waking and sleeping selves. In other words it is meant as another proof that they are indeed but one self, and that any divisions between them are artificial.

The intellect is extremely important in the manipulation of camouflage patterns once they are created. You have made your world, and your intellect should help you deal with what you have created. It has other vital functions which I shall enumerate at a later date. However, I cannot say this too often: You are more than your conscious mind, much more, and the self which you do not admit happens to be the portion of yourself which not only insures your own survival in the physical universe which it has made, but which is also the connective portion of yourself with inner reality. Which is, when all is said and done, the only basic reality; and which also continually enables you to create these camouflage patterns, and which contains knowledge and intuitions and memories which you need in a most desperate manner if you are ever to understand yourselves, and if the race of mankind is ever to evolve to its fullest.

It is only through the use of this inner man, through the recognition of the functions of this inner man, that the race will ever use its potential. The outer senses will not help man to achieve the inner purpose which drives him. Empathy is an outer materialization, very superficial, of the first inner sense which we have discussed so briefly.

Unless man learns to use this inner sense he may well lose whatever he

has gained. I will say much more along these lines at a later date. I believe I will close the session. I do not want to keep you up too late, although as usual I could keep on for hours. I am extremely pleased that we could come together in this manner. A certain development on your part was absolutely necessary before such sessions between us could take place.

A capacity to use your inner senses to some extent was necessary. I cannot explain fully, but I was dependent upon some of your abilities to some degree, and I will go into this also when I get to it. If you prefer to take a break and continue, that is perfectly all right with me. However I will leave it up to you both.

(Jane felt about the same as she did at our last break. Now that the session was over she realized that she'd had hardly any consciousness of what was going on through the whole thing. Yet, she didn't feel as tired as usual. We had little thought of continuing however.

("Well Seth, that was great but we've decided to call it a night."

(We said good night on the board.

(Gratis)

Bravo. Good night, yes.

(Jane said the bravo referred to the session. End at 11:51.)

(Since this material is discussed by Seth in the following session, the 24th, I include it here to avoid interposing such a lengthy question in the midst of the session material itself.

(On the evening of last Saturday, February 8, 1964, I had three separate and very strange sensations.

(We had company. I had just finished my first small glass of wine when a wave of "feeling" swept over me from foot to head. It was like a magnified tingling, or thrilling, suffusing the whole body, flooding up my legs into the abdominal and chest cavities; I was left feeling as though I might be lifted up and swept away. The first time the sensation was not as strong as the next two times. When it first swept over me, I wondered if the wine was responsible, though actually I had drunk very little.

(I waited quietly, and in a moment or two the sensation was gone. I was balanced on an arm of our davenport talking to our company. I had the odd feeling that the sensation was related both to the subject of conversation, and to some kind of message or communication I sensed or felt within; I believe that each time I experienced it, I was involved in talk about other people; relatives, children or perhaps parents.

(The next two sensations appeared somewhat later in the evening. The second one came perhaps after 11:30 PM, while we were sitting around the table eating. This sensation was so strong that I put down my sandwich and took off my glasses, because I literally did not know what to expect next. The wave of feeling washed over me very strongly. Although everyone about me was talking quite loudly, I had the weird sensation of voices within me, of mouths open or crying in soundless rhythm. I also felt, or sensed or perhaps glimpsed, a great chute or trough or pathway of some kind that reached down into me from above me, or at least from outside of me. I definitely felt apprehensive on this second occasion; I thought of some kind of attack, although there was no pain of any kind. The sensation in my chest was very strong. I believe, now that I look back, that this time I barely glimpsed the possibility that this might be an attempt at communication with me, from where I don't know, or that perhaps it might be a premonitory warning. I believe I thought of my aging parents, but am not sure.)

(The third time, after 12:30 AM, I was standing in the doorway to our kitchen talking to Jane when I had the sensation. This time it was not as strong. Even then, I was not quick-witted enough to capitalize upon it, perhaps by asking questions aloud. I was too involved, too swept up by this feeling, to be that objective on such short notice.)

(But now, the next day, the memory still lingers. What was it? Maybe Seth will know.)

(While writing out this statement, I am reminded that I experienced the same sensation, one time in a milder form, about a year ago. It happened on my job at Artistic Card Co., at noon. I was alone in the art room, eating lunch at my desk, when the feeling swept over me from head to foot. There was no warning, no pain, but the surprise of it doubled me over my desk. I was of course frightened momentarily, thinking of some kind of attack, but it quickly passed and did not return. I happened to be alone at the time.)

(I remember that I stood up and paced about for a few moments. Within a short time I forgot about it, until now. I recall that in a recent session Seth said that I had called for help. I had not left my full-time job at Artistic then, but was close to doing so, and at the time I had not been feeling well. Also, when I had the experience last Saturday, I was not feeling my best. As best I can remember, I did not tell Jane of the sensation I experienced at Artistic a year ago.)

(I wonder now: Had I again called for help? Was this an attempt at an answer?)

(See page 192 for second episode.)

(See page 275 for third episode.)

SESSION 24

FEBRUARY 10, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(After supper we set out to buy a tape recorder. We did not return to the house with it until 8:30, then looked it over until 8:45. Then we began to sit quietly in preparation for the session. As usual Jane began to get the jitters. We sat at the board; as soon as our fingers touched the pointer it spelled out Seth's greeting.

(Gratis)

Good evening

("Good evening, Seth. Now why does Jane still feel nervous before each scheduled session?")

(Jane dictates:) I explained this matter to you before. She is always slightly dubious and somewhat doubtful before a session, as she has explained herself, since she is the one through whom I speak. The inner senses are not accustomed to operating so freely and this upsets that all-present ego, and would seem sometimes to drive it to distraction.

(Already Jane's eyes had their dark inward look. She had begun to pace rather rapidly. Pausing before my desk, she drew her hands across the blotter there; her palms left two wet tracks. Her voice was normal.)

Usually in these sessions only one inner sense is in strong operation, but as I mentioned in our last session, man does not trust anything which occurs to him or in him unless he is consciously aware of what he is doing, how he is doing it, and why. It bothers Ruburt, as he has said in my hearing, that oftentimes just before we begin our session formally he does not have a thought in his head. And then my excellent dissertations begin, if you will forgive a touch of egoism on my part.

Ruburt wants to know where the words are coming from. He still wants to know if I am part of his subconscious—and I must admit I do find such an idea appalling—and he wants his answers given to him in a manner which his conscious mind can understand. This is our 24th session, and I am still trying to give you the answers.

It is as if I was operating on one of many channels, and I am still in the process of teaching you to operate the other dials. When you grow in

proficiency, and I certainly hope you will, then much greater dimension will be given to these sessions, with your help. You are getting now something that corresponds to one thin wispy signal, or one tinny distant sound, or one clouded foggy image. In the future as I said the dimension will grow. Your own inner senses will add greater reality than you can imagine at this point.

There is an inner sense, dear Joseph, that in a vague manner corresponds to your own inner images. That is, you use this inner sense quite inadvertently in your visions, except that as a result of your lack of consistent training you see these but dimly. Nor can you maintain them for long. You are of course familiar with the difference between the early movies, the stills without sound, the grotesque jerky motions, and the latest Technicolor achievements, with whatever embellishments have been added. In our attempts here in these sessions you hardly know what the camera is.

It is true that the difference is beyond words, that is the sense apparatus that you are trying to use, is much different than the outer apparatus with which you are familiar. The inner senses however give much stronger impressions than ones given by the outer senses. When we really progress in our sessions, you will have results that are as real as the outer camouflages that you take for granted.

That is, you will achieve the counterpart of sight, sound, smell, touch, embellished by inner counterparts of width and existence. You have trouble now with the duration of your inner visions because you are trying to transpose them according to physical camouflage time, and this is going about it in the wrong way to begin with. As I mentioned earlier in the last session, you have at your command even now an inroad so to speak, and a relatively accessible one, in what is termed psychological time.

This is closely related to one of the inner senses, the second inner sense, and it is upon psychological time that you must try to transpose your inner visions. You can see how handicapped we both are because of the difficulties involved in trying to make you understand inner data in terms of outer data, when the two are so apart, really, even while they are so closely connected. For instance, when I tell you that the second sense is like your sense of time, while this does give you a certain understanding or feeling of what this second sense is like, nevertheless it also is confusing, I know, because you are apt to compare the two too closely.

Perhaps I can clarify this slightly by saying that your experience of the second inner sense will feel somewhat like your appreciation of psychological time. I will go into this further. I suggest a short break. And I will, incidentally, have something to say about your new electronic toy.

(Break at 9:26. Jane's voice had been normal during this monologue, nor did it change during the balance of the session. Her hands now felt very cool; she said that briefly they had felt heavy or fat again, but the feeling disappeared along with her nervousness. Her pacing was quite fast however when she began dictating again. Resume at 9:29.)

Now there is a point I would like to make regarding your inner visions, my dear Joseph, and also concerning any perceptions of this sort whether through pictures or any other means.

In the first place, later we will use a different word than perception, which is somewhat misleading.

Any such communications coming through the inner senses will exist in your psychological time. I have said also that this psychological time operates during sleep and during quiet times of consciousness. Now in dreams and in the dream framework you have the feeling of experiencing many hours, or even days. These days or hours that you seem to experience in dreams are not recorded by the physical body, and are outside of your physical time camouflage. If in a dream for example you experience within the framework two days, physically you do not age for these two days.

I am sure you see the many places that this can lead us. For one thing, psychological time is so much a part of inner reality that even though your inner self is still connected to the physical body, you are in the dream framework free of some very important physical effects. Now as your dreams seem to involve you in duration that is independent of your clock time, and I have much more to say here, so can you achieve the actual experience of duration as far as your inner visions are concerned.

But the minute, the physical minute, that you try to transpose these visions upon the physical minute, then you have lost them. Many times I am sure, in so-called daydreaming, you have lost track of physical time, and before you know it the experience of inner duration has entered in. Physical time so-called, that is clock time, is one of the latest and most artificial of your camouflages. It has nothing to do with your particular plane. It is a human invention of which your animals are blissfully ignorant.

In Denmark, you yourself were ignorant of this clock time. To people in earlier centuries clock time was unimportant; and from here in I will distinguish between physical time, which has to do with day and night, with the tides and seasons, and clock time with which I will deal only when absolutely necessary.

Psychological time fits into physical time with little trouble. Originally this enabled man in many ways to live in the inner and the outer world with relative ease. Psychological time can be transposed onto physical time, but

psychological time cannot flow unhampered or with any freedom through days chopped up into so many clock divisions. The clock time idea was invented by the conscious ego of man for many various reasons, with fear in the foreground.

At another time we will have sessions dealing with evolution, and in these sessions we will cover the advent of clock time and its many ramifications. It is without doubt one of man's tragedies, and it arose in large part out of this unpredictable dualism that befell him.

Physical time, or that is clock time, was invented by man's ego to protect the ego itself, because of the mistaken conception of dual existence—that is, because man felt that a predictable conscious self did the thinking and the moving, and an unpredictable almost automatic self did the breathing and dreaming. He set up boundaries to protect the predictable self from what he considered the unpredictable self, and ended up by cutting the whole self in half.

Nor is the invention of clock time the only such mutilating device mistakenly invented and used to protect one part of the self from the other. You can almost trace back this fear through the legends and fantasies of the species.

I suggest a brief break, and after it we will touch upon some of the reasons for this fear which man felt, and feels, for the whole portion of his being. Because actually it is the apparent difference within himself that he fears, and he has projected this fear upon the part of himself he considered less capable of fighting back. And this, dear friends, was a big mistake, because the part of him that he denies fights back with more power than he knows.

I'd forgotten, by all means take your break. And if I seem less humorous this evening it is only because sometimes it's so difficult to get anything through your heads, even though you help me push.

(Break at 9:55. Jane reports that when she pauses for Seth, during a delivery, that she can sense the whole concept of whatever subject is being discussed. It appears to hang over her, but since it is too much to handle at once, she feels Seth withdrawing it, to release it to her a little at a time in the form of connected words.)

(During break I also mentioned that I hoped Seth would discuss my sensations of last Saturday evening. I had the typewritten description on the table before me. Jane, her voice normal, resumed pacing in her stocking feet, and dictating at 10:02.)

Concepts fit together in patterns in order for there to be communication between us. I must disentangle a concept from its pattern, which is somewhat difficult. It is somewhat like having to disentangle a particular word from a strong emotional association. I experience patterns made up of concepts, and you use words in associations.

When I speak through Ruburt I must disentangle the concept from the patterns, which sometimes leaves me with short ends because it is natural for me to experience the concepts in their entirety; and yet I must drop very important data by the wayside because you are not capable of handling it, except in consecutive form.

One of the advantages of the inner senses as they operate together is this ability to experience whole entirety patterns, and it is difficult to dilute this, to drop it so to speak, drop by drop. I would like to say something about Joseph's experience the other evening, but I also want to go into the invention of the soul.

You see, to me these things are closely associated and connected in an overall concept pattern, and yet I must give them to you one at a time, and take pages to make the connection clear. One of mankind's weaknesses has always been his impatience and his preoccupation with camouflage patterns on his plane. It is this impatience that made him attempt to know himself by examining the outside world, rather than exploring what was within himself.

There is so much to tell you I can really only hit the high spots a good deal of the time. However as I told you, and as even your Malba spoke the truth for once, this will be for you and Ruburt a lifetime experience. And so we do have the time, even the physical time, so that all the material will be covered.

In prehistoric times mankind evolved the ego and self-consciousness to help him deal with the camouflage patterns that he had created. This is no contradiction, and will be explained later. He did the job so well that even when he had things under control he was not satisfied. He developed at a lopsided level. He used himself as a tool to dissect himself. The inside senses led him to a reality he could not manipulate as easily as he could a camouflage world, and he feared what he thought of as a loss of mastery.

The soul fantasy, or spirit fantasy, arose at about this time, and has been a disadvantage to him because it gives a name and a designation to one part of the whole self, setting it up against the other part. It is this basic conception, however, that also forced him to face one truth despite himself—that of continued existence, to which he gave the word immortality.

This conception is to blame for the superstitious attitudes, however, concerning the inner world as a whole, and some of man's misconceptions have been ludicrous and pathetic. I think now mainly of his giving the immaterial inner self a dwelling place formed of physical camouflage patterns. In other words, a physical heaven and hell.

I will leave this subject and go into your experience the other evening, even though there is so much more here that needs to be said. The trouble is, you have to clear away so many misconceptions to get at some of the truths behind

them. The spirit is no less real because man has clothed it in such foolishness.

I suggest again a brief break, but mark my words: We will go into this material tong and hammer some night, and let the sparks fall where they may.

(Break at 10:25. During break we discussed Seth's apparent ability to go through the whole books of his notes that we have taken, two volumes to date, without the necessity to do it in consecutive order, turn pages, etc. I used the word "see" to describe this process. Jane resumed dictating at 10:30.)

Dear Joseph, apropos of your remarks during your break: I feel concept patterns, or at least that is the nearest I can come to explaining it to you, and this my dear friend will involve our third inner sense when we really go into that discussion. It involves a different idea entirely from the first inner sense, which somewhat corresponds on a different level to your empathy. There is a subtle distinction between the two senses that sets them apart.

I wanted to say a little more about duration, as far as communication from the inner senses are concerned. As I said, duration can be experienced in relation to psychological time and within its framework. The important thing here, and I'm afraid the difficult thing for you here, is the relaxation of the mind from clock time. And this is a freedom which you can and should allow yourself in such instances.

It comes, believe it or not, quite naturally, and if you relax you will be aware of it in quiet moments.

(I had been having some back trouble. A spasm seized me now, so much so that I had to quit writing.)

You had better stand up for a moment and move around. That is what you are supposed to do in these frequent breaks from the material. There is no reason why you cannot stand. There are articles of furniture upon which you can rest your pad. Surely I should not have to remind you of the practicality of camouflage patterns, with which I am no longer concerned. If I were as dependent upon them as you are, I would use them better. Indeed, I did when I was. Please do get comfortable.

(I took my pad over to our high, old-fashioned TV set. It made a good desk. I stood up to take Jane's dictation for the rest of the session.)

Hypnosis will work well to help your physical and even mental conditions. It is after all only a means of reaching the whole self and of acquainting the ego, through effects, with the abilities of the whole self, of which it is but a part.

(Jane had hypnotized me twice recently. The sessions had been very beneficial, giving me several days of freedom from pain after each session.)

Now if you are ready I will say a few words about your beautiful, if

haphazard, experience with the inner senses the other evening.

The circumstances at your end just happened to be right for something like this to occur. It was like a sudden opening of a door. You didn't know how to open it any further, and if I may say so, you didn't even know how to close it. And yet you would not even have admitted the experience consciously not too long ago, as something like it occurred at an earlier date and consciously you forgot it.

The first time this happened you were calling for help. Like most of the human race you feared the inner world so strongly, even though you were somewhat acquainted with it through your art, that nothing but panic would ever force you to try that invisible knob.

This time however there was a remembrance of panic, but that is all. Actually you opened the door out of desire, stimulated by our sessions and out of curiosity, but you were still scared to death.

What you experienced is difficult to explain until we have a thorough discussion of the inner senses, however I will give you a somewhat superficial explanation for now. What you experienced was an onrush, or should I say onslaught, of data in its pure form, rushing through the inner senses like a wind in kaleidoscope, because you did not know how to control or disentangle the data.

For this reason you attempted a rather hilarious feat. You tried to switch over and pick up inside data with the outside senses, and then project this inward. For a beginner it was quite a performance. You were attempting the impossible, and I will go into this also more thoroughly at a later time when you can understand the explanation a little better.

It was a defect on the receiving end that caused fear on your part. I will say this next sentence, and sometime later it will become more clear. You felt sound. This was faithful to the inner senses. But because you did not hear sound with your ears, you panicked and formed the image of mouths that could not speak. This was a projection of your inability and should not be taken as any condition of helplessness existing in the inner world, as I am afraid you interpreted the image.

Your feeling of a door or funnel is quite legitimate, however, and if you felt attacked because of the onrush of data that seemed to crash down upon you, it was only because of your lack of ability to control the volume, so to speak; although in this case such an imaginary knob would control much more.

You switched yourself off automatically because the experience frightened you, but the whole affair was beneficial because it gave you some firsthand experience of pure inner sensory data. It was unfortunate that it was so

uncontrolled, but I'm afraid this is to be expected in the beginning. If possible try to relax if this occurs again, and the data will slow itself up.

("Is there anything I can do to encourage such a flow of data again?")

At this stage you will do what you can to encourage it without my telling you, yourself, as you yourself initiated the event to begin with. Your own innate inner knowledge will aid you, and any intellectual comprehension at this time would not help; later it may.

I suggest a brief break. And this time my dear Joseph, do copy your strolling wife and move about.

(Break at 11:01. Seth's material had reminded Jane that several times in the past she'd had the experience of hearing music when none was to be heard—that is, no radios were playing within range, etc. Jane has very acute hearing, but was still sure the music came from within. And usually she would realize that it had been "playing" for some time as she went about her duties before she became aware of it consciously. Jane resumed at 11:07.)

This is going to be a rather brief session comparatively. One note I wanted to make: As I have said, psychological time is a natural connective to the inner world. Though you experience days or hours within the framework of psychological time during the dream state, and yet do not age for a comparable amount of physical time, so as you develop in your use of psychological time you will be able to rest and be refreshed within the framework of psychological time while you are consciously awake. This will aid your mental and physical state to an amazing degree, and you will discover added vitality on the one hand, and a somewhat decreased need to sleep on the other.

Within any given five minutes of clock time, for example, you may find an hour of resting which is independent of clock time. I wanted to make this point earlier.

Ruburt's forgotten-till-now experience with music was legitimate. Actually it reoccurred many times, I believe, and was always discarded by the conscious mind. Again, this involves feeling sound. That is all I will say for the moment, but it is a valuable foretaste.

When you grow tired or exhausted, one of the reasons for this is your inability to use even the simple psychological time to your own advantage. Remember this. I wish you good luck with your new thingamajig. If it is going to record my voice, then I wish it luck. Perhaps I shall play tricks on it. Perhaps I shall play tricks on you.

Incidentally again, hypnosis also helps you to use psychological time to a true advantage. The boundaries of clock time melt when psychological time is utilized. You can look through psychological time at clock time, and even use

clock time to your advantage; but without the initial recognition of psychological time, then clock time is somewhat of a prison.

Your physical time of seasons and tides, and night and day, is to me one of your most delightful camouflages, and if Ruburt will excuse my clumsy attempt at being poetical, I will say that physical time is like a delightful flowing gown that clothes psychological time with many different colors and materials and designs. It is a most faithful reproduction of psychological time, and one of your truest camouflages.

This is why psychological time seems to flow so easily when physical time is pursued and watched by a quiet "I". The one leads to the other and the camouflage is loose enough to let the inner form shine through. A proper use of psychological time will not only lead you into the inner world, but will also prevent you from being rushed in the physical world. Within it, that is within the framework of psychological time, you will discover a quiet and cool peacefulness. I tell you both this for your benefit, because both of you will gain much in the utilization of these added benefits.

Psychological time adds duration. You will find something else here. From the framework of psychological time you will see that clock time is as dreamlike and fleeting as you once thought inner time was. And you will discover that inner time is as much a reality as you once thought outer time was. You will discover your whole selves in other worlds, peeping inward and outward at the same time, and finding that all time is one time, and that all divisions are illusion.

You may take a break or you may end the session. And don't say I haven't led you on a merry chase tonight, for when you reread the material you will see that I have. I cannot stress too strongly the benefits you will receive by using psychological time as I have told you. You know now what it is and how to use it to advantage. Not only will it help the physical and mental being on your plane, but it will enable you to meet the whole self.

(Break at 11:30. Jane's voice had been normal, and her pacing slowed to its usual rate. Since we were both tired now we had little thought of continuing. Jane resumed at 11:35.)

Since you both are tiring I will end this session. The one point I would like to make, first, is this: Conscious fear is usually the main hindrance as far as data from the inner senses is concerned. Therefore, a realization that these senses belong to you and are quite natural will help you avoid the otherwise unavoidable, almost automatic closing off of such data by the consciousness.

If you will remember this, inner data will come through much more easily, and you will be able to control it. It is never of itself overpowering. There

are abilities in which you can train yourself, in both recognition of data when it occurs, utilization, and control. This also implies to some degree utilization as far as duration is concerned. That is, within the framework of psychological time you can lengthen such experiences.

You can never force them to exist for a specified period of clock time, nor for that matter can you do that to a dream. Though this may sound impossible at this stage, nevertheless you can control such data when in a waking state better than you can control a dream. Here you learn to use certain parts of the consciousness for the purposes of the whole self, but I will discuss this at a later date.

(Jane said that was all from Seth. I said good night aloud. We sat at the board and indicated good night with the pointer.)

(Gratis)

Good night, goodbye, yes.

(End at 11:45.)

SESSION 25

FEBRUARY 12, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(This was our first attempt at recording Jane's voice during a session. We knew little about operating the recorder yet, although the night before Jane had successfully recorded a hypnosis session in which she had helped me with my back trouble.

(We had but a 5-inch reel, and since the hypnosis material was also on this reel we didn't think we could record the whole Seth session, even with 4-track technique. But Jane set up the recorder, placed the mike on a coffee table near the center of the room, and ran a few feet of tape to make sure her voice was picked up from any part of the room. She then rewound the tape, recorded her name, the time and the date, and switched the set off. This was done by 8:45.

(By now Jane was nervous. As she wondered how she would do this evening, she received the following:)

Ah ha, my nervous pigeon.

(To open the session, we sat silently at the board. As we touched the pointer it began to move.)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth. How are you?")

(Jane stood up. She switched on the recorder, then began to pace and dictate as usual.)

And good evening, Ruburt, my nervous pigeon. Oh, how the ego fights. It is so sure of its dominance in all matters. Woe to anyone who gives a personality knowledge in the manner in which I am giving you knowledge. Oh, how the ego rises up in arms.

I know quite well that your toy is recording. This bothers me in no way whatsoever. Ruburt is aware of the droning of the machine but this will pass. And congratulations, my dear friends, on our 25th anniversary. You will be much older by the time I get through with you.

Ruburt has been complaining with loud inner wails because he has been sleeping later in the mornings, and hasn't put in his full work time this week. And of course I am to blame. I am most certainly not to blame. I certainly will not be the family whipping boy. It is true that I have disrupted your schedule to

some degree, but not after all in any great manner. How could you be spending the same amount of time any more profitably? The truth is, that the lazy ego finds excuses where it may.

If you use psychological time in the manner which I described, you will find that I have given you a time gift, in that you will receive great refreshment and relaxation in a short period of clock time. And your need for sleep will be minimized. This involves some training on your part, but is relatively easy and should come without too much difficulty.

I wanted to go into the invention of the soul, using mankind's own terminology, the soul and the spirit being thought of as one and the same thing. The duality of which we spoke is mainly artificial. It is stronger in more so-called advanced societies.

Studies will show that this duality is not a natural state of man, since even today many so-called primitive societies do not experience this duality to anything like the degree with which it affects more civilized communities. This alone should be proof that the condition is not a prerequisite for the species as such. Instead, and to the contrary, this sense of duality besieges man as he becomes more inventive in a purely mechanical fashion.

(By now Jane was pacing around the room at a fast rate, back and forth past the recorder. Her eyes had darkened. She displayed practically no voice or hand phenomena during the session.)

Nor is there anything wrong in inventiveness itself. Manipulation of camouflage patterns is to be expected, and furthermore is desirable. However, many native societies appreciate the fact of camouflage patterns, and retain the ability to separate the whole self from camouflage.

When I speak of the whole self I am of course referring to the personality as it exists in its entirety, having at its command use of both the inner and outer senses. That is, I speak of the doer, the mover, the breather and the dreamer as all belonging to one whole self.

This designation does not include the entity as a whole, however. The personality does have access to the entity, but the personality does not contain the entity. In other words the whole self as it exists on your plane does not contain the entity, although communication between the entity and the whole self can and does take place by means of the inner senses.

In many primitive communities, these communications are accepted as reality. In your civilization as a whole, they are not. I know that you will tell me, my dear Joseph, when your hand is tired, and we will break.

(“Yes.”)

Much investigation along the lines of so-called ESP is being carried on in

the Western world. The fact is that Western man has not only cut himself off from half of his own ability, and half of his own knowledge because of his insistence upon an artificial dual nature, but he has also cut himself off from the very primitive societies from which he could learn very much about these abilities, which he himself refuses to admit.

His education, his everyday pattern of existence, his cultural values, tend to imprison him so that he can only view other societies through the murky haze of his own misconceptions. If he considers a native in Africa, for example, as a superstitious rather imbecilic, almost prehistoric creature from the past, then he will learn nothing of that man's ability. He will ridicule any such evidence of so-called ESP on the native's part as further proof of the African's childlike mind.

I am not going to go into this particular matter to any great degree. There is certainly much to be said for Western man. However it is usually said by others, very eloquently, and nothing is said about the abilities of less civilized soto-speak societies.

The fact remains that psychologists or scientists cannot really speak of so-called ESP as either below normal or above normal as far as the species is concerned, just because Western man finds such difficulty in using it with any effectiveness. Other peoples manage to use it in a rather effective manner.

I suggest you take a break, and then I will have a few more remarks on the subject.

(Break at 9:27. I announced the time aloud, we made a few comments on how the session was going, then Jane shut off the recorder. She was not nervous by now, as usual. We had the machine set to record at the slowest speed possible, in order to make the tape last. When Jane felt Seth coming on again, she turned on the recorder, I announced the time, and Jane began to dictate once more. Resume at 9:31.)

The trouble is in ESP investigations, that you are using the wrong tools again. You are taking this dual self for granted again. Until you realize that there is one self, and not one self who does and manipulates and another self who breathes and dreams, you will get nowhere quickly. Investigations carried on according to what is considered scientific precepts are doomed in a large measure to slow-motion tactics at best, and to complete failure at worst.

This does not mean that evidence cannot be found, and overwhelming evidence, for the existence of the inner senses. It does mean that spontaneity must be allowed for. It is extremely difficult to relate data received by the inner senses into data that will be picked up by the outer senses.

Again, at best you get something like a mirror image which must be deciphered. This is rather difficult to get across to you. However, data received

by the inner senses will have its own discernible impact upon the personality receiving it, and this impact is as strong as any impact caused by camouflage stimuli.

The fact is that when you insist upon evidence through the outside, regularly accepted senses, that you almost automatically turn off the inner sense apparatus. This is not necessary. Man to a large degree has set up this habit reaction. It is not a natural habit reaction. You must take the inner data at its face value, and this is what you will not do. Once you take this first step of spontaneity, you will actually receive evidence that even your conscious mind will be forced to accept. But the first step of such willingness must be made.

If you once allow yourself to freely receive inner data in a spontaneous noncritical manner, you will see that this data is as legitimate, valid and varied, and as powerful as any outside stimuli. But to insist upon translating this data into channels that can first be picked up by the outer senses, and then expecting undistorted strong data, is asking the impossible.

Again, the impressions received by the inner senses are actually concrete in a way that you do not yet understand. This data also has physical effects upon the brain. In the same manner that impressions received from outside stimuli affect the brain, they make their impression upon it. They change the personality as any experience changes a personality. To insist upon evidence in terms of outside sensual data is as ridiculous a notion as to expect a camera to play music.

Music exists and can be played on a phonograph. Sights can be captured by camera. But you do not expect music to come from a camera. You do not expect a phonograph to take pictures, yet while you are listening to music from a phonograph this does not mean, even to you, that cameras do not record sight. You are expecting the outer senses to do something they are not capable of doing, of receiving or performing in a way that is alien to them. You are expecting them to act like a camera that can pick up music, and because the camera does not pick up music you are saying that music does not exist.

At the same time, using the rather weak analogy of music as compared to inner data, you are refusing to use the phonograph. That is, you are refusing to use the very inner senses which are equipped to handle the data that you wish to capture.

It is true that as a whole you do not as yet understand the inner senses intellectually. The part of yourself which you deny understands the inner senses well. But this does you no good at this stage of the game and so you are in the peculiar position, once more, of trying to dissect the inner world with camouflage tools.

It is your refusal to accept the whole self that causes the difficulty. Once

more: Data received by the inner senses is as vivid, and in fact more vivid, than any other data you will ever receive, and the ironic part of the whole matter is that you actually receive this inner data constantly. You utilize it constantly and yet consciously you will not accept its existence.

The very fact that you breathe and dream and perform countless other activities without any aid from the conscious ego should of itself convince even the most stubborn scientific skull that more is involved than science is willing to admit. The idea of the subconscious mind is merely a grudging, hedging, partial admission that man is more than the conscious ego, more than the sum of his parts, and more than a mechanism.

I suggest you take a brief break, and I hope you get all your pieces back together again, my two Humpty Dumptys.

(Break at 10:00. Before turning off the recorder Jane spoke into it, saying that if I could write faster she could talk faster. In regard to her fast pacing, she said it was no effort at all, that she felt as though she could "take off." Nor does she have any idea "of what I am going to say next, or anything.")

(During break Jane had to flip the reel on the recorder because the tape was almost used up. This took a few minutes. When finally all was set, she turned on the recorder and resumed her dictating and fast pacing at 10:12.)

I think your new toy is fascinating. I did not have anything of that nature to play around with, and I doubt that Frank Watts even knew recorders existed. I hope that my friend Ruburt made the right adjustments.

The point I wanted to make earlier was that evidence of what you call ESP will be arrived at. But as you receive evidence of sound through the ears and do not ordinarily expect to see through your ears, so the evidence must come through the correct channels. One of your main difficulties is that you will not accept as evidence anything which is not perceivable in one manner or another through the outer senses. That is, you will not consider an experience as valid unless it can be demonstrated as physical camouflage reality.

Almost everyone is familiar with something else, however, and that is the psychological experience which may have no observable physical effect, and yet can change a personality to a large degree. Now the change in the personality may have secondary physical effects. The personality may act in certain ways in the physical world as a result of a psychological experience. But these physical effects are secondary to the experience, and the experience of itself makes no physical effect upon the material world. Any such effects are made after the experience by the personality involved.

A death in a family, for example, is a physical occurrence. Various members of the family will react differently, as you know. The psychological

experience will be intensely diversified, personal, unpredictable as far as each family member is concerned. You cannot observe this actual psychological experience with the outer senses. Even you yourself cannot see, smell, touch that inner experience. You cannot hold it in both hands and look it over. You cannot observe it in any objective manner, as you can observe a pencil on a table, yet it would be foolish to say that this psychological experience did not exist. It is too vivid to ignore, and oftentimes the personality is almost divorced from action because of this experience that is psychological, that cannot be observed with instruments, or even by the person involved.

Now physical effects may follow, such as weeping, mourning and so forth, but these effects are secondary. The experience itself does not shed tears, though the receiver of the experience may shed tears. I am trying to show you here that many experiences in everyday life, which you know by their vividness to be valid, cannot be perceived by the outer senses. And yet you are completely familiar with them.

Your scientists with their instruments have succeeded in inducing the emotions of fear, sorrow, and so forth in some operations, but the experience itself remains subjective and psychological. Some physical effects, and again even these are secondary effects, may be observed as far as the emotions are concerned, in that pulses may quicken, certain chemicals and hormones may quicken their activity.

The emotions come closer than anything else to the vividness of inner data. There are of course more differences than similarities. However because of the intense quality of emotional experience this is still a good comparison. With the emotions however, there is in many cases a stimulus to action in the outside camouflage pattern.

There are so many gradations, and you have so many misconceptions, that I must tell you that at times I am appalled. Even my sense of humor withers.

The emotions belong to the personality, that is to the present personality, and are strongly connected both to the conscious ego and to the inner self, which is so often ignored. This is the rather difficult part for me to explain, I'm afraid. I'm not sure how to go about making this clear.

If you will think (I hope) for simplicity's sake of the whole self as it exists on your plane with its physical body, conscious ego and inner self as one field unit, which is also part of the larger or more complete entity as one field unit within another, then perhaps it will not be too much for you to imagine the connection, or one of the connections, between the entity field and the whole-self field, which is on your plane as being the inner senses—that is, the inner senses are one of the connectives between these two fields.

As these inner senses become more and more a part of your plane they take on more of the characteristics of your plane, and therefore more of the characteristics of the whole self on that plane.

At the furthest end they become the emotions, and these emotions therefore are also a connective. I hope I have transmitted this idea with some clearness. I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 10:35. Jane turned off the recorder, not wishing to speak into it until her voice had "returned" to her. At times she felt this way subjectively about Seth taking over her voice, though outwardly during this session there had been little change. When Jane began dictating again, for the first time her voice became somewhat louder and heavier. Resume at 10:38.)

The emotions, while connected to the ego strongly, nevertheless also belong to what we have been pleased to call the subconscious. But because they are so intertwined with the inner life they are also common to both the ego and the so-called subconscious.

They are more than prehistoric. They are in some respects evolutionary developments, being the end portions of the inner senses transformed to some degree, to permit manipulation of camouflage pattern. Before the conscious ego evolved, emotion served well as necessary stimuli to action in the camouflage environment. I am trying to put over the thought here in one way or another that as the inner senses come more and more within the field of the whole self on your plane, they take on its characteristics while yet retaining within themselves their own characteristics.

If you follow them backwards as it were, they will lead you to the inner senses as such, while being at the same time the same thing. I hope I have made this point clearly.

What you call racial memory exists as inner emotional memory experience. The line between inner and outer does not exist in actuality any more than a line exists between consciousness and unconsciousness. What you call the subconscious is merely an ill-defined meeting place of inner and outer experience; and I am forced to use these terms inner and outer only because of your misconception of duality.

The fields intermingle. I wanted to make another point, which was that data received by the inner senses is as intense and vivid, and often more so, than any psychological experience, and as I mentioned, you cannot examine a psychological experience in a laboratory either. But the worst of fools would not deny psychological experience for this reason.

The term ESP in itself is a result of this artificial duality, maintaining as it does that anything not perceived through the outer senses is therefore extra and

tacked on, so to speak. But this, dear friends, will pass. In the first place, your most pragmatic scientist is even now forced to admit, as even Ruburt knows, that solid objects are not solid; and the interesting sidelight of this fact must be that your faithful, tried and true, so-called dependable outer senses are in reality lovely liars, since the eyes see a chair as solid while the chair is not solid at all.

The outside senses are therefore fabricators of the most delightful sort. What will you ever do when you discover that everything your senses tell you is, in a most basic manner, false? Will you then stop operating in a physical world of physical objects? I doubt it very much.

On the other hand your inner senses are much more reliable. Your inner data is much more reliable. Your psychological experience is valid, whether chairs are solid or not. And the inner data and the inner self which you deny is a lot more permanent, my dear Joseph, and I am speaking to you as proof.

(I laughed.

("I see what you mean.")

This duality is so artificial that it is amazing that your scientists have not stumbled upon the false hypothesis behind it.

What you are pleased to call the subconscious represents merely the part of the inner senses, or of the inner self, that even your society can no longer ignore. And this is indeed only the surface. Here you find of course the repository for personal memories, and not of personal egobound conscious memories either, but also of psychological experiences that the ego itself prefers to forget.

If we must speak of layers, and with your propensity for divisions I suppose we must, beneath this you have the racial memories of the species; and contained within is all the evolutionary data. We will not go into this now since truly difficult explanations enter in as to how and why, and so forth. Evolution began on your plane to begin with.

This subconscious is another link or connective between the two fields of which we have spoken, and again, as it enters your plane it takes on the characteristics of your plane. That is why you find personal memories at the outermost portion, but the subconscious also reaches to the entity itself.

I suggest you take a break.

(Break at 11:10. Recorder off while we rested. Jane switched it back on and resumed her dictation at 11:15.)

If you closed your mind and refused to see a whole tree, nothing would convince you that the part you did not see existed. If such a tree fell upon you, you might wonder at its weight. However, you would find some explanation, rather than the right one. If some few individuals began to question the shape of

trees, and some therefore began to see whole trees, you would undoubtedly call them mad, be completely unbothered, and feel yourselves justified.

But if some of these individuals who saw whole trees began eating the fruits of the other side of the trees, you would be up in arms. You would call the fruits, I am sure, extra benefits or extrasensory perceptions. This is just a little story of my own, though I am glad to see a smile on Joseph.

("It's cute.")

The tree itself in some ways is wiser than man. We have spoken of the inner consciousness of a tree before. But the tree does not—and you'll have to take my word for this—consider itself in divisions. A tree does not divide itself up into a self that grows leaves and roots, and into a self that is automatically moved by the wind through its branches.

(Along in here the recorder abruptly ran out of tape. The noise of the flapping end was startling. But the machine switched itself off, and Jane did not interrupt her dictation.)

This dual self, in fact, does not exist anywhere else as far as I know. We will go into some of the reasons for this duality again later. Tonight's discussion is important because for the first time I have really tried to show you how the inner and outer planes or fields are connected.

They are fields within fields. In our discussion of fifth dimension, I mentioned how the vitality of the universe changes in different planes while it actually makes up the planes at the same time. In this manner also the so-called whole self and entity are connected, in this case by many diverse patterns, the inner senses being composed of the same elements of which the entity itself is composed.

The planes therefore meet in a very real fashion. They are basically part of each other and yet because of certain very real laws, they would seem to be at different ends, so that the appearance on your plane seems oftentimes to be one of opposites.

The present personality cannot travel to the complete entity, again because of these very real laws; that is, while caught in or under the influence of the field of your plane, the personality cannot travel to the entity. The personality can and should be aware of the whole self of which it is a part, and that part of the whole self which the ego ignores, is the one part which can enter into the field influence of the entity, though it cannot travel to the entity itself.

I have avoided in the past going into the event of death, as you know it on your plane. However I will begin a discussion now, although we will not get far with it this evening. I did not go into it earlier because I wanted to give you the field material first.

Death is the personality's release from the physical plane, or we will use the term "the physical field," and that is all. To the ego this is a frightening future in prospect. To the ego, even sleep seems a slap in the face. Recognition in physical life of the whole self would do much to negate this death fear, since there are rather pleasant psychological experiences which are akin to the experience of death, and which would prepare the personality for this eventuality.

It is only the sense of duality, of which we have spoken, that makes death appear as such a dreadful thing. Once the personality realizes that even in life on your plane he is not always bound by physical data, and that even in physical life the most real portion of him is independent of physical matter, and in a personal way, then he will not fear death as a personal ending.

As usual I could go on. You are both very patient with me, even that old nervous pigeon. If I am rather impersonal during some sessions it is only because there is so much material that I want to give you.

And so my dear friends, remembering your friendly and fond good will, and your human limitations, I will close the session, much to my regret.

(At the board, we said good night. The pointer moved.)

Goodbye, yes.

(Then Jane received:)

Sleepyheads.

(End at 11:42.)

FEBRUARY 14, 1964 FRIDAY

(Re: my second "sensation" episode.

(See page 173 for the first episode.

(At around 9:15 PM I was in the living room talking to Jane about her book on ESP. She had been interviewing people in the apartment house about their ESP experiences. I got up to look out the living room window, to try my mental experience of traveling across the Walnut St. bridge again, to "feel" myself doing it as before.

(As I looked out the window, my sensation began to grow. It began in the left leg and the left arm principally; then it spread to my chest and head. I felt light. The sensation localized somewhat in back of my ears. It was like an internal tingling or thrilling, a rich suffusing feeling. Seth has called it the feeling of sound.

(Unlike last time I was not frightened. I held up my hand without

speaking, Jane stopped talking, and we waited quietly to see what might develop. I kept looking out the window.

(I hoped the feeling would develop, into sound or images or whatnot, but nothing more came. However I felt that at least this time I had not slammed shut any unwitting door I might have opened.

(The sensation passed and we resumed talking. Yet it lingers. As I sit here writing I feel it nibbling away—a bit of it in my back, on my cheeks, in my torso. Perhaps it will return later.

(Two similarities between this time and last time: Although other people weren't present as they were before, tonight Jane and I were discussing others; and I was also sipping wine [again my first small glass] like before.)

FEBRUARY 17, 1964

(Evidently, this morning, I had my first small success in autohypnosis. I would like to ask Seth about it, at this evening's session, this being a Monday.

(My back was beginning to bother me this morning, at around 11:00, so I sat in my chair, in the studio, and closing my eyes began to use the induction technique that Jane had used on me in our previous sessions. It appeared to work, and while I rather easily put myself into some kind of trance state I at the same time gave my beneficial suggestions, etc., aiming principally at relaxation, to reduce the back tension I could feel building up.

(It was rather quiet in the studio, though I could hear Jane's typewriter, but through the closed doors the sound was muffled and rather steady, and the rest of the house was quiet. I used the fractional technique, starting with my feet and working up to my head, then back down the body to my feet again. I kept my eyes closed from the start, but midway in the session felt that I could not have opened them, at least very easily [re Jane's suggestions when she is putting me under].

(While it was progressing I began to feel very loose and relaxed, my head rolled, etc. For some odd reason I had a greater command of the muscles in my scalp. They felt as though they moved much more easily and to a greater degree than usual. I also told myself that at the count of three I could bring myself out of it any time I wanted to.

(When I did, I felt very relaxed indeed, almost rubbery. This feeling of ease persisted to a marked degree for a couple of hours. Working this afternoon was most pleasant; I forgot all about my back trouble. While I had myself in this state, I tried to give myself good, positive suggestions. Did not think to implant

the idea of a key word, though, to facilitate trance the next time.)

(Our 26th session, due Monday, February 17, 1964, was not held for two reasons.

(This is the second time we have missed a session, the first being over the Christmas holidays. This time, the reaction from Seth was much stronger.

(Through Monday I had not been feeling well. My back was acting up, work was difficult, and by suppertime I was drained. I did not really feel like taking fifteen to twenty pages of dictation from Seth; I was concerned lest I miss some of the material.

(Also after supper it developed that Miss Callahan, the retired school teacher who lives in the front apartment on our floor, had evidently had an attack of some kind and was in urgent need of help. Our neighbor across the hall first informed us. Jane went to see Miss Callahan, who had difficulty answering the door, was suffering from lapses of memory, and was indeed in poor condition. She had also taken several falls, and evidently had not been eating.

(There followed a very confusing [and to me upsetting] several hours during which Jane and our neighbor, Leonard Yaudes, tried contacting Miss Callahan's doctor, her relatives, her friends, our landlady, and a hospital. The relatives at first refused to help, seemingly out of fear of Miss Callahan herself. There were mix-ups, in which Miss Callahan's doctor was waiting for her at the emergency room at the hospital while Miss Callahan stayed home, and during which time Jane called the relatives several times, pleading with them to help, etc. It finally ended when Jane and Leonard secured the help of another doctor, who arrived by midnight and stated that Miss Callahan should be in the hospital.

(After midnight, the relatives finally showed up, and with Jane's help took Miss Callahan to the hospital.

(As the hour for the session came and went, Jane began to get "nibbles" from Seth. At the same time I felt worse. I had not been helping Jane and felt guilty about it, and angry at the relatives. Finally, when Jane was talking to me in the studio at about 10:45, I had such a severe attack of cramps in the back I could not stand.

(Coming in and out of our apartment from Miss Callahan's, Jane would tell me of snatches of thoughts she had received from Seth. Since I was by now in no condition to cooperate, she wrote them down. They follow on the next page, and are an accurate account.)

Joseph, if you respect yourself why can't you also love yourself?

You were not alone since nine o'clock. I would have helped but you would not let me in.

Mine is the dispassionate voice.

You want to help but fear to move. If you had helped tonight, you would not have felt the need to turn your emotions inward against yourself in a self-destructive manner.

(Jane received the above paragraph after I had the attack of cramps.

(Sometime later during the night, when all was quiet, Jane awoke and received another message from Seth: Seth told me, Jane, I was wrong in saying to Rob “You were some help,” as his attack came on at once after the remark.)

SESSION 26
FEBRUARY 18, 1964 10 PM TUESDAY
UNSCHEDULED

(This session was not expected on our part, and took place without the use of the Ouija board. Since Seth had stated that unscheduled sessions would be the exception, Jane and I were waiting for the regularly scheduled session of tomorrow, Wednesday.)

(I had obtained treatment for my back and by now felt much better. At about 9 PM Jane and I were having a snack when John Bradley called. John is the drug salesman who had visited us during the 21st session.)

(As the three of us sat at the table sipping wine and discussing Seth, Jane began to get nudges from Seth every so often. It will be remembered that during the 21st session Seth had wanted John to stay as a witness. But tonight, since it was getting late and I had doubts about my ability to keep up with the dictation, I thought it better that we pass up the chance. I also thought Jane would be overly tired. John offered to leave, but I said aloud that we'd rather wait for our regular session time.)

(This statement, Jane informed me, made Seth boiling mad. She insisted that I get pen and paper, that we have a session now with John as a witness. So the session began. At its end will be found a copy of John Bradley's handwritten, dated and signed statement that he was a witness.)

(Through this session Jane's voice was rather stronger and a bit deeper than usual. Her eyes darkened as usual, her pacing was slow. She later told me that at the beginning she was very nervous, since this was her first time before a witness. In addition we had more lights on than usual, and this bothered her at first. But the feeling soon left.)

You are excellent teachers, I must admit. However, Joseph, while I admit I came uninvited, and while I understand the reason for last night's absence, I took it for granted that we would have our regular session this evening. And I find it very impolite of you to restrain me in this fashion.

Our sessions are important, after all, and not to be put off at the mood of the moment. As Ruburt told you, I was here at the regular hour last night and aware of the happenings in the household. I was of course perfectly willing to let last night's session go, understanding the circumstances.

This evening however was different. You were polite to your guest and I recognize his presence. You were not, however, as polite with me. Ruburt was dubious about a session with company present. However he was willing to listen to me irregardless, and I must admit that in no way do I understand your cutting me off in such a brusque manner.

You know that I have no objections to your friend's presence, since I stated this earlier. For that matter I welcome a witness, and it is time that you had one—for your own edification, not mine, and it should do my nervous pigeon Ruburt some good.

I wanted to reply in some manner to your friend's question on evolution. However I shall do so in my own fashion per usual. I will speak later about last evening and about your reactions.

When you speak of evolution, and when your friend asked the question, you think in terms of human evolution, of course.

This is in itself an expression of the dualism of which I have spoken. Evolution does not of course apply only to the human species, and as I have said consciousness on your plane exists in all things. When your friend asked his question he was, I believe, referring to the point at which self-consciousness entered into so-called inert form.

You know now that so-called inert form has consciousness. To some degree it even possesses self-consciousness, and so there is no point at which self-consciousness entered, so to speak, with the sound of trumpets. Consciousness, to a degree, was inherent in the first materialization physically upon your plane.

Self-consciousness entered in very shortly after, but not what you are pleased to call human self-consciousness. I certainly do not like to wound your egos in this manner. However the fact remains, and I can hear you all yell foul, that there is no actual differentiation between the various types of self-consciousness.

You are either conscious of self or you are not. On your plane self-consciousness exists as a rule. A tree is conscious of itself as a tree. It does not think of itself as a rock. A dog knows it is not a cat. What I am trying to point out to you here is this supreme egotistical presumption that self-consciousness must of necessity involve humanity per se. It does not.

If I am answering your friend's question in a roundabout manner it is only because, my dear Joseph—and I still call you my dear Joseph, although you scarcely deserve it—then it is only because there are things that I feel it is necessary that I clear up before the question can be answered with even a hint of correctness.

So-called human consciousness did not suddenly appear. Our poor maligned friend, the ape, did not suddenly beat his hairy chest in exaltation and cry “I am a man.” There was no such point and this, if you will forgive my pun, is my point.

The beginnings of human consciousness, on the other hand, began as soon as multicellular groupings began to form in field patterns of a certain complexity. While there was no specific point of entry as far as human consciousness was concerned, there was a point before which human consciousness as such did not exist. Self-consciousness did exist. The consciousness of being human in your terms was fully developed in the caveman, but—and I cannot emphasize this enough—the human conception was alive in the fish.

All this involved an idea of, and I hesitate to say advancement, but an idea of change along certain lines. We have spoken of mental genes. These are more or less psychic blueprints for physical matter, and in these mental genes existed the pattern for your human type of self-consciousness. It did not appear constructed, that is in constructed form, for a long period of physical time however, and we have discussed psychological time as being part of what I will call for now an inner time sense.

This human self-consciousness existed in psychological time and in inner time long before you as a species constructed it in terms of your particular camouflage patterns. For your friend’s sake I will simplify this, saying that human consciousness was inherent and latent from the beginning of your physical universe.

I would now suggest a brief break, and do not again crack up into many pieces. I give you this very slight evidence of my humor merely to show that I am not after all one to carry grudges.

(Break at 10:57. John Bradley reported that Seth as he went along began to answer each question he—John—thought of as soon as it came to mind. Jane and I suggested to John that he write a statement as a witness to the session. Break ended just as John, trying to get entity names versus personality names straightened out, was wondering how to address Seth in his statement. Resume at 11:05.)

You may call me Seth, John, although in case you are interested your entity name is Philip. Because, Philip, you are such a good witness, and I must admit because I too have known you in the past, I consider you an old friend, and we shall to some extent renew acquaintance.

I always delight, if you will forgive me, in astounding the present personalities of acquaintances by letting them know that I have known them

before. It is a failing of mine but I enjoy it. And you, Philip, were twice a woman and once a Moor of some considerable stature, as well as the personality in Boston which I have already related.

There are many times that our paths have crossed, and that is why I wanted you here, and why you happened onto the art gallery where Ruburt is employed. Not that free will is not involved, because it certainly is involved. Only that old friends have a way of meeting. And I was not joking when I spoke of a predisposition to gout, for you have also been lecherous in your way.

(I laughed.

("Like me?")

Indeed like you, my dear Joseph. In your case, Joseph, and I have said this many times, you overcompensate now for past, shall I say fleshiness, by a most unnecessary esthetic and self-punishing attitude. Philip on the other hand is performing no such compensations, except for the one instance of choosing a good-looking wife and therefore permitting himself to treat her kindly.

(Now it was John's turn to laugh. Neither Jane or I have met his wife.)

He was in a different position when he was a woman, and if I may give away secrets, he was beaten by one pigheaded husband who had a snout to match.

(I tried to lead Seth on.

("When did this happen?")

This was in Belgium—and I will not be tricked, my dear Joseph—it was in Belgium in 1632, and our Philip in a rather sensational case for the times actually brought this husband to a village trial, a particularly unusual occurrence at that time. His name was Yolanda Schrav—

("Wait—let's get the spelling on that."

(Jane had blurted this strange-sounding name out so quickly that I lost my way trying to get it on paper. Seth obligingly spelled it out letter by letter.)

S-c-h-r-a-v-a-n-s-d-a-t-t-e-r. He was at the time 33 and had been caught in an act of shall we say indiscretion, for which he was severely and unjustifiably beaten. Unjustifiably because the pigheaded husband was, forgive my pun, a bore. And he now, as John, is familiar with this previous husband in a business relationship.

I must admit that this brings us far afield from our discussion of evolution.

It is important that you tie in this evolutionary material with previous data concerning the inner senses. The inner senses were always paramount in evolutionary development, being the impetus behind the physical formations; and themselves, through the use of mental enzymes, imprinting the data

contained in the mental genes onto the physical camouflage material.

I do become impatient, though I shouldn't, with this implied insistence that evolution involves merely the human species, or rather that all evolution must be considered some gigantic tree with humanity as the supreme blossom.

Humanity's so-called supreme blossom is the human ego, and this is at times a poisoning blossom indeed. As I have said before, there is nothing wrong with the ego. The point however remains that man became so fascinated with the conscious ego that he ignored the part of himself that made the ego possible, and ignored the part of himself that gives to the ego the very powers of which he is so consciously proud.

There is behind the ego a stronger and more vivid self. There is even a more self-conscious self of which he remains in ignorance. And again as I have said, evidence for this self can be and will be received.

I will go into this in a few moments. Again I suggest a break, and I hope I haven't broken you up, though I seriously doubt it; particularly in your case, Joseph, since your protective mechanism is as solid as a brick wall.

(Break at 11:28. Jane said that while delivering this material she once again lost track of herself and her surroundings completely. She was not aware of John, myself, or the room. This was the first occurrence of such depth since the 23rd session. Jane had of course met my eyes many times as she paced back and forth rather slowly; her voice had been rather strong. Resume at 11:35.)

I will make this a short session and not keep you much longer. However, you must admit that I have put on an excellent performance, and you can expect an even better performance for Ruburt's publisher when he arrives.

I wanted to make one point, but first, there is nothing like a witness to convince my darling nervous Ruburt that I am I, and not her, meaning Jane; like a good evidence of telepathy, as in John's case this evening.

(See John Bradley's statement at the end of this session.)

Nor should John-Philip forget what I have told him as far as gout predisposition is concerned.

Now the point I wanted to make is that again as I have said, in the same manner that psychological experience is real and vivid and yet cannot be seen or touched or examined in your laboratories, so is inner data from the inner senses vivid, though it cannot be seen or touched.

Such inner data makes its impression upon the physical brain and changes the personality as does any experience. In many cases such inner experience is retained in your memory cells. If you would simply for once, and for once Joseph I am not referring to you particularly, if you would for once demonstrate an openness and a willingness to accept such data on its own basis,

without insisting upon evidence from the regular senses, then and only then will you have evidence that the outer senses can recognize.

This involves, to begin with, an almost impossible task. Data from the inner senses is vivid, it is reliable, it makes an impression upon the conscious individual. It is your insistence upon translating this material into physical terms that causes your difficulty. You do not insist upon seeing, feeling or touching a psychological experience, and yet you do not say that a psychological experience does not exist because you cannot hold it in both hands.

Why then do you insist that an inner experience such as telepathy or premonition does not exist because you cannot hold it in both hands? And yet in many instances such cases can be corroborated by others in a manner in which a purely psychological experience cannot be corroborated.

There is no way of measuring the inner experience, or the psychological experience rather, of someone who has lost a friend in death, but you do not deny that such an experience exists. Yet if two people see, in your terms see, the same apparition, then instantly we must speak in terms of the weight of the apparition seen, the color of the eyes. For any so-called extrasensory perceptions you insist upon twice the evidence, and under circumstances when the evidence is vivid in its own terms and must be translated first, before you will accept it, into the alien outside senses, which simply are not equipped to receive it. This is for Philip's edification, I hope.

I am not saying that you should not believe the evidence of your senses; I am waiting for you to say that. We know that our so-called tables are not solid. Even your science knows this now, and yet your eyes see the table as solid. Face up to it, my dear lovelies: Your senses lie. The table is a conglomeration of quickly-moving atoms and molecules but you see it as a table, and you see it as solid. Your senses, and again this is to bring John-Philip up to date, your senses are perceptors of a camouflage physical world which is created by the inner self through the use of mental enzymes in a pattern set by the mental genes.

You are dealing with camouflage. Your outside senses are perceptors of camouflage, and your table which you rest your arms upon is not solid. This does not mean that your arms will suddenly fall to the floor. It does mean that even your science is discovering the existence of the inside world, which it will be unable to deny much longer.

Because I say that you create your physical universe in the same manner and as automatically and as unself-consciously as you create with your breath a pattern of steam upon a glass pane, this does not mean that you create all that is. It merely means that you create your own physical environment. And if I have your permission, Joseph, we will meet tomorrow evening to go into other

matters.

John-Philip is correct, and our schedule should be maintained. Personally I have no objections to an extra session for Ruburt's publisher, but I will not condone less than two regular sessions a week, except for circumstances beyond your control.

Had you been more helpful in the circumstances of last evening, you would not have had to turn your emotions inward in a self-destructive manner. I am so fond of you, my pigheaded Joseph, that it pains me severely to see you so misuse yourself. And as for towering-strength Ruburt, don't depend upon this too far, for a weaker tower of strength I have never seen.

And now, dear loves, a fond good night.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 12:00 midnight. We did not use the board to bid Seth good night. And again, Jane while delivering the above material was unaware of her surroundings; she "returned," however as soon as the session ended.

(John Bradley finished his statement as a witness, signed it and left for Corning, N.Y., where he had a motel room. He requested a copy of the session, with the thought of possibly trying to verify the data given by Seth concerning his past lives. It was by then close to 1:00 AM.

(I am afraid I did some half-humorous complaining about Seth's reactions to my attempting to put off the session tonight; that is, I did not think I had been that impolite about it. I agreed with Seth's interpretation of my seizure of cramps, though, and remarked that I would probably get the devil from him on Wednesday night also.

(Walking into the living room before preparing for bed, I was surprised to find Jane standing silently at her desk. Staring at me, she then pointed to a pen and paper she had evidently placed there on the desk. As I sat down to write she began to dictate. Resume at 1:35 AM.)

My dear Joseph, one word only: I would not leave you with the impression that I am truly displeased, or that I judge you unjustly. I do not want to hurt Ruburt's feelings, and I have avoided making this statement thus far; however, for purely personal reasons I have been emotionally more involved with you in past instances. And I know your capabilities so well that when I seem severe it is only because I wish so for your happiness and success.

I suppose we judge those we love most in a harsher manner, but I should have known better and for once you have my apology. I think very much of you. I do not mean to push you too hard, and I certainly do not mean to make you feel inadequate in any manner. Your performance is actually very near excellent.

Ruburt picked up some communications from me last night. One which

he did not get clearly was that you can take some consolation in the fact that your whole self is not as deeply affected by your present parents as you would suppose, and I promise to help you attain further important freedoms from any bad influences along this line, in a manner that will still allow you to help them without hurting yourself.

Good night, dear Joseph, and again my apologies.

(End at 1:43 AM.

(Jane said then she had felt for some time that Seth was more emotionally involved with me than with her. However, she had never mentioned this, to the best of my knowledge.

(In bed finally, Jane received two brief notes from Seth, rather incomplete. The first concerned condensed time; that is, in what may be a split second to the entity, the incarnated personality will experience a time duration of say, 70 years. The second note was a joke of sorts: Just because Seth apologized, I was not to get a big head.

(Copy of statement by John Bradley.

(February 18, 1964 - 26th session.

(I, the undersigned hereby certify that I was present at the above numbered session. With me were the principals through whom and to whom Seth spoke.

(In this session Seth spoke of my past life and attributed my current patterns of life to the lessons learned by my previous existences. Of immediately provable fact is that during the session Jane [Ruburt] spoke with a deeper voice than usual, she had a definite Boston accent on certain words. Prior to the start of the session I had, in conversation, asked Robbie [Joseph] a question involving his point of continuous existence versus evolution. Seth answered my questions and while he was giving his general answer, other related questions would creep into my mind and these would immediately be answered by Seth. This happened so frequently that towards the end of the session, when I would think of a question I would have immediate confidence that it would be subsequently answered.

(John J Bradley)

SESSION 27

FEBRUARY 19, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(By 8:45 Jane was nervous, but not as much as usual. The 26th session with John Bradley as a witness had done her much good; especially had the telepathy effect increased her confidence. Jane took this as a sign that she is using whatever abilities she may have, and is not practicing subconscious fraud.

(Jane also reported that twice within the past two days she had received “flashes” in the third person, to the effect that our bed, temporarily in the living room, should be moved to my empty studio in the back of the apartment if we are still here next winter. The messages were to the effect that “Ruburt’s psychic energies could be dangerous if he [Jane] does all his living in one room.”

(Jane said these flashes reminded her of her statements about concepts or patterns as a whole unit, made during the 24th session. See page 177. She believes that Seth is going to give us much more information on this method of receiving data.

(By 8:50 Jane felt definite stirrings from Seth, which pleased her because she didn’t have to wonder about how she would do this evening. I had the board set up, ready for the opening of the session. But at 8:55 Jane surprised me by beginning to dictate. And so again we did not use the board to open a session. Jane began to pace rather rapidly.)

Good evening, tootsies.

There are many things I want to tell you tonight, and I wish to let you know that you have made certain advancements. For one thing, you may dispense with the board. You no longer require it. It was important in the beginning, but after this it served only to upset Ruburt.

It was in the way and he kept waiting for the exact most favorable moment to dispense with it and speak for me, so that he actually became anxious. It was a necessity for you both in the beginning, however, and do not let it go—that is, do not return it. It has sentimental value, and for me.

(Jane and I were rather amused by Seth’s cavalier advice to keep the board. But then we had never told him these sessions began on a borrowed board. It belongs to our landlord, James Spaziani.)

There is so much I want to say. When your training is further advanced,

much further advanced, we may be able to take certain short cuts. It is difficult for me to have to string out this material in words, and for you to record it. You see, it is possible in theory for you to experience directly a concept-essence of the material in any given night's session.

As with all inner data, such an experience would be much more vivid than our present procedure. It would involve however the utilization of most, if not all, inner senses, operating as a whole cognizance field. Do you have that? Operating as a whole cognizance field.

(“Yes.”)

You cannot of course perform such an achievement yet, but I hope that one day we may attain it. As far as I know this has not been tried on such a scale, but only because all prerequisite circumstances have not been met.

As for another advancement you have made, beside dispensing with the material board—and this advancement has to do with the so-called flashes that Ruburt has received between sessions—he has achieved a state in which he can receive inner data from me more readily. But beyond this he is now able in some small way to contact me. That is, I have contacted you in the past, and now you are gaining the ability to contact me, and this is a step forward on your part.

(“Does this apply to both of us, or just to Jane?”)

This ability is also growing on your part, Joseph, and with you I hope it will involve what you are pleased to call visionary data. We are still involved with translations, however. You, Joseph, translate communications into visual form. The time will come at a much later date when you will allow such material entry into your conscious state directly—that is, without the need to project it visually, since here a certain amount of distortion is almost always present.

And here a word about this material. Ruburt's mind is an excellent one, and well given to serve our needs at this time. There is a reciprocal agreement here, and a give and take that is unlike your friend's idea of invasion.

(“Which friend?”)

Philip.

One reason for the success of our communications is the peculiar abilities present in you both and the interaction between them, and the use that you both allow me to make of them. Ruburt's intellect had to be of high quality. His conscious and unconscious mind had to be acquainted with certain ideas to begin with, in order for the complexity of this material to come through.

In the beginning, for example, there is always a distortion of material by the person who receives it, at least on the topmost subconscious level. So an individual whose personal prejudices are at a minimum is excellent. If for example Ruburt's prejudices happen to lie along lines which do not contradict

what I know to be true, then all the better, and there is much less resistance.

There must of necessity be in the beginning a distortion, but this comes because of the give and take between us. If our communications involved, or if any such communications involved invasion, there would be no distortion because the individual so invaded would be blotted out. And this is not possible.

When you are tired we will break, or you may move about the room, Joseph. Are you comfortable?

(“Yes.”)

Now, people who believe strongly in your organized religions are used to thinking in terms of an inner world. For this reason many of them have been recipients of inner data from others like myself. They are endowed with a readiness to listen, for one thing, and with a helpful faculty for suspending camouflage logical thinking. However, there are disadvantages involved which I do not like to encounter.

Material like this is sifted through many layers of subconscious conceptions, and is subsequently colored. People strongly believing in your organized religions color the material in a manner that is highly disadvantageous, and that unfortunately often adds to existing superstitions. Ruburt’s mind, believe it or not, is much like my own; though, if you’ll forgive me, in a very limited fashion, therefore the distortions are much less distortive, much less harmful, and more easily discovered and cleared.

You had better take a break.

(Break at 9:27. Jane said Seth was going strong tonight, and was apparently quite pleased. Jane had awareness of her surroundings but still felt like “taking off.” She had been pacing very fast, but her voice was little stronger than usual.

(We discussed Seth’s confirmation of Jane’s feeling about concept-essences. As break ended I was asking Jane if it would be possible for her, when her ability to receive these concepts was more developed, to then write out what the concept consisted of. Resume at 9:32.)

Ruburt will never sit down and deliver the material in that fashion. As I have said, the human being is more than the sum of its parts, and you two together are more than just the two of you, and you together provide the needed power for these communications to take place. But I do not want to go further into this right now. The procedure will remain the same for quite a while. Changes will not occur until you are ready and prepared for them, and the material itself will prepare you.

I cannot go further into this now because I have not given you the principles involved as yet. What we will have when this happens is a gestalt,

with no lessening of your individualities at all, but a merging that will bring greater abilities.

Your sensation the other night Joseph is an early, beginning stage of such development, as are Ruburt's concept-essences. You will be experiencing inner data full blast, so to speak, and so vividly that it will be its own evidence. And I do mean evidence which will fail to convince no intelligent man.

We will not always be hampered by the need of words. Ruburt's book, *Idea Construction*, displayed for me the fact that he and I could work together. Neither of you are empty channels to be filled willy-nilly by my communications.

(I had to ask Jane to repeat the last few words of the above paragraph. As soon as I did a startling thing happened: Jane began to talk in a very loud and vibrant voice. It was as though she had suddenly received an extra charge of energy. This strong but not especially deep voice persisted, but did drop somewhat in volume after a couple of hundred words. Her eyes were very dark.)

In my operations in your plane I must use the materials at hand, but despite any ideas to the contrary this involves a give and take with all involved. I know you are waiting to hear more about your own particular function, but remember we are still condemned to the use of words, and Ruburt can only say so much at a time.

Others less perfectionist than myself are content with more distortion. I am not. Ruburt's *Idea Construction* was rather amazing. The inner senses provided him with much, but nevertheless the ideas contained represented an achievement of the conscious mind. I was drawn by this to realize that you were ready for me.

You, Joseph, were necessary, but we had to have this particular sort of intuitive intellect that could also deal expertly with words before we could actually begin; and it took Ruburt a long time to achieve this state because his conscious problems, and family relations and preoccupation with them, held him back.

(Here, Jane laughed.)

Now there are so many connections I want to make, and yet so many personal remarks I want to make, that I become all the more impatient for our still far-off release from words.

First of all personally: You, Joseph, have acquired an unjustified sense of inferiority as far as not only your dealings with your parents are concerned, but also concerning your dealings with the outside world; and even, for what unknown reason, with your dealings with your own talent.

You are extraordinarily gifted, and you certainly should be

subconsciously aware of this, as well as take a conscious justified pride in it. Trust that ability. You will never be broke—I believe that is the term—again, at least not to any severe degree.

This experience alone with me will yield financial benefits, but not because you would naturally like it to be so, but because you are expanding, and for some other allied causes. As far as parents are concerned, face it. You were saddled with rather troublesome ones, and for reasons which I will go into sometime later; but not involving guilt of any sort.

You had no problems with parents in the past, and my dear Yo-yo, you were an excellent father to me at one time, and if I may say so at one time I was an excellent father to you.

(Here Jane broke off her delivery to say to me, “My hands feel fatter than the devil.” She spoke as quickly as she could, without changing her voice. Later she confirmed my suspicion that it had been very difficult to do this in the middle of a monologue. Yet the revelation of Seth’s involvement with me produced such a startling and rapid phenomena on Jane’s part that she wanted to let me know when it happened. For some time after this she continued to rub and to examine her hands as she paced back and forth. Her voice remained strong.)

As a son you were helpful, considerate and kind. Your troubles with your present parents have absolutely nothing to do with you as a personality in any way. They involve something entirely different, problems that they themselves have not worked out in the past.

I will go into this more deeply. Needless to say these problems have to do with you not at all, really, but with your present parents’ particular distorted way of looking at the outside world. It is basically inadequate and harmful to them, and when you judge yourself not against your own healthier ideas, but against their unhealthy attitudes, you are inadvertently judging yourself harshly.

If you find yourself falling short, of illness, then by all means consider yourself healthy, and do not cry because you cannot see or measure up to, I should say down to, the same sick standards.

To me this is all so obvious that I almost hesitate to mention it, but this is because I tend to forget what human existence on your plane actually involves. These are but one set of parents. As a parent yourself you performed exceedingly well, and as a son also. You see, when you really realize the sum of yourself these problems will fade entirely, but please in the meantime take my word for it.

I do suggest a brief break. I want to go into this a little more tonight. Then I want to mention briefly Ruburt’s idea of my idea about the bed, and I

want to at least mention the condensed time concept, and cover briefly something new, which is the self-conscious self behind the ego.

(Break at 10:05. "I feel like a full sail," Jane said. She did not have much awareness during this monologue. Her hands felt all right by now and her voice had dropped to almost normal volume.)

(Jane had also mentioned to me yesterday a flash she had received about the self-conscious self behind the ego; this in addition to the material on Ruburt's psychic explosions. We also discussed Seth's remarks about financial problems. Resume at 10:09.)

That remark about being broke is undistorted, but it depends upon your ability to assimilate this material, and particularly the personal material, thoroughly; that is, mostly emotionally and subconsciously as well as intellectually. I am sorry I did not realize to what extent some of this problem weighed you down, or I would have covered it much earlier.

(By now Jane's voice was very low. Her pace was slow.)

Your reactions the other night, Joseph, had to do with two things; this sense of unjustified inferiority with your own ability to deal with the outside world, hence your physical immobility and back spasm; and with a superficial, rationalizing and false protective measure that operates intellectually in your case, making you think that outside conditions are so stupid that you refuse to do anything to alleviate them, feeling that the situation is so ridiculous that nothing you could do would change it. This is a rationalization to cover up the underlying, completely false sense of inferiority.

You could have shortened the uncomfortable circumstances in which Ruburt found himself involved, you could have lessened the wall of stupidity that Ruburt tried to climb.

Had you been able to act in the physical world, you could have directed your anger where it belonged, against the stupidity, and because of your calm exterior you could have helped conquer it in a faster and more efficient manner than Ruburt did. He needed your strength, and when you leave it up to him to act as the so-called tower of strength, you overtax him to some extent.

On the other hand he can use the experience, and nothing is lost to any great degree. However, this unjustified sense of inferiority should be conquered to some large extent, now that you realize that what you feel as your parents' disapproval of you is not based upon any inferiority.

In part, whatever disapproval they feel, and it is not nearly as great as you imagine it to be, is based upon jealousy in a large degree, and yet, conversely, you have given them strength, and even helped to justify them, in that underneath it all they do realize that despite their own shortcomings you

have managed to achieve something.

Despite the failings with which they were saddled they understand their own failings subconsciously, but neither of them can afford to admit anything in a conscious manner. In other lives they were both much happier, and that happiness sustains them now. In this life they are solving, or trying to solve, a variety of problems which have hung over them for a long time. They each have a life ahead of them on this plane. That is, one life at least. I'm not sure of the exact number. But the following lives should be relatively happy ones.

("How many lives have they already had?")

They have had six lives apiece, merely because they are particularly stubborn. But you must be able to see your relationship with them in perspective, even though I cannot go into the intertwining of all your lives in one night.

You have done much for them, and you will be able to do more in direct proportion to your ability to understand that their judgment of you is based upon their own present false conceptions.

If you do not realize this emotionally then you tend to immobilize yourself, as you did the other night, when identifying your neighbor with your mother. There is no basic or real reason for any sense of inferiority on your part; and you must, Joseph, rise above this because it is disabling.

When you give in to it you do become immobilized to some degree, and therefore incapable of true dissociation. Then you cannot help them, and this to you then seems a further demonstration of inadequacy. The circle is vicious. I repeat: In all your past lives you dealt with the problems of both parenthood and childhood well, in relation to your own parents. This present trouble is a result of your parents' inabilities and false conceptions, and of your own over-conscientiousness resulting from your Denmark life.

When you realize this emotionally and subconsciously, you will be free to help them without hurting yourself. You will also be able to act positively in any circumstances like those that existed the other evening.

Ruburt is strongly intuitive, but basically in this life relies upon your logic and strength, and you have a good degree of both. I hope that this material will free you to use these abilities.

You had better take a break.

(Break at 10:35. Jane had been somewhat dissociated during delivery. Her voice had become quite low, her pacing very slow. She was obviously tiring, and said she thought it was because Seth was giving us a lot of personal material. Resume at 10:37.)

I can see that we will never cover the material I had planned for tonight, but it is more important that I get these ideas across to Joseph; and in so doing I

am afraid I am wearing Ruburt out, in a way that I will explain at a later date.

Joseph, you have helped your parents in more ways than I can tell you now, and given them more comfort than they can consciously admit. They even to some degree resent the comfort, but this is not your fault. You saved your father's sanity at one point, and no one else could have done it.

I am now in contact with your parent's entity and he tells me that subconsciously even his present personality, that is your father, appreciates this fact and loves you deeply. He himself, that is your father's entity, feels no pain because of the present personality's problems, since he is working out so many necessary kinks.

("What is the name of my father's entity?")

Your father's entity's name is Arruhk, A-r-r-u-h-k. I cannot go into all the problems of his present personality. They are definite challenges that he had to face, and the overall entity is facing the majority of these in one fell swoop, for his own reasons.

But you are to feel free from any rebuffs, realizing that the present personality of your father is choosing to face many hurdles at once. And in this life his failings are more apparent simply because they represent old leftover problem remnants; and you have had a lot to do with your father's ability to face these problems all at once, so to speak.

It was thought that you had the ability to escape relatively unscathed. None of your other brothers this time could have endured being the first born, and you have done well.

Now, it is true that Ruburt possesses strong psychic energy, as you do. But your unjustified sense of inferiority has held you back to some degree, though I believe that this is lessening now. I am sure it is lessening. In any case Ruburt's psychic energy becomes at times undisciplined. For reasons that I will consider later he should not feel pent in.

The combination of bedroom, workroom, living room and dining room is a bad one. If it were strictly necessary that would be one thing. But I suggest changes, although I have been leery of commenting upon such personal material. Ruburt has a basic though well-disguised need for privacy, as you do Joseph, though your need is not disguised. This is a need for privacy from the outside world that I speak of.

His pent-up feeling could result in rather undisciplined psychic explosions that could be dangerous, though not necessarily so. This has its basis in Ruburt's early life, and I will go into that later.

As you know the seasons are important to Ruburt. The combination of late winter and a pent-up emotional reaction to the room situation should be

avoided if possible. He, Ruburt, has more psychic power than he knows, and an uncluttered feeling is important. He has an inner sense of order which may not be apparent, and a strong feeling for what he considers sacred or private functions.

I suggest a break.

(Break at 11:00. Jane said she felt Seth “pushed through” a lot of important material, and in so doing used up a lot of her energy in a way she doesn’t yet understand. She feels exhausted, yet is all right as soon as Seth begins again. During this monologue she was not conscious of her surroundings. Jane resumed dictating at 11:02.)

Ruburt is flexible to a large degree, but beneath there are prerequisites that he needs. Many of his Florida contortions had to do with a simple need, basic for him, having to do with space, orderliness and privacy. He does not speak of these as you do, but nevertheless woe if you ignore them, because he will react in an emotional explosion at best and a psychic explosion at worst.

He operates very well until these basic needs are jeopardized. I will tell you the reasons later, but regardless of his flamboyance and seeming disregard, he needs space division of certain activities, and privacy from the outside world. He deals with the outside world in a very constructive manner, provided that a division is set up between him and it so that it cannot leak through. Some illusion of an entryway would be helpful in your main room. He is extremely modest in strange ways; that is. Perhaps strange to you, Joseph, I am not sure.

You are so consciously aware of your need for privacy and you are so consciously modest, that his very strong but mostly unconscious needs in these directions sometimes go unsatisfied, since he is not as consciously aware of them.

You both are very much alike underneath the obvious differences, but Ruburt’s somewhat unrecognized needs along these lines are important. You will probably have to work out practical solutions. I hesitate to advise. If you hit upon the back room as a winter bedroom, perhaps you could purchase a secondhand rug, use plastic window covering, and maybe leave the door open. These are merely suggestions to be considered, not orders to be followed.

The illusion of an entryway would be desirable if possible. Ruburt holds and collects his psychic energy, and without knowing it does not like it to bleed outward. You are more consciously aware of your own similar needs.

I am sorry that we could not cover more material but this personal data is important. Do you want to break or end the session?

(Jane had delivered the above material in a very low voice, and had practically stopped pacing.)

(“Well, I think we’d better end it. Jane is very tired.”)

Ruburt was put upon to some extent. He enabled me to present material without any distortion to speak of, which is difficult.

(“It’s appreciated.”)

His needs that I have spoken of are really fears, which is why I took so much time to discuss them. He is unpredictable in that he is temperamentally good-natured, but you never know when the rocks will fly, and neither does he. Added to this is his strong domestic feelings now as a woman; and this, my dear Joseph, explains the incredible amount of furniture movings in which you have been involved.

Any arrangements you can think of that will satisfy some of these needs are worth it. If Ruburt had his way, something would shield you both when the door was opened from the hallway. He does not even like to partake of food in full viewpoint of others. The corner working space, any corner working space, pleases him, because it provides a place for the collection of psychic energy, and also serves as protection to his way of seeing things. It is too bad you cannot eat in your kitchen, but I believe something can be worked out with that arrangement as it exists.

(Our kitchen is very small; seemingly too small to hold a table and chairs along with the icebox, stove, sink, etc.)

Your working room should not be disturbed, that is you should have your own working room. This is very important for you. Ruburt will benefit from such an arrangement whenever it is possible. However he will get along fine if the main room is released from so many various functions.

Ruburt’s grandfather says that you are both two fine kiddos, and I heartily agree. My dear friends, I am with you more often than you know. You are both making many advancements, and tonight’s material will help both of you in many ways. I dislike leaving you, but know that you must be tired. One small word to Ruburt: he will stop smoking and he knows it. I have not pressed this issue.

And now most devoted friends, a fond good evening. I will always help you to the best of my ability, and as far as I know I will be accessible for your present lifetimes. And dear Joseph, if you whacked me many times, I got my blows in too. And I made Ruburt one lovely wife—so there, my lovelies.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

(11:27. Jane collapsed on the couch. She said she had never been so tired before. Yet is was very pleasant, like a deep lethargy. We were discussing the session, particularly the last portion, when Jane heard from Seth again. Resume at 11:33.)

One more word because of your discussion. The dangerous psychic explosions that I spoke of as being possible are very real possibilities, and involve even chemical changes in Ruburt's own body; and I do suggest that you make some changes, either by returning to your regular workroom, Joseph, or by making the porch room into a temporary bedroom. Ruburt is unpredictable so I cannot predict what guise such an explosion might take, but it would be definitely dangerous and strong.

Something which you have forgotten makes you uncomfortable at Christmas time, Joseph, and Ruburt becomes uncomfortable in late winter if the space situation is not comfortable to him, so that your periods of psychic discomfort somewhat overlap. That is why both of you should be made as comfortable as possible. You, Joseph, have come through the winter in excellent condition, considering last winter.

And now my pigeons, night-night, except for one comment: A barricade in front of the door is not necessary.

(I laughed, because I had been joking about this. It is no joke however that for some reason I become very uncomfortable each Christmas. Jane and I have been aware of this for some years, and have often wondered why. I feel distinctly relieved when the holiday season has passed.

(At 11:36 we were still talking when Jane received another message from Seth. Lying stretched out on the couch, she delivered it in a low, sleepy voice:)

I do not want Ruburt's psychic energies soaked up in trying to fight these needs, however. We need all of your psychic energies for our work, and you will learn in the future to use these energies well, and also to draw upon energies from the basic vitality.

(End at 11:40.)

(In the next session, the 28th, Seth discusses the reply a well-known psychiatrist sent us in answer to my letter of Friday, January 31, 1964.

SESSION 28

FEBRUARY 24, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(This was our second consecutive session without the board, though I had it out simply to use as a handy writing board on my lap. Jane said she was glad we no longer needed to use it. We thought that we would let the session open itself, however it might. By 8:50 or so, she was again somewhat nervous, though she said to a lesser degree than usual.)

(Throughout this session Jane maintained the same deliberate, normal tone of voice; also, her rate of pacing was quite deliberate and much slower than the previous few sessions. Her eyes darkened as usual. Only once did she notice a change in her hands, and it is noted when it happened.)

(It will be noticed that we received the psychiatrist's letter about Feb. 21—two days after our last session, the 27th, on Wednesday Feb. 19.)

(When 9 PM arrived, Jane stood up, began to pace and to dictate.)

A fond and somewhat exasperated good evening.

The exasperation comes because your good psychiatrist almost undermined the confidence that I managed to give Ruburt in our session with your friend Philip.

I tried to build her confidence up and some stranger tore it down. Actually his intentions were of the best, and I suppose that I now must feel obligated—and I do—to go into the matter of mental and emotional stability, and any dangers to such stability that might be involved here.

As far as Ruburt is concerned, there is no such danger. For one thing I am an extremely sensitive but disciplined, and sensible if somewhat irascible, gentleman, if you will forgive the term. None of the communications from me have been in any way conducive to a development toward mental or emotional instability. I may make bold to remark that I am more stable than you or Ruburt, or your fine doctor.

I also do not take my responsibilities lightly, and I feel to a great degree responsible for you, and for any results coming from your communications with me. If anything, the personal advice I have given you both should add to your mental and emotional balance, and should result in a stronger relationship with the outside world.

I do depend upon Ruburt's willingness to dissociate. There is no doubt that at times he is unaware of his surroundings during a session. However, this is no more binding upon him than autosuggestion. It is a phenomena in which he

gives consent, and he could, at any time and in a split second, return his conscious attention upon the physical environment.

There is no danger, and I will repeat this: There is no danger of dissociation grabbing a hold of him like some black, vague and furry monster, carrying him away to the netherlands of hysteria, schizophrenia, or insanity... I have consistently advised contacts with the world at large, and I have advised you both to use your abilities to meet outside challenges. Withdrawal into dissociation as a hiding place from the world could, of course, have dire consequences. Certain personalities could, and have, fallen prey here, but with you, with Ruburt, this is not the case.

As an added precaution, I have made it a point to push you both toward healthy outside counterbalancing experience, and I have warned you, Joseph, against giving in too much to solitariness. It is important that I clear up these doubts, as they worried Ruburt since the first reading of the psychologist's letter.

Once or twice he looked for signs, and this is hardly a healthy reaction. For one thing, Ruburt's ego is extremely strong. Ruburt's intuition is the gateway that relaxes an otherwise stubborn and domineering conscious ego. The intuitive qualities however are not frivolous, and the personality is integrated. Have no fear of this.

Also, Ruburt has experienced and used dissociation, though to a lesser degree, before our communications; that is, in his work, and knows how to handle it. I do not want either of you to be worried. On the other hand, I don't want Ruburt to fight me, either.

Our relationship should enable you both to deal more adequately with the outside world. I will never suggest that you try to escape it. Your development of the inner senses will not blot out the outer world. It will enable you to see it more clearly for what it is, and therefore you will be able to manipulate camouflage patterns more adequately.

I am anxious to go into some further material, but I want to set your doubts at rest. When Ruburt is not aware of his surroundings during a session, he is still aware of his surroundings to some degree, and can return to them. Because you open a door, this does not mean that you cannot close it or open another door, nor does it mean that you cannot have two doors open at once, and that is my point.

It is true that the conscious mind must be relaxed to some extent, and that a state of apparent dissociation is necessary. Now, believe it or not, this will not always necessarily be the case. You can have two doors open at once. You can listen to two channels at once. But until you learn to focus in two directions, and this is simplified to a pathetic degree, in the meantime you simply turn down the

volume of the first channel, while you attract your attention to the second. This process you call dissociation.

You, Joseph, and Ruburt, are basically well-balanced, and sensible as well as intuitional, and you are in absolutely no danger at all.

I was going to suggest if I may be so bold another innovation, but you have already adopted or returned to it. That is, it will be a good policy to arise at 7:30, and get your painting time in. I do not want to take up all your working hours, and you must have time to paint. I see no harm in sleeping until 8:00 the morning after a session, but a balance of schedule is important, and you can see that I wish to relate you to yourself and your work, and not to turn all your energies toward myself.

(“What do you have to say about the psychiatrist’s idea, that all this is merely Jane’s subconscious talking?”)

We have gone into this before, and I have no doubt that we will on endless occasions; and if I succeed in convincing you of my reality as a personality I will have done exceedingly well. It should be apparent, and I’ve said this before, that my communications come through Ruburt’s subconscious. But as a fish swims through water, the fish is not water, and I am not Ruburt’s subconscious.

(“What do you think of our idea about sending a copy of this material to the lab at Duke University?”)

I think that Duke would be an excellent place to send this material.

About Ruburt’s subconscious again. You see, the slight but still rather remarkable evidence of telepathy I gave you with Philip had two purposes, or one large one.

(See the 26th session, and John Bradley’s statement.)

I wanted to show you that telepathy did exist, and I wanted to show Ruburt that more than his own subconscious was involved. I wanted to build up his confidence. I am definitely a personality independent of Ruburt’s subconscious. Now, Ruburt assembles me, or allows me to assemble myself, in a way that will be recognizable to you; but regardless of this assembling, I exist in an independent manner, and with the past of which I have spoken.

I will go into this immediately after a brief break, since the question obviously concerns you both so deeply. And then, sometime between now and 25 years of laying your doubts to rest, I would like to go into some other matters of which I have hinted, and which I have been trying to tackle for about three sessions. Do take your break, pussies.

(Break at 9:37. We had gathered a good amount of material in just 37 minutes, and this in spite of the fact that Jane spoke at a slower rate than usual.)

We wondered if Seth was using time distortion.

(Jane had no dissociation during this monologue. She now told me that in the beginning of the session she had deliberately “held off” any dissociation, being quite upset by the psychiatrist’s letter. She also reported that her hands felt fat again, and upon examination her fingers did seem to be somewhat swollen, compared to their usual state. Both forefingers especially looked enlarged. However, the phenomena did not return for the balance of the session. And since she exhibited no voice changes this need not be mentioned for the balance of the session. Resume at 9:42.)

I cannot simply appear in your midst, or make myself known in my own form. I have explained camouflage patterns to you, I have explained the way the vitality or stuff of the universe changes from plane to plane. Then why do you find it strange that at your end I must to some degree change essence, and find a point of entry, which happens to be Ruburt’s subconscious? It has enough camouflage pattern to enable me to make contact, but not so much as to distort me out of all recognition. I have described the effects of entry into your plane of the so-called flying saucers, and my entry into your plane is something of the same.

I am not Ruburt’s subconscious, though I speak through it. It is the atmosphere through which I can come to you, as the air is the atmosphere through which a bird flies, but the bird is something different from the air. A certain reassembly of myself is necessary when I enter your plane, and this reassembly is done partially by myself, and partially by the combined subconscious efforts of you, Joseph, and Ruburt. Will this satisfy you now?

(“Sure, Seth.”)

Please be frank, as I do not like this hanging over our heads. I have been devoting the last few sessions to clearing up such matters.

In a dream, and this is new material, I have said that you can experience many days while no corresponding amount of physical time passes. In other words, it seems as if you travel very far in the flicker of an eyelash.

Condensed time is the time felt by the entity, or experienced by the entity, while any of its given personalities “live” (and you had better put that in quotes) on a plane of physical materializations. To go into this a bit further, many men have said that life was a dream. They were true to the facts in one strong regard, and yet far afield as far as the main issue is concerned.

Individual life, or the life of the present individual, could be legitimately compared to the dream of an entity. While the individual suffers and enjoys his given number of years, these years are but a flash to the entity. The entity is concerned with these years in the same manner that you are concerned with your

dreams. As you give inner purpose and organization to your dreams, and as you obtain insight and satisfaction from your dreams though they involve only a part of your life, so the entity to some extent directs and gives purpose and organization to his personalities during their existence. And so does the entity obtain insights and satisfactions from his existing personalities, although no one takes up all of his own attentions.

And as your dreams originate with you, rise from you, attain a seeming independence and have their ending with you, so do an entity's personalities arise from him, attain various degrees of independence, and return to him while never leaving him for an instant.

The planes represent the various levels upon which the personalities operate. I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 10:02. During this recitation, Jane was pretty much dissociated. Resume at 10:08.)

You are familiar through your reading with so-called secondary personalities. There have been cases of individuals with three separate personalities. Now this idea comes close to the relationship of the entity to its personalities. They are independent to varying degrees, and they operate on various planes for purposes of overall fulfillment and development.

To a lesser degree, you function along these lines in varying roles when you exist simultaneously as a member of a family, a member of a community, a nation, and as an artist or a writer. As you attempt to use your abilities so does the entity attempt to use his abilities, and he organizes his various personalities and to some extent directs their activities while still allowing them what you would call free will.

There exists infinities of diversity and opportunity for the personalities, and this diversity is given to it, to it meaning the personality, by the entity. Your own dreams are fragments, even as in a much larger sense you are fragments of your entity. An unrecognized unity and organization lies within all of your dreams, beneath their diversity. And your dreams, while part of you, actually exist apart. That is, you have given them a certain independence. This is difficult to explain clearly, and may be rather difficult for you to swallow whole. I hope you don't choke.

(In the above paragraph the phrases "meaning the personality," and "a much larger sense," came clearly to my mind just before Jane voiced them. The match was exact both times. For some reason it made an impression on me, whereas many times while Jane is dictating I have had a thought similar to the one Jane was about to voice. I might be too sensitive about this instance simply because of John Bradley's telepathic experience in the 26th session.)

However, as I have said there is great similarity between your relationship to your dreams, and to the entity's relationship to his personality. What I did not make plain was that your dreams are part of a plane, and exist on it as you exist on your plane.

That dream world has its own reality, its own time, which is different from your concept of time, and its own inner organization. As the entity is only partially concerned with its personalities after setting them into motion, so you are unconcerned with this dream world which you have set into motion. But it exists.

To a different degree it is filled with conscious semipersonalities. I call them semipersonalities merely to point out that they are not as developed as you are, as you are not as developed as your entity is. Nevertheless, that dream world experiences continuity. It is not aware of any break while, for example, you are sleeping. It does not know you sleep or wake. It merely exists to a fairly vivid degree while you sleep, and it sleeps but does not die while you are awake.

This is very important, however. Again I suggest a break, merely because this material is new, and we seem to get better reception with short half-hour rests.

(Break at 10:30. Jane said that during this delivery she was "far out", although she was aware that she was voicing some new and startling material... She reports that as a delivery nears its end, Seth begins to recede slowly, and at the same time she slowly regains conscious awareness of her surroundings. There is nothing sudden or startling involved. Resume at 10:35.)

The entity itself does not have to keep constant check on its personalities, because in each personality there is an inner self-conscious part that knows its origin. This part, for now, I will call the self-conscious beyond the subconscious. The breather and the dreamer are not so automatically controlled as it would seem. I have mentioned before that some part of you knows exactly how much oxygen the lungs breathe, and how much energy it takes to pace a floor, and this is the part of you of which I spoke. It is the part, and the self-conscious part, that receives all inner data.

Do you want to move?

("No.")

(I had been trying to get comfortable in my chair.)

The part that translates inner data sifts it down through the subconscious, which is a barrier and also a threshold to the present personality as it operates on the camouflage plane. I have mentioned many times how vitality changes as it approaches and forms various planes. I have said that the topmost part of the subconscious contains personal memories. That beneath these are racial

memories and so forth. Things are simply not layered in the way I speak of them. But continuing with the necessary analogy, on the other side of (or beneath to you) the racial memories, you no longer exist within your plane, and look out upon another with the face of this other self-conscious part of you. This part receives inner data, is in contact with the entity, to some greater degree than you are in contact with your dreams, and actually directs all the important functions that you think are either automatically controlled, or unconsciously controlled.

When such abilities as telepathy occur, this telepathic function is carried on continually by this other self-conscious part of you, but as a rule you act upon such data without the knowledge of the conscious self with which you are familiar. I wanted to at least get into this material this evening, because while it may sound complex to you now, it is really basic. And it is knowledge that you must have before we can go further.

There is also a corresponding, but lesser, self-consciousness that connects your present personalities with the dream world, which is aware of its origin and communicates data from you to it. Again you are no more aware of your dream creations, and no less aware than your entity is of you, but in the last analysis you are aware and connected with your entity through this self-conscious part of you that faces another plane.

(Jane laughed.) There is of course an apparent contradiction here, but it is only apparent. It is certainly to you contradictory, your dilemma being this: if you have another self-conscious self, then *(with a laugh)* why aren't you aware of it? *(Laugh.)*

Pretend that you are some weird creature with two faces. One face looks out upon one world and one looks out upon another. Imagine, further, this poor creature having a brain to go with each face, and each brain interprets reality in terms of the world it looks upon. Yet the worlds are different, and more, the creatures are Siamese twins.

At the same time imagine that these creatures are really one creature, but with definite parts equipped to handle two entirely different worlds. The subconscious therefore, in this truly ludicrous analogy, would exist between the two brains, and would enable the creature to operate as a single unity. At the same time, and this is the difficult part to explain, neither of the two faces would ever see the other world. They would not be aware of each other. And yet each would be fully self-conscious.

I suggest a brief break again. There is much more to be gone into here.

(Break at 11:02. Again, Jane said that she was pretty well dissociated during the above delivery. Resume at 11:06.)

I wanted to begin this material, and we will continue it. I do not like to give you too much difficult material at one session. I would rather let you study what you have. And now, a short chat about your hilarious furniture changings, and rechangings, and rechangings.

The bookcases should stay as they are, my dear Ruburt. Enough is enough, and you have optimum benefit from them. You should feel much better. The bedroom arrangement is fine, and if my dear Joseph will not blame Ruburt's subconscious I would make one further suggestion that is not, however, to involve any more complicated arrangements on Ruburt's part: simply, when it is possible, the addition of either a comfortable chair or a small desk and chair, quite simple, to your bedroom arrangement, as a more or less permanent fixture for a small private place, accessible when he wants it, for our so sensitive and sometimes pigheaded Ruburt.

Otherwise everything is fine. Ruburt should be satisfied. I suggest the bookcases as a permanent arrangement. These are, after all, only logical suggestions to make your daily living more comfortable, and therefore free your energies. Ruburt can calm down now. I never saw such stirrings and slammings and carrying-ons. The suggestion of a chair for reading or relaxation, or a small desk in the bedroom, is merely so that our wandering Ruburt can have one other place in another room where he feels he can go. It is merely a safety valve, but I do not make any of my suggestions lightly, though from Ruburt's vehement reactions I shall certainly keep my suggestions mostly to myself.

In fact, I take back my suggestion about dining in the kitchen, lest he pull out a wall for the purpose. Nevertheless, you will both feel better about your living quarters in general, and this is extremely important after all.

A bedroom should also be a permanent fixture, as should a working room for Joseph.

After you digest this evening's material we will go into other matters. You will both benefit by an attempt to use your inner senses, and as I have mentioned earlier, connections and contacts with the outside world are also important.

You in particular, Joseph, need such contact, since you are not consciously aware of its intrinsic value. I want to end this session early. There is however one point along these lines I would like to make, and that is that your present father impeded his own inner development, and stunted it, through an unwillingness to face challenges in the outside world.

Manipulation of camouflage patterns actually opens up inner abilities. You know by now that I am never suggesting time should be taken from your necessary art work. I am certainly glad that we are back on schedule. I do not

mean to be fussy, and Ruburt did get a rather embarrassing flash from me before the session. I blush to admit the fact, but at one time I did call you Yoyo.

(“When did you call me that, Seth?”)

I called you Yo-yo when you were my father, and I am not going into any reincarnational material tonight.

(Jane mentioned receiving this flash at supper time tonight.)

(“Seth, is our cat Willy aware of your presence with us, now? He doesn’t seem to pay attention to these sessions anymore.”)

(As she delivered Seth’s answer, Jane walked over to the couch and picked up the dozing Willy. He merely yawned and stretched in her arms.)

I have no idea at the present time. I am not all that important to your cat, although sometimes he senses me quite plainly.

We will have our regular session Wednesday. My dear friends, both of you, I hope that your doubts have been laid to rest, certainly for a while. Or I will end up using half of each session to hush you. I do think that Ruburt feels better. For the first time, he did not give me a hearty welcome tonight. I certainly have my troubles with you.

Ta ta, tootsies.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

You should have many quiet sessions filled with accomplishment. I hope we have things on an even keel again. And remember, no harm can come to either of you through training your inner senses. Fear can hold you back greatly in these efforts. I would also suggest continuing your practice of getting out of the house on Saturday evenings, and though Ruburt is not a passionate hostess I would suggest that you have friends in. And also that you, Joseph, take walks or at least get out more often.

Now I mean it this time. Good night, fond friends. I look forward to Wednesday.

(“So do we. Good night, Seth.”)

(End at 11:35. Jane was quite dissociated in the beginning of this monologue, but she reports that as it drew to a close the state grew less.)

(This material is included here because it is dealt with extensively in the following, 29th session.)

(The Miss Callahan mentioned herein is Miss Florence Callahan. She is a retired, unmarried school teacher, 74 years old, who for the last fifteen years has lived in the front apartment on the second floor of our apartment house. We also live on the second floor. Our doors are perhaps fifteen feet apart. Miss Callahan’s apartment faces West Water St., on the south; our place faces the

west.

(Having lived here for four years now, we of course have become friends with Miss Callahan, who is a gentle person, very shy and yet quite independent, according to her relatives. Jane at various times has taken care of her mail when she traveled, and at Christmas time we exchanged small presents.

(Miss Callahan was referred to by Frank Watts in the 1st session; Frank Watts stated that she was a mutual acquaintance of the three of us. Yet when Jane asked Miss Callahan if she remembered any Frank Watts, shortly after the first session, Miss C could not place him; on the other hand, she did not claim definitely that she did not know, or had not known, Frank Watts. Since she has at times exhibited a faulty memory, and suffers from hypertension, Jane and I did not think much, for or against, Miss C's inability to place Frank Watts. We did not press the matter.

(It will also be remembered that we did not hold our regularly scheduled 26th session, due February 17, 1964, because of Miss Callahan's being taken ill, and finally going to the hospital.

(On July 29/63, Jane had a very vivid dream, in color, involving Miss Callahan. In the dream, Jane saw Miss C in a hospital; Miss C was very thin, and dressed in black. She had been crying, and tried to tell Jane something to the effect that she, Miss C, was going away. She was very unhappy and sad. In this hospital where Miss C was, things were also being sold.

(The next day, Jane visited Miss Callahan, to ask for the use of her telephone since our television set was not working, and we needed the help of a repairman. Jane had not seen Miss C for a month. Jane was very surprised when Miss C, apparently quite upset, told her that she had just learned from her doctor that she needed operations on both of her eyes, for the removal of cataracts. But Miss C had to wait for some weeks or months yet, until the cataracts progressed to a certain point before the operations could be done. Miss C then asked Jane if she would bring in the mail, etc., while she was in the hospital.

(Jane mentioned her dream to Miss Callahan, but she did not tell Miss C she had seen her crying, or dressed in black. In her notes on the dream, Jane wrote that she hoped the black did not symbolize death for Miss C. Jane was quite relieved to learn that while Miss C did have to go to the hospital, it was for a more or less routine operation, and nothing more serious.

(Tonight, February 26, 1964, we visited Miss Callahan at the hospital, and were disappointed to see that her condition had worsened considerably since her admittance last week. In fact, she did not appear to know us, or her relatives who were also there. She had gotten out of bed by herself earlier in the

week and had taken a bad fall; there was a bandage on her right temple and her left elbow because of this. When we saw her tonight she was tied in bed to prevent her from hurting herself again this way. When she did rouse herself, she talked of coming home tomorrow.

(There was no way for us to help Miss Callahan, so we left the hospital at about 8:00 PM, to prepare for tonight's session. While we were with Miss C, however, Jane received a flash from Seth that was quite disturbing to her.

(This was to the effect that Jane's dream, back in July of 1963, had been correct, but that Jane had been too eager to put a less serious implication upon it. The real meaning of the dream was that, rather than go through the operations on her eyes, Miss Callahan had decided subconsciously to die; and that she had reached this decision at the same time that Jane dreamed it.

(While typing up the above material, I had several mild instances of my particular sensation, which Seth has called the feeling of sound. The sensation, a rich tingling or thrilling, began in both feet at the same time, and worked up my legs. I waited for it to spread, but it rather quickly dissipated. Though now, as last time, remnants of it linger.)

SESSION 29

FEBRUARY 26, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Jane and I were back home from visiting Miss Callahan, in the hospital, by 8:30. We spent the time remaining before the session was due in discussing the flash Jane had received from Seth, concerning her dream about Miss C., and then in sitting quietly for a few minutes.

(Again we did not use the board. By 8:50, Jane felt her usual nervous pangs. The session actually began at 8:55, when Jane rose and began to pace and dictate. Her voice was a bit stronger than usual.)

Since you are waiting for me so nicely, I will commence.

Ruburt was correct. He did receive what he prefers to think of as a flash from me tonight. His dream was a mixture of telepathy, and this legitimate telepathic message was colored by the other elements that made up the dream, and this was subconscious fantasy. That is, he wove a dream about a legitimate telepathic communication.

The dream data was correct in its bare essentials. Your friend, Miss Callahan, said that she was going away, and that she did not really want to go away. The picture in the dream was partly subconscious guesswork with a touch of clairvoyance. Any such inner communications are basically the same in that they are picked up by the inner senses, whether or not the information is received as a telepathic communication or in terms of clairvoyance. Where a place for example is seen, rather than words being heard, is determined by the receiver of the message.

The actual communication is not in words or pictures. Material from the inner senses is very seldom experienced by the conscious mind in its pure condition. What you get is a hasty twisting of channel, a rather inept and usually somewhat disastrous attempt to pick up this material with the outer senses.

At the precise time of Ruburt's dream, your friend Miss Callahan had, or rather was, deciding to leave this plane. Ruburt received this message directly. The unwillingness on Miss Callahan's part represented of course her present personality's protest against the change that a deeper part of herself deemed necessary and proper.

It was Miss Callahan's discovery that she needed operations on both eyes

that caused this deeper decision. Miss Callahan herself was conscious of natural dismay over the projected operations. When she told Ruburt of the operations, Ruburt leapt to the conclusion that this was the meaning of the dream, and that the dream data had been incomplete.

I think that before tonight, subconsciously Ruburt knew the true meaning of the dream. Part of the subconscious fantasy in the dream was of course valid, representing a watered-down version of the actual communication. For example, Miss Callahan's black apparel. She had been preparing herself since she learned of the operations' necessity for her own departure. Yet consciously of course, she was ignorant of her own inner decision, and this is always absolutely necessary.

("Seth, why did Miss Callahan tell us back in early December that she didn't know, or at least remember, Frank Watts?")

(Jane had asked Miss Callahan about Frank Watts soon after our first session, of December 2/63.)

She did not remember Frank Watts, although he exaggerated to some degree. They did meet rather often over a period of many years, as she taught his children. He admired her very much, as his children found her an excellent teacher. One in particular. Frank Watts considered her a friend, attaching more importance than she did to her influence upon his children; but beyond this her present personality has been gently disentangling itself from this plane, and she simply did not remember.

Of course, the conscious mind cannot be aware of such important and critical inner decisions. It would break apart in most unpleasant circumstances, disintegrating before the whole self could make necessary preparations. I want to point out here that your friend Miss Callahan is taking an easier way out in one way, and a difficult way out in another. In the long run her way is a better one, however, than the manner chosen by those who prefer a so-called quick death.

The disentanglement of her present personality has been gradual and gentle. She is focusing less and less upon this plane and will, again gradually, begin to focus upon another plane. She will not, therefore, experience as much shock. There is a period of adjustment after leaving any plane, although your plane involves the most difficulty since the camouflage pattern is unusually rigid.

("You said once that the shock of birth was worse than the shock of death.")

(See the 7th session, page 37.)

The shock of birth of course is worse, since the personality is not entirely focused as a personality, and it must make immediate and critical adjustments of

the strongest nature. Death on your plane is a termination but does not involve a new immediately-critical adjustment, since there is a time for rest and a time to catch up, so to speak.

You do not have to learn new things at the same time as you are struggling to exist in a strange environment. After death there is no instant struggle, where birth on your plane involves a pressing, agonizing attempt to get one's bearings, and learn new patterns of behavior, when there is no time in your sense really to make any mistakes at all. The termination is always easier, believe it or not, than a beginning under such pressing circumstances as survival on a strange camouflage plane.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 9:28. Once again we felt that we had gathered a lot of material in just about half an hour. Jane was fairly dissociated, she said, except when she paused in her pacing to look out one of our living room windows. This window overlooks a very busy intersection, one house away. It was a very cold night, and Jane was intrigued by the patterns that lingering clouds of automobile exhausts left hanging in the air. Resume at 9:32, Jane dictating.)

From your viewpoint such a disintegration is, of course, not pleasant, but as the personality loses its focus on your plane it gathers itself together on another plane, and such a gradual gathering together is much more favorable than the surprise of a complete and sudden departure. Already Miss Callahan's vital core of awareness is appearing on another plane, and if you will forgive an analogy, she appears there as a wondering but not frightened young girl.

("Is Frank Watts aware of what's happening to Miss Callahan?")

Frank Watts is not yet aware of this, but shortly will be. His powers are not yet developed enough, even here, so that he can be aware of this until she is almost completely materialized.

I have mentioned that the emotions, if you will forgive me, are the tail end of the inner senses. Frank Watts would be aware of the approaching death of a previous child, for example, though not of the approaching death of Miss Callahan at this time. He has been resting. For a while his energies were directed toward your plane in a strong, almost compulsive personal manner, and had Miss Callahan been ill then he would have known.

("Then Miss Callahan will be almost fully materialized on the other plane before she dies on this plane?")

Oh yes. This is the case in her particular type of withdrawal. In a sudden death the materialization is rather shocking for the personality; and the materialization is simultaneously made and leads in some cases to confusion.

The whole self slowly regains knowledge of its own reincarnations, and

learns of its relationship to its own entity. I have said that a personality may become another entity. There is no rule against it. It is a matter of inherent strength and ability and also of desire. Many personalities upon receiving knowledge of their entity prefer to remain part of it, though they are always independent individualities within the whole entity, as even the cells of your physical bodies are part of the whole self. They greet the entity as a son greets his father. There is no coercion involved here, and this is an important point.

("What did you do?")

The cells of your physical body incidentally also have their awareness, which may seem minute and insignificant to you, but they make independent decisions upon which you depend in very important degrees. Your term, instinct, is a very unfortunate one, and coined to begin with because you insist that no organism except man has any consciousness.

So-called instinctual actions seem rather automatic to you because they are different from logical thought as you know it. Because for example bees or ants tend to act in a like manner as far as other bees and ants are concerned, because it appears that their actions are as predictable and almost predetermined, man takes it for granted that certain reflexes are absolutes in particular species, and that in any given situation a member of such a species will always react in a certain manner because he cannot help it.

This is the case, but not the case. The choices are small to your way, but choice is not impossible. Actually there is choice, but the manipulation of camouflage is not developed along your lines. This does not mean that there is no consciousness in such species, nor does it mean there is no self-consciousness. There is, to a limited degree.

Now, so do the cells in your own body have self-consciousness and individuality to some extent, and so on a different scale entirely do they make decisions. Their decisions affect you, though they have but vague awareness that you exist as a whole at all. Their decisions indirectly affect your manipulations of camouflage, and of course directly influence your whole state of being. The cells are developed to the fullest at this time.

("What happens when a cancer cell starts up?")

The cells are independent, as they are individuals. They are also dependent upon the driving organization of your subconscious, following its directions even to cancerous reproductions, which on their part is of course growth.

You as a physical being are also dependent upon many forces that you do not understand, so there is no contradiction in saying that the cells are individual and independent, and yet dependent upon stronger organization. There is no

coercion put upon the cells, because each cell is what it is because of its innate ability and strength. Nor is there any coercion as far as a personality is concerned, which is a part of an entity. There are laws of development, which are the only real laws, and which govern such matters. Or really, such matters govern themselves. When capabilities grow there are ways of further growth which become open.

I suggest a break.

(Break at 10:03. Up until near the end of this session, Jane spoke in a voice slightly stronger than usual, and paced at a fair rate. Her eyes retained their usual darkness during delivery. She was, she said, tired tonight; her mind was a blank, and yet the material came through. Resume at 10:12.)

There are so many planes that it is impossible to list them, and difficulty arises from your need to categorize in terms of words. And this is just not possible in this particular instance.

("Do you mean planes here on earth?")

There are endless planes upon your earth, or rather endless planes occurring simultaneously with your earth. Your solid earth is not a solid to inhabitants of other planes that would seem to take up the same space as your earth. The idea of taking up the same space is erroneous to begin with, but I don't see how we can avoid such terms and still make any sense to you.

Your particular camouflage pattern is given to solids, among other things, and the idea of solids gives its alternative of something not solid or unfilled, which you call space. Your outer senses are themselves camouflages to deal with, and equipped to perceive, camouflages. On some other planes the camouflage pattern is so different as to be beyond your present comprehension.

("Can you give us a crude example?")

These other planes that you would say exist simultaneously with you in the same space as your earth, are unperceived of course by you. Parallel existences occur constantly. Continual organized materialization realities are happening with their own cultures, histories, theories, camouflage patterns and distortions, with their own beings existing as individuals in your terms.

("Can you visit any of these planes?")

I have visited several. It is difficult to put this into words. These planes of which I have spoken have some basic similarity with your own, though the camouflage patterns have no similarity. That is, the similarity is one of organization, a variety of historical continuity, a strong and involved ego mechanism, a complicated camouflage code system; without, however, the dual inner and outer sense of alienation with which your race has become involved.

There are several of these culture establishment existences or planes,

coexisting in the same space as your earth; but when I say coexisting in the same space I am speaking on your terms and simplifying to an alarming degree.

(“Are any of these type planes aware of us, our plane?”)

None of the above mentioned are aware of your plane. There is among others another classification beside culture establishment existences, and these keep camouflage patterns at a minimum and are not as similar as cultural establishment existences are to your own plane. These materialize camouflage pattern only at certain times to express and deal with inner conflicts not yet worked out. I did not intend to get into this so deeply yet, as it may be confusing to say the least.

(“We’re following you okay.”)

There are no gradations as far as above or below, or better or worse, or advanced or retarded as far as the various planes are concerned, but the planes themselves are grouped into certain organized patterns of development, and in a way I cannot as yet explain to you there seems to be certain kinds of gradation in these groupings.

I am afraid I have taken you too deeply into these matters too early. There are no simple answers. There is complexity and growth and the dynamics of vitality always; and these find new forms, new diversions and new creations constantly. Your own animals and all the various species that you know belong to a general grouping, with man presently holding forth.

(“Could our plane vanish?”)

Do you mean in an instant?

(“Well, could it just finish its business and then be done as a plane? You said once that planes come and go; at least some of them.”)

Oh yes, this happens in countless cases, and could happen to your plane. It would in no way affect other planes. The vitality on your plane and on or in all planes in your grouping displays itself in terms of self-consciousness to some degree, as you understand it.

On many other planes the vitality expresses itself in ways incomprehensible to you and at this point to me. The personality-entity concept involves only one main type process involving many planes and plane groups. But this is not all that is or exists. It is extremely possible that many in the personality-existence grouping have been involved within other completely different plane groupings in some inconceivable past.

(“That night Jane, Bill Macdonnel and I held our amateur ‘seance’ with your help, you said the image that replaced Jane’s reflection in the mirror was from another plane.”)

That image was of another personality type fragment from another plane.

I have used the word plane to describe any other existence sphere with which you are not familiar. I am afraid we will have to cease this practice. From here on I will use the word plane to refer to existences having to do with your own levels. That is your Miss Callahan I will say is on another plane, since this involves the continuation in some manner of a personality concept which you can understand.

Later I will attempt to show you where the boundaries are, though (*Jane laughed*) there really are no boundaries, that form a variety of such planes into a sphere of relation in which to some extent cause and effect operates as you understand it. Beyond that for a long time there is no need for me to go any more deeply. I will speak of the entity, the personalities, the reincarnations, the diverse fragment groupings, the planes with which you are either familiar with or can understand, and ultimately try to deal with your question, implied if not spoken, as to where entities came from to begin with.

This is quite an undertaking in itself. The other numberless existence quadrants—

(“Wait a minute, let’s check that spelling.”)

Q-u-a-n-d-r-a-n-t-s, will not concern you for quite some time. Needless to say I wanted you to know that there is much more than even this, complexities that are truly astounding, intelligences that operate in what I suppose you would call a gestalt fashion, building blocks of vitalities of truly unbelievable maturity, awareness and comprehension. These are the near ultimate.

I suggest a break. The material is such that it is difficult. I do not want to overstrain Ruburt with it.

(Break at 10:55. Jane’s voice was getting tired by now. During the past two monologues she had been fairly well dissociated. She could feel Seth trying to get the material through without overloading her, she could feel him trying to get her to use the right words. It was as though, she said, Seth was stretching her brain in an effort to get the material through.

(The nature of this material of course led Jane and I to speculate a little bit, during break, about the fact that what we had as a species, and indeed the species itself, might be quite impermanent. Being personally interested in such things, we talked of the perhaps intrinsic impermanence of all of our works of art, whether it be painting, music, literature, etc. Resume at 11:04.)

This material should not make you feel unimportant or insignificant. The framework is so woven that each particle is dependent upon every other. The strength of one adds strength to all. The weakness of one weakens the whole. The energy of one recreates the whole. The striving of one increases the potentiality of everything that is, and this places great responsibility upon every

consciousness.

I would even advise a double reading of the above sentence for it is a keystone and a vital one. Rising to challenges is a basis for existence in every aspect of existence. It is the developer of all abilities and at the risk of being trite, it is the responsibility of even the most minute particle of consciousness to use its own abilities, and all of its abilities to the utmost. Upon the degree to which this is done rests the power and coherence of everything that is.

I have given you so much new material this evening that I will end the session shortly. You will see that we are getting as much material as before, that is as much actual material, and in lesser amounts of time.

“I noticed that.”

(Indeed, Jane and I had both been strongly aware that Seth was evidently doing something with respect to time, during the last few sessions. The peculiar thing is that while the session is underway neither of us is aware of any change. It is only at a break, for instance, that we will notice the amount of material we have taken in half an hour or thereabouts. Without running actual physical tests for comparison, we seem to accumulate quite a bit more than would usually be possible without going at top speed. Yet during a session Jane while talking steadily, nevertheless pauses often, and I am no longer pressed to write at top speed to keep up with her.

(By now, Jane was quite tired. Her voice was low, and her pace much slower.)

The small mention I made of the astounding gestalt building blocks of massive intelligence is also very important.

Now my dear friends, you are doing very well. Joseph, get your Ruburt his dowels this weekend. You will find your living arrangements much more adequate now. The changes are worthwhile. Without them you would begin thinking of more severe changes that might be convenient some time but would only be disruptive now.

Any innovations such as building yourself shelves of some sort would be helpful also. Any old gripes, if you will forgive such an unlofty word, should be settled in your living quarters as much as possible. Day-to-day small pleasures are important to you. It would not be beneficial at this time for you to find other living quarters, and any changes or improvements you make here will pay off in many ways.

You might even make a reasonable, and I mean reasonable, Ruburt, list of preferred circumstances such as shelves built, rooms painted and so forth, and carry them out yourselves. Whatever if anything now daily aggravates you, change these things and you will be amazed at your added peace of mind. I

would have thought that you would have hit upon the entryway idea yourselves; something to keep your psychic energies contained, and again it is the feeling that the entryway gives you rather than the entryway itself, and the feeling that a desk and chair in another room gives Ruburt, rather than the desk and chair itself.

(“Seth, we’ve received our ESP cards from Duke.”)

I do strongly suggest that you begin work with these cards and also (*Jane laughed*) when you have the time that you continue your own attempt to use the inner senses outside these sessions. And (*Jane laughed again*) all of this with a balanced social life.

(“Yeah, that’ll be easy.”)

This is merely a suggestion that is to be under Joseph’s direction and subject to Joseph’s judgment; and again only a suggestion and again to be determined by Joseph’s discretion. I do not know if it is feasible or not, the possibility only of your dowels or any alternate to be set up here.

(Pausing, Jane stood with arms outstretched to the left of my desk. I could quickly see that some kind of a divider here would shield her working area from the entrance to our apartment.)

I also suggest strongly that Ruburt resume writing down his dreams and putting the notebook by his bedside.

Now my two blooming peonies, I bid you a fond good evening.

(“Good evening, Seth.”)

(End at 11:28. Jane reports that she was dissociated during this delivery also, in spite of being so tired.)

SESSION 30
FEBRUARY 27, 1964 5:35 PM THURSDAY
UNSCHEDULED

(Several times this morning while we were working Jane mentioned that she was receiving flashes from Seth about a particular subject—the refrigerator in our bathroom. Seth had, she said, just realized this situation and was quite upset.

(Actually we have two refrigerators, and since our kitchen is very small we kept the smaller icebox there and the larger one in the bath. The bath is very large, an ornate and tiled affair that was once the master bath of the house before it was converted into apartments.

(Jane strongly disliked the idea of the large refrigerator in the kitchen, and actively resisted Seth's concern with the problem. But at lunch she told me she wouldn't be surprised if we had a short session this evening. I did not care for this idea but decided to see what developed, mainly for future reference.

(When I picked Jane up after work at the gallery, she told me one of the flashes from Seth was this:)

Why does a small kitchen make a refrigerator sanitary in a bathroom?

(She was also concerned because she thought her subconscious might be playing tricks on her, using the Seth approach to problems she or we should solve on our own. She did not want to acquire this habit. We had just finished supper when Jane motioned for me to get pen and paper. Throughout the brief session her voice was normal and her pace slow. Her eyes darkened as usual.)

All right now. This is not to be considered a regular session. You do not have to include it in your official notes unless you so desire.

The seemingly unfortunate suggestion that I made to Ruburt was made for your own benefit, not mine. This short session would not even be necessary except that I was not sure if you would consider the suggestion as legitimate if I did not give it in a normal manner, or should I say a formal manner.

Ruburt, dear Ruburt, has been besieging me with protests because your kitchen is small. Had I realized that your food center was not in one place I would certainly have made this suggestion earlier. I have no intention of disrupting your household, nor as Ruburt feared was this suggestion merely a trick of his own subconscious. You will not be plagued certainly with furniture-

moving ideas of this type.

I found you in certain physical circumstances, some of which were psychically unfavorable, but before a mutual trust was developed I could hardly make any such suggestions. That is why they came all at once so to speak. And they will not keep coming

The fact is that regardless, Ruburt, of the smallness of your kitchen, it simply is not physically sanitary or even psychically healthful to keep food in a bathroom. Naturally the refrigerator should be kept in one place. You just happened to chose the worst possible place.

This involvement or seeming involvement in your personal habits is somewhat ludicrous. However I know that the change will be beneficial to a rather important degree. Joseph's gumboils are infections directly connected with the proximity of the refrigerator to more personal cleansing centers, and these centers should certainly be divided.

Far from any constant suggestions on my part as to changes, I am trying to the contrary to set you up in the most beneficial ways possible so that these constant readjustments will not be necessary.

The sleeping room should always be separate. The food preparation centers should always be separate, and you do have room for those facilities in one place. The bathroom is one of your more fortunate environments. You are extremely well off in this respect and the room should be a place of cleansing and even of rest. You do not understand pollution or growth well enough yet, but food simply should not be allowed in this room. I should think that with your educations you should have known this yourselves, and I am quite honestly embarrassed for having to tell you this.

My mention of the tree in the kitchen was made because I happen to enjoy seeing it when Ruburt makes his twice-weekly journeys up and down the living room floor. A tree is a living symbol to you Joseph, but I certainly do not insist that the tree be left uncovered though personally I see no reason why any other changes have to be made in the kitchen, except for the addition of the refrigerator. I blush to think of your fine professors reading this, and for your sakes I suggest that it not be sent out with official material.

("Okay.")

(Seth's reference to a tree concerns one I had drawn directly on the kitchen wall, in India ink on the yellow paint. It happened to be one of my best drawings, done very quickly above the spot where we had placed the small refrigerator. One can look into the kitchen from one end of the living room and thus see the tree, and in a subdued light it is very effective. The big refrigerator covers it entirely since it is the only spot in the kitchen where it will fit in at all.

Jane used this fact in protesting to Seth about switching the iceboxes.)

I made the suggestion impromptu simply because I was suddenly aware of the condition that needed a remedy. These changes in your physical situation, believe it or not, will save you both some psychic difficulties and even physical ills. Otherwise I would have made no suggestions.

Now, I certainly hope that much is settled and that Ruburt will stop blating at me. He keeps going at me more than I ever keep going at him between sessions, and he is just getting too good at it.

Your living spaces should be divided as to function. This avoids entanglement of psychic energies, and I will go into the reasons for this during one of our regular sessions. Now dear pigeons it is a lovely evening, I see. These physical changes will make your life more peaceful and set you both at peace in various ways.

Do you have any questions, Joseph?

(“Why does my wife’s back hurt?”)

Your wife’s back trouble is a matter of tension, and a chiropractic adjustment will doubtless help. Emotional and psychic changes sometimes sweep her willy-nilly, with the changes from winter to spring having to do with chemical rather than glandular adjustments. It is nothing serious and I will also cover the reasons behind her particular variety of seasonal difficulties at a later time, when I go into her past lives.

I will leave you now. There is a possibility that Ruburt’s eyesight may improve with a chiropractic adjustment. Per usual I could go on for hours, but I will not keep you.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

(End at 6:00 PM.)

(Seth’s observation that it was a lovely evening stemmed from the fact that night had not yet fallen. Usually our sessions take place when it is quite dark out.)

SESSION 31

MARCH 2, 1964 MONDAY 9 PM AS INSTRUCTED

(Again this session took place without the board. As early as 8:35 Jane felt somewhat nervous. At 8:45 she had “no idea what he’s going to talk about tonight.” At 8:55, when I asked Jane if she had anything yet, she shook her head. She said that sometimes during a monologue she was aware that she was sipping wine or milk, and sometimes not.

(Jane began delivering material at precisely 9 PM. As she did, our cat Willy behaved in a most strange fashion. He had been sleeping on the couch but as Jane rose to begin Willy leaped down to the floor. Half crouching in the middle of the room, he looked all around with his eyes round and his ears drawn halfway back; it is a pose we have often seen him take when on the alert.

(Jane’s voice during delivery tonight was a little stronger than usual throughout the session. Her pace was not fast, her eyes dark as usual.)

Good evening, chickadees.

(“Good evening, Seth.”)

I do not know if Ruburt is less nervous before a session when you do not use the board, or more nervous. After so many sessions I would think that he would be reassured.

In the back of your mind is one question that I have avoided for many reasons. One of the main reasons for my avoiding it was the necessity of giving prerequisite material so that the answer would be at least partially comprehensible.

The question has to do with the so-called creation of your universe, the introduction of entities upon it, and of course with the cause or causes behind such creation. You know by now that you create your own camouflage-patterned universe, and I have tried to cover some of the mechanisms involved in this continuous, seemingly automatic creation.

If this were fully understood you see, then there would not be the necessity of looking for some god. I am certainly not going into the God concept at this time, though you can be certain that I will cover it thoroughly, since it is itself an idea camouflage covering something much different.

You know then that you yourselves create your universe and that each

generation creates it anew in its own image. There is a growth principle operating in the realm of ideas and in the construction of these ideas into camouflage patterns.

The patterns evolve according to certain laws. They merely reflect the ideas behind them, and these ideas you must realize originate from different sources. They originate in the subconscious, it is true, but before this an idea quality is received by the inner senses. Sometimes this idea quality is received as intuition, where it sparks into the conscious mind. But the conscious ego is the primary manipulator of camouflage patterns and the obvious mover. The actual material from which camouflage patterns are formed is the vitality which exists and which is unconsciously used by your personalities.

This actual gathering up of prime vitality for the purpose of physical construction is not however truly automatic, and it is not truly performed unconsciously. The strong self-conscious self of which I have spoken, the self-conscious self of which your own personality is not aware, this self that faces into the inner world of reality, quite consciously draws upon the vitality and stuff of what is.

The conscious ego then manipulates this material for the purposes of camouflage constructions. The transformation of vitality into physical properties is done by this self-conscious self that faces the inner world. The subconscious is the link between these two self-consciousnesses, and here you find an acceptance by the camouflage personality of the materials at hand.

At the same time the camouflage consciousness cannot be aware of the actual originator, and therefore must look for causes from the outside. In your dual system, that is, the two self-consciousnesses are more divided and alien to themselves than need be. The old idea of spirits pervading all physical matter actually represents an intuitive glimpse into reality that your sciences will finally arrive at in a long labored manner.

You can see now why the problem of creation does not really exist in the terms that you first thought of it. During one session I mentioned that since self-consciousness even exists in all living things, then the question of the exact entrance be specified becomes irrelevant.

I suggest a break.

(Break at 9:27. Jane was "in between" this time, or but partly dissociated. It seemed that we had not acquired as much material as usual. By the end of her delivery she was talking a bit louder and at a slightly faster rate. Resume at 9:29.)

The fact is that your plane originated because enough entities needed certain types of experience to warrant such a creation, and they set about

forming it through the process of evolution. That I believe you understand. The smallest minute first portion represented the will and vitality of all the entities that would ever dwell upon the earth that would come after.

It was far from a purposeless arrangement. It involved a foresight hardly imaginable, and I repeat that you had your part in the initial reaction, as did every entity who lived or will live upon the earth; and here we are getting into something rather difficult but certainly no mystery.

I hope I will be able to make this entirely comprehensible at some future time. Nevertheless I will state a few matters now and you will understand them more fully in later sessions.

Since all entities had a hand in when the first particle of matter came into physical materialization, then the inference is plain that entities not yet born upon your planet somehow existed then, and this is the case. You are familiar I am sure with the old religious Christian dictum that God always was and always will be, and this is considered a religious mystery. The fact is that entities always were and always will be, though not necessarily in the same form.

This involves on the part of the entity the use of personalities, which are in a manner capsules of itself or even compartments—part of the whole entity but neatly divided as far as memory and so forth is concerned. Nor is this the only universe which you have helped construct. This is rather difficult but you will see that it is really quite logical.

When your friend Philip innocently asked at what point human consciousness entered the picture, his question was not pertinent. Human consciousness involves entity consciousness, and entity consciousness asserted itself at the very first phase of physical materialization.

(“Does this include the actual physical construction of the earth itself? Or are you referring to the beginnings of life upon an earth already in existence?”)

That includes constructing the earth itself, and when I spoke of the first particle I referred to the very first materialization of physical matter, period. It was this first particle before earth had its form to which I referred when saying that it was the result of the will of all the entities who would ever be born upon it.

The laws of evolution were self-limiting laws in one respect, but involve a necessary discipline in formation. The fact that entities always existed and always will exist sounds strange or even impossible simply because of your present perspective. Even your small studies with psychological time should give you some valuable insight into this matter, however, and the use of psychological time is very important because of the avenues which it will open

for you.

If you use psychological time as I have told you, you will get immediate firsthand experience of many facets of reality which take me pages to explain with the indirect use of words. All entities basically are self-aware portions of energy or vitality. They are self-generating and there is no possibility of thinking in terms of either beginning or end. Again, it is only your own camouflage-imprisoned data which makes you think that everything has a beginning and an end.

(By now Jane's delivery had speeded up to its usual rate.)

I will go into this also more deeply later. It is obvious by now that entities on any plane create that plane, and a strong portion of their personalities are similarly constructed to deal with the mechanics of the particular plane.

In a very simple example, consider that you yourself use your own energy to create your dream world. In this way also you create your so-called real camouflage world, the only difference being that the dream world images do not have duration in physical time although they have duration in psychological time. And believe it or not, actually your individuality has much more freedom in the creation of your dream world, and this is the reason why the dream world does not appear consistent to others.

In the creation of the physical world a certain giving up of individuality is absolutely necessary, since the overall material environment must appear more or less the same to everyone. Of course it will never appear absolutely the same, but it must have a fairly dependable overall coherence.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 9:56. This time we seemed to acquire a normal amount of material between breaks. Jane was fairly well dissociated also. She said that somehow the idea that all entities were in existence at the time of the creation of the earth shocked her.)

(A few days ago, while doing some painting, the idea had popped into my conscious mind unbidden that the very act of painting a picture involved the construction of a plane. I had mentioned it to Jane at the time. Resume at 10:03.)

Incidentally, your universe was not created by all entities, but only by the entities that needed a particular kind of experience. The fact that manipulation is important upon your plane is one of the main causes for wars.

(“Seth, what do you mean exactly when you use the word universe? Are you referring to just our own solar system?”)

(Seth's following answer, through Jane, tallied so closely with the words forming in my own mind that once again, as in the 28th session, I wondered if telepathy might be involved, as in the case of John Bradley.)

By universe I mean physical systems. That is, all you can see now are physical systems. I am speaking of the universe in your terms, as even being all that your telescopes can pick up. In a way your knowledge is limited to physical systems. I am speaking of the stars and planets you see in your sky, but not of the invisible systems that may exist simultaneously with them.

War does not exist on other planes. It exists on your plane as a byproduct of certain challenges which the creator-entities wished to solve through materialization. I have known that these questions were on your minds.

I would like to go back to the difference between the dream world and the outside camouflage world again.

The self-conscious self on the other side of the subconscious has a freer hand in the creation of your dreams, since you are the only personality to whom they must be comprehensible. The camouflage world must be dependable, therefore you do not have such individualistic freedom.

Those who have extremely strong hidden self-conscious selves have the need for greater use of individuality, and these people therefore create what could be called another plane in waking hours, through the use of art forms.

("I thought so.")

In the creation of art forms, both self-consciousnesses are allowed with certain reservations to work together. The subconscious channel between them is allowed to open to a great degree. The product of such merging is extremely individualistic, and yet more comprehensible to others than say a fragment from the dream world.

Nevertheless it also partakes of the strange unity that unites all personalities beneath the camouflage pattern, while at the same time it is only partially connected to the camouflage pattern. In some respects art creations are a meeting of the dream world and the world of camouflage patterns, but in a deeper way art creations represent the appearance or materialization in the actual element of physical time of inner realities. That is, the inner individualistic self forces its vision and knowledge into the world of camouflage pattern, giving its dreams a physical reality denied to the usual dream. And here the use of energy for this purpose is conscious, that is the strong hidden self actually makes use of the camouflage conscious self and molds the two into a reality that combines two planes. This I hope will become clear as you read it over.

The act of artistic creation is therefore one to study, since it involves the intricate workings of the dual self-consciousnesses of one personality, inner data being transformed through the subconscious and greater individuality being made possible because of this.

You were quite correct, Joseph, in your feeling that art created another

plane, and now let me hit you with this one: that the paintings of an artist to some degree have a consciousness of their own, not imprisoned either by the form itself.

I suggest a brief break, and let me congratulate you my dear Joseph upon your latest manipulation of camouflage pattern in terms of your entryway. You will find it very beneficial. It will however mark the end of my suggestions. If possible heed the ones I have already made, but unless queried I will leave your physical situation at rest as it is very much better now.

(“Well, I’m quite sure we’ll have more questions on the subject from time to time.”)

Well, you will do well to give our peppery Ruburt his old divider or whatever up front but otherwise you are free as far as I am concerned.

(Break at 10:30. The divider Seth referred to consists of an idea of mine to build a small bookshelf arrangement over Jane’s desk, so that she will have an enclosed working area at one end of our living room next to the windows.

(This time Jane was pretty well dissociated. She said that part of her knows when she smokes a cigarette, and part does not. I also asked her why she couldn’t sit down and deliver Seth’s messages, as well as do so much pacing. The question came up because I thought she was getting tired. Her voice was becoming hoarse. Resume at 10:36.)

In the last analysis the channel for vitality or for vitality’s transformation into physical matter is of course the inner senses’ ability, and there is a counteraction here as far as the conscious ego is concerned. The conscious ego often blocks much energy. In dreams the blocking is minimized.

(Now Jane sat down to dictate.)

The inner senses operate on all planes and under all circumstances. The outer senses vary according to plane and circumstance. The outer senses are dependable only in terms of the definite plane for which they were constructed. Their purpose of course is to enable the conscious personality to recognize as valid camouflage patterns which are only valid under certain conditions.

On your particular kind of culturally organized grouping the camouflage is necessarily strong, and the outside senses correspondingly vivid. This of course is bound to block some inner data. At the same time it is the inner vitality which creates the camouflage to begin with. Joseph was right when he spoke of entities creating stages upon which to act out their problems. The point of course being that once the play begins the actors are so completely immersed in their roles that they forget that they themselves wrote the play, constructed the sets, or are even acting. The reason for this is rather apparent.

If you know that a situation is imaginary you are not going to bother

trying to solve it. This way you have your actors taking the situation as it seems to be, but looking about in some amazement now and then to wonder how they got where they are, who constructed the stage and so forth. They do not realize that the whole thing is self-created nor should they in the main, since the urgency to solve problems would dissolve.

(Here Jane laughed. And here again, she proceeded to immediately answer the question that came to my mind.)

I am not worried that I am going to disturb the balance that exists, far from it. The fact is that realization to some degree can come and often does come after the play is well under way, and at this point the camouflage action is so involved that the realization itself appears in the framework of the camouflage, and is often indistinguishable from it.

Art creations represent such an awareness, but here the creation of another plane must be intertwined with the camouflage pattern with which you are involved. That is, paintings would have no reality in your present stage of development as long as they remained simply in your mind, even to you. You are driven to give them “reality,” and put that word in quotes, through materializing them in terms of camouflage pattern. You do this to the best of your ability, but in order for the painting to have a reality in your world it must be materialized to some degree on the physical plane.

Art creation is a most basic creation then, not even a mimicking act but a genuine creation of another plane, done self-consciously from the perspective of an imprisoning camouflage pattern. Quite an achievement, therefore. It should be simple as an analogy to consider the next point, where the figure in a painting would not only have a certain consciousness for example but would have other freedoms also; and this would give you a limited conception of what is involved in the creation of other planes of more varied scope.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 11:00. Jane was by now quite tired. She delivered most of the above material sitting down. Her voice was lower than usual also. In order to check a bit on whether any telepathy was involved between us, I told Jane I had a question I wanted to ask Seth, but was not going to voice it, at least not yet.

(Jane remained seated when we resumed at 11:05.)

Incidentally, I was able to give you some of the information about Miss Callahan by drawing upon some of the abilities or qualities of Frank Watts, even though he is resting at the time.

(And however loose the fit, I can state here that Miss Callahan was the subject or question I had in mind and wanted to know about.

(“How is Miss Callahan now?”

(Jane and I had not seen Miss Callahan since our visit of Feb. 26, described in the 29th session.)

Her condition will not improve, although she may have very temporary short periods of lucidity.

(“Would it help if we visited her?”)

A visit might help you. I have been waiting for the question you wanted to ask, or was that it?

(“That was it, Seth.”)

(I had to laugh as Seth-Jane began the following monologue, for as soon as it began Jane got to her feet and resumed pacing. At the end of the session Jane said she got to her feet because she felt very dissociated sitting down; she was talking with her eyes closed and felt that she might slip into a trance. She said that Seth didn’t care about her position. I thought, though, that it was more than coincidence that Jane became more active, considering the subject matter of the next paragraph.)

I would also like to really bawl Ruburt out in strongest terms about his smoking habits. This time of year in particular too much smoking is not good; and he knows I was going to say this and blocked me nicely since the beginning of this session.

I intend to go into more material about various planes, and soon to give a comprehensive view of the inner senses and their mechanism and operation. If this is not too much for you I will add this: that the inner senses would correspond to the outer senses of the inner hidden self-conscious self, that is, separated by the subconscious from your ordinary conscious self.

This hidden self-consciousness can also at times look out through your outer senses upon your camouflage world. At these times you get something of the same effect as when you look through a telescope, and you may think of the long tube of the telescope as the channel of the subconscious.

Incidentally again, when I mentioned that paintings also experienced a certain consciousness I meant to add that they are not completely powerless even on your own plane, since they do exist in it. Naturally they can exert influence in it. I thought this would interest you in particular, Joseph.

(“It does. I’d like to ask you more about this when we’re not so tired. Now can I change the subject a bit?”)

If you prefer.

(“Why was Jane so upset about the killing of the starlings at the art gallery by the police over the weekend? She wrote a poem about it tonight, and she’s going to send it to the newspaper.”)

Ruburt was upset and for good reason. That is although in one way the

birds that were killed were meeting a natural end, the reason behind this end was wrong in terms of emotional value and he sensed this. It goes without saying that a bird's death is inevitable, but a cat killing a bird does not have to juggle the same sort of values with which man is concerned.

I will not go further into this matter this evening. Suffice it to say that to kill for self-protection or even to kill a natural prey on your plane does not involve you in what we may call for the first time, I believe, karmic consequences.

To kill for nothing more serious than convenience or to kill for the sake of killing involves rather dire consequences on your plane, and the emotion or emotional value behind such killing is often as important as what is killed. That is the lust for killing is also a matter that brings dire consequences regardless of, in many cases, the particular living thing or things that is killed. This involves value judgments of a very important type and I will not go into them tonight. However I am glad you brought the matter up, as I will use it to carry you into realms that we have not begun to cover.

("Did our cat sense you at the beginning of tonight's session?")

Your cat sensed me in the beginning of the session. He is however rather acquainted with me now. It takes a while for Ruburt and I to get together so to speak, and at that time I was diffused and he was confused.

I am ready to end the session, as I have been trying to watch your time and since Ruburt sends up such mighty shouts if I keep you over.

One of these nights Ruburt will get his because I will alternate a few sessions of regular material with a few sessions having to do with his present family.

And now good night, peaches. Try to keep things on an even keel, and in quiet times remember to experiment with the use of your inner senses.

It is most beneficial for Ruburt to be fairly well self-disciplined this period of the year, for reasons that I will go into later. A quiet schedule is important for him through April at least. Not boredom, dear Ruburt, you don't have to worry. That is, a quiet schedule will help him direct and discipline and use beneficially the sudden spurt of nervous energy which sometimes overwhelms him.

And now Doctor Seth says good night. I won't even request a fee. A most fond good evening to you both.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 11:38. Jane was very tired. She said that toward the end of the session she got the idea that our furniture-moving bout had helped get me through my danger period, which is the last part of winter, and that it had also

taken care of her own first springtime burst of energy.)

SESSION 32

MARCH 4, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(At 8:40 PM. Jane left for the corner grocery to get a pack of cigarettes. Actually she had to hurry for the store is several blocks away. It was also raining. Once again Jane had been trying to give up cigarettes; this time the struggle lasted but a day or so, and ended in tears after supper this evening. It appeared to be a panic reaction of some kind, and had happened before.

(Jane was back from the store at 8:55. She said she didn't know what kind of a session we would have, yet by 8:58 she reported that she could "feel him." The session actually began at 9:02, and without the board.)

Good evening.

First, naturally, I have a few comments to make that will not only tie in Ruburt's smoking habits with his present personality, but also to some extent tie in his present personality with past personalities.

His discipline is improving and has improved this life, especially since the ending of the adolescent period. His smoking, dear Joseph, is indulged in for entirely different reasons than those reasons which impelled you to smoke, and the habit is difficult for him to break, though he is breaking it and he has made strides that are important during the past year.

His smoking represents the tail end of a characteristic greediness that besieged him in past lives, with smoking this time as a remnant. The greediness in the past involved many more areas. It included a strong appetite toward stuffing himself with food and drink, and an overall greediness of appetite, even of intellectual and emotional greediness which he has largely overcome.

This time and particularly since adolescence ended he was able to let go the other types of greediness, letting the cigarette take place of all the rest. There is here also what I may call a sort of air panic, an insatiable taking in of air that the nervous puffing of a cigarette sometimes satisfies, even a basis in claustrophobia where the personality feels it is not getting enough air or is closed in.

Ruburt even has a latent gluttonous desire for rich foods that he has conquered. Nevertheless although the cigarette habit satisfies these basic old habits, he will be able to let it go. He is a gobbler, that is all. A gobbler of ideas,

of emotions, of atmosphere, in some ways a veritable sponge soaking up whatever he can, but he has learned discipline and he is learning a certain amount of patience, which is difficult for him.

There is also here connected only with his present personality an ego image of the writer with a cigarette. In this case the cigarette represents independence and even individuality, and even female emancipation. So it is all bound up together in a rather mazelike web. I hope that when Ruburt understands this it will make the situation easier for him.

As I said it also has to do with a panicky gobbling up of air as if he could never get enough. As a child at one time he died from suffocation, and this also has its bearings here in the present, the panicky gulping of air being a mechanism of subconscious memory. I do hope that this helps him.

I did not intend to go into this any more deeply tonight but it is rather interesting. And he thought he had a foolproof method of gratification, a gratification that seemed to bring no penalties as with overeating and so forth.

The personality here has been giving as a rule but also took in all it could. I hope that this also answers some questions that you might have had, Joseph, along these lines.

("Did you make the trip to the store with Jane tonight?")

No. I was aware that she made the trip. These sessions of trying to give up smoking are a definite help and the habit will finally give way. The personality is becoming stronger and will be able to deal with the problem, as in the past it conquered a gluttony toward food and other elements.

The panic itself will not be as severe as Ruburt faces it and realizes the connection with a gulping of air. I know about the book on autohypnosis, and believe that this will be a big help to Ruburt along these lines, as it will enable him to bypass many of the ego's objections. This habit for various reasons then is deeply rooted, and seemed to be a harmless answer to a number of past and present needs and problems.

It aggravates a certain amount of nervousness however and is not beneficial. In this also a definite but not bullying attitude is important. The panicky feeling is already lessening and Ruburt's discipline is catching up with and conquering his emotional attitudes so that the problem will be worked out, that is he will stop smoking.

("Was Jane ever a smoker in a previous life?")

No. It is his tendency to gobble here that is important. He has given up in this life gobbling food and drink. In past lives he was never temperate, neither in a physical sense, emotionally or intellectually. This was not in many ways bad. However when the intemperate personality does not discriminate then the basic

characteristic can cause unpleasantness. He was always very generous for example and kind, even overly kind. On the other hand he ate and drank too much. He was just overeager as a rule.

His circumstances of birth made it difficult for him to overindulge in the rich things of life, although his present mother used rich foods as compensation for other things, and this example opened Ruburt's eyes and actually started him on the road to self-discipline.

I will go into this in a few moments, and suggest a brief break.

(Break at 9:32. Jane was fairly dissociated yet she was still aware of the subject matter above. She usually is, she said. Throughout this session she talked in a voice slightly stronger than normal, and paced at a slow even rate. Her eyes were dark, as usual. Resume at 9:36.)

This "gluttony," and you may put that in quotes, actually represented a terrific capacity for all kinds of consumption, and the consumption of knowledge was no exception. An impatience was also important, and the capacity also showed itself in an ability for psychic knowledge and a thirst in all matters pertaining to intellect, emotions and the physical.

In the present personality we have abilities developed in past lives, and ability to paint for example that should be made more use of now. What you call Ruburt's sales ability is also a result of past experiences, and certain other latent abilities such as a facility with growing plants. He was at one time an excellent farmer.

There has been here a willingness to experience, to experiment and to give as well as a ferocious capacity to take in. The trouble in the past has been a lack of discretion and self-discipline. He was always a pleasure-loving personality however and avoided anything unpleasant. His early circumstances in this life were chosen by him as a needed experience. In other lives he was able to exist without too much adversity and this time he chose troublesome and truly tragic circumstances as a needed challenge.

His temper when aroused was very great however and he retaliated instantly. He had never known hatred however. This time he has had to deal with it in a most intimate manner. The old stormy temper is now seen in Ruburt's deep grudges. The personality of Ruburt's mother was not close to him in any other life. The circumstances of birth were chosen at the last minute on his part and was made for two reasons.

One, the personality of the mother offered needed experience for Ruburt; and two, the paganistic personality of the father was in some degree like his own past personalities though in a much more vague and watered-down way. A miscarriage later on the part of Ruburt's mother represented an entity who

changed his mind so to speak. He was at one time a brother. Ruburt's present shape is something he has been working for. He was often tall, hardy and stout.

("Why did Jane have her miscarriage?")

Ruburt's miscarriage was a result of something else entirely. This time you are both on your last reincarnation cycle on your plane, and as a rule no personality fragments are left behind.

("What would happen if we did have a child?")

This happens fairly often. It does not change the fact that it is the last reincarnation cycle for parents for example, although it may be lonely for the child in such an instance. I have not gone into these questions; however, to some degree in the subconscious mind you have what could be called a ghost image of your ancestors, and when your parents are in their last reincarnation cycle they leave your plane and it is more difficult for the ghost image to be imprinted.

What you would call the wisdom of instinct is not then so sure. There have been however a few periods in mankind's history when this happened en masse. It just worked out that way that a large majority of personalities finished their cycles more or less at one time.

("When was the last time this happened?")

The Middle Ages represented such a break, and I also suggest a break.

("In what century did this period begin?")

I will go into this more deeply after your break.

(Break at 10:02. During the above delivery Jane was in her usual state of dissociation. It was a very peaceful session. Resume at 10:07, Jane dictating.)

When the Middle Ages began a large number of personalities who had lived before and during the Roman period were ready to end their reincarnation cycles. There were the most efficient learners, the wisest and most able personalities, and they withdrew their subconscious knowledge and memories from your plane.

This was one of the reasons for the decay of knowledge and learning in the Middle Ages. There were personalities reincarnated during the Middle Ages who had lived during the Roman experience, however they were not leading personalities and they were not able to transmit knowledge or abilities from past lives, simply because they had not the inherent strength or capability needed.

There were other personalities of course who were fairly developed but these were resting. The world so to speak got back on its feet when these personalities reappeared centuries later; and by this time new personalities who had taken the place of those whose cycles were completed also began to use and show their abilities.

("In what century did the withdrawal take place?")

By the end of the 10th century the first group of personalities completed their cycle. It took the period of time from then until the late 1600's for any valid readjustment to take place, and by the middle 17th century you began to get bursts of beneficial activities and new thrusts of knowledge.

The monks who copied old manuscripts and preserved some remnants of knowledge did so because of their own past personal connection and experience with the knowledge itself.

("Were the French and American revolutions related to such a burst?")

The revolutions, both of them, were so connected, representing an offshoot from the freedoms initiated in Athens and greatly expanded. Great Britain was in many respects a special place in that many of those personalities who had been resting were born there at fairly regular intervals, and you had a more consistent belief in liberty that did not necessitate such bloody and unfortunate revolutions as those that occurred elsewhere.

("What's the case in Russia today?")

Today?

("Well, in this century then.")

It is in many ways the fault of personalities themselves as to which lands are developed or underdeveloped in various ways. Many personalities prefer rebirth in pleasant temperate or warm climates. Often they congregate for such selfish reasons in pleasant climates and in countries where political situations are not dangerous.

This has been the case with the country of Russia in the past but it may not be the case in the future; as activity grows there intellectual and psychic attractions will draw stronger and wiser personalities. The same in a somewhat different manner will apply to countries in Africa.

There are whole areas of material here that we have not discussed so that this is spotty, but we will go into it more deeply. There are no laws to force personalities to use all their abilities. A personality will not choose unfavorable circumstances of rebirth until he himself sees that necessary discipline can be achieved in no other manner. Therefore extremely hot and extremely cold countries go largely undeveloped. But once development begins to occur it is swift.

The problems that a country must work out merely represent the problems set by the personality inhabitants for themselves, and the country is merely the framework of such activities. There is a close bond between reincarnational cycles and earthly historical periods that we will discuss later. Sometimes though not always personalities who need a certain experience will be born into a particular country or race. I have been somewhat avoiding this

whole issue since delicate balances are interconnected, and the question of the Jews is one that must bother all men.

I suggest a brief break.

(Once again, as the question of the Jews came to my mind, Jane began to immediately discuss it as she had seemed to somehow pick up my unspoken questions quite often recently.)

(Break at 10:32. Jane was somewhat dissociated as usual. Resume at 10:35.)

The same personalities are not always reborn for example in the same race. It is true that your history shows a continuity of Jewish persecutions, that is persecutions of Jews. The fact is that many personalities who have been famous in many eras have also been proud, brilliant and cruel, and have belittled and persecuted those they considered beneath them.

These personalities, often talented in many directions and often with past experiences of wealth and power, choose to be born as Jews of their own volition, and this is a karmic compensation, not in any sense punishment but a needed adjustment on the part of the personalities involved.

The horrible misdeeds committed upon the Jews by the Germans were certainly not asked for specifically. However large numbers of those Jews were Huns of a very cruel variety in a past existence.

The Germans of that particular generation were not revenging past misdeeds. Revenge has no place in this discussion. In one sense there is no excuse for what occurred. The Jewish people have always displayed great financial abilities, these being natural remnants of knowledge of wealth, as in previous lives many of them had positions of power which they misused.

Your generation as a whole had to learn the importance of thought and responsibility. You had to learn that basically to hate is to kill. The lesson was a practical one. The Germans and the Jews made it plain. Had the hatred not existed in the Germans, it could not have been channeled as it was against the Jews. Free will operated here as always.

("Have we learned our lesson?")

You are beginning to learn the lesson. Ruburt's vehement anger over something that seems perhaps much more trivial, the death by shooting of the starlings, is a case in point.

(Upon going to work at the gallery yesterday noon, Jane saw more dead starlings scattered on the lawns. This so incensed her that she telephoned the police. After talking to two different desk sergeants she was referred to the police chief. The chief said she was the only complainant the police had had; other callers had given the police their addresses and asked them to destroy the

birds on their own properties.

(Jane also sent two more poems on the subject to the newspaper. The first poem she sent in has been scheduled for publication. The people at the newspaper were quite surprised to learn the police were shooting birds. They said they would check into it.)

Killing except for self-protection will be paid for. The idea of killing is what is at fault. If you agree with the killing of birds for example, you wind up with the killing of men. You will all be taught the sacredness of all life, and in the most practical way.

(“How about our killing animals for food?”)

On your plane the hunter and the prey system is at this time a necessary one but it will not always be this way. A time will come when you will not have to kill in order to exist, and the balance of nature will take care of itself. This time is sooner on the way than you think. In your country, if there is peace, you will see its beginning in your lifetimes.

(Again, in the sentence above, Jane answered my unspoken question.

(“Does this include doing away with slaughterhouses?”)

It most certainly does. This involves your own intellectual technology, which will be quite able to maintain its population with synthetic proteins. However this technological development will come first; unfortunately the corresponding ethical evolution will follow after.

There is a very practical reason for a reverence for all life, and very practical reasons why man must learn certain facts that up to this point he has considered impractical. He has usually managed to separate his ethical conceptions from his daily business life, but this shall be increasingly difficult for him to manage.

Until you learn reverence for all living things you will continue to slaughter each other. Again, this does not involve punishment in any sense of the word, but the idea of killing permissiveness is not discriminating. Once you allow yourselves to kill you will kill any living thing. In future lives this involves the race in further adjustments.

I suggest a break. And incidentally Joseph you have done well this week.

(Break at 11:02. Jane was dissociated as usual. During break I puzzled over what Seth meant by saying I had done well, since I thought it a rather routine week. And we discussed Miss Callahan’s condition—we had heard from her relatives that it was deteriorating—and wondered if Seth might mention her. Resume at 11:06.)

In answer to your question Joseph, your friend Miss Callahan is getting ready to take her leave. There is already rather severe brain damage.

(According to a relative of Miss Callahan's that Jane saw this morning, March 6, yesterday Miss Callahan talked quite coherently of the "lovely walks" she had been taking lately with her two brothers, both of whom are dead. At the same time the relative did not seem to feel that Miss Callahan recognized her, or at least not fully.)

I would suggest Ruburt that you do not smoke tomorrow. Keep the pack you already have for periods of panic. Also use a hot cloth on your face when your sinuses bother you, and do not use the drops as they aggravate your condition.

As your sinuses begin to clear up you will not experience the nervous ability to gulp air or to smoke, at least to such a degree. You want to take smoke and air into your lungs. You want to fill them because at one time you could not, and the sinus trouble is directly related to this nervous gulping of air. A more relaxed attitude will reduce the quick breathing and the tightening of the sinuses that results from not relaxing.

This should be of benefit. Also the slow breathing habits you began to acquire with your yoga exercises will be beneficial. Giving up the smoking habit will also help you in this respect. You are strongly intuitive and very quick, but you can learn to have a more relaxed body. A fear has been developed by the present personality resulting directly from early circumstances. Ruburt is afraid that if he does not operate quickly he will be symbolically caught and crippled as is the case with his present mother.

The disability of the present mother is a result of that personality's own problems, and Ruburt does not have to fear such a circumstance in his own condition. However a relaxed attitude is extremely important to counteract other tendencies. His fear of relaxation is actually rather simply based and superficial, in that it does not have its source in a past life but in this one.

The fear is the result of the mother's mockery of the father, and I believe this will make sense to Ruburt even consciously. The two of you are well equipped to help each other, which should make things easier. And Joseph, we will go into the inner senses shortly. I have given you some other general material somewhat in outline form as preparation for further sessions.

And you have done well this week, working out some challenges concerning your paintings. Our sessions will of course vary in many respects and this is to be expected. I did incidentally watch Ruburt write one of his poems about the starlings, and though poetry was never one of my lines I have to admit that I was quite impressed.

("Which poem was it?")

It was the poem that Ruburt sent to the paper.

Incidentally Ruburt always felt a strong bond with every living thing, and even as a man was not cruel. He was only a Christian once, the last time, and otherwise was paganistic but always in ways that enabled him to feel close to the earth. This is of course one of the main reasons for his particular reaction with the starling incident, and this quality has been a saving one in the past.

I suggest another short break, and I will resume for only a few moments after. Yes, I do know it is raining and that your spring is on its way.

(Break at 11:29. Jane had some dissociation. Resume at 11:33.)

A reverence for life is a saving characteristic of any personality who has it. It adds of itself important elements of understanding and growth in a direct manner. Reverence for life will also enable you to understand and deal with other human beings in a more kindly and beneficial manner.

It will enable you to act and to help without blaming them for shortcomings, since these shortcomings may actually have been chosen by them for reasons of compensation. I do not want this session to run too long, however the reverence for life is so important that I wanted to underline it, and also to emphasize that it includes all life and man himself.

Later I will go into the creation of other planes, and remember also that as man creates his own camouflage pattern he also works out his problems on the stage of history, which is also his creation. This is a point worth remembering.

This session has been very peaceful and pleasant, and I repeat: Some night we will have our party. Now that you have a recorder you can use it when we have our happy session and it will free you from taking notes.

I haven't had the opportunity to use my sense of humor lately but it is still here as you will discover. This is one of those nights when I dislike saying goodbye for now, but I will. And Ruburt please heed my advice, all of it.

Good night, my chicks.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 11:41.)

March 2, 1964, Monday

Bird Sculpts

*Two starlings fluttered
Behind the iron bar gutter*

*That protects the cellar
Windows of the art gallery.
I passed, and one squawked
Me to a stop. I looked down
And saw the two black mused
Furry birds staring back up,
In panic at my looming form.
Saturday the police had shot them down.
The public likes its art clean.
All nuisances meet with the same end.
Killing is our answer to everything.
In all, four dead birds
Like sculpture forms
Sat in silent exhibition
On the gallery lawn.
The exhibition was open to the public,
But no one came.
Pictures of birds can be hung.
We only kill live ones who are too vulgar,
Too unawed and noisy,
Too alive for the establishment.
The entire tree population was sprayed
With bullets. Two, trapped, wounded,
But still alive, were left to squawk.
Tomorrow they will turn to bird sculpts
On the gallery walk.*

SESSION 33

MARCH 9, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(I would like to ask Seth if I was using my inner senses during the following episode, without being aware that I was doing so.

(This afternoon at 2 PM a very large tree limb fell just outside our living room windows, where I type up these sessions.

(It is March 6, 1964. It is a warm and very windy day here in Elmira, much windier than usual. The streets have been littered with debris from trees, and driving home this noon after taking Jane to work I felt several small limbs strike the roof of the car.

(Back home and ready to being typing, I found it so windy and noisy I thought it best to close the windows. The tree that lost the branch stands perhaps thirty feet away on my right; actually it sits on a neighbor's property. It is an elm that died a few years ago, and possessed a very beautiful and symmetrical shape. I have drawn it several times, the most elaborate drawing being one I intended to incorporate in a tempera painting last winter. I did not get the work done.

(Before starting work this afternoon I studied my favorite tree for a while, noticing that the force of the wind had begun to peel back large sections of bark from some of the middle limbs. One of these limbs arched up over our lawn toward our living room on the second floor, and the jutting-out bay windows of the apartment beneath us on the ground floor. I remember thinking that if this limb should fall, it would be long enough to strike the house.

(I began work, sitting with my back to the tree so that I did not see the actual fall. I heard and felt a great roar. The whole house shook with a thump. I heard wires flap loose. Turning, I saw that this particular limb had indeed fallen. Fortunately, it had broken off halfway up, and its tip barely missed our house. Now the yard is littered with sections of limb several inches in diameter and perhaps twenty-five feet long. Our television cable has also been ripped loose.

(I wonder: Watching the tree, did my inner senses tell me the limb would fall—information that I casually disregarded? Or is it just coincidence?

(At 8:30 this evening Jane had “not even a glimmer” of what Seth would

discuss for the session. She did not say so, but by watching her I saw that she was becoming nervous, as she has quite often. She said that sometimes for a period of perhaps two weeks, she will have an idea of what Seth will talk about; then will begin a longer period during which she has no advance ideas. At 8:55 this evening she still had no idea of what she would be talking about. At 8:59 she had "just a tiny glimmer."

(Jane began this session, without the board as usual, in a fairly strong voice. She immediately began to pace back and forth. Her eyes darkened.)

Good evening, my scalawags.

("Good evening, Seth.")

The wind knows the tree. The tree feels the wind. It knows it is not the wind, but only feels the wind. Likewise Ruburt feels me but is not me. I may be a big wind, but I am not her big wind.

This naturally is an answer again to Ruburt's constant questioning. Sometimes, without your confidence, Joseph, I would certainly have a difficult time trying to get through to Ruburt. He is however under a considerable strain, as undoubtedly he has told you. The ego rears its head, in this case a rather attractive head, and the ego makes its protests.

There is on Ruburt's part a fear of becoming overly involved, and there is no basis here for any such danger. The wind is the wind irregardless of the branches through which it blows, and I am, irregardless of the subconscious mind in which or through which I appear. This should not need repeating. Obviously however I must repeat it constantly.

The American Society for Psychic Research will give you greater benefits I believe than the people at Duke, in this particular instance. I was not aware through Ruburt's subconscious mind of the *Society* when Duke was mentioned earlier in these sessions. In the long run you are both better off that Ruburt's publishing house did not take her book at this time. Incidentally, Ruburt is learning some inner confidence as far as depending upon his inner resources in the handling of problems in ordinary and professional life.

I have mentioned before that there is no invasion of any kind in these sessions. Ruburt merely allowed himself to recognize my existence. Obviously, I exist whether he recognizes me or not. Nor, and this is strictly for the record, since I know that you both understand this, nor am I any so-called spirit.

The term in itself is not only archaic and superstitious but absolutely detrimental to furthering knowledge of psychic phenomena, as it is called, usually.

(Jane was still talking in a voice stronger than usual, though not one any deeper beyond a slight degree. Her pacing was rather slow. Also, her delivery

was quite slow and deliberate.)

To say I am energy is no lie. It is actually truer than many designations that would sound more authentic and complicated. I am a personality in essence-energy form. This in no way implies that I am a spirit, nor does it imply that I am some weird sort of granddaddy longlegs of science fiction. What I am is difficult to explain because of the limits set not only by your own knowledge but by the present method of our communications.

(“I was thinking that perhaps you were like an emotional state.”)

It is even difficult for me to answer that, since you are partly on the track and partly way off. The emotional aspect of course would be the personality-essence. However it also has a structure that is very simple, but to you would appear complicated to the extreme. This is because of your present habit of thinking in word patterns rather than energy transferral complexes.

I do have a structure nevertheless, and I can change or interchange the components of that structure so as to appear or operate under vastly different conditions. During these sessions I use my basic energy components in a different manner than I would under other circumstances. In other words, I change the alignment of my components, focusing my powers into one particular direction.

If you wanted to enter a very small space you would, I presume, get down on all fours, hunch your shoulders and crawl in this imaginary hole headfirst.

This would involve manipulations of muscles that would result in a temporary change of shape, a somewhat superficial but real adjustment of the physical body in its relation to space, and a consequent change of focus or direction in so far as the forward low thrust of the body into the hole. On a much different level this is what is involved as far as I am concerned in my attempts to enter your small entryway. On my part however the necessary manipulations amount to a transformation, and I have much greater freedom here. It is as if you could actually make your body smaller than the hole you wished to enter, in a much more appreciable fashion.

I have at my command so to speak boundless energy to draw upon, but then so have you. The main difference is that I am more equipped to draw upon this energy, and I am better equipped because I have additional knowledge which I have put to use.

Your scientists know that all matter is composed of the same elements. They do not know consciously how to change a river into a forest. This manipulation, as I have explained, is undertaken unknown to the recognized conscious ego.

Through methods that I have described, I can change my form. You have seen water turn to steam. This is a very simple analogy. I exist as energy, I exist electronically and sometimes chemically. I have said that I can change the alignment of my components. If I can be considered a spirit then all energy must be a spirit.

Your idea of a spirit, I believe, is something without form, and I can have form. I certainly have structure. It is true at this point, under ordinary circumstances—that is ordinary for you—you cannot “see”—in quotes—my structure. This does not mean that I have none.

At some time you may be able to experience my structure. You see, the inner senses provide direct experience. The outer senses provide camouflaged distortions of translated secondhanded experience.

I suggest a brief break, my dear puddingheads. I will stir you all up.

(Break at 9:41. This portion of the session ran longer than usual, and Jane said Seth didn't want to stop. Jane was mildly dissociated. She said that she has been stewing about the problem of involvement since receiving the letter from the psychiatrist, but that the above material made her feel better.

(During this delivery her voice retained its strong, slow and deliberate character. When she began dictating again her pacing picked up somewhat, and her voice remained the same. Resume at 9:48.)

You or your scientists are simply not yet aware of many basic laws that govern such things as my structure, though already some of these are glimpsed by the more original thinkers.

(“In this country?”)

Abroad. A few in your country are becoming aware on a very faint theoretical basis, when they consider the possibilities involved in the breaking down of physical components into basic energy forms, such theories being considered I believe along with a future space program. This idea will help you understand what I mean when I say that I have structure but can change it.

I bring about such realignment of molecular patterns through direct manipulation. This will not be possible at your level. Even in the distant future such realignments will involve costly, complicated and almost impossible achievements because you will be trying to approach the problem working from the outside inward. The solution lies in manipulations made upon structures from the inside, or a very direct manipulation of the whole self.

(“Do you know who is working on these problems now?”)

I do not know specific people, but I will improve upon these matters as our grand duchess lowers her guard. I am quite dependent upon your Ruburt-Jane, not in my own perceptions but in my ability to communicate them to you.

The whole problem lies here, but we are making strides, and we are making them despite some personal temporary setbacks, when Ruburt reads a book that makes him worry about these sessions. Then all three of us work twice as hard for the same results.

(“At least we’re getting the results.”)

We have come along far enough so that we are beyond the danger of failure, I believe. Confidence must be built up slowly. That is why I have managed things in the way that I have. Confidence is extremely important and your confidence, Joseph, is an important, I might say indispensable, plus in our whole relationship.

I do not believe though I am not certain that Ruburt would go along, certainly not in such a positive manner, if it were not for your acceptance.

(“Do you think I’m pushing her?”)

I do not think you are pushing her, nor am I. It is known however that a feeling of affirmation and confidence is indispensable in any such circumstances. The tricky thing here is that a plus expectancy and inner confidence always brings the best results with the least effort. Ruburt is attracted by and yet doubtful of his own abilities. This is based upon the personal feelings of Ruburt, who is a woman now and does not wish to appear flighty or hysteric.

He knows that his particular abilities are very well developed on a subconscious level, and actually fears that they might carry him away. Yet the intuitive qualities have made him a poet, and have always represented a strong and not weak part of his personality. They are actually well balanced in that they are not likely to sweep him off in any one direction willy-nilly, but could allow him a steady progression into various levels of direct experience.

(“Is that why you said it’s a good idea for Jane to wait on her book yet?”)

No.

You however are not so afraid of your own abilities. I am speaking now of psychic abilities and the reason is again personal, since you have been aware of them in a somewhat different manner. You appear to others as dependable, responsible and disciplined. Ruburt, with a different appearance and with different personal background, particularly involving his mother, has been fearful of displaying characteristics that he would consider emotional because the emotional is such a part of his personality, and there has been a distrust here of the strong parts of his personality.

This was the result in the past of the adolescent’s rather natural lack of discipline. You learned discipline at an early age, and therefore did not have to fear the abilities that you disciplined rather easily, and for reasons that I have

explained to you earlier. This gives you greater inner confidence, and the confidence itself is a very important element in these sessions.

(“Jane appears confident enough once she starts a session.”)

Once the session has begun he is confident. For this small favor I thank him. I do however understand the problem. You may ask me what you wish.

(“Well, I was just wondering if Jane’s confidence will increase when others begin to read this material.”)

I believe that it will. Confidence should increase with each session. I have no control over exterior circumstances that affect you, however. Ruburt naturally can learn and is learning to control his responses to such conditions, and incidentally this week he has made a few strides as far as the quiet times he has spent in using psychological time.

I mentioned in an earlier session that Ruburt helps in reassembling me, and here your affirmation, Joseph, is a great aid.

(“In the actual reassembly?”)

Yes. A witness now and then would probably also help Ruburt’s confidence, if you know of any persons.

(“Yes, we do. Why did you say it’s better to send this material to the American Society for Psychical Research, rather than to Duke?”)

In the beginning you may receive a more sympathetic hearing. There is one person there in particular who may be of help. I do not know if you will get distortion in the name. I believe the last name begins with a G, though it is not the original Gardner.

(“A relation perhaps?”)

It begins with a G.

I am giving you data in my own way, somewhat conservatively compared with what you might want, rather than risk any more distortions than absolutely necessary. But we will progress and as a rule I prefer that Ruburt does not know many of my intentions, as he did not know during the incidents of telepathy with your John-Philip, since I do not want him to set up guards in advance.

(“No, we’ve been pretty happy about the whole thing.”)

(Now, Jane’s voice, which had been stronger than normal through the whole session, began to take on added timber; that is it began to grow deeper more than it increased in volume. I felt that this trend would continue. Already her voice had changed more than it had in any session except the 14th. She gave no sign of concern or surprise.)

If Ruburt were going into very deep trance states such precautions would not be necessary. I prefer this sort of give and take however, which means that in

many instances we must go slower, but we will be more sure of our results.

If at any time in the future there is even the necessity for a deeper trance on Ruburt's part, I will let you know at the time and there will be nothing to worry about. But as a rule this will not be the case, and at all times Ruburt can use his own volition, giving or not giving his permission. This should relieve your minds on this point.

Do you have any further questions along these lines, Joseph?

("I was thinking that you have control of the trance state then, with Ruburt's permission.")

Always with Ruburt's permission, and for that matter indirectly with your permission, for if Ruburt sensed you were against such a circumstance he would not give permission. There is here a gestalt and a delicate balance among us.

("Just how do you bring about a trance state?")

(By now Jane's voice was again lower and stronger.)

I do not bring about the trance state in the manner of which you are speaking. Ruburt switches another channel on, through which my essence can enter more readily. There is the problem here of my entry also into your conscious minds. This does certainly involve a looking inward on Ruburt's part, but it is not self-hypnosis in the terms usually spoken of, merely a focusing upon an objective inner stimulus in much the same manner that you focus upon an outside camouflage stimulus.

("Is this why Jane's voice is so much deeper now?")

(For now Jane's voice was very deep and strong and vibrant. Listening as I wrote, I had flashes of feeling that it belonged to someone else entirely. I would say that it perhaps was even more pronounced.)

It is one of my little tricks to add to his faltering and erratic confidence, and again this is with his inner permission.

("That's what I was thinking—that Jane has to give permission before this voice effect can take place.")

Any such signs involve camouflage patterns and do not actually represent direct experience. This is not, for example, my voice. It is a representation or approximation of my voice for your edification. Furthermore in your terms I do not have a voice. Nevertheless it is a valid representation and if I must say so myself, and that's a pun, the voice is very much like the voice I would use, though Frank had a different one.

("You mean Frank Watts, of course.")

I mean Frank Watts. I now suggest a break.

(Break at 10:46. The moment Jane sat down at break her voice returned

to normal. During this dictation she was quite dissociated, she said. Somewhere along the way she realized her voice was deeper, but was not bothered by it. She knew her voice was responsible for the phenomena, yet felt at the same time as though the new voice was independent of her somehow.

(During break we also discussed the falling tree limb incident that I wanted to ask Seth about, and the tooth that had been bothering me for several days. The moment Jane resumed dictation, her voice returned to very nearly its full volume and depth. Her eyes darkened as usual. By now her pacing was somewhat faster. Resume at 10:57.)

Concerning your tree: You were aware that the tree would fall. You received this inner data at noon but you ignored it. In this case your outer senses served to restimulate the inner data. The noise of the wind and so forth gave you a glimmering of the earlier data that had not reached your consciousness.

(It will be remembered that the tree limb fell at 2 PM, on March 6, 1964. ("Did Jane also receive this information?")

Ruburt received the information and also ignored it. Ruburt also received information which he distorted about the Kennedy assassination. If you will both practice correct use of psychological time you will greatly aid such inner data.

("How was the Kennedy material distorted?")

The material was received, transformed into a poem, distorted in the last two or three lines where the prerequisites of technique involved the addition of a word that added a distorted meaning. And in the first place the data came into his consciousness in a watered-down form.

("Did Jane distort the Kennedy material she received through you?")

The Kennedy material was not distorted in these sessions, though some parts of the Oswald material had small unimportant distortions due to Ruburt's tendency to compare Oswald's mother with his own present mother. The distortion was slight.

You should continue your own experiments in the use of psychological time, Joseph, as we also depend upon your abilities in these sessions.

("What was the distortive word in the Kennedy poem? I'm sure Jane would like to know.")

"Die by his own hand." The word hand was a distortion of the inner data. However, the symbolic truth was not impaired.

(A copy of this poem will be found at the end of the session. Jane was still talking in her loud deep voice.)

The pain in your tooth is caused by an irritated nerve leading to the tooth. I believe it was pinched in a sudden movement, and it should right itself.

("What was the movement? I'm curious.")

The movement was a yawn in sleep.

Any materializations by the way, returning to an offshoot of our earlier discussion, are at best the sort of thing involved as with Ruburt's deep voice. That is, they represent rather than are, on your terms. They cannot exist in duration upon your level for any long periods. They are an attempt to reproduce a camouflage pattern or to approximate such a pattern. As such they make quite an effect upon your level, but they are always reassemblies and never are they the actual reappearance of the exact camouflage as it may once have existed upon your level.

This is surely to be expected. Your own bodies are never, as you know, completely the same from one moment to the next. This change of molecular components on your level reoccurs constantly while the outward form retains its pattern. It is possible for me to change the form. It is no longer necessary that the same form be maintained and it is entirely impossible for the exact pattern to materialize upon your level. There can only be an approximation.

("What's the point of ectoplasmic manifestations, anyway? I've often wondered.")

There have been few such occurrences. They represent the thing happening. That is, they represent the event of approximate assemblage of energy from one pattern to another. Nor is darkness a prerequisite for such occurrences.

("Can it be performed at will by a medium?")

Theoretically. Usually not in practice. *(Pause.)* We have done well this evening and I am pleased. You should progress, both of you.

("I have another question. How did the material you gave us on flying saucers come through? Was there any distortion?")

(Jane rapped on the table for emphasis.)

The flying saucer material came through with flying colors, and it is also helpful in understanding the problems involved in the transference and materialization of energy from one level to another.

("At that time you also said you didn't know much about the inhabitants of that plane. Do you know any more now?")

I do. However it is too late to go into this in tonight's session. I believe that I have answered most of your questions.

("Yes, you have.")

(By now, Jane's voice had lost a little of its resonance and volume.)

The material at the beginning of tonight's session is important. I suggest when you can that you reread the material on the inner senses, the fifth dimension and your precious flying saucers. There is a connection here with the

transference of energy from any one plane to another, and from the inner senses for example to a painting, that should be very helpful.

For once I am giving you the opportunity to ask questions, Joseph, and you had better take advantage of it.

“Oh, I’ve got lots of questions. You said once you’d tell us about the weather on your plane. Is that a short question?”

No. What you consider weather has little to do with whether or not I have weather on my level. I do not have rain, or snow, although I can experience rain or snow if I desire.

“On your plane or on ours?”

I can experience rain or snow on my own plane if I so desire.

“Imaginatively?”

No. I can simply manipulate molecular patterns and create rain or snow. I cannot blanket my plane with rain or snow.

I suggest we end the session. My salty peanuts have done well.

“Does Jane’s voice phenomena require more energy on your part?”

Very little on my part.

“Then you’re doing it just for kicks?”

No, for your benefit and Ruburt’s.

“And Jane’s confidence.”

That’s exactly it.

“Does Jane feel better now?”

Quite a bit.

“I wonder how she’ll feel tomorrow?”

About what?

“These sessions.”

Better.

“Then Wednesday’s session will be better yet.”

Your divider is an excellent camouflage pattern. In case you wondered Ruburt’s weekend fling with the furniture was a result of various things—an inner, unrecognized knowledge that her publisher would put off the book for now, and a burst of doubt over these sessions coupled with worries concerning your parents.

“I’m quite sure she recognized the part about my parents. How is Miss Callahan now, by the way?”

It’s according to your viewpoint.

“We’re just wondering if her process of withdrawal from this plane is continuing smoothly, as she wanted it to.”

It is continuing as she wished it to. I will not give you a prediction as far

as the length of her physical life is concerned.

(“Oh no, we didn’t want that and wouldn’t ask for it.”)

I might suggest April 15th.

(After the session, Jane said that along with this answer she also received the thought from Seth, which she did not give voice to, that even though Miss Callahan did not pass away by April 15th the date would still be a significant one for her, a time of change; but whether for the better or worse Jane did not know.)

(Jane’s voice was by now quite a bit softer. It was obvious that she was tiring. Her pace was also slower.)

(“Seth, how much of that material Frank Watts gave us in the first sessions was distorted?”)

Some is distorted. Our material is much more trustworthy. This in no way reflects upon Frank Watts. It has something to do with him but also something to do with the development of your own abilities.

(“That’s what we wondered about.”)

If and when the time presents itself I will attempt to clear any distortions, though I do not consider this a necessity. Nevertheless you may.

If possible continue your walks.

(“I’ve slipped up there lately. But I’ve started my exercises again.”)

Good.

(“So has Jane.”)

And contacts with the outside world are also beneficial.

(“I’m trying to get some paintings done so I can sell them.”)

Certain isolation from the outside world is absolutely necessary, but do not shrink from contacts. Rather consider them as challenges, and even as pleasures.

(“Yes. I don’t think I fear them so much any more.”)

You have more abilities and capabilities than you know. You must avoid being too ingrown, while still maintaining your personal necessity for some isolation.

(“I’ve been thinking about that a lot lately.”)

Your personality will also grow through such contacts. I hesitate to point this out, or rather Ruburt is hesitating about letting me point this out, but your present father’s personality would not have been half as hampered had he allowed it such contact. You do not have to fear heredity here of course, but rather examples received from him when you were very young.

All in all a splendid session. I’ve been attempting to get the point across about your father’s example now for three sessions, and finally Ruburt let me

make it.

(“I’ve had the idea recently, I believe.”)

Emotional contagion can either be rewarding or dangerous. I had better let you go.

(“I’m afraid Jane is getting tired.”)

(Jane’s voice was very quiet, her pacing slow and her eyes heavy.)

I do not know about two witnesses at once as yet. However occasionally one should be beneficial, your Philip for various reasons was excellent.

(“We can find some witnesses.”)

I do not know about our friend of the frequent apparitions. You would have to try him.

(Here Seth referred to Bill Macdonnel. Bill is a schoolteacher in his mid-twenties, and one of our friends who has known about these sessions from the beginning. He has read much of the material, and participated in the seance we tried. He has quite often expressed a desire to witness a session. In past sessions Seth has given Bill the name of his entity, Mark, and answered for Bill several questions that we relayed. And of course we have been thinking lately that Bill would be an obvious choice for a witness.)

(“Do you think Bill might interfere in some way with Jane’s ability?”)

I do not believe so. I will give these matters some thought. I do think, though in a somewhat different fashion, and one that you will find extremely interesting. I hope to go into it in the future.

And now good night, my pussyfooted tootsies.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

(End at 11:50. Jane was of course quite tired. During delivery she had been quite dissociated. She said that the deep voice was absolutely effortless as long as she went along with it, but when she would think about it, it would get hoarse. I noticed that this happened several times, though not to any great degree.)

(Jane also received a thought concept from Seth concerning his method of thinking. It was brief, but to the effect that if he were with a roomful of people he would not confront each one in turn but “experience” them altogether, using his inner senses to appreciate as a whole all the personalities and emotions about him.)

(Concerning the information Seth gave on my tooth, Jane said she tried very hard not to block it or interfere with it. She is afraid of making personal errors in such cases.)

(There follows the Kennedy poem referred to by Seth in the 33rd session.)

(Note that Jane wrote this poem on Wednesday, November 20th. The president was assassinated on Friday, November 22nd. His murderer was in turn a victim. Jane said the reference to suicide doesn't fit Ruby, murderer of the president's assassin, unless he in turn dies by his own hand.

("One smallest sliver of a thought/ Can cut its way through bone" could, Jane believes, be interpreted as a bullet in figurative terms. She states that consciously she had no inkling of the president's death two days in the future, but now she wonders if unconsciously knowledge revealed itself in the poem.)

November 20, 1963, Wednesday

If You Are Ruled By Facts

*If you are ruled by facts, take care,
The facts are not all in.
One smallest sliver of a thought
Can cut its way through bone.
The man who wears the slayer's face
Must look twice in the glass.
One day he'll find his features changed
Into the victim's mask,
And he'll never claw it off
Or move it half an inch.
All the facts that he lives by
Won't save him, even once
From that one fact that he ignores—
The guilt no cloth can ever wash.
It will creep in through his pores
Till he seeks death at his own hands.*

SESSION 34

MARCH 11, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(At 7:30 PM. Jane was resting briefly in preparation for tonight's session, as she usually does. Idly she wondered how our neighbor across the hall, Leonard Yaudes, would be as a witness. Leonard is a school teacher and knows of our interest in ESP, but not about these sessions. Jane then received the following from Seth:)

He was three times a woman.

(Jane believed she received more, but she was in a dreamy state and could recall nothing upon awakening. At 8:30 she had no idea of what Seth would talk about for the session, but she was increasingly aware of a feeling that Seth wanted her to ask Leonard in as a witness. We thought it too late to explain much to him by then, but by 8:35 the feeling was so strong that Jane knocked on Leonard's door.

(It developed that Leonard, who previously had told us he would be home for the evening, had just heard from friends and was going out for beer; he was unavailable after all. But Jane felt immediately relieved just because she had followed her impulse.

(By 8:50 she was again nervous. She was also tired, as I was. When she said that the thought of talking and pacing for 2½ or 3 hours was somewhat appalling, I had to admit that I felt the same way about the physical labor of writing for that period of time.

(But Jane began talking just the same at a few moments after 9 PM, in a voice a bit stronger and deeper than normal.)

Good afternoon—

("Huh?"

(Seth's greeting surprised us both; I interrupted him, and Jane stopped pacing for a moment.)

—good evening and good morning, all in one merry tumble. I have looked in on you so to speak this morning, this afternoon and this evening, and with Ruburt's permission. That is the reason for my bizarre greeting.

And this is also an example of an instance where Ruburt would have blocked me, but this time he did not. My good afternoon instantly confused him

since he was well aware of the time. He almost blocked me, changing this to the more ordinary good evening. But as you both can see I had my reason and Ruburt gave me the chance.

Had this blocking occurred it would have been almost conscious on Ruburt's part although he would have quickly forgotten it. In some cases such blocking is on a deeper level and not at all conscious, and it is also at this level that the few distortions that occur take place.

You were correct Joseph. The very optimistic remarks as to books being published and involving painting sales occurred in this manner.

(Once again, as soon as this subject came to my mind, Jane began to immediately deal with it. The optimistic remarks had come through the Ouija board in the first two or three sessions; none of them had materialized, and in the light of Seth's recent material on distortions Jane and I had thought distortion the reason for this failure.)

I knew of this, of course, at the time. However it does not serve any good purpose for me to knock Ruburt's knuckles when an error of this kind is made. For one thing such errors are not numerous, nor really were these particular errors harmful. They were strong positive suggestions and as such they do sometimes serve a good purpose. In some cases they could actually bring such occurrences into reality through suggestion only.

I have endeavored to avoid this sort of occurrence from happening. Ruburt has increased his abilities, or rather learned to handle them more competently since that time. He learns as he goes along, so that he will be able to recognize the actual feeling of such distortions and avoid them, as this evening he was able to feel his own attempt to block the initial portion of my greeting.

Any idiot knows night from day. I am familiar with the change when I visit you, and Ruburt, who is not aware consciously of which word will follow another, did not know the intention behind the greeting. I appreciate, Ruburt, your misguided attempt to prove that I know night from day.

(“Seth, is there any telepathy taking place between Jane and I?”)

You will develop. Does your question refer to the sessions?

(“Yes.”)

During the sessions there is some telepathic communication, though this would be impossible at this point to prove.

(“I just felt that it was taking place at times, very definitely.”)

Telepathic communications go on continually beneath consciousness, and without the aid of telepathy and without the aid of the inner senses, language itself would be meaningless. The hidden cues are the symbols that make language intelligible. I have said before that the inner senses experience reality

as it exists beneath camouflage pattern, though of course camouflage pattern is in itself part of this reality.

Different outer senses are necessary at different levels and on various planes to interpret the different camouflage patterns. These outer senses are developed to cope with these particular camouflage patterns which the personality will meet in its various environments. The inner senses always operate regardless of the particular environment in which the personality is presently involved. The inner senses provide the whole personality with balance, and enable it to keep in contact with its vitality source.

When the data from the inner senses is ignored the personalities then become so intertwined with the camouflage pattern that they are only capable of drawing upon a very limited amount of the vitality which gives them basic energy and strength. This happens more usually than not in such culturally-oriented levels as your own, where the camouflage pattern becomes extremely complicated and imprisoning.

This fact is responsible to a large degree for your death shock, and for the more powerful birth shock, when the new personality awakes to the prisonlike clutch of rigid camouflage pattern. Other levels have different and sometimes severe problems of a different type. One of the basic purposes of existence on your plane is to enable the personality to focus powerfully and to form basic vitality into creative pattern. Sometimes the lesson is learned too well. However, it is extremely difficult for personalities to learn to organize vitality well enough to give it form, and therefore some troubles are to be expected.

It is a giant step and a vital one, for without it the personality would be at the mercy so to speak of the very energy of which he is composed. He must learn to organize and command it, and your plane is one of the many where he gains practice and discipline in this respect. Otherwise you would have a willy-nilly chaotic arrangement, with the personality incapable of maintaining any discipline as far as his own chemical and electronic components were concerned.

I suggest a brief break. Speaking of electronics, don't get all charged up. You aren't that magnetic.

(Break at 9:31. Jane was dissociated as usual. Her voice had been fairly strong at the start of the session, but it was tapering off by the time break arrived. She said she heard Seth's good afternoon greeting just before she gave voice to it, and immediately became alarmed because she couldn't determine what was going on. This is about the way I felt, also. Resume at 9:36.)

When I speak of the terms electronically and chemically I do so for simplification, since electronics and chemicals are two facets of the same thing, merely manifestations of something else as heat and cold or fire and ice are

manifestations of something else. I can exist electronically or I can exist chemically, and there is no contradiction or distortion in this statement. Many such apparent effects on your plane are also but manifestations.

(“Can you give us an instance of your chemical state?”)

An instance?

(“When you’re in an actual chemical state.”)

When I prefer to be, when it is necessary. There is too much involved in this for me to explain much of it to you at this time.

(I tried to lead Seth on once more.

“Are you ever in a chemical state on this plane?”)

Rarely. There are just too many interconnections. This will have to wait for later sessions. On your plane mental enzymes cause many chemical reactions. On some other planes the mental enzymes are unnecessary, since the personality on a conscious level can work such transformations; and here again we run into an apparent contradiction, because while these transformations occur consciously on certain levels it is also true that the personalities concerned do not have to be conscious of the transformations. But they can be if they prefer.

On your plane such transformations are carried on without the awareness of the ego with which you are familiar, and therefore other mechanisms become necessary. On some planes the inner senses are the only senses, because all other necessities vanish since the inner senses function at greatest capacity.

It is one thing to recognize that your particular camouflage patterns are part of reality and another to realize that there is a reality that is independent of your camouflage patterns. One of my purposes is to enable you not only to recognize but experience this independent reality, and again the use of psychological time in a correct manner will be an invaluable aid.

This does not in any way absolve you from using your outer senses to their fullest capacity. If you recall, your outer senses, Joseph, tipped you off as to a message that your inner senses had been endeavoring to deliver. The falling tree incident is what I am referring to, and often there is such a completed circle when the outer senses will return you to inner data.

(Jane’s voice now was practically normal. During our sessions we no longer kept the curtains drawn. After each turn through the living room, Jane had been pausing to look out one of our windows at the rather busy intersection of Water and Walnut Streets, one house away. Now as she dictated she remained at the window looking out.)

Direct experience through use of the inner senses at full capacity could be likened to the following example.

Imagine looking at a scene outside your window as Ruburt now allows

me to do. From Ruburt's viewpoint he receives the visual image with auditory effects. A slightly cold draft of air leaks in through the window. He does not smell anything from the outside. With use of the complete set of inner senses the experience would be to you astonishingly more rich, varied, direct, and instantly instructive.

This last is extraordinarily important and I shall return to it shortly. Through the inner senses, and using a very simple analogy, you would not only see the street as you do or hear the few sounds that drift to your ears. You would actually experience directly the essence of everything within a certain range. This experience would be instantaneous and would, using the analogy, include more than the usual data that you would receive from the outer senses. That is, not only would you be able to feel the air though you were not out in it, not only would you pick up the odors, though ordinarily you cannot do this while you look out through closed windows, but you would literally feel the unitary essences of the trees and branches and hidden birds and insects. You would experience directly the personalities of the inhabitants of the automobiles—the vitality even of the components of the automobiles' molecules, and “see” (in quotes) the future and the past experience of everything within that particular range of focus. And the range itself would be much larger.

Now as for my remark about learning. This whole experience would be so vivid that it would be impressed upon your personality pattern with such impact and clearness that you would never forget it.

Some vivid, usually unfortunate, experiences on your plane will serve as further examples of this in that oftentimes a severe fright or psychological assault will be so vivid that the personality who has it can never forget it.

The inner experience of which I speak would not be frightening, although it would be frightening in the extreme if you were not prepared for it. The fact is that you would experience these other live things as if you were part of them. You would know them directly. No one would have to teach you about the oneness of all living things, or the brotherhood of man. The lesson would be instantaneous and complete.

(“How much of this will we ever be able to approach on this plane?”)

You should approach a fair approximation, which would represent to you an astounding degree of change for the better. It would be impossible for you to experience such inner abilities to the degree that I mentioned, while on your plane. Nevertheless even fair progress would represent a world gain.

The use of certain drugs has been experimented with at various times through the ages, but these provide merely an undisciplined, intriguing glimpse into what is possible; and for some time in your future they will not be either

practical or in the main beneficial, for reasons that I shall go into after you take your break.

(Break at 10:16. Jane was dissociated. Her voice had been only a little deeper than usual, and her delivery very deliberate. Both remained the same when she resumed dictation at 10:27.)

As far as these drugs are concerned there are a few points I would like to make. One of your purposes as I have said is to learn to organize energy units and to focus your own energy along those lines. That is, you are the energy that you use. The self-consciousness is not to be blotted out but taken along. It is so to speak to walk side by side with the inner self.

The use of these drugs sweeps the personality off its feet. Often the personality does receive a rewarding glimpse of the inner reality, but more often the ego is merely sent tumbling through frightening images of chaotic phantom realities formed by a suddenly-released subconscious, and with no guide. The experience is often vivid and long remembered, but so unorganized and undisciplined that no inner order is arrived at, no other organization glimpsed, and the ordinary but necessary camouflage footing suddenly dispensed with.

There is, if anything, more order in the inner reality than in your camouflage world, and more, not less discipline is required. Such drug experiments could have dire consequences. The camouflage pattern is completely broken up, the disorganized personality is afloat and could slip into a state where disorientation would prevent return to your level, while ignorance and lack of discipline prevented entry onto another level. The consequences would be completely disastrous in such a circumstance.

(“Has this ever happened?”)

This has happened, although in what you would call primitive societies. Such personalities were more sheltered than they would be in yours. This could result in a temporary, but thoroughly frightening existence between planes that would require utmost caution on the part of the entity. Each plane necessitates its own orientation, and such a personality would have none. If the situation should ever arise I would advise that neither of you experiment with such drugs. Ruburt in particular, but this also applies to you, Joseph, and there is absolutely no distortion in this statement.

(“Well, I guess we weren’t thinking of it.”)

It is possible but not inevitable, of course, that continued use of such drugs by certain types of personalities could over a period of time lead to complete disability to manipulate camouflage patterns.

(“I remember you said once that the inner senses weren’t as fluent.”)

(Here a surprising thing happened. As soon as I voiced this thought, Jane

stopped in her pacing and stared at me. Her eyes were very dark.)

As fluent?

(“Yes. As fluent as the outer senses.”)

I do not recall saying that.

(I had a peculiar feeling of something gone wrong. It was the first time in all our sessions that any problem like this had arisen. Jane continued to stare at me as she stood by the window.)

(“You said it in a session some time ago. I happened to remember it because I was retyping the session. Or did I get the word wrong?”)

The word fluent is the word that bothers me, and I do not know to what you refer. I am not sure of your meaning of the word fluent in that particular context.

(“Well, I can’t remember the whole context now, but I think you were comparing the inner senses to the outer senses. Somewhere back around the 15th or 16th sessions.”)

The word fluent simply does not strike me in that context.

(Jane paused in her delivery. I was tempted to say more, but did not because I found it difficult to take notes, and write and ask questions at the same time. I was afraid I’d lose track of the material. I was not satisfied, but said no more.)

I was going to say that discipline is even more important in the use of the inner senses than you might think. It is true that focusing upon the inner reality at times requires a temporary lessening of outer focus, and this would sometimes give the appearance of letting go, but the inner concentration requires discipline and intent. It is quite possible to let the inner and the outer senses operate at the same time. It merely takes practice.

I suggest a break, during which time I would suggest that you look up the passage in question.

(Break at 10:45. Jane was dissociated as usual. It developed that during the exchange with Seth Jane had thought I used the word fluid, instead of fluent. To me however the two words had the same implication in this instance.)

(Hoping I could find the line in question in the few moments we had during break, I picked out Volume Two of our typed notes, and was lucky enough to find after a brief search the line in question. See page 107, of the 17th session. Jane sat down to read the passage over. She resumed dictating at 10:50.)

We have uncovered an error on someone’s part, my dear Joseph—

(“It’s probably mine.”)

—and this time we have no distortion but a simple mistake I believe in notes. I certainly did not say what I have just seen through Ruburt’s eyes. The

error is in one word; not fluent but “inner.” The outer senses are not as fluent as the inner. For some reason the word was either mistaken or transposed, I do not know. The outer senses dealing with rigid camouflage patterns could not be as fluent as the inner senses.

This could lead to errors in the interpretation of the material itself. The outer senses are schooled to interpret data in rather narrow terms, and therefore are not fluent. I hope that this is cleared up, and anything else like it should be instantly brought to my attention as soon as you become aware of it.

(“It’s the only one like it that I’m conscious of at the moment.”)

The error could have been on Ruburt’s part, although I believe I would have known it in that case and corrected it at once.

(“I’ll check my original notes. It’s quite possible I made the mistake.”)

You may have taken the word down wrong but your performance has certainly been excellent irregardless. I am certainly glad that this was caught.

(“That line has bothered me at different times, though.”)

(This was true. Recalling this statement as I had first recorded it, I had wondered about its accuracy more and more as Seth gave us additional information on the much wider abilities of the inner senses. Later, checking my original handwritten notes, I found that I had indeed taken the statement down that way, then typed it up that way. So, although we didn’t pinpoint the exact cause of the error, at least it has been corrected.)

We have covered some necessary material this evening that will be a basis for further later sessions. In particular read over the instance of our imagined inner sense experience and the learning implication involved.

(“Any special reason why you looked in on us this morning and this afternoon?”)

Ruburt invited me on a subconscious level.

I would suggest when possible that you both have a glass of wine before a session, though it is not strictly necessary. The chiropractic treatments will help both of you in many ways, and have helped you both relax.

Do you have any questions, Joseph?

(“Well, you said once that we were your first lesson class. Are you instructing anybody else?”)

No, for purely personal reasons I have my own way of conducting lessons, and I prefer to deal with one instance at a time. I am trying to keep this explanation simple, since the term “at a time” is somewhat misleading.

(“Why isn’t what you’re telling us common knowledge to most people?”)

How many people? Very few would take this amount of their camouflage time to deal with it. It takes a peculiar set of abilities and interests for such work

to be even partially successful or even accepted by the personalities involved; and for many personalities it would be difficult to maintain discipline and balance, while allowing for the necessary freedom that is necessarily involved. That is, this is a controlled experiment, with both of you allowing yourselves certain freedoms of control in certain instances and not in others. This is no easy trick. Is that what you meant?

(“Possibly. I was just wondering why a body of knowledge like this couldn’t have accumulated over the centuries, slowly.”)

It has. But it has been taken into various doctrines and religions that have grown up about it until it is almost unrecognizable. Bits of it appear here and there, scattered, distorted and misleading. It comes naked and everyone must put clothing on it, which usually ends up as either nonsense or armored dogma.

(Here Jane paused. Hands on hips, she stared at me in an undoubted humorous way.)

Your particular conscious and subconscious viewpoints are fluent enough so that they do not hamper the basic material or cover it with the rock of dogmatism so that it becomes impossible to find.

(“Are others on your plane watching as you give instruction to us?”)

They are watching these developments. Someone who was not a believer in any particular religion was needed. Actually more simply what was needed were personalities that were not fanatics along any line, including scientific fanatics who would object as much to the reincarnation data as forcibly as religious fanatics would object to some of the other material.

At the same time these personalities had to be disciplined and intuitive. These personality requirements are not easy to find; plus the fact that they had to be well balanced and intelligent, at least for my purposes. I did not want to just fill a vessel. Such was not my intention. I wanted a give and take between myself on one plane and you on another.

(“Are all religions distortive?”)

That is a beautiful question. How long did it take you to spring that one on me?

(“I’ve thought of it at different times.”)

All religions are distortive. For that matter much of your science is distortive. Both arrive at approximations, at best, of reality. Religion has been the cause of much prejudice and cruelty, but the bomb over Hiroshima was not caused by the Catholic Saint Theresa showering down any roses. The distortions in science and religion have been truly disastrous. I will go into this upon another occasion.

Science is apt to turn into another religion, if it has not done so already.

Any fanaticism is truly vicious, one-sided, limiting, and causes an alarming shrinkage of focus that is explosive and dangerous. And I will have more to say about that later.

(“What others are watching these proceedings from your plane?”)

Merely others like myself.

(“Have they tried to give lessons like this?”)

In their own way.

(“How did they make out?”)

In varying degrees. I will not say more than I want to say.

(“I see.”)

Though you amuse me when you try to egg me on. This is the tail end of the session and I am not above pulling your tail. I am reluctant as always to leave you.

(“What are you going to do when you leave us?”)

There you go again. In one way I have been where I am going all the time. However it was a good try.

(“Jane mailed a letter today to the American Society for Psychological Research.”)

I know. This is as I have said the beginning of a continuing experience. I am pleased that you are contacting others, but do not become impatient or discouraged.

(“We tried to get a witness for the session tonight.”)

Your next-door neighbor may work out well. Ruburt’s personal feeling is important as far as any witnesses are concerned, and while I did suggest a witness to him tonight the choice of the witness was his. Your choice, Joseph, is of course important here, but someone antagonistic to Ruburt might bother him, which is why I left the choice to him.

I was attempting contact with Ruburt during his brief nap as an experiment and as a brief lesson.

And now good night my tootsies, you tickle me. I always look forward to our Monday sessions in particular.

(“Well, you don’t have to wait as long as we do.”)

True.

(“Good night, Seth.”)

(My remark above was based on a flash of intuition. Although Seth agreed with it he did not elaborate upon it, so the session ended at 11:35.)

(Jane was in the same state of dissociation during each monologue. She said she was not aware of her surroundings, and yet she was. She said it was not frightening because she knew she could snap out of it any time she chose.)

SESSION 35

MARCH 16, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(This afternoon at about 2 PM workmen took down the tree that had partially fallen on March 6. See the 33rd session. It was a very beautiful elm tree that died several years ago, and I was quite attached to it. With a power saw one man cut into the base of the tree; pulling on a rope thrown over a higher branch, two other men pulled it down. When the tree fell its branches seemed to crumple and break as though there was no strength left in them. And as I watched it strike the ground, I felt a wave of sensation sweep over me, the rich tingling, the feeling of perhaps an inner wind that I described first in the 24th session. Even after I had gone back to work I felt at times a residue of this feeling, very faint, in various parts of my body.

(By 8:50 Jane said, "I sort of feel Seth around, but I don't know what he's going to talk about." She also said she did not feel quite as nervous. At 8:58 she had received Seth's greeting; but she held him off until 9 PM.

(In the beginning her voice was a little strong but not deep; her eyes were dark as usual and her pace rather slow and steady. By first break her voice was normal, and since these conditions prevailed for the rest of the session they need not be mentioned again.)

Good evening, my besieged Ruburt, my besieged Joseph.

This is how matters seem to stand. The situation from my viewpoint is rather hilarious, although my sympathies go out to you Joseph.

Ruburt's furniture assault began around January. It always begins around January, and in this case it will end this month. It is partly the expression of seasonal change. However you do have my sympathy, and Ruburt now is certainly not being ordered. Nevertheless I most respectfully request that the assault end.

His bursts of nervous energy usually begin in January and are somewhat the result of chemicals that appear in the air at that time. Much of this energy is channeled into his work, but when there is trouble or a lag, then look out. Nevertheless if you can believe it this siege is about over, the energy itself finding much more beneficial outlet in the poetry which comes with a splurge at the end of March as a rule.

The constant furniture moving certainly bothers you, Joseph. Except for the definite inconvenience which it causes you and for the energy lost, it is not seriously detrimental. Used judiciously, it can be a good outlet for excess nervous energy; but not, dear Ruburt, day after day after day. Do you want to be a poet or a furniture mover? I do suggest strongly now that you desist. My comments on this matter hereby end.

Joseph can be glad that Ruburt now tosses furniture and not rocks, though the assault incidentally is not directed against any person. Good aggressive energy that should go into Ruburt's work is often misused. You can see the power of this energy in a more or less visible manner when it is demonstrated in this physical way. This same energy is used in Ruburt's writing and is extremely strong, powerful and stormy often; and he is not, Joseph, trying to get out of his room as I believe you mentioned earlier.

(I had mentioned this thought to Jane several hours ago, thinking that if she needed an exclusive workroom there was no solution for it but to move to a larger apartment.)

I am sorry that your tree has vanished, yet we all know that the tree has not really vanished. And I hope that you will use your inner senses to create the tree in your mind for the painting that you have begun. Now it will be a better tree in the painting, for you will be able to create the essence of the tree.

("What was the sensation I felt when the tree fell?")

The sensation represented the twang of the inner senses as they registered the basic tree value. Had you had the opportunity to do more work with psychological time you would have been able to attain greater perception than you did. You will find that your painting will not suffer. Do you have any more questions in particular?

("Well, we'd like to get more information on the inner senses.")

I will not bother giving you much review on this subject. There is however much still to be said along these lines. You will recall our imaginary experience at the window. Ruburt read tonight my statement that without barriers there would be no time.

Now basically, consciousness itself is a type of barrier, and anything that has consciousness experiences time to some degree. This degree may be so slight that to you it would not seem to exist at all. Self-consciousness presents a larger barrier, therefore the sense of time is greater. Psychological time is the lowest common denominator, so to speak, from your viewpoint. That is, many of the barriers disappear. Psychological time represents on your plane the closest you can come to the experience of timelessness as far as your physical laws are concerned.

You do experience time, but not time as it is bound by your camouflage patterns. As I have mentioned you can in a dream or daydream or through conscious use of psychological time experience many hours in a few clock minutes. This experience comes very close to the third inner sense. If you will remember again our imaginary experience through the inner senses as we looked down at the street, you will remember that I spoke of sensing not only the present essence of the living consciousnesses within a certain scope, but I also mentioned sensing their past and futures.

This sensing would have been done by the third inner sense, in conjunction of course with other senses, and this perception of past, present and future would not take any clock time, at least not theoretically. You I doubt will ever have such an experience completely. There will always be some clock time involved for you.

Since our imagined experience would depend upon all of the inner senses working together in a complex, near-perfect manner, that I doubt you could achieve at this stage. This experiencing of past, present and future would seem to be unwilled, almost automatic. If you were to have it or one like it, it would seem as if a door suddenly for no reason opened and then just as abruptly closed. This would not be the case however.

The inner ego or the inner self-conscious self directs such experiences and uses the inner senses in much the same way that you use the outer senses, except that the inner ego knows all of the mechanics involved in the use of the inner senses, and you know little of the mechanics involved with the outer senses.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 9:30. Jane was dissociated as usual. Looking out our living room window just then, I saw the service truck from the TV cable company parked there. Jane had called them earlier because our reception had been poor ever since the falling tree limb of March 6 had ripped down the line. Servicemen had been to the house several times in an effort to improve the reception. Jane particularly missed the channel for music only, since she was used to working by this in the mornings.

(We were surprised now to see anyone working at this hour of the night. And of course we immediately thought of the session being interrupted. At 9:33, Seth interrupted break to deliver the following through Jane:)

The music is more important to Ruburt than either of you know. If the man comes let him in. I will be with you but quiet, and I would be curious in any case. Perhaps I will tell you about your TV man. So be quiet, kind hearts.

(At 9:34 the service truck moved to the back of our house; we could see a

man with a flashlight checking wires, etc., but no one knocked on our door. Jane resumed dictation at 9:35. And here again, her first few sentences answered the question in my own mind.)

A point I wanted to add, Joseph. What you actually felt when the tree fell was the pain of the tree, in much muted form. The tree while dead still had consciousness. As a rule you will usually have such experiences to begin with through one inner sense. You are not adept enough yet to recognize inner data from more than one direction at a time.

You may have experiences through all of the inner senses but not at once. This is a great simplification. What I should perhaps add for the sake of clearness is that you will not as a rule be aware of data that comes to you through more than one sense, inner sense, at a time.

The fact is that the whole self is constantly experiencing data from all of the inner senses. The inner ego is of course aware of this. The subconscious is sometimes aware of this, and the outer ego is aware of very little. I have explained the reasons for this in past sessions. The outer ego must concentrate much of its energy toward survival in and manipulation of the outer camouflage world. This world has already been created by the inner self, and its continuing existence is determined by the constant vigilance of the inner self.

Only when a certain level of confidence is reached can the outer ego afford to become familiar with these inner workings, at least on your plane. Otherwise you would falter. As a rule, even though the whole self is capable of organizing the data from all of the inner senses, the subconscious can rarely receive such communications full blast; and the outer ego, concerned as it is with camouflage pattern, and really born to deal with camouflage pattern, simply could not stand the shock of realization that a complete set of inner senses would bring.

This sort of experience will always be shielded from the outer ego of necessity. Even a watered-down version of a direct inner experience is a shock to the outer ego on your plane, since the ego imagines itself and its own perceptions to be supreme. You have no idea, even with what training you have, of how shattering such a complete experience would be to the outer ego, so we will take one inner-sense experience at a time.

(“I wasn’t aware of any feeling of shock when the tree came down this afternoon.”)

You were feeling the echo of distant pain. The experience was of very low volume, had almost dreamlike existence in one dimension only, and represented an echo of anguish heard centuries after the original cry.

(“Centuries?”)

Centuries after the original cry. That is, the strength of the inner sensual impact was as weakened and diluted as it would have been if what you heard was a cry through the outer ear that came originally from centuries already gone by.

(“How about the man who cut down the tree with the power saw? Did he feel anything?”)

The man as he knows himself felt hardly anything. His inner self knew, as the inner self is always aware of such endings.

Had you experienced the pain of the tree as directly and as immediately as you would sense another person’s pain through the ordinary senses you could not have stood it. It would be like the tearing away of your own limbs. Nor is this in any sense a distortion or an exaggeration.

Full use of the inner senses is not even for me yet. There is still a long way for me to go. We progress along these lines according to our capabilities and our own strengths. The conscious ego also develops in a strange manner through all this, as I will now attempt to explain.

Through experience in the various levels of existence the inner ego and the outer ego come closer and closer together. The subconscious eventually disappears, as it is no longer needed as a necessary buffer zone. At your stage of development the inner ego is by far the most self-conscious part of the whole self, and has the greatest ability for perception and organization. It alone is capable of experiencing inner and basic reality directly and immediately. It alone can cope with the tumultuous nature of such direct reality experience.

You had better break before you break your wrist. My sweet pickleheads, you are so sweet and sour at the same time.

(Break at 10:07. Jane was dissociated as usual. She delivered the underlined material above by pounding on the table as she spoke. Jane felt we had been experiencing foreshortened time. She said that with this kind of material Seth has to open her up more than usual to get it through, that he gets her into a conceptual framework state of mind.)

(The service man from the TV cable company was still working at the back of the house. Jane resumed at 10:17.)

In the various levels of existence the inner and outer egos begin to merge. Gradually direct experience of inner reality is spoon-fed by the inner ego through the mouth of the subconscious to the outer ego. The division between the inner and outer egos is necessary for other reasons than the nature of direct experience itself. That is, the outer ego is shielded from direct experience of reality because it could not take the impact of such experience. But this is not the only reason.

(At 10:22 the TV serviceman knocked on the door, just as Jane finished the above sentence. He spent several minutes checking reception on our set while we talked with him. He was on duty until 11:00 PM. He left at 10:30. Jane rested briefly, for she could not make the switch back to Seth that quick, then resumed dictating at 10:31.)

The subconscious—to finish what I began—the subconscious cushions the outer ego really against the shock of true reality. If sometimes it seems to you that you are living in a dream world, in many respects you are. You are not strong enough yet to bear the brunt of basic reality, and you construct complicated dream worlds in order to find shelter from what would appear to you as savage, uncontrolled and undisciplined chaos.

(For the next four paragraphs, I experienced many instances of what I thought might be telepathy between Jane and me. I did not receive whole sentences from her, but often would seem to pick out the exact words of a phrase just before she gave voice to them.)

Basic reality is not uncontrolled, savage, undisciplined or chaotic, but if you were suddenly confronted with it at your present state of development you would be like a straw in a hurricane. But because of your weakness, the various levels of existence merely prepare you and equip you for the experience of true reality, of which you have but a glimmering.

To the extent that you are able to allow yourselves to be aware of data received by the inner senses, you are preparing yourself and are that far ahead. You remember, Joseph, the rather frightening sensation you felt during one instance of your use of one inner sense, when you translated inner data into the almost nightmare picture of open mouths that could not scream. This is but a minute instance.

I do not mean to mislead you. Basic reality is not by nature terrifying. It is however vibrant and direct to the extreme, and you must be prepared before you experience such an ultrasonic action. A direct experience of reality involves complete use of all the inner senses to an integrated cognizance field. A very weak analogy can be found if you imagine at one time hearing the most exciting and moving music imaginable, while simultaneously smelling the strongest but not necessarily unpleasant odor, viewing the most emotionally-charged scene while feeling intense and vivid bodily sensations. In normal life you even turn down outer-sense stimuli for the sake of simplicity, and to enable you to focus upon those stimuli close at hand.

You would find it difficult to attend to or be aware of regular outer stimuli while you dealt with the ordinary function of daily life. Is it then any wonder that the outer ego leaves the inner data to the safekeeping of the inner

ego? You are truly babes in the woods, having enough trouble getting along in your own universe. And do not get your feelings hurt, I am not referring to either of you in particular, as you should know by now.

As the intense experience of great joy or pain often blots out everything else, so would the direct experience of reality blot out, only completely, the outer ego who experienced it directly. At your level the sieve of the subconscious is a necessity and that is one of the main reasons why Ruburt dissociates during our sessions, even though his experience of inner reality is received secondhanded, so to speak, through me.

It is thinned out further by my own subconscious, because my inner and outer egos are not yet a complete unity, although I am, or my outer ego is, in direct contact with my inner ego on some occasions. Nevertheless my subconscious is not yet dispensed with but is still retained somewhat in the order of your archaic appendix.

Ruburt is letting me through well this evening and I find my feelings for both of you most affectionate. This material, you will find, will begin and only begin to fill in the outline on the inner senses. We will still take many sessions before you attain any real understanding of these matters, and my dear biggy-boos, I hope to add to our lectures with exercises in the experience of the various inner senses as we go along.

Such exercises as a rule will not take up time during sessions however, but will appear at other occasions, consume hardly any clock time at all, and seem spontaneous. As preparation I suggest that you reread the material given so far on the inner senses, the first, second and third. We will go into the other inner senses at future sessions.

Your exercises will in no way be frightening. In ordinary circumstances you will only let through as much of the actual experience as you have knowledge and strength and ability to deal with. This is another reason for my disinclination to suggest the use of any drugs, and for my definite advice against them.

When the ego is artificially forced to let such experiences through then it is in severe danger. I suggest a break.

(Break at 11:01. Jane was dissociated as usual. We talked about Jane asking Bill Macdonnel to be a witness to next Wednesday's session. Bill had agreed. We also wondered whether Seth would say anything about our TV repairman. Resume at 11:08.)

You have no need to worry whenever witnesses are present. If I may say so at the risk of showing lack of humility, I will maintain the peacefulness of our sessions and dominate any other personalities with a minimum of effort on my

part.

Your television repairman has 3 children, a kind heart, and something wrong with his left foot. This is not noticeable but something is wrong with his left foot. One of the bones.

("Does he know it?")

No.

(After the session Jane said she tried to be very careful about passing on the above information, because she is always afraid of distorting it in such cases. Neither of us knows the TV man or had seen him before. To date, March 18, we have not checked in any way to see if the information is correct.)

You will find, Joseph, that you have acquired added strength and you will be able to act positively in your dealing with the outside world. I will say nothing more of this here.

My Piggly Wigglyes, you have received some excellent material this evening, if I do say so myself. And what of your trip to your brother's?

("I've been thinking about that.")

Do not however expect him to be a carbon copy of yourself since he obviously is not.

I do not want to go into other inner sense material this evening as it is too late to begin on the fourth inner sense. Try and use psychological time as I have told you. This is extremely valuable, for it is the channel through which all other inner data must come at your particular stage.

Ruburt, as I mentioned earlier, has always felt a kinetic unity with the earth, and experiences in a watered-down fashion the seasonal burying of seeds. This results in a claustrophobic reaction that is lessened with the coming of your spring.

("Is there anything to the idea of sleeping with your head to the north?")

Sleeping with your heads to the north is excellent, on your plane only. Because of magnetic properties your molecules are aligned with greater efficiency. I certainly do not like to go into household matters. A point, however: Your bed should never be in your main room. Not only do you have lack of privacy, one of Ruburt's squawks, and not only should various biological functions be separated on your plane as I have suggested, but the room itself, while excellent for some purposes involving use of the intellect, is simply not good for sleeping.

The back room is the best for sleeping. However it is also the best for your working purposes, Joseph. The small room will do as a sleeping room, but the head of the bed should be at the north. And in the use of psychological time exercises you would do well if your head was at the north.

On a further rather insignificant note, a doorway arrangement would be somewhat beneficial at your kitchen, if this is practical, and this is undistorted. Otherwise you have maximum benefit from your present living quarters.

Even I will enjoy the coming of your spring. Ruburt's chemical makeup is such that he should be somewhat even more receptive during that season in these sessions.

As always I hesitate to leave you. My affection is with you both always. You are a couple of nice Hobbly Gobblys.

("I like some of these names.")

I keep them especially for you. One more note before I leave you. Music is somewhat of a conditioning factor as far as Ruburt is concerned. Although he knows nothing of music now, he was once proficient in it. That ability now is channeled into his excellent facility in rhythmic poetry.

("Was he a singer?")

No. This ability was used once with the lyre. Music of his preference will be an excellent aid to his work, and it reinforces his discipline.

And now, peachies, this is the end of my biting comments. I hope you are not too fuzzy.

("No. Good night, Seth.")

(End at 11:32. Jane was dissociated as usual.)

SESSION 36

MARCH 18, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Tonight our first formal witness, Bill Macdonnel, was to attend a full session. Jane and I found ourselves anticipating the event with a good deal of interest. At 8:00 PM. Jane lay down for a rest, and gave herself positive suggestions concerning the session. Bill was due at 8:30.

(At 8:45 Bill still had not arrived and we were beginning to feel uneasy. We did not want a later arrival; also we had wanted to explain a few things to Bill, among them the taking of his own notes.

(“Mark the mark; Mark has arrived.” At 8:50 this phrase came into Jane’s mind. She said she almost didn’t bother to tell me about it, that she wasn’t sure it was from Seth. She didn’t hear it clearly within as she ordinarily would if it was a message from Seth before a session was to begin. Her own thought was that it indicated Bill’s arrival sometime after the session had begun.

(At 9:00 PM Bill had not arrived. I for one was quite upset by this. Jane was not beginning the session, either. She did say, “I feel a great humorous sense of waiting that isn’t mine.” She said this concept hung above her. As the minutes passed she began to pace slowly back and forth. At 9:05 she began to dictate. Throughout the session her voice was a bit stronger than normal, her pace rather slow, her eyes dark as usual.)

Good evening.

I have waited for your friend long enough. Five whole minutes. You cannot say that I am unwilling to make concessions, though I must admit that five minutes is my limit.

I am of course pleased about Ruburt’s letter. As I mentioned earlier I am extremely leery about trying to get predictions through to you, and therefore at this point I do not try. I do not want to be blamed for any distortions that might arise, though at a later time Ruburt will be able to get this sort of material through without such distortion.

(The letter Seth referred to was one from Jane’s publisher, received today, concerning her book on ESP. Jane had thought the project dead, but it seems the publisher is still interested.)

Free will as I mentioned earlier certainly does operate, but you must

remember that while it does operate, personalities on your plane are extremely limited as to choice. They can only choose between alternatives with which they are familiar. They can only choose to operate within their own camouflage pattern framework.

Free choice therefore is not the widerange experience that you suppose. The possibilities are certainly not endless in any real sense. That is, while in theory any personality can choose to travel extensively, this really has no meaning for a large percentage of personalities because of their own peculiar makeup.

Many similar, more or less obvious opportunities of this sort are equally impractical to a large number of personalities. These opportunities exist theoretically, and yet for particular personalities do not exist for all practical purposes. Within certain limits there is free will. Yet these limits themselves were set, or if you prefer, chosen, by the entity itself for any given present personality; and at the entity level free choice or free will is much more extensive, and really has much more meaning.

So choices between various alternatives are narrow on your level because of other limitations set by the entity itself. In other words, the entity, using its own— mark the Mark: Mark has arrived. This is a little instance in which Ruburt did not block me. Let your friend in and request that he be seated.

(Jane broke off dictation. It was 9:20. Her sudden change in direction had distracted me. While I sat staring at her she said:)

Please take a brief break if you want discussion among yourselves, though I shall of course listen in avidly.

(Jane now motioned toward the door. Recovering my wits by now and realizing that the name Mark referred to Bill's entity name, given to us by Seth at our seance, I went to the door and opened it. No one was there. Nor had I heard anyone coming up the stairs.

(By now I was completely puzzled; and Jane, evidently not wanting to speak on her own yet, looked at me and shrugged. We had heard the sound of a car, I remembered, and people going into the apartment downstairs; perhaps that had caused our confusion. I had a peculiar feeling of dismay, as though we had lost control somehow.

(I went back to my desk. It was 9:21. Jane resumed pacing and dictating.)

If you are ready I will explain the situation, if Ruburt will kindly allow me. It is regrettable, and yet I can give you a checking method that should be used in the future, to check any material in which you find distortions of any kind.

First of all, such distortions will almost always occur either in the beginning of a session or toward the end, and distortions in the material itself will not as a rule occur in the middle of sessions.

A mistake for example in notes would not apply here. However, my dear distortive and naughty Ruburt here not only put words into my mouth, unconsciously of course, but then said sweetly that they were not distortions.

The reason is rather simple and in fact quite understandable; and the point here is that Ruburt cannot use conscious caution in these matters in any manner. I am even, and this is quite unusual for me, hesitant at bringing him to discipline here, since he is usually so concerned about subconscious distortion that I do not want to imprint the suggestion in his mind.

Nevertheless the fact remains that he boo-booed, that such errors, while unavoidable at times at this stage, are most regrettable and apt to cast a slur upon the material as a whole.

I have mentioned a test and I will go into this in a moment, also to me the rather obvious cause of the glaring distortion. However, and I have emphasized this at times, because of our materials and methods of communication such distortions will almost of necessity occur now and then. We can only hope for their gradual disappearance, but we cannot force their disappearance. That is, you cannot. Outside of putting Ruburt in a deep trance, there is nothing that I can do along this line. And there you have it.

For personality reasons neither of you would be happy, I'm afraid, were Ruburt to go into deep trances at my instigation during sessions. And you, Joseph, would be much less enthusiastic even than Ruburt. So we must simply work as we are and make the best of it for now.

Generally the distortions will cease almost entirely. However, while we are working with word patterns in this manner there will unfortunately always be some, though lesser, distortions. And in the main body of the material there are very few distortions, as I have explained. Of course, at this point you cannot prove the main thesis of the important material which is not distorted.

You must however remember that this whole experience is new for Ruburt, and that necessary purity of perception and communication needs to develop. Now as for the cause of the glaring distortion. It is ridiculously simple. Indeed you must already know what it is.

Your Ruburt saw a car, was expecting your friend, had imagined my comment, and leaped to the lightning fast conclusion, along with a rather flattering desire to prove me supposedly right in an instance that could be checked. Dear Ruburt, sometimes you are like a dumbskull if not a numbskull, and I will give my own proof in my own good time, and without such flattering

but ineffectual help as this.

Help like this is no help indeed.

As for the test I mentioned. If there is any doubt in the future, for one thing check the portion of the material in which the doubtful statement is made. If this occurs in the very beginning of a session or at the very end, then do not panic. I truly have never seen such panic in such an instance as I saw on your face, dear Joseph.

We are lucky, and I really mean lucky, that our distortions have been so few and so obvious. At least the obvious distortions are easily discovered. And in the main and in the long run this is much better for the material as a whole.

Just don't be anxious, Ruburt. Also on checking wait for a few minutes, Joseph, and then ask the doubtful question again, or rephrase the statement into a question. Wait a good five minutes, but no more than fifteen minutes.

You should not, and I repeat this, grow panicky at the thought of distortions occurring, simply because to expect no distortions is just as unrealistic, and would send you flying headlong against an eventual wall of disillusion. We are not dealing with rigidities. Ruburt will improve. I do not want to set up a fear that is an exaggerated fear of distortions, since this might well make him so rigid that he would block perfectly valid material, fearing he was adding distortion.

The validity of this whole material will show clearly through whatever distortions ever arise, and the material itself will provide more and more proof for its statements as we continue. At a much later date the very type of communication will evolve into something much clearer, more vivid; and while words will always play some part, other elements will be added in the future that will actually be evidence for the material. That is, the means will also be an end.

This will not happen today or tomorrow. I do not want the fear of distortion to undermine Ruburt's confidence or your own, for it is the very basis of our communication. Much better to let some distortive material through than to let no material through at all.

I realize that the distortions bother you more than they bother me. However, to be truthful I anticipated more distortions than we have been getting, and my cronies have been amazed, particularly since Ruburt is not in a deep trance. It was unfortunate that your friend did not arrive on time. It was this extra element of anticipation that kept Ruburt from the usual excellent state of dissociation in the beginning of the session.

Had the visitor arrived on time Ruburt would have been able to handle the situation. It was the extra conscious and subconscious element of anticipation that got him into trouble.

And now my two wounded pigeons, bandage yourselves up in a short period of rest. You will fly away yet. I hope these few remarks have been crumbs for your flagging confidence. But humor aside, you cannot start out without expecting some difficulties along the way, and in this most difficult area of communication particularly. Mark my words.

(Break at 10:00. Jane was dissociated as usual toward the end of the above monologue. We were both disappointed at Bill's failure to appear. For my part I tried to snap out of it by making some jokes, but Jane did not join in. She resumed dictating at 10:05.)

I am quite certain, Joseph, that for once Ruburt does not appreciate your humorous remarks made during break. Quite innocently and oh so exuberantly he leaped upon the chance to show in the record how right I was and how wrong he was, but there you have it.

And incidentally, do not blame your friend for not arriving. You are not going to make him over, and he tries very hard within the limits set by his entity. And now if all the fireworks are over, may I return to the subject from which I was so uproariously interrupted.

We were discussing free will, and if I may say so Ruburt's little distortion was a beautiful example in kind.

A quick review. Free will exists on a limited scale on your plane, but it does exist, and the very limitations themselves are the result of free will choices made on another plane by the various entities.

It is quite true that the inner ego is aware through the inner senses of any choices that the outer ego will make with the use of free will. This does not mean that decisions are in any way predetermined. It only means that the inner ego is not bound by the dimensions in which those free will choices are made.

(Jane and I had discussed this problem at supper time. Her explanation had sounded better than mine, and tallied closely with Seth's presentation above. We had been hoping he would discuss it during the session.)

Your clock time as you know is camouflage, and does not exist as far as the inner ego is concerned. This certainly should not be strange to you, since you know that even your present personalities can to some extent escape from clock time through the use of psychological time. I have said that there is no time without barriers. The inner ego is aware of fewer barriers and therefore is not bound by time to the degree that the outer ego is bound.

Tuesday does not exist to the inner ego. Your outer ego is now experiencing the camouflage time year of 1964. This simply does not exist to the inner ego, therefore the inner ego is effortlessly aware of any choices or decisions that you may make freely in say 1970. It does not affect your choice. It

has absolutely nothing to do with whatever future choice you may make. It is aware of such future choices simply because the camouflage future does not exist for it.

This should become plain as you study it.

Theoretically an animal has free choice, and this will do very well as an example of what I mean by limitations. An animal is free enough to travel to, say, California from New York. There is nothing in his physical makeup to prevent the physical journey, but the point, if you'll excuse the pun, is pointless. Even a pointer would have difficulty. The dog's legs could easily make the trip with planned or unplanned rests, but the animal is simply not aware that such a place or destination exists to begin with.

Nor could he purposely set out for such a journey as a rule. Animals, many times using their own inner senses, have made such journeys, but their conscious apparatus alone would not permit it. In like manner such choice possibilities exist for human personalities, but to all intents and purposes they do not exist because the personality is too limited to take advantage of them.

Many limitations are set upon personalities by their own entities for karmic reasons. I want to make it plain that free will does exist, but that it is limited through use of a more extended free will on the part of the entity. Also, the inner ego is aware of so-called future decisions not because he forces such decisions upon the outer ego but simply because the future as such does not exist to the inner ego, and therefore he can perceive where the outer ego cannot.

Although someone begins reading this material on page one, for example, this does not mean that page four hundred does not already exist. Your outer ego is forced into what could be called successive action, but the inner ego is not so bound. This should make the point more clear. I mentioned earlier that cause and effect operates in various manners, and what seems to be cause and effect is often merely a result of your necessary disposition to view actions in a successive manner.

Because you are forced at this point to perceive actions in a separate and successive fashion you more or less naturally take it for granted that one thing causes another, or that one action could not occur before another that appears to follow it. This is of course not the case, although it is an example of the distortions you get when you rely upon the outer senses only.

I suggest a brief break, as I have a feeling that you are already past the breaking point.

(Break at 10:34. Jane was dissociated this time as usual. She resumed dictating at 10:41.)

Before I get back into the material I have been trying to give you all

night, I do have a few other comments.

The ache in Ruburt's shoulder for example was an indication of nervousness; although consciously he was not bothered, unconsciously he knew that your friend would not arrive on time, and this disturbed him to some degree.

The ache was the physical and nervous construction of his subconscious irritation. I would like to make another note, and I believe I may have mentioned this. I know Ruburt at one time or another was aware of it. I have nothing against Ruburt's reading of the material of course. I strongly suggest, however, that he does not in the future read the material on the night of a session. It only makes him apprehensive and nervous.

Patting myself on the back, I may elaborate. The complexity of the material sends him for a loop. He studies it, worries about keeping up what he sometimes thinks of his fine performance, and could end up by ruining mine.

This also aggravated the ache in his shoulder. The help I need from you, Ruburt, is on another level entirely. I do not want you to become overly involved with the material, which is why it has worked out so that Joseph does the recording.

I do not mean that Ruburt should not read the material, but he should not read it immediately before a session. It overawes him. I do use much of his subconscious knowledge. I do draw upon the knowledge of his own inner ego. He is helping me very much as it is, but please, Ruburt, do not meddle. Tonight with your overhasty pronouncements on my part you meddled, however innocently.

Your intellect is a good one but we need more than your intellect in these sessions. You become intellectually involved when you read the material directly before sessions, and it could hamper the session itself. I leave your intellectual writing life alone, though you are free to use what you have learned, so kindly keep your sometimes meddling intellect out of the sessions themselves. Your intellect is a good one, again, but darling it is no match for mine.

Your intuitions, believe it or not, are almost a match for mine. When you are on my plane you'll probably set earth's skies thundering. You can pursue the material intellectually if you choose at other times; but not, please, just before a session, and please give your intuitions freedom during sessions.

You use abilities, and so does Joseph, that cannot be used effectively at this present stage simultaneously with outer egotistical intellectual judgments. I am just saying, don't try to use both at once during sessions. And that was a mouthful.

Now, both of you have particularly strongly-developed latent abilities as far as the inner senses are concerned. Otherwise these sessions would not be

possible. It is true that at the present time your abilities vary in direction, yet they complement each other in action and therefore in result.

Ruburt uses dissociation in order to free his abilities so that they may be used more effectively. The telepathy occurrence with your witness is an example. However it is also true that this opening allows me entry. Joseph, you will find that your experiences with the inner senses occur often at split moments of dissociation.

I had intended this evening to go into our third inner sense and instead ended up with other materials. We still have very much on the inner senses to cover. Not only will they be named but you will be given exercises in their separate use. Again, this is difficult, because for me they operate in a more coordinated and organized pattern.

I now suggest your regular break.

(Break at 11:05. Jane was dissociated as usual. The ache in her shoulder had let up somewhat, but she was not too surprised now to develop a pain in a foot. During break she hopped about until it too eased up. Discussing distortions during break, we recalled that once or twice Seth had mentioned using the deep trance state. Neither of us cared much for the idea. Jane resumed at 11:12.)

In a deep trance there is always a certain lack of protection involved. Many on my plane do teach, or try to teach, using such a fashion. It is one of my personal peculiarities that I do not approve of this educational device.

Benefits received by personalities who are in deep trance are not nearly as long-lasting as they are in my method. It is true that in the trance state the subconscious learns. However, the subconscious knowledge eventually must be transferred to the personality-consciousness. In other methods than my own this transference takes place at a later time, usually on a midplane after the death of the personality on your plane.

I prefer the method we are using, in that assimilation takes place more directly and immediately, and the personality involved makes an active contribution.

(“What do others on your plane think of your method?”)

Others are watching. There is some friendly disagreement; we are all here what you would call educators, and I sometimes fear that we become too concerned with methods. I much prefer personally an active, fairly alert personality student rather than a deep trance subject who passively receives and transmits spoon-fed knowledge. I thrive on flexible give and take. Ruburt is dissociated but all the connections are left open.

With deep trance the conscious outer state is completely switched off. Knowledge is forcibly poured down the imaginary gullet, and I can't feel very

enthusiastic over such a method. What we are doing may be slower on your terms, but the effects are more durable and the whole self is aware of any knowledge thus received.

There are other methods also, but they are lesser in importance and not relied upon generally. Someday we will have to have some tests, and for my pride among my associates I hope you come through. My method does involve the strong possibility of some distortions and the active cooperation of my students, but this presents a challenge to me rather than a detriment. I imagine that I myself will be the brunt of a few jokes because of tonight's little misfortune.

("Well, there aren't many on this plane who go into such a deep trance state, are there?")

There are many more than you would suppose. The trouble here is that the personality has little protection, and is open to fragments that may enter if the educator on my plane does not scrupulously keep guard. I do not approve of this except for certain particular purposes.

Also, I do not agree that it is beneficial for the personality to become used to dispensing so entirely with his camouflage pattern. It is necessary that the camouflage pattern be recognized for what it is, but on your plane it still must be manipulated, and the efficiency of manipulation is extremely necessary.

The temporary and apparent sense of freedom from the camouflage pattern oftentimes leads the subject or student into a false sense of freedom from it in daily life, and causes a lack of ego discipline that should be maintained. Our method does not involve such dangerous territory.

I will close the session unless you have further questions.

("I'm wondering who all these people are who go into these deep trance states. Do we know any of them?")

No, not as far as my knowledge is concerned.

("They wouldn't be entering such states in sleep, would they?")

Not the sort of thing to which I am referring. I will go into this at a later date. I prefer to give you more data on the other inner senses first, since it will make the rest so much clearer.

Before we close I want to mention the importance of the third inner sense with the experience of concept patterns. The third inner sense, involving what you would call perception of past, present and future, is the sense that enables the inner ego and entities to experience direct concept-patterns, and free them therefore from successive cause and effect limitations.

I suggest that you either take a break or close the session, as you prefer.

(Break at 11:36. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said Seth had been

trying to get the above paragraph in all evening. Jane was obviously tired now, so I told Seth we'd hear from him next Monday as usual. Jane resumed at 11:37.)

You have no idea of the temptation on my part to cram you as full as I possibly can, and this is the temptation to which my enthusiastic colleagues often fall prey. Especially when they leave their student powerless to resist, though this is somewhat of an exaggeration. In any case bear up, you two grumbly bears. I wish you both, even Ruburt, a fond, merry and undistorted good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

(End at 11:38.)

SESSION 37

MARCH 23, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(This afternoon John Bradley, who was our witness for the 26th session, stopped in to ask if he could be a witness for the session tonight. He also wanted to borrow my studio for an hour to make up a chart for one of his medical displays. He thought he might miss the beginning of the session while working in the studio, but the informality of the idea seemed good. Jane agreed when I picked her up after work.

(In a further effort to relax, Jane worked on a painting of her own until 8:30 PM. John arrived at 8:35 with his materials and a bottle of wine. After the glaring distortions of last session Jane had decided that she must relax, witnesses or no, so as the time for the session approached the radio still played, and we played with Willy, our cat, and exchanged banter with John.

(By 8:50 Jane's hands were cold and clammy and I could see that she was nervous. Yet she said she felt better than usual, and this was true with a witness present also. She was satisfied that the approach was a good one.

(As session time arrived John was still busy in my studio. The doors were open from the living room though, and he could hear plainly. Promptly at 9 PM Jane rose to her feet and began dictating in a voice that was quite firm and clear, and somewhat stronger than her normal one.)

Good evening, all three peaches.

("Good evening, Seth.")

I wanted to say more concerning the third inner sense in connection with concepts.

With your clock time it is very difficult for you to conceive of large concepts to begin with. You are forced to think using word symbols strung one before the other, and therefore you are imprisoned by a camouflage of continuity.

You find difficulty in escaping from time, as a rule, and therefore you are also imprisoned by past, present and future, in such a way that they appear to be walls which never can be climbed. Not only is it difficult for you to conceive of a large concept for these reasons, but also it is well nigh impossible to communicate such a concept to you.

You insist upon a continuity and a seeming cause and effect because of the erected wall barrier that you yourselves have constructed. Concepts such as those I am referring to reach beyond your ideas of time and space.

(Now John had finished his chart in the studio. While Jane continued to pace about the room, dictating in her clear strong voice, John entered, poured himself a glass of wine and lit a cigarette. I pointed to a pad and pen I had laid out in case he wanted to take his own notes. But John shook his head and settled down on the couch. Jane continued without a break.)

When and if you become proficient in the use of the third inner sense, then and only then will you be able to receive such concepts. When cognition is more or less spontaneous, then you can appreciate a concept on its own terms.

When cognition is spontaneous or nearly so, then the idea can have freedom. You are bounded by your cause and effect theories. You believe in your ideas of time, and depend upon them to such a degree that it is impossible at this stage for you to conceive of a concept that has nothing to do with space or time.

As an analogy, you live in a self-constructed box with certain self-constructed senses to enable you to perceive the boxworld that you yourself have created. Any true concept has its origins outside your box, and continues beyond it.

(During this session, Jane spoke with much emphasis. I have underlined a few words and phrases she seemed to pay special attention to. Seth began this session in a very positive manner, as though he would be all business this time, and kept at it hammer and tongs.)

It also riddles your box through. Nevertheless, with your camouflage senses you perceive only that part of the concept that happens to fall within your box, and even then you receive and interpret such a concept with your outer senses, and therefore distort it out of all recognition.

Unless you use the inner senses in the manner that I have and will prescribe, you will always receive but a glimmering of any true concept, regardless of its simplicity.

The third inner sense, as I have told you, will enable you to some extent to free yourselves from the constructions of past, present and future, and will permit in theory instant cognition. As far as practice is concerned you will never achieve such instant cognition, but you will be able to set aside now and then the boundaries of time, and you will be able at least to glimmer the reality and the concepts of which I speak.

I am afraid I am a poor sort of host, and not much given to the niceties, or at least your niceties, being somewhat out of practice. Nevertheless, a good

evening to Philip, and I recognize his presence.

(It will be remembered from the 26th session that Philip is the name of John Bradley's entity, according to Seth.)

I am sorry that I cannot give him a review. However, I held up much material the past few sessions, as I dealt with fluttery Ruburt's ego. I trust we have that sort of thing under control. The best thing when you are standing on a diving board is just to plunge in, Ruburt. This teetering back and forth, shall I jump or shan't I, is done with, I hope. He jumps, so to speak, in the water— but he jumps, no one else. The element is different, and that is all.

No concepts can be boxed in. The reality with which we are concerned flows through your camouflage world, forms the material with which you build your constructions, permeates every atom and molecule in your world, but does not originate in your world. That is, it does not originate in your camouflage world.

It does originate in the inner self that exists in your world, but is not of your world. The inner self-conscious ego as I have said—and this is for Philip's edification—the inner self-conscious ego can be compared to another face, looking out upon a different world. And yet it is the driving personality and force in your world, and you use its energy as you construct your camouflage patterns.

This inner ego knows the outer ego well. The outer ego is but a counterfeit image of the inner ego. The outer ego as a rule is not aware of what you may think of for now as the thoughts or communications of the inner ego; but the inner ego knows every step you take, every particle of air you breathe, every dream you have; and it is the source of your own personality and is the representative of the entity of which it is part.

I now suggest a brief break, though I hope you are not at the breaking point.

(Break at 9:30. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said that the presence of a witness apparently made no difference at all. John of course was not familiar with much of the material. Jane and I both tried to fill him in rapidly on the inner senses, but surprisingly between us we had trouble explaining them. We did not appear to be mentally sharp. John said he felt somewhat the same way. And yet, as Jane observed, sometimes under these conditions the material that comes through from Seth is excellent.

(Jane began dictation in the same strong voice. Her pacing was moderate, her eyes dark as usual. Resume at 9:35.)

I am very glad that this is not test night. Shall I give you all gold stars? Nevertheless, at least you do remember to some degree. It is not remembering

with which we are concerned, however. The inner senses, and this should help Philip, the inner senses deal with direct perception of reality, of inner reality.

The outer senses do not deal with direct perception of reality. The outer senses themselves are camouflage patterns, part of the necessary and essential physical body camouflage. They, the outer senses, are perceptors of camouflage patterns. They were developed on your level, to deal with your world. They are useless outside of your world. They are useless in themselves as far as enabling you to perceive inner reality. This is not their function.

The inner senses belong to you as inhabitants of a spontaneous inner reality universe. They, the inner senses, are your regardless of the particular camouflage plane you might inhabit at any given instance. Only by using the inner senses can you perceive while on your plane the inner reality of which it is part.

I have mentioned earlier the peculiar problems of your scientists as with tools and instruments they attempt to reduce reality to their terms. Any instruments made on your plane are like your outer senses, constructed to perceive camouflage patterns. The instruments of the scientists, and the outer senses themselves, are camouflage patterns and cannot, and never will, dissect themselves.

Ideas and use of the inner senses can form a shaft of understanding through camouflage pattern, by which you will receive a dimly small burst of light; but even that is extremely important.

(Now Jane's voice became a little stronger yet.)

All this preliminary chitchat is necessary, I'm afraid. While you still deal with words I must work with words, strung one before the other. Most unfortunate.

The fact remains that the inner senses are equipped to let you perceive inner reality. You can use them; and for Philip's information the evidence of the inner senses is immediate, and vivid, and direct—much more vivid, Philip, than for example your camouflage experience of the color red. Everyone sees red differently. There is no absolute objective red but only gradations of the idea red.

You do not even perceive camouflage reality with your outer senses with any dependability. Telepathy, which belongs to the inner senses, is used constantly. Without it your languages would be meaningless. The inner senses, Philip, experience direct data instantaneously.

The table, and I'm afraid this is somewhat review, Joseph, the table as you know is not solid. Your scientists know this. Your outer senses lie when they experience the table as solid. You know this. The inner senses are not so deceived, and never have been. The inner senses experience directly the reality

of which your matter is composed.

(And again, all through this material Jane spoke with very firm emphasis.)

I went into the connection between the third inner sense and concepts for a reason, and this will now be an introduction into the fourth inner sense. And I am appalled: Getting this through Ruburt's subconscious should be quite a trick.

The fourth inner sense is the conceptual sense. Now you think of a concept in terms of an idea, which you can only understand in intellectual terms. However, the fourth inner sense involves again direct cognition, only now of a concept in much more than you would call intellectual terms.

It involves experiencing a concept completely, to the extent of being a concept completely; and already I hear shouts of dissent. No, you do not leave what you are pleased to call yourself behind. You merely change what you are into a different pattern.

Concepts have what we will term for now electrical and chemical composition. Nothing exists in any universe or on any plane that does not have form of one sort or another. You may not be able to perceive the form but it always exists. Direct experience of a concept therefore involves the transformation of one pattern into another.

The consciousness that directs this transformation knows what it is doing. The molecules and ions change into the concept, which is thereby directly experienced.

I will continue on this matter after you take a brief break, and again, save the pieces. We may need them later.

(Break at 10:00. Jane was dissociated as usual. During break I attempted to explain to John something about my sensations, my feeling of sound as Seth calls it, when the tree fell, etc. I asked John to look over this portion of the notes, but he said that he felt it would only be confusing without more background knowledge.)

(When Jane began to dictate her voice was not quite as strong as before, although she still spoke with emphasis. Resume at 10:10.)

This is an elegant little discussion, and I enjoy listening in. I would suggest whenever it is possible that Philip read the material from the beginning.

You are always receiving data from the inner senses. It is sifted through the subconscious, and when you receive it directly, or more or less directly for the first time, it can be frightening merely because of the unfamiliarity, and because of the unusual vividness. This is why I have said that the inner senses present their own evidence.

Now returning to the inner conceptual sense. You cannot truly

understand or appreciate any other thing unless you can become that thing. This is definite. Otherwise you only receive an approximation and a distortion.

Your outside egos are constructed to enable you to deal with the camouflage world. It is necessary. It necessarily also narrows your concentration and your understanding. During your existence you are focused, you are stuck to, you are placed and centered in, your physical universe by the outside ego. It manages your manipulation of camouflage material.

You cannot displace it completely, except at your own peril. Nevertheless you can learn to trick it. You can learn to cease focusing now and then and let the inner senses look out through the ego's eyes.

And you miss the point often, in that such trickery of the outside ego benefits the outside ego, and brings knowledge to it that it would not have otherwise.

Philip, earlier, mentioned hypnosis. Existence on your plane or any other plane is merely self-hypnosis. As far as an analogy is concerned, this one is very nearly perfect. Your existence, and mine for that matter, on any particular level is predetermined by complete concentration or focus of inner selves upon the particular universe in question. And your camouflage patterns can most aptly be compared to the hallucinatory effects created by the hypnotist upon his subject.

Only in this case the hallucinatory effects are actual constructions upon the plane in question, and involve problems that must be worked out. The hallucinations appear more or less consistent merely because everyone on that particular level is under the effects of self-hypnosis, and because they have already constructed hallucinatory senses, the outer senses, in order to perceive the hallucinatory world that they have created.

This is not meant to deny the importance or the value of the particular hallucinatory universe in any way. It has a definite purpose. But the analogy holds, and is more valid than you might think. Complete concentration and focus is your answer.

When this focus is finished, when the subject tells himself "Now I will come to, now I have solved the problems that I set out to solve," then what happens is the withdrawal of the self from the plane. The construction vanishes and is heir to the materials which compose the particular universe.

I will also go into this more deeply. You should be able to see now why a concept such as I refer to is difficult to achieve on your plane. You cannot focus upon it thoroughly. When the fourth inner sense is exercised, and I will outline exercises and all three of you would certainly benefit by following my suggestions, you will discover what an idea really is.

You will discover this by experiencing the idea directly, and you can best

achieve some approximation of accomplishment by using psychological time. Your idea of experiencing a concept is doubtlessly to follow it through from beginning to end. Sweet tootsies, there is no beginning or end, and this idea of yours is the result of a complete and utter concentration upon camouflage time.

Nor does the evolution of either an idea or a species involve time. It merely involves time in your universe. You insist upon labeling as laws of absolutes what is actually your distorted and limited vision of concepts as they seem to appear to you. Using psychological time, sit in a quiet room; and I hope this is not impossible, when an idea comes to you, and I presume it will, do not play with it intellectually. You can dissect it to your heart's content after the experience.

Reach out to the idea intuitively. Do not be afraid of or reject unfamiliar bodily sensations. With practice, and to a very limited degree, you will find that you can become the idea. You will be inside the idea, looking out, not looking in. This is thought.

If you think you think you are in for a surprise.

Again I suggest a brief break. And may I congratulate you Ruburt, for keeping your God-almighty intellect out; and I will have more to say here to Philip about the intellect.

(Break at 10:35. Jane was dissociated as usual. During break John wondered about the practicality of idea-concept application in the camouflage world. He was interested because he said he had been considering, lately, his own approach to certain problems in the business world. He is a drug salesman.

(When Jane began dictating again her voice was again strong and very definite. Resume at 10:45.)

I certainly do not understand, and never have, your ideas of practicality. Your misconceptions along this line are serious, and are caused to a large degree by your complete inability to look ahead even in your own terms.

Mankind thought that killing worked. It was the most practical solution, or so it seemed, to many problems. You know now that killing is not practical, since it is being brought home to you in a very practical manner that in the long run he who kills will not survive.

There are many ramifications here. The wrong way, and I do not mean even wrong in the sense of sinful, the wrong way is never the practical way, Philip. The practical way is the only way.

The inner senses try desperately to make their knowledge plain to the individual. It is communicated through what you call hunch or intuition. It represents actual knowledge of a definite and unerasable reality.

The so-called practical solution to your problems, Philip, is hardly

practical and for many reasons. In the first place, having little respect for yourself for following such a course, you would not even be able to put on the act which you contemplate. Your sense of falseness would immediately be picked up by your superiors.

Many in the group to which you refer are not being consciously or unconsciously false to themselves. They simply know no better. In your dealings with these people you would immediately find yourself in difficulty. The hypocrisy simply would not go deep enough.

The so-called practical solution would find you out of the organization within two years. Is this practical? Your ideas of practicality are not mine. On the other hand there will be men who will have the same sympathies as your own, and with whom you will make contact within the company, if you avoid these so-called practical solutions.

By following the seemingly impractical, seemingly idealistic, foolish course, you will discover that it is the only practical course, and the only one which will even give you the material prizes that you would desire.

Two men in particular would distrust you instantly if you changed course. Winning these two would take much of your energies and in the end, my dear misguided Philip, would get you absolutely nowhere because they will lose their influence. This is practical.

One man you have known in a previous life. There was a debt involved which was paid off. There is no need now for you to humiliate yourself to seek his favor, as you have paid off in full your debt to him. There is also a man's wife who would intuitively know what you were up to. Such practicality doesn't seem very practical to me.

(By now Jane's voice had lost its first scathing tone, and softened somewhat. It will be remembered that in the 26th session Seth also mentioned that a present business acquaintance of John's had been involved with John in a previous life, in Belgium in 1632.)

Also in the long run your salesman's ability, which was partially developed in another life, would play you false under the circumstances which you contemplate. Drugs are definitely your field, but I tell you again that two men in particular, within the company, will be out of favor, and if you join their league you will also be out within two years.

Practicality is what works, if you will forgive the colloquialism. I will not attempt to tell you what to do. Make your own decision. But a man operates to capacity, and operates in a most practical manner within your own camouflage system when he is himself.

The manipulation of camouflage material depends to a large degree upon

the outside ego's confidence, and the outside ego's confidence is only strong when it follows the inner ego's pattern. You can for a while fake the sort of disbelieving belief required, but your ability to sell is based upon your own confidence as an integrated and principled personality. Practically you would find your ability minimized, and do you speak to me about practicality?

I suggest a brief break, and this time tootsies, I'll pick up the pieces.

(Break at 11:09. Jane was dissociated as usual. John talked more about his job. For my part I said I had not asked for specific names, although John was of course interested in this, because I thought there might be distortion in them. And I thought Seth might refuse to give the answers. When Jane began dictating again her voice was quieter. Resume at 11:16.)

You may consult me when you wish. At this point I will not give you definite names for two reasons. One, the possibility of subconscious distortion on Ruburt's part. This should vanish in time. And two, because of the direct effect upon you of such knowledge.

You had best avoid such a course as you mentioned; for purely practical reasons it would be disastrous and the results would be felt in all areas of your life. I hesitate to say much more along these lines. I have said that others in sympathy with your ideas will come into influence, and they will influence your head of state.

(This reference is to the owner of the company John works for.)

There are personalities who are naturally equipped to understand if not to flatter, while having at the same time keen minds. These men will flatter your head of state through understanding, and this is important. You will ride with these men if you are true to your own instincts.

The whole time involved for these men to come into influence may be three years. By five years the thing will be finished in your favor and in theirs. If you do not want to wait this long, then investigate other drug companies.

You are in no danger however as long as you pursue your present course, but you are in peril as soon as you change it. You will find that these loose predictions will come to pass. You understand that free will always operates, this being a foregone conclusion. I also am practical in my way. And speaking of practicality, you would find it most beneficial even in dealing with your precious camouflage patterns if you would develop the use of your inner senses.

Such resulting knowledge would be practical. I am not only speaking in terms of your limited sense of what is practical, but what is truly practical for your personality is the full use of your abilities, and not stunting them through studied hypocrisies.

Material matters may seem extremely practical to you. However there is

nothing less practical than inner torment, and much inner torment is caused by a false sense of what is practical. Inner torment will cause you to lose whatever material gains you have achieved, and this is not practical.

To be practical even in your terms, and they are not my terms, involves the full use of your abilities. You would be handy with electrical apparatus, having dealt with these ideas in the past. You would find for example the operation of a ham radio station advantageous. You have abilities here not being used, and this could lead to an added lifetime interest of some intensity.

I suggest either a brief break of the end of the session, as you prefer.

(“Well, we’re all tired by now, Seth, so I guess we better end it.”

(End at 11:32. Jane was dissociated as usual. Jokingly she asked John when he was going to become a ham radio operator. Whereupon John surprised us both by telling us that he was already actively considering such a hobby, had set aside a room in his home for it, and had acquired some equipment. He had not told us this before. A copy of his signed statement follows.)

(Copy of statement by John Bradley.

(March 23, 1964.

(On the above date I attended a session, the 37th, with the principals Jane and Robbie Butts.

(During the rest period I posed a question about the way in which I should conduct myself in intracompany politics with the purpose of advancement in mind.

(I was assured by “Seth” that it would be more advantageous in the long run, to remain as I am and not to give in to the flowery, complimentary type which I describe as a phony.

(During this session, while Seth was advising me he suggested that it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to pursue a hobby in electronics, a ham radio was his choice. He said I had innate ability in this field.

(Unknown to Jane, until I told her after the session, was my mental commitment to build a F. M. tuner and amplifier.

(This supported Seth in my opinion.

(John J. Bradley.)

SESSION 38

MARCH 25, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Today Jane received an answer to her letter of March 11/64 to the American Society for Psychical Research. A scientist there wondered if Seth could describe him or one of his associates. Jane and I both felt that Seth would not comply, at least at this time. We based this opinion on material already received.)

(Jane felt so “unalert” tonight that first she took a nap after supper, then went for a walk at 8:15. By 8:45 she said she had no idea of Seth’s material for tonight, and that this made her nervous. I thought she acted well, though she said she was tired. In fact, after the session she felt better than before it began.)

(Her eyes darkened as usual; she paced at a regular rate and began dictating in a normal voice.)

Good evening, comrades in arms, so to speak.

(“Good evening, Seth.”)

I see that we are quite alone. The session should be quiet. I am pleased with your letter. I see that you have it out on the desk for me, as if it was an apple for the teacher. I’ll take some bite of it.

I do not intend to let Ruburt in on any of my plans or intentions, as far as demonstrations are concerned. It is much better all around if he be kept clear of such knowledge. The last session with your friend went off extremely well, and I hope that he follows my advice. If Ruburt had known what was in my mind, he would have been nervous and self-conscious.

Therefore I cannot tell you in advance of any such demonstrations, and in the case of my advice to Philip the slight demonstration of what you would call, I suppose, clairvoyant knowledge had two purposes.

The advice itself was important. Philip’s abilities along the lines of electronics have not been developed to near capacity, and it was for his own good that I mentioned them. Then also the demonstration boosted Ruburt’s confidence in these sessions. That is all I will say about the matter for now. It is entirely within my abilities to produce such a plum as your Psychic Society is reaching for.

At this point it would be difficult for Ruburt to know of the possibility of

such a demonstration before any particular session. I am not ruling out for now any foreknowledge on Ruburt's part.

("Just what do you mean when you speak of demonstrations? Or don't you want to say?")

I mean any such performance as suggested in your letter from the Psychic Society. What I do I will do. I am saying that I do not want Ruburt's consciousness involved beforehand, and the nervous strain on Ruburt's part of wondering how such events will come to pass must also be avoided.

Otherwise everything is coming along well. The material will make its own friends, and I suppose, its own enemies.

You will, as I have said before, benefit through the quiet exercise of your inner senses. This cannot be stressed too strongly. Such use of the inner senses will also be of benefit to both of you in these sessions, and will add dimension to them in a manner with which you are as yet unfamiliar.

You, Joseph, are definitely improved as far as your relationships are concerned. Now I can tell you that you safely navigated through what could have been a most difficult winter season. Not only did you come through without the possible bruises, but you have gained in stature, understanding and ability. I hope that this will make up for all the yelling I did earlier.

Nevertheless I believe that you have benefited from my rather stern and sometimes heavy-handed lectures.

("Yes."

(Jane's pacing was by now quite fast. For someone who was tired to begin with, she was setting quite a pace.)

Now, about the inner senses. They fit together in a much more organized fashion than the outer senses do, and in some cases they tend to overlap. To describe them separately is difficult at best, their functions are so intertwined; and the distinctions between them are oftentimes extremely subtle. Too subtle in a few cases to be appreciated by you.

Operating more or less normally, they work as a whole. You will experience them separately, in many cases simply because of your own ineptitude. This should not be too hard to understand since your own outer senses are often blocked so that you are not aware of any given stimulus at any given time. That is, you may hear sounds and consciously ignore them.

("I've had my sensation several times lately.")

You are doing better than Ruburt, as far as your outside homework is concerned. Work with the ESP cards will be beneficial to both of you, since as you progress you will, through certain subconscious cues become aware of varying circumstances that will enable you to feel when you are coming through.

(“Jane said something about that today.”

(Jane had done well today, working alone with the ESP cards. She said that she usually could tell, somehow, when she was having a good run, before results were checked.)

This is legitimate, but without the strange mixture of discipline and freedom already achieved in these sessions, such awareness would not be possible at all, and certainly this is something you will have to work at. It is not instantaneous by any means.

(“We wondered about that. We also rather thought two participants were necessary to get good results with the cards.”)

For purposes of sending records to Duke you may be best covered by using two, an operator and a subject. But for your own, or our own purposes, one is sufficient. I do suggest however that you both also work with the cards.

I want to go into the inner senses further but suggest that you take your first break.

(Break at 9:27. Jane was only moderately dissociated. She still felt tired, she said, but at least no worse. When she began dictating again her voice was a little louder. She kept up her rather fast pacing. Resume at 9:31.)

I may make this a short session, since Ruburt is somewhat indisposed, and after all I am not that much of a taskmaster. But if I do make it a brief session, then I will have you exercise your abilities with the ESP cards until the ordinary ending of the session. So you will not get off scot-free.

As far as the inner senses are concerned, they merge smoothly, one into the other, operating as a unit in what I will call pure unhampered circumstances. They work that way for me, for example, yet I must attempt to list them separately for you.

There are difficulties also. Not so much in interpretation as the fact that some terms may be negatively suggestive, or that you may put emotional connotations where they do not belong.

For example as I have said, the fourth or conceptual sense ignores what you call past, present and future, and so can appreciate a concept in its entirety, can actually experience the concept in much the same manner that you might work out an idea through a drama, if you follow me.

Only in this case the dramatization provides its own actors. I am going to leave further discussion of this sense until some later session, when after additional material you will be able to understand it more thoroughly. And again remember that these senses, these inner senses, operate as a whole, and that at least to some degree the divisions between them are somewhat arbitrary on my part, and are made for the sake of simplicity.

The fifth inner sense carries us further along in this direction, and involves what I will call cognition of the knowledgeable essence. This sense differs from the fourth inner sense in that it does not involve the cognition of a concept.

It is similar to the fourth sense in that it is free of course from the arbitrary past, present and future, and it is also similar in that it involves an intimate becoming, or a transformation of self into something else.

In this case it would involve living tissue. The analogy is difficult on your terms. With your outer senses now, you attempt to understand a relative or a friend. Use of this fifth inner sense, were it available to you, and in its fuller sense -fortunately it is not—would enable you to enter into your friend.

Now this certainly sounds not only unbelievable from your point of view, but probably undesirable, and if so I appreciate and understand your reactions. However, I certainly cannot let possible unfavorable reactions on your part govern what material I give you.

This inner sense is not only an important one but is immensely beneficial, and is not misused in any way by those able to use it. Very simply, these senses do not function until they can be handled correctly. This sense in no way involves invasion. It does not imply that one entity can control another. It merely involves direct, instantaneous cognition of the essence of living tissue.

I use the word tissue with some caution. Nevertheless all entities, except for a few important exceptions, are in one way or another enclosed within themselves, and also connected to others by some sort of capsule, and your word tissue would seem to be the closest I can come to this.

This fifth sense, then, would enable you some freedom to cross this living tissue boundary into other living territory. Do not think of this living tissue necessarily as flesh, since those who are capable of using this sense fully are not on your plane to begin with.

(The rather peculiar use of the word enable in the above paragraph is evidently just the word Seth wanted to use. I asked Jane to repeat it, to make sure I had it right the first time, and she very definitely pronounced that word.)

Now this sense, like all other inner senses, is being used by the inner self-conscious ego, but the outer ego is not permitted awareness along these lines. A minimum amount of information from these inner senses is given to the outer ego after it is sifted through the subconscious. But only a minimum amount.

Without any use of this fifth inner sense no man would even come close to understanding another. This is an extremely important point, and perhaps your phrase “to put yourself in someone else’s place,” most clearly approximates this sense.

Direct experience in these inner senses will give you a much clearer picture of them than any words, even mine, can do. You understand however that any direct experience will be of very low power. I don't want to blast you off your feet.

Again I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 10:01. Jane said she was more dissociated this time. She also felt better. However I had to ask her to repeat several phrases, and thought she was tired. I felt somewhat that way also; indeed, we have often wondered whether I too am in a light trance while Seth is around. At times I have been aware of a feeling very similar to the pleasant, easygoing state I first became acquainted with when Jane hypnotized me.)

(Jane picked up her fast pace again, and began dictation in a firm, precise voice. Resume at 10:06.)

Molecular construction is formed from the inside, and is not rigid. On your plane such construction and such electronic and atomic patterns, frameworks and fields, are rigid to a degree, but even on your plane there is constant and apparent change. The pattern on your plane is more or less rigid while you exist on your plane. Nevertheless, the atoms and molecules within that pattern are far from rigid, though the pattern remains more or less the same. It is your habit, or the habit of your scientists, to carry apparent universal laws over into areas in which they do not apply.

In actuality molecular structures and patterns are not rigid. They merely appear so from your viewpoint. Nor are they imposed from without. Vitality gives itself a shape and form. The form does not impose itself upon the vitality. Therefore it is not strange to consider the possibility of changing form at will, and this is exactly what happens basically in the universe.

To some extent, and to a much larger extent than you realize, this happens on your own plane, only in this case it is the subconscious will that does the actual transforming.

(“Like the time Jane and I created those images at York Beach?”)

In a much more simple manner, however. You make your own camouflage universe as I have told you. The growth of a disability, say the appearance of an ulcer, is the introduction of another camouflage reality to the physical body. Something that was not there suddenly is there, and in your physical universe. And while this may be a poor analogy, the ulcer represents a creation of something new to the physical structure.

It is formed by the unconscious will for reasons of its own. It is a variation on the original pattern. I intend to tie this in for you later with a clearer explanation as to how you on your plane form your own camouflage universe,

and to elucidate on the fact that form is not rigid, though it appears to be in many cases on your own plane.

I want to show you how form can be changed, even on your own plane, and give you clear examples here so that you will see how in the inner reality universe, vitality can and does change its form at will. This may sound difficult but I hope that it will be plain when I am done.

I am mentioning this material in the same session with the fifth inner sense so that you will finally understand that use of the fifth inner sense is not actually as strange as you may have thought it to be.

Now I suggest a break. Believe it or not, I actually look forward to your spring and summer, and while traffic may bother you in the summer, I will find the air from the open windows most enjoyable.

(Break at 10:27. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said that she now felt much better but that it was up to her, she could end the session whenever she wanted to. Seth's reference to open windows came because Jane had opened a window during last break when the room got stuffy from cigarette smoke. Resume at 10:35.)

Now again, understand that I am breaking down an extremely complex concept into piecemeal data. There are again extremely subtle differences at times between these inner senses, although at either end of the scale there is great distinction.

To complete our skeleton outline, and we will go much more deeply into all of the inner senses, I will give you some data on the sixth inner sense, which actually involves a knowledge or ability used by some of the others.

As far as inner senses go, it is an extremely basic and rudimentary sense, containing within it the possibility of other inner senses. Although it is one of the most necessary senses, I could not give it to you first since you would not have understood it.

This sixth inner sense is concerned with the entity's innate working knowledge of the basic vitality of the universe, without which no manipulation of vitality stuff would be possible. As, for example, you could not stand up straight in your physical universe without first having among other things an innate sense of balance.

This sixth sense is too important to skim over, and yet I wanted to mention it this evening because it fits in with our discussion. Without this sixth sense, and without its constant use by the inner self-conscious ego, you could not even construct the physical camouflage universe of your own plane. This sense, again, is used constantly beneath the outer ego's awareness, and forms the basis for camouflage constructions on every plane.

The material I am giving you here is very fragmentary. However, I want the outline to go along, and I will always continue to fill in. This sixth inner sense is so important that this material should be read thoroughly, as it will end up as one of the basic parts of our material, from which many other important discussions will follow.

And when I go more thoroughly into the actual manner in which man constructs his universe, this material will be a basic starting point. I do not intend to leave material in a general, undifferentiated fashion, but will add details. But first you need the skeleton outline.

A little unconnected comment here, concerning your good doctor's suggestion that you ask me about the stock market.

Frank Watts made a few stabs in that direction, and almost got severely wounded. In any case I am sure you know my answer. Financial gain is perfectly all right. However, this material is not to be used for that kind of financial gain.

If we did that kind of thing once, and if Ruburt let it come through undistorted, theoretically our material would consist of stock reports. Everyone would want to know how to beat the market, and the material would quickly disintegrate. The knowledge is what I am trying to get across to you, and anyone who is ready and able to receive it. Too bad for the poor doctor.

("Oh, I don't think he's so poor.")

I must agree.

(Our doctor friend, last week, had half-jokingly suggested Jane and I see what Seth would have to say about the market. Jane and I were so sure Seth would turn thumbs down on the idea that we had not asked the question.)

And now I am going to give you an unheard of bonus, and close the session a trifle earlier, since Ruburt has been indisposed, and yet did not refuse to hold the session. Also because I got through the material I wanted to give you already. However, you know me, and I will make up the small difference in time. The material itself this evening was rather complex and Ruburt did allow it to come through, for which I shall give him the proverbial gold star.

I enjoyed the session myself very much, and am pleased that we could get this material through now. I had thought earlier that you would not be ready for it until a later time. I do hate as always to leave you—

("What are you going to do now?")

(Every so often I like to throw this question at Seth. He has yet to answer it.)

Since I am leaving you a bit earlier, perhaps I will drop around for a short time before our next session.

Again, I am pleased with your added ability to understand your parents,

Joseph. You are the apples of my eye, you two.

And now, fond friends, I bid you good evening.

(End at 11:00. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said that by now she felt much better than when she began the session, and that ordinarily she would have felt worse, considering all the walking she had been doing, etc.)

(Re Jane's sensation. This material is included here because it is dealt with briefly by Seth in the following session, the 39th.

(The 39th Session, March 30/64, Monday, found us both very tired, so tired that we did not actually want to hold it. Our routine had been changed by my taking a part-time job which necessitated our rising at an earlier hour. Since I paint in the afternoons, and Jane works out at her job, by nine at night we have already put in a full day. In addition, we had been invited out for supper.

(We were back home by 8 PM; at 8:15 Jane lay down for half an hour, in preparation for the session, while I prepared papers for the notes I would be taking, and read over some previous material from Seth.

(At 8:45 I walked into the living room to call Jane. She lay quietly on the couch, eyes closed, but in a few minutes told me she was awake. She also told me she had been visited by a most strange sensation; and from her description of it I felt sure it must be an exploration of the inner senses, similar to the one I experience occasionally, which Seth has called the feeling of sound. I thought Jane's description most remarkable.

(Jane told me that upon slowly coming awake from her nap, and while she was listening to me move about the living room setting up the desk and my pad, etc., for the session, she had the most peculiar feeling of "growing larger." The first laughing phrase she used was that she felt as though she was as big as an elephant.

(The feeling was predominant in her head and arms, but was also slowly spreading into the lower parts of her body. It was as though, she said, her boundaries of awareness had expanded. It was not that she felt thickheaded, but as though the skull itself was literally expanding. Holding her hands out on either side of her head, she indicated a width to me of perhaps two and a half feet; she said her head felt, literally, that wide.

(When we close our eyes, Jane said, we are aware of a certain "area" of blackness, an area we are used to. Her area while in this state was much enlarged—she used the phrase infinitely large to describe it. She was not aware of too much happening within this area, she said, just that it existed. Had she known more about it, we felt she might have understood more that would be going on in this extended black area. She was not frightened by the sensation,

and went along with it.

(Jane said it was as though her eyes had actually moved farther apart, to create this expanded, broadened field of awareness, of infinite black. When she opened her eyes she felt a light snapping sensation that was very gentle, and not audible. She did not have the sensation when her eyes were open; but she said the physical sensation of this experience was so strong there could be no doubt of it.

(It will be remembered that my first sensation episode, of February 8/64 [See page 172], jogged my memory so that I was able to recall a previous such experience of perhaps a year ago. In like manner Jane's experience reminded her that on two previous occasions she had experienced forerunners of this evening's sensation.

(She was not able to give me dates for either occasion. One was perhaps a few months ago, the other probably two or three years ago, she believes. Both were felt upon awakening, and while her eyes were closed. They hadn't made such an impression on her either time, because although she had felt the expanding of the skull, she had experienced nothing like the strange infinite black within this expanded area.

(I would like to add here that I again experienced my own sensation on Sunday afternoon at about 1:45 PM. We had driven to Sayre to visit my parents. At the time I happened to be alone in the living room, reading the paper, when the familiar thrilling swept over me to a fairly strong degree. I felt the residues of it for some time afterward. Although I was alone, there was much noise in the house, for my brother and his family were also there and his children were quite noisy.)

SESSION 39

MARCH 30, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(Seth made this session very brief, since Jane and I were quite tired by the time it began. We had changed our schedule, and our earlier hour of rising has made itself felt by session time. We did not really feel like holding a session, but tried anyhow because we did not want to break the routine.

(We were back home from visiting company for supper by 8 PM. At 8:15 Jane lay down for a nap, and upon awakening at 8:45 experienced her sensation as described on pages 309/310. While she was telling me about it in the few minutes we had before the session was due, she did not appear to be nervous.

(Although Jane had slept she was still tired. While she was talking to me our cat Willy lay purring on her lap. Abruptly at 8:57 the session began. Jane stood up, dumping Willy to the floor. She began to dictate in a fairly strong voice; her eyes darkened as usual. And Willy began to tag after her as she paced back and forth.)

Good evening.

(“Good evening, Seth.”)

Never have I been so eagerly awaited, and met with such high hopes that I will call off the session.

I understand your weariness. I will under the circumstances give you a short session. However, as yet it is not a good idea to miss a session. You cannot say that I am rigid, since I will try to take your circumstances into consideration.

(Willy, chasing after Jane, attempted to wrap himself around her leg. I could hear his claws against the cloth of her slacks. Although he lost his grip, he leaped after her leg again and gave a loud meow.)

There are a few points I would like to cover this evening, and then you two tired bears can tuck yourselves in for the night.

First of all, I think you will find your present decision, Joseph, to be a good one—that is, your outside work compromise.

(Jane, not interrupting her delivery, had shaken loose from Willy’s most persistent assaults several times by now. This seemed to make him try to tackle her all the harder. He gave voice to several loud cries and finally succeeded in anchoring himself upon one of Jane’s legs. His ears were back. Jane paused and

picked him up. Quickly she tossed him into the bathroom and closed the door.

(The following reference to a portrait concerns an egg-tempera portrait I entered into the annual Chemung County Artists' Exhibition. I had been notified today the painting won the portrait award.)

Also, Ruburt's conscious mind is quite merry over your portrait award, and if you both are merry then I will join in the general enthusiasm.

("Good.")

I had planned to go into some material concerning this particular portrait, as a camouflage construction, but here for now I will merely mention this in passing and go into it at our next session.

There is something else I wanted to mention briefly. It is that the sixth inner sense, of which we have spoken briefly, can be likened in some respects to the instincts of the inner self. This will be discussed also at our next session.

This sense, however, is concerned with the innate knowledge of the universe in its entirety; and particular data about specific areas of the universe often is given to a living organism to make manipulation in a specific area possible.

This bit of data is usually extremely specialized but very complete within its scope. And I am speaking now of course of the data that is given to the organism in its affiliation with camouflage environment. That is, the inner self has at its command complete knowledge, but only portions of it are used by an organism at any given instance.

What I am actually giving you this evening is an outline for our next session, since you are not up to par this evening. Now, the strange sensation experienced by Ruburt just before this session was a taste of our seventh inner sense, but only a small portion. It represents enlargement or an opening up and extension. This operates in two directions. The purpose of the enlargement or extension I will discuss at the next session. It is of course an enlargement or extension of the self, and a widening of the boundaries of the self, and therefore of even conscious comprehension.

Ruburt experienced this on a physical level, trying again to translate inner data into sensation that could be recognized by the outer senses. Nevertheless, he did receive a startling glimmer into the possibilities inherent here.

The sense, as I said, operates in two directions, and this is difficult to explain. Operating in a contrary manner, for example, there is a pulling together of the self into an ever smaller and more minute capsule that enables the self to enter into other fields, and experience various rather alien planes.

You will have no doubt noticed that these inner senses all represent

actual inner abilities. I am rather surprised that Ruburt hit upon this one at this time, as it is usually a rather difficult ability to attain. He went along with it, which is very good, but he didn't sustain it long enough so that he could distinguish the other tissue capsules which came within his own extended awareness.

I have said little about these tissue capsules. However they will also be held for the next session. I do not want our sessions ever to become a chore. However I do prefer that their regularity be maintained and I am perfectly agreeable now and then to making them briefer, due to circumstances. You will find that in these few pages I have given you some new ideas. It is possible that we can make up for any lost time on your part in the future, with a few brief sessions when you are in tiptop shape.

Actually it is merely the change in circumstances that has made you weary, and the effect will not last.

("What happened with the cat tonight?")

Your lovely old pussycat really sensed my presence this evening. I came in so to speak extremely strong, because I knew that the session would be brief, and I did have this material to give you. He just didn't know what had happened to his Ruburt, that is all.

In any case, again my congratulations to you, Joseph, upon the two counts I mentioned, and I would suggest that you both get a good night's sleep. I am also in hopes that our next session will be a full one.

I will end the session now, and you cannot say that I am unsympathetic in any way. I am not necessarily disturbed, either, at the brief session. Your limitations are far greater than mine. Sleep tight, but again I do look forward to our sessions, and dislike saying goodbye so soon.

You are doing well nevertheless, and I bid you a most fond good evening.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 9:27. Jane had no forewarning that Seth would come in so strong to begin the session, she said. She was immediately fully dissociated, although she remembered the trouble with Willy. She said that one moment she was talking to me, and the next she was on her feet dictating.)

(And Willy, strolling out of the bathroom, displayed no upset at all. He rubbed up against Jane's leg, purring.)

(It might be added here that on my daily trip downtown, taking Jane to work at the gallery, I mailed the first 38 sessions of the Seth material to the American Society for Psychical Research. This session, the 39th, will begin Volume 2.)

SESSION 40
APRIL 1, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS
INSTRUCTED

(A few days ago Jane and I had looked at another apartment, one much bigger than ours and also more expensive. She liked it but for some reason I thought it wise not to take it. It belongs to one of Jane's coworkers at the art gallery. Personally, I would like our next move to be to our own place in the suburbs or the nearby country.)

(At 8:45 Jane awoke from her nap feeling much refreshed. She asked me if she could share my studio with me and of course I agreed, having offered this arrangement some time ago. Her desk and books do not take up much room. Jane was so enthusiastic over this idea that she forgot to be nervous before the session began.)

(And of course by now both of us felt better, being more used to our new schedule. As the session began Willy continued to doze peacefully on the divan. Jane paced at a normal rate, her eyes darkened as usual, and her voice grew slightly husky.)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

I am glad to see that the atmosphere has cleared. I took a preliminary peek into your establishment earlier this evening and departed in dismay—in fear, in terror.

("Now why?")

Well, I certainly would not want Ruburt throwing furniture at me. You understand of course that I am speaking of mock terror. When Ruburt's resentment finally flares, that is no time for me to be around.

("Nor me either.")

You are quite right. The solution hit upon is an excellent one, and I had nothing to do with it, having decided that I was much safer if I left such decisions to you from now on. All joking aside, this latest idea should really be an excellent one, and I would have suggested it myself except that I could not get through to Ruburt. He has felt guilty over the thought of taking any space from you, and the guilt made him feel resentful.

I am quite pleased, you will benefit by this, and also from the other

changes in your establishment that you have been considering, including a method of using the back room all year. Resentment had a lot to do with Ruburt's banging around. Not resentment at you, Joseph, but resentment because he felt guilty for not being satisfied. If you intend to stay where you are for any amount of time, then you would do well to get the most out of your establishment, and the enlargement being contemplated would be very beneficial.

Incidentally, I share Ruburt's annoyance with your fat neighbor across the way, and I will tell you some tales about him before I am finished.

(This reference concerns new tenants who have moved into the second-floor apartment of the house next door. Although our house is separated from it by quite an expanse of lawn, our new neighbor is quite obvious as he walks back and forth before his picture window in his undershirt. Jane considers this bad manners.)

The needed change that you both need can be met in your present environment by enlarging your kitchen, and unless you can move into the country, I would not suggest that you move at all. Naturally I prefer that you feel secure and as settled as possible, for the simple reason that the sessions will go better.

The two changes, one in the back, and your kitchen, will satisfy you both to a large measure for quite a while, and therefore are desirable since they do not entail a wholesale breaking up of daily pattern. I trust I have said enough along these lines.

As I mentioned, the sixth inner sense involves something that can be likened to what you call the instincts, except that it is a property of the inner self. Consider a spider spinning a web. The web is a camouflage pattern that definitely exists on your plane. Here your simple spider is using his sixth sense, for these senses are the latent property of other living things, and not restricted to mankind.

What you have in the spider's activity amounts to a demonstration of the sixth inner sense almost in its pure form. The spider has no intellect or outer ego, and his manipulations are the direct result of activities performed by pure and spontaneous use of the inner senses. They are unhampered and uncamouflaged to a great extent.

All of the inner senses are not utilized to the same degree on any plane. Many planes are given over to the training in the use of one or two of the most important inner senses. I liked the analogy of the spider and his web because it is such a simple and uncomplicated example of camouflage construction, divorced from intermediaries such as ego or tools.

Inherent, and I repeat inherent in the spider as in man, is the complete comprehension, or rather comprehension through direct experience, of the universe as a whole. In its particular existence the spider is not aware of all this knowledge, but it uses what is necessary of it to construct its web. It experiences directly. There is of course no “I” consciousness, but there is direct consciousness, nevertheless, of the most intimate kind.

Give the spider an ego and an intellect and you will see then how the picture would change. These would enable him to enlarge upon his scope of awareness and activity, but at the same time impediments would be placed so that the web construction would no longer appear either as direct as far as its source is concerned, nor as spontaneous.

You construct your own camouflage existence as the spider constructs his web, but you are not aware of the threads. You do not understand that they originate within yourself, although it is very simple to smile as the lowly spider weaves its web. The spider’s construction is severely limited to one plane, but this is not the case with your constructions, which may have reality on many planes at once, and in ways with which you are not familiar.

It should be obvious that although an idea is born in time, after its conception it is free from time in a way that a spider’s web can never be free from time. To the extent that a construction exists as camouflage, to that extent it is bound by and vulnerable to physical laws.

If energy is imprisoned or focused into the physical construction to the extent that a construction appears on your plane, while still not fully constructed, left incomplete in some aspects, to that extent the idea behind the construction is not bound by physical laws.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 9:31. Jane was dissociated to a fair degree. By break time her delivery had become very deliberate, with quite a few pauses. Her voice was normal. The same conditions prevailed when she resumed at 9:36.)

The tissue capsule of which I have spoken earlier surrounds every living consciousness. To some extent it could be compared to an extra layer of skin surrounding the physical body, except that it is not constructed in the same manner upon your plane, and is invisible to you under ordinary circumstances.

It is actually a field, that is energy field, boundary. It protects the inner self by acting as a barrier that keeps the whole self’s energy controlled, and keeps it from seeping away. At the same time it protects the whole self from certain radiations which do not here concern you. No living consciousness exists on any plane without this tissue capsule enclosing it.

The capsule of course is not a solid on any plane. To some inhabitants of

other planes that have access to your plane, all that can be seen of you is this tissue capsule, since such inhabitants have had no experience in your particular type of camouflage construction. Therefore your camouflage patterns are invisible to them, but the tissue capsules are not.

These capsules can be seen by you under certain circumstances, and have been called astral bodies—a term which does not meet with my pleasure. I would like to repeat again the fact that in many instances, and with exceptions, ideas not fully constructed on your plane not only have great force but are also freer from the effects of physical laws. The idea has at its command then greater and varied methods of expression, and from it varieties of construction can be attempted. I have mentioned the advantages of a painting over a piece of sculpture, and an idea not fully captured will find further expression.

This is not to say that perfection is not to be sought after. It is of course impossible to achieve but the almost-completed leaves room for further development of the idea, and the idea is not imprisoned.

The portrait that you sent to the gallery is evocative. It continues to grow. It is not completely at the mercy of a completed camouflage. The whole self is never completely constructed on your plane. At best it finds expression now and then. A camouflage plane, merely by being what it is, makes it impossible for the whole self to find expression. There is almost hypnotic focus of energy for a particular time for a particular reason.

The inner self is always there. You are always aware of it in the same manner that you are aware of what is happening in a trance. This is another excellent analogy, if you'll forgive me for patting myself on the back.

This sixth sense is one of the basic ones which makes use of the others possible. Mankind often confuses it with, and calls it, instinct. It is merely the innate knowledge which makes manipulation of energy from one form to another possible, and you use it constantly. The spider is more familiar with it in its pure form than you are. That is, than mankind is.

It is this sense which directs your own growth physically, and which forms the cells of your physical body and constantly changes the stuff of your body.

I suggest a brief break.

(Break at 10:02. Jane reached the same degree of dissociation as she did during the first monologue. Her delivery was still quite deliberate, her voice quite soft. The same conditions prevailed when she resumed at 10:08.)

Your plane is a training place in the use of manipulation of energy. Your plane seems to deal with cause and effect, but this is in itself a necessary camouflage. In actuality there is no cause and effect as you think of it. There is

only spontaneity. For a particular interval you must be taught as if there were cause and effect, so that the result of spontaneity would not end up as chaos. This statement may seem contradictory but later you will see that it is not.

Now that we have briefly discussed the meaning of a tissue capsule I will go into the seventh inner sense a bit more deeply. This sense allows for an expansion or contraction of the tissue capsule. Theoretically there is no limit to the contraction or expansion allowed, but practically there are usually definite limitations.

(Now Jane, as Seth, began a most entertaining performance. To this point Jane had been sober, quiet and dignified. Now she began to grin broadly. Often, to emphasize a point, she would lean over my desk, smiling. She appeared to be enjoying herself very much. Her eyes were very dark. The very tone of her voice changed to one of amusement. I have seen Jane display mirth in the sessions before, but this period of such feeling lasted far longer. Now she tapped on my desk.)

I am only going to hint of something here. For fun, think of the expanding tissue capsule in terms of or in connection with, the theory of your expanding universe. Such contemplation should be excellent exercise. This is quite evocative, and I hope I can peek in sometime when you are trying to deal with it.

(Again a big grin.)

I will explain it to you, but at a much later date. Also, understand that what you think of or experience as space travel is another camouflage. Space travel so-called is an idea that makes sense only on your plane. I'm saving these little tidbits for you this evening.

("So I noticed.")

(Another smile, another tap on the desk.)

Perhaps a rereading of the material on fifth dimension will help you here, and one of these days we will carry that discussion further. In actuality, use of the inner senses will get you anywhere you want to go. The idea of destination in these terms is laughable. Every place is one place. You do the dividing and the separations. That is why your flying saucers are so funny to me.

("Funny?")

Funny because you think of them as vehicles traveling through your own camouflage space. Any vehicles would travel through their own camouflage space, and in some instances are doing so, even now, in the so-called space taken up by your earthly universe.

(Again Jane was leaning over my desk.)

("What's so funny?")

(A Kennedy rocker sat opposite my desk. Now Jane sat down there. She laughed. Her eyes were merry. She sipped at a small glass of wine as she dictated to me. It was one of the few times I had seen her sit down during a session.)

I am laughing because they fly through, in your terms, the very core of what you presume to call solid earth, which is not solid to them at all. And in certain instances as you attempt space travel, you will travel through what inhabitants on another plane will think of as their own particular “solid”—in quotes—and you will never know the difference.

Now this does not mean that a stationary body of any kind cannot materialize itself upon another plane. And if it does, it of necessity must in some manner surround itself with the constructions or camouflage of the particular plane which it attempts to enter. This takes a high level of inner development.

You can, or you will be able to, travel within your own camouflage universe. There are other intelligent identities in it and they are on your own plane. This is travel along what we may call for simplicity’s sake a horizontal level.

(Now Jane rose and began to pace about once again.)

Are your fingers tired?

(“No.”)

The inhabitants of the flying saucers are not of your own plane. I have mentioned the struggle of form involved. You will have to remember in any of the discussions along these lines that your physical constructions simply do not exist except on your own plane. Other constructions exist simultaneously with your own, of an entirely different nature, also however on what you may call a horizontal plane. But you will never find them in a spaceship.

Out of sympathy for your camouflage fingers I will let you take a break. I certainly enjoy taking you by surprise.

(“I’m glad you’re getting such a kick out of it.”)

I am in good form this evening.

(Break at 10:32. Jane was in her usual state of dissociation this time. See the 16th session for Seth’s dissertation on flying saucers and their dilemma of form.)

(Jane said that during the above monologue she also had a mental image from Seth. It was of a series of circles reaching out from her. Our plane would be one circle; and at the moment we were marooned on it, unable to leave it for another circle.)

(She said she also had the feeling the quality of this material had something to do with psychological time, yet in a way that had nothing to do

with gaining time. She felt Seth would discuss this after break. She sat down during part of her delivery at Seth's bidding, so that I wouldn't miss any of the material. Also, her broadly smiling face felt different than usual to her; Jane said she really felt Seth's emotions during this delivery, and added that Seth thought he was being smart.

(She said her fingers felt a little fatter, but when we examined them we could see no difference. The feeling was predominant in her right hand and index finger especially. Jane had a let-down feeling during this break when she was able to relax, and said she needed the longer rest. Her voice was normal when she began dictating again. Resume at 10:43.)

I speak in terms of vertical and horizontal only to make things easier for you. As far as the immediately-previous material is concerned, I let Ruburt in on the vertical so to speak. There was on his part a direct experience of my emotional vitality.

Again this in no way implies an invasion of Ruburt by myself, but instead implies an extension on Ruburt's part to make way for the experience. It is not a lessening of self but an extension of self, so that the self-awareness can include not only self but independent (you may call this other) self experience, to include a value that is usually lacking in your ordinary behavior patterns.

(Once again Jane leaned over my desk to emphasize the material. Her delivery was very deliberate and careful.)

This value, or this particular extension of self to include other self experience, is one of the attributes that can be expected through the use of psychological time. It is an attribute that is independent of and free from your physical as well as clock time. You should remember the difference between physical time and clock time—I have given them to you.

This value or quality is simply beyond the boundary of your camouflage (underline) existence. There is no camouflage yardstick by which it can be measured, and yet as Ruburt will certainly testify it is a startling, valid and memorable experience. I will bring this to the foreground now more often in our sessions, as it is most valuable. Like an ordinary psychological experience it cannot be measured on your terms, and yet makes a noticeable impression upon the individual involved.

Now I would like to make a few remarks in connection with the inner senses.

First of all, experimentation and interest is growing in an exterior fashion as far as what you call ESP is concerned. Your next momentous discoveries will be along these lines but not in the immediate future. In your camouflage universe you are severely hampered as far as space travel is concerned, by the time

elements involved in the camouflage universe itself. On your terms it will simply take too long to get where you want to go.

Scientists will begin to look for easier methods, and believe it or not, the first really important discovery will be made by an orthodox scientist out of pure desperation. The scientific communities are even now being forced to consider the possibilities of telepathy as a means of communication, and they will be forced further and further along these lines.

It is very possible that you might (underline) end up in what you intend as a space venture only to discover that you have “traveled” (in quotes) to another plane. But at first you will not know the difference.

Material such as I am giving you will be very important.

I would like to make a brief note about Ruburt’s attempts with the pendulum.

On serious matters involving your present time, what is going on at any particular moment, the pendulum can be counted upon as giving valid information from the subconscious.

For other matters a light stage of hypnosis is necessary at this time, and a very careful phrasing of questions. The pendulum is responsive to unconscious muscular speech and does give answers from the subconscious. We are involved in something much deeper. Ruburt’s subconscious on its own is simply not capable of arriving at the knowledge that you are getting in our sessions.

(Here Jane laughed.)

I suggest a brief break. And if you do get your kitchen enlarged, then I hope you get a window overlooking the river too. This has been an excellent session.

(Break at 11:07. Jane tapped on my desk to make emphasis for the last line of her delivery. She was dissociated as usual. She said that the last two monologues found her way out; she did not remember pacing, smoking, sipping drinks, etc. She reported that just as her delivery ended, she had another mental picture. This time she saw herself in the enlarged kitchen, looking out of a horizontal-type window at the river.

(She went on to explain that she saw the back of her own figure as it stood before the window; she was Seth, she said, looking at her. I remarked that this session had certainly been rather active. Jane resumed dictating in a normal voice at 11:15.)

I am making up in value on another scale entirely for the last time. It is very possible that you both may need a rest now and then, and if so you will get it. But for quite a while it will not involve missing sessions but shortening them. Right now you are both doing extremely well. Ruburt, incidentally, was right. I

had intended giving you a week off after your first thirty sessions. However you didn't ask for them, and you didn't seem to need a vacation, so I took advantage of it.

(Again Jane laughed.

("Oh.")

Conditioning and regularity is important as you know from your own work. I am pleased over your portrait prize, Joseph, because the prize should make you aware of the fact that good work is recognized, and that despite the personal and unfortunate shortcomings of individuals as a whole they still do recognize good work, and you should give them credit for this.

(Again the smiling Jane tapped on my desk.)

If there is, and there is, stupidity and ignorance and idiotic unfounded pride and rationalizations, nevertheless there is also, at least occasionally, good intent and appreciation. I know that you are aware of the dangers involved in projecting your own fears and irritations upon others. There is always and oftentimes a justifiable tendency to feel unappreciated, and therefore to look for chances to prove this lack of appreciation, so that it is often mistakenly projected on remarks or actions of others. Oftentimes such remarks and actions are the result of the other person's own ignorance, and actually not directed at you personally.

Ruburt in the past has been very sensitive as far as your work is concerned, and this year has seen some improvement. There is some need to be on guard but hardly any to be up in arms.

Incidentally it is possible that you and Ruburt and his friend at the art gallery and her husband may become good friends, but it would have been extremely inadvisable for you to have moved into her apartment. You both have known the woman before, and under unpleasant circumstances. As tenants you would have been extremely dissatisfied with her.

At one time she was in a subordinate position to you, Joseph, and without knowing why she would have been very domineering if you were a tenant. In the gallery relationship Ruburt is tacitly above her in the hierarchy and there is no difficulty. As friends a relationship would be excellent, as she would benefit very much, and you would both benefit by the help that you would be able to give her.

(Again Jane sat down opposite my desk, in the Kennedy rocker. Grinning broadly, her eyes very dark, sipping at a glass of wine, she leaned forward to tap the desk.)

She worked on one of your farms in Denmark. She was, if you'll excuse the expression, no beauty, and at the time you were not one to look for spiritual

values in your women. She resented this very much. She also resented your son.

(“And who was that?”)

Ruburt was your son, as you well know. And he was a painter, so that the art gallery is an ironic place for Ruburt and this woman to meet.

(Jane began to pace again.)

I could really go on. The history fascinates me.

(“Me too.”)

There are also some rather hilarious incidents involved. As when you, old reprobate, took over your son’s mistresses when you got the chance; but you did not get the chance too often. There was also the case of taking some rent out through flesh when the cash was not forthcoming.

(I laughed. Seth-Jane was also quite amused. Seth has often referred to my life in Denmark in the 1600’s as being one of the flesh, and has said that his own was not much better. The material on the preceding page is about as definite as he has yet been on what actually transpired there. He has also stated that he will have much fun with Jane and me as he reveals those existences to us. This seems to be a case in point.)

If you prefer we will end the session. Otherwise take a brief break. And may I congratulate you in a backhanded fashion for having a full session this evening. Triev was a nice place.

(“How big was it?”)

(See the 2nd session, page 14.)

5,000 approximately. Actually it was between 5,000 and 15,000—no more than 15,000. Do you want to end the session?

(“I think so. I don’t want to but I guess we’d better. Jane is getting tired.”)

All things in good time, and believe you me, we shall have some good times. Incidentally, Ruburt is not pregnant. Put this in the record or not as you choose.

The ordinary seasonal influx with chemical variations usual in her case, plus your mother’s phone call, the niece’s pregnancy, and with your help, brought upon the circumstances. Your help incidentally refers to your anger at the children. It raised Ruburt’s hidden hopes of a larger apartment and then dashed them, building up his resentment. You forget that Ruburt-Jane’s first impulse is to act. This is extremely important in his makeup. It is for this reason that the extended use of the back room, and even the work on the kitchen would be beneficial. Need I say that his corner in your room must be felt by him to be his own.

(Jane laughed.)

I could say more but I won't.

("And I'm afraid to ask.")

Well, with regrets I will end the session. My pie eyes, a fond and most hearty good night. I've had fun with you in my fashion.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 11:44. Jane was dissociated as usual. (But as it developed the surprises for the evening were not yet over. No sooner had the session ended than I noticed that my hands felt "fat." This is the feeling Jane has mentioned so often. I found myself rubbing my hands together, subjectively aware of a swollen feeling in them as we talked after the session. The sensation began in both index fingers, then spread across the knuckles, down into the fingers, and into the palms. When I made fists there was a stretching and thick feeling in them. They felt alien. It was not painful in any way, merely a most intriguing feeling of engorgement. My index fingers especially appeared to be larger. I wear a ring on the fourth finger of my left hand, but unfortunately did not think to see if I could remove it.

(The feeling lasted for a few minutes. And Jane, remarking that she had experienced the same thing at 10:30 break, then made the intuitive leap to connect her own episodes of hand phenomena with the feeling of bodily enlargement she had experienced on March 30. See page 309. Neither of us had made this connection before, but Jane now felt sure that her fat hands had been the forerunners of a fuller use of the seventh inner sense.

(This made me wonder whether I too would be able to develop this particular sense. If so, it would give me rudimentary glimpses into two of the inner senses, since I have already had some small degree of success in feeling sound.)

SESSION 41

APRIL 6, 1964 9 PM MONDAY AS INSTRUCTED

(At about 6:30 p.m. Jane was reading a magazine article, and came across the word specious. She found herself reading the word as spacious; then the phrase "spacious present" came to mind. She did not feel Seth about, yet thought the phrase significant for some reason.

(At 8:10 our cat Willy behaved in a most peculiar fashion. I was working in the middle room of our apartment; my studio is thus on my left, the living room on my right. Willy was sleeping in the closet. All was quiet when suddenly Willy burst out of the closet in a mad scramble, his nails sliding on the bare floor. His ears were back, his hackles up. Looking back into the empty studio, he raced into the living room, jumped up on a bookcase beneath a window and hid behind a curtain.

(Jane was reading in the living room, and Willy startled her. Both of us then watched him begin to very cautiously stalk back through the apartment toward the studio. Of course none of us saw anything. The studio was dark. Yet Willy spent at least five minutes making a careful survey of the studio; he remained in a very jumpy mood until just before the session began.

(At 8:45 Jane said she was not very ambitious. She was a little nervous. "I like to keep busy right up to the session," she said, "especially when I don't know what he's going to talk about." Pouring me a glass of wine just before the session was due, she said she could feel Seth "buzzing around."

(Jane began to dictate in a voice a little stronger than usual, and more or less maintained it until the end of the session. Her eyes darkened and her pace was slow. Her delivery was also quite slow and deliberate through most of the session.)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

I must say that earlier this evening I received some welcome.

("I'll say.")

It was not in the nature of a surprise to me, although I did find your reactions amusing. I was in your back room, minding my own business or yours, looking out the large window at the rainy night, and of course your cat

discovered me almost at once.

It was not my presence alone which so startled him. I was not completely reassembled for your plane, however, and he prickled at the unusual chemical fields that were noticeable to him because they were not yet stable. I did not purposely set out to frighten your pussy.

I was about your establishment earlier, and Ruburt was right. There was a purpose in his misreading. Actually, subconsciously he picked up my thoughts on this occasion. He picked them up a few minutes earlier but his mind waited for a suitable occasion to transpose the word spacious in connection with the present. The spacious present is an excellent term. In actuality there is only a spacious present, so spacious that it cannot be explored all at once in your terms, hence your arbitrary division of it into larger rooms of past, present and future.

(The article Jane was reading is The Uncompleted Man, by Loren Eiseley, in Harper's for March 1964.)

Again, there is only the spacious present. You are in the spacious present now. You were in the spacious present in your yesterday and you still will not have traveled through it in your tomorrow, or in eons of tomorrows.

In your terms, the rate at which you discover the facets and realities of the spacious present becomes your camouflage time. On your plane there must be physical manipulation. This gives you also the illusion of past and future, and to you it appears that the present is a fleeting, almost ashen illusion in itself, beyond any true remembrance and beyond the reach of any but nostalgic recall. This is also caused by your camouflage system in which physical materializations appear and grow, mature and disappear.

In the spacious present as it exists in actuality beyond shadow, all things that have existed still exist, and all things that shall exist in your tomorrow already do exist. You on your plane cannot experience such reality except in a very limited manner, and you cannot experience such reality spontaneously, and spontaneity is the quality of the spacious present. To you with your ideas of camouflage time this material may sound strange and unbelievable.

As I have said that the walls of your house do not actually exist as such, so the divisions that you have placed within the spacious present do not exist. But as the walls of your house are experienced by your outer senses, and serve to protect you against other camouflage materializations, even those of wind and rain and cold, so do the walls of past, present and future, erected by you as a different kind of camouflage pattern, protect you from inner forces and realities with which you are not as yet equipped to deal.

As a rule when we have talked of camouflage in general, we have been concerned with physical camouflage structures. An example being the spider's

web, and the table of a past discussion which is actually a conglomeration of atoms and molecules, loosely held together but experienced by your outer senses as a solid camouflage structure which can be used and manipulated in your camouflage existence.

There are however many other camouflage patterns which do not exist as solid structures, but exist as ideas.

I suggest that you take your first break before I go further into this discussion.

(Break at 9:26. Jane was dissociated as usual. Her delivery was very deliberate and quite slow. Willy lay sleeping now on the divan. Jane said she thought Seth would say something to the effect that on this plane we use ideas for protection from a true reality that might be too much for us to handle. Her voice was normal when she resumed at 9:32.)

These camouflage ideas are as real and as useful, if not more so, than physical camouflage patterns. They also enable you to manipulate, and they of course also serve to hide you from or shield you from direct reality experiences which you cannot handle on your plane.

These idea camouflage patterns represent important if nonmaterial structures, and we will refer to them as idea camouflage structures from now on, since they are basic frameworks that control the actual physical camouflage patterns, and even supervise for you the extent to which such physical patterns can be constructed.

In other words these idea camouflage structures are prerequisites for your physical structures, and to the extent that these idea structures evolve, to that extent can your physical structures change. This is why, for example, you are hampered even in your physical constructions by the idea structures of time that you have erected.

The idea of past, present and future is a necessary one on your plane, but this certainly does not mean that time exists in the manner which you suppose. You are obsessed with the theory of beginning and end, because in your situation your camouflage constructions seem to have a beginning and an end.

For the same reason you are also obsessed with the idea of cause and effect, with the illusion of successive time bringing forth the other. Here we have two of your most basic idea camouflage structures: your conception of time as a succession, and your idea of cause and effect.

(To emphasize the following paragraph, Jane leaned over the desk and spoke even more slowly and deliberately. Her eyes were very dark.)

There is no cause and effect in the terms in which you understand the words. Nor is there a succession of moments that follow one after the other; and

without a succession of moments following one after the other you can see that the idea of cause and effect becomes meaningless. An action of the present in your terms cannot be based or caused by an action in the past, and neither action can be the cause of a future action in a basic reality where neither past nor future exist.

The distortive illusion of successive moments, and of the resulting conception of cause and effect, are both on your plane the result of the observation by the outer senses, and are practical and useful on your plane and therefore have a certain validity, if for you only.

They represent a more or less true account of the nature of your camouflage universe, but if they are understood as being limited to your camouflage environment only, then your scientists would not attempt to use them as yardsticks to measure other universes.

The majority of your intellectual ideas apply to your own universe only and their validity only stands up within these limitations. I am not condemning or minimizing the importance of the intellect in any manner. The fact remains that the intellect is itself limited at this particular time, but these limitations of the intellect are not static and can be enlarged to some considerable extent.

The nature of basic reality is known according to the degree to which it is directly experienced, and it can only be directly experienced through the use of the inner senses. The inner senses are of course utilized on your plane, as on any other, constantly. Without any such use no existence would be possible. And without the unconscious and constant use of the inner senses you could not even construct your precious camouflage patterned universe.

Now before your fingers break, my dear Joseph, I suggest that you take a break.

(Break at 10:00. Jane was dissociated as usual. She also felt somewhat tired, as did I. But we were more used to our new schedule than we had been last week at this time. Resume at 10:06.)

There can be order without a succession of moments. There can be order, believe it or not, without your cause and effect. There can be order, and there is order, in spontaneity, and in the simultaneous existence of the spacious present.

Order is one of the most basic attributes of all reality, and order is an inherent attribute in all things. There is no beginning and no end; only your camouflage idea structures give this illusion. All planes of existence have their being in the spacious present, and all fragment dramas are acted at the same time.

Some of this material will take some getting used to but I wanted to give it to you now; and perhaps you will see how important the use of psychological

time can be to you. It comes very close to allowing you the freedom of the spacious present. There is more I will say later along these lines, but your experience with psychological time will to some degree help you to see through the walls of past and future. I realize you will find the statement, there is no beginning or end, almost incomprehensible, because of your own situation on your own plane, and yet this has been known for centuries; and your own Einstein's theories will help to give the idea scientific respectability.

You understand of course that the theory of successive moments works on your plane, or has worked so far. But as mankind grows even more ambitious then the idea will cease to work for him, and it will be actually discarded on theoretical terms while it is still utilized in its limited fashion in practical mundane terms, as you still find the table useful in practical terms; although theoretically you realize that it is not a solid you still manufacture tables, and you will still use watches long after your scientists discover that the theory of successive passage of moments is antiquated and itself passé.

There are many other similar idea camouflage structures upon which you have based your camouflage universe. The theory that all or any other intelligent life exists on the same horizontal plane as your own, and that it necessarily exists in your own known camouflage universe, is another.

(Jane smiled and tapped on my table.)

I suggest a brief break. And I will be flowery when spring comes.

("Good. If it ever does.")

(Break at 10:28. Jane was dissociated as usual. The small amount of material obtained between breaks resulted from the very measured and deliberate manner of Jane's delivery. It was as slow as any I recall, and yet paradoxically the time seemed to go as fast as ever. Resume at 10:36.)

As long as your theories are only concerned with your own camouflage universe, then of course you are limited by those ideas in your search for reality itself. When fifth dimension is understood, it in itself will show the existence of other realities not on your own horizontal plane. And as I mentioned earlier, I'd like to see you try to get from one plane to another in a spaceship.

(See the 12th session for what material Seth has given us on the fifth dimension.)

The discovery of the existence of the fifth dimension will of course lead your aggressive fellows into the realization that other intelligence can exist outside of your particular camouflage universe. And the quantitative distance on your own particular horizontal plane actually amounts to a qualitative difference, in that the theories of universal laws as presently conceived simply will not hold.

There are other intelligent beings on your own horizontal level. You may

reach them in a space vehicle, but the quantitative difference again is so large that it almost turns into a different value, and a trip by camouflage vehicle would certainly not be the most efficient way to make such a journey, by any means.

There will be in the future journey through light beams that will be much more efficient. However, even in your own camouflage universe the development of the inner senses will get you further, and only the development of the inner senses will enable you to make any possible contact with intelligences on other than your own horizontal plane.

(“Is there any other intelligent life in our own solar system?”)

In your own small solar system?

(“Yes.”)

No.

We have not completed by any means our outline on the inner senses. When we have then some of this material will make more sense to you. Some data on the inner senses has to be withheld until you receive connecting information.

Such effects as levitation and teleportation, however, are qualities belonging to our next inner sense, which involves a momentary or temporary breaking up of certain camouflage patterns. This particular sense, which I hope to discuss at our next session, is not however the only inner sense that is concerned with what you are pleased to call transportation. It merely involves one of the simpler methods, but there are others belonging to other inner senses which you are not prepared as yet to understand.

I have been saving these. You might look over the little material that I gave you earlier, concerning my own entry into your plane, as a preliminary to a later discussion on the two other inner senses having to do with transportation. At Wednesday’s session I will go into the next sense having to do with what you will call teleportation and levitation.

Any time, any one time, that you can behave in a manner that suggests that one of your cherished limited laws of the universe does not exist, then you can be certain that the so-called law does not exist, at least not in any basic manner.

Your apparent laws of the universe have been broken in isolated instances often enough so that this point should certainly be clear, and yet your scientists constantly ignore such problems.

I am going to end our session after a few brief remarks. You may take a break first if you so desire.

(I asked Jane if she wanted to rest. She looked at me but did not answer, evidently not wanting to attempt to use her “own” voice yet.)

I suggest that you break.

(Break at 11:00. Jane was dissociated as usual. She resumed dictation in a normal voice at 11:03.)

I intend to add to our discussion concerning the dream world, as it is not only important in itself but offers excellent analogies as far as many other aspects of manipulation are concerned. In fact, I do hope also to explain to you the various and numerous levels of existence upon your own plane, and those connected to it in basic ways.

Not only do you create a camouflage universe that is visible to your own outer senses, but you also create other planes of existence, such as the dream world for example, which to some extent is independent of you and yet dependent upon you in very basic ways.

Many instances can be directly experienced by you without too much difficulty, and I will endeavor to help you where I can. That is, all of this does not have to be taken on faith, and I hope we can go into practicalities when the time arrives.

I will end the session. It has been a very good one. I have been giving you a lot of basic material, so if I sound more like an impersonal lecturer than a friend, I hope you will forgive me.

My fond regards to you both, and if your cat gave you a scare, may I mention for your hilarious enjoyment the fact that he caught me unprepared.

A pleasant good evening to you both.

(“And the same to you, Seth.”

(End at 11:13. Jane was dissociated as usual. It had been a very peaceful session. Jane also said she was not now as tired as when the session began. And Willy slept through it all, on the divan.)

SESSION 42
APRIL 8, 1964 9 PM WEDNESDAY AS
INSTRUCTED

(Last night was the official opening of the Chemung County Artists' Show at the Arnot Art Gallery, where Jane is employed part time. We attended because I had won the portrait award, and had to have my picture taken there, with the other award winners. After supper Jane lay down for a nap, rather early, because she wanted to be able to take her time getting ready. I was painting in the room next to the bedroom.

(Jane fell asleep. Upon awakening, while still in a drowsy state with her eyes closed, she wondered what time it was. She then experienced a "veil" of light within, and in the veil she saw my studio clock and the time, 6:50 PM, very distinctly. She lay dozing for a few minutes, then asked me what time it was. I said it was 7:00 PM. We were due at the gallery at 8:00.

(Jane did not mention her experience to me then; upon rousing herself she forgot it, she said, until tonight when she had a similar experience. This time, napping before the session, she awoke wondering about the time; she saw the veil of light again, but not the clock and could not determine the time.

(Just before the session tonight we discussed the article under Science in Time for April 10, 1964; it dealt with the discovery of the most distant galaxy to date, one traveling away from us at a speed of 76,000 miles per second.

(Jane was nervous as usual before the session. She began dictating in a voice only a bit stronger than normal, and in a very deliberate manner once again. Her eyes darkened, her pace was slow.)

Good evening.

("Good evening, Seth.")

I anticipate another peaceful session.

I mentioned the other evening that we would also deal in practicalities, and that everything concerning our discussions did not have to be taken on faith alone.

When I spoke of practicalities I meant direct experiences of a vivid nature, experience that would be at least as legitimate and valid as more ordinary sensual data. Of course this involves training on your part but you are coming along well.

Ruburt's experience last night was along these lines. For a brief moment he "saw" (in quotes) as clearly without opening his eyes as he would ordinarily see by using them. But in this instance the vision was much better, you must admit, than it is with ordinary eyesight, since the clock that Ruburt saw well enough to tell the time was not even in the same room.

These experiences and others that you both will have cannot be willed. Use of the ego along that line will hold back such progress. There is a feeling with which Ruburt is all too familiar which is important here. Before one of our regular sessions as you know Ruburt often becomes nervous. I have mentioned that the sensation is something akin to the feeling of an inexperienced diver standing upon a high board. The best way is just to let go and dive.

This involves a freedom. The inexperienced diver cannot really control his body or his movements by willing to control them. He controls such movements by not seeming to control them, and succeeds when certain inner disciplines that have been learned are given free rein.

So in the instance of direct experience without the use of the external senses, the same sort of procedure is beneficial. Last night Ruburt was drowsy but not asleep. He desired to know the time because he had preparations to make before going out. Unknowingly he requested the desired information, that is the time, from his own subconscious, and free from impediments the subconscious delivered.

What happened was this. When the conscious ego desires information, and when the outer ego is in full control, then the information is sought from the outer senses. When the outer ego is caught unawares and information is requested, the subconscious often delivers it through the use of the inner senses. You will see that this was the case.

(Now Jane leaned over my desk to emphasize the following paragraph.)

Tonight Ruburt also desired to know the time, but he was sleeping. The information was delivered to him tonight in exactly the same manner that it was delivered last night. However he was asleep at the time, was not aware except for a glimmering of what had happened; and nevertheless he awoke because of the information that he had received. The inner sense that aided him in this instance is one that we have not yet discussed.

It is however one of the most basic, and without it at least two inner senses would be extremely hampered. These two are those concerned with what we may call for now transportation. When we are finally finished with our skeleton outline on the inner senses, then I will go into those that are the most important, basic and necessary. I have not given the inner senses to you in the order of their importance, but merely in the order that would be the simplest for

you to understand.

You have no idea of the bulk of the material on the inner senses that is still to be covered, and until you have learned much more about them we cannot even begin any real discussion of many other units of activity, because it would be incomprehensible.

I suggest you take your first break. Since Ruburt seems to have such limited use of his regular eyes we shall have to see what we can do with his inner sight.

(Break at 9:30. Jane was dissociated as usual. And as also seemed to be usual lately, we were both somewhat tired. The new schedule was still taking its toll in lost sleep; though we had felt good at the beginning of the session, already we were let down. In some way we do not yet understand, much energy is taken from us while Jane is dictating; I sometimes feel that I too am in a trance state when she is speaking. Tonight at times I had to fight to keep my eyes open while writing.

(During break I mentioned that the sessions were getting shorter both in length and in time. I felt somewhat unhappy about this. Jane resumed dictating at 9:34.)

When the ego becomes a mere observer rather than a controller, and momentarily suspends its rigid judgments, then inner direct experience is given some freedom and yet the ego is still aware of it. When the ego is completely or nearly completely subjugated, as in sleep, then there is direct experience through the inner senses, but no conscious awareness of it.

The reason that direct inner experience is often cut off and rarely sustained is that the ego almost immediately clamps down to examine the phenomena; and, Joseph, the bulk of the sessions is somewhat shorter for two reasons. For one thing I am getting the data through to Ruburt in a clearer, more concise fashion, and thereby dispensing with many unnecessary phrases. Also, I do not have to backtrack as frequently. I have given you some shorter sessions, though not many, because of your own changed schedule, and because I work through your energies, your combined energies, in a way that I have yet to explain.

I have also slowed down now and then to enable you to write more comfortably. If these efforts on my part to make things easier are not appreciated, then I can speed up as fast as you would like.

("Oh no.")

If you prefer more active participation you may ask questions when you like. I try to follow through in particular discussions simply to make the material read in a somewhat orderly manner. You want me to talk about Denmark, that's

your trouble.

(“No, I haven’t asked for that.”)

May I then consider myself free to follow along?

(“Yes.”)

(The truth was, lately I had not had the extra mental zip to ask many questions. To insert questions while Jane is dictating requires one to be really on top of the material as it comes, and recently I have been content to follow along. Also, too many questions slows up the amount of material Seth can deliver. I now know that he was being very patient, and somewhat amused, with me.)

I did want to answer Ruburt’s question as to the expanding universe, though we will not go into all the details now. Your camouflage idea of time is no help, and until you realize that time as you think of it does not exist in any real terms, then you will not be able to understand the true nature of your universe.

Am I going too fast?

(I laughed.

(“No.”)

The universe is continually being created. All universes are continually being created, and the appearance of expansion seen by your scientists is distortive for many reasons.

Their time measurements, based on camouflage to begin with, are almost riotously inadequate and bound to give distortive data, since the universe simply cannot be measured in these terms. The universe was not created at any particular time, but neither is it expanding into nowhere like an inflated balloon that grows forever larger, at least not along the lines now being considered. The expansion is an illusion, based among other things upon inadequate time measurements, upon the limited cause and effect theories; and yet in some manners the universe could be said to be expanding, but with entirely different connotations than are usually used.

This is much too difficult to go into deeply now. It might help you to reread the little material on mental enclosures. Expansion you see is a word that implies movement or enlargement in space, and space itself in the way the word is usually used, is a camouflage. Space, I have said, is the fifth dimension, but you have seen that this true space has little in common with the space that you usually think of. That is, fifth dimensional space is not an emptiness to be filled, being itself alive and vibrant, and changing its outer nature according to the plane which is composed of it.

Therefore the expanding universe implies a universe expanding in a more or less empty space, and this is not true. The phenomena that are given as

evidence of this kind of expanding universe are the result of camouflage instruments, distortive ideas of time, and the resulting cause and effect theory.

I suggest you take a break in your expanding universe.

(Break at 10:05. Jane was dissociated as usual. By now we were both tired. Jane yawned and remarked that if she could be out until the end of the session she would be quite happy. This upset me, mostly because I felt the same way myself. I also felt the sessions were threatened, though I did not say so, but Jane instantly sensed my mood. When she began dictating again her pace was as slow and deliberate as before, her voice normal. Resume at 10:13.)

Ruburt during these sessions is also to some degree dependent upon your energy, Joseph, and more than normally sensitive to your moods. I have said that both of you are necessary. I can sense a lack of confidence on Ruburt's part when he senses any disturbance as far as you are concerned. I mention this because it then becomes more difficult for me to get the material through.

If you are too tired to continue the session then by all means let me know. Do you have anything to say along these lines?

("I guess not. I'm okay, let's continue.")

I wanted, then, to make another point about Ruburt's experience last night in connection with the inner senses. Ruburt was quite capable as far as ability was concerned, to know what time it was without the addition of the vision of the clock. This was secondary. It seems that on your plane there is almost always the temptation to translate inner data in terms that the ego can understand and interpret.

Because of your own inner visual ability you should be able to have experiences along these lines yourself without too much difficulty, the only danger in your case being perhaps a possible tendency to draw in, so to speak, extra material to complete a visual composition. After a few such experiences however you would not run into this difficulty.

If many of the inner senses behave as if your conception of time and space do not exist, then the obvious reason is of course that they do not. You are merely allowing yourself a momentary release from the limitations of camouflage ideas, and release of these ideas brings a corresponding release from the physical camouflage patterns themselves. There is a breaking through. Now this breaking through is a release of the inner self from the camouflage, and the resulting camouflage laws of any particular plane. The barriers to such experiences are mainly those set up by the ego. The sort of experience Ruburt had last night is one of the simplest along these lines.

More difficult to achieve is an experience in which the ego becomes more alert in self defense. The ego, for example, did not have to worry about

Ruburt's physical survival as he lay in bed and "saw" (in quotes) the clock in the other room. When the ego's instinct for self-protection is aroused, then of course it rises up in arms. This is one of the reasons why the experience of levitation is so seldom achieved.

For one thing levitation as such has little value. However the ego instantly stiffens its control when it feels that any physical law is being disobeyed, because the ego is concerned with your physical universe, and your existence upon your plane is definitely determined by your recognition and obedience to camouflage necessities.

I suggest you take your break.

(Break at 10:30. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said she felt "real flat" after last break, because she felt that I had withdrawn my support from her; it was as though a great hole opened in the floor, around which she must walk carefully.)

(I then explained that I had felt that she wasn't too interested either, whereupon Jane explained that by her remark about passing out until the end of the session, she meant she would like to be dissociated until its end; while in this state, she said, she did not feel fatigue. Thus she meant she could do a better job in delivering the material. I had misinterpreted her.)

(Her voice was practically normal when she resumed at 10:36.)

Now this material on inner senses will ultimately be tied into the material on your so-called expanding universe, but there are many connections yet to be made.

I am not sure precisely which way to give you this material. However we are on firmer ground now. As I mentioned, there is no real expansion of the universe in space. The appearance is a distortion. I have mentioned in the past that everything does have a form or a tissue capsule and field of energy.

(Jane tapped on my desk for emphasis.)

These forms vary on different planes, are visible or invisible according to your own situation. A form that may be perceived by you as solid may be perceived merely as an electrical unit in another plane, or as color on a third. You for example have a certain physical form to other inhabitants of your universe. You are perceived by others on other planes at this moment, but to them you are not perceived in the form with which you are familiar.

Now I have said that a plane is not necessarily a location. It is not necessarily a planet, though it may be. The universe as you think of it contains innumerable planes, all taking up in your terms the same amount of space. The forms within these planes are in constant motion, as are the planes themselves. There is a continual exchange of energy and vitality, in other words, of actual

atoms and molecules between one plane and another.

Your universe is only one of many such universes. You are aware only of perceptions along the horizontal planes, and the more powerful your scientific instruments become the more you will be able to see. One universe does become another. However, the universes containing an almost infinite number of planes are therefore affected by the exchange of energies involved, and the interaction and continual movement even of one plane through another results in effects which will be perceived in various ways, again according to your own situation in them.

These effects will be experienced as necessary distortive boundaries, in some cases resembling a flow as if a plane were surrounded by water, in some cases a charge as of electricity, but on each plane the resulting effects of this interchange, interaction and constant motion of energy will take on the camouflage of the particular plane.

Using the senses developed on a particular plane to perceive its characteristic camouflage patterns, it is almost impossible to see beyond these boundary effects. The inner senses are inherently equipped to do this, but for many reasons they do not. The appearance of an expanding universe is also caused therefore by this distortive boundary effect, resulting from the interaction of which I have just spoken. In some cases the distortive effect could be likened to the reflection of a solid tree in water.

The outer senses observing the reflection might try to judge the depth of the water by the height of the tree, supposing it to be as deep as the tree is high.

I suggest you take your break. And incidentally, you are getting this material through more clearly than I had hoped.

(Break at 11:00. Jane was dissociated as usual. We sat in silence for the most part, resting; although I for one felt somewhat better. When Jane began dictating again she spoke somewhat faster and with more energy. Resume at 11:05.)

These sessions represent quite an accomplishment on both of your parts, and you do use your inner senses to some important degree. Otherwise the material would not come through with any dependability. We have here what amounts to a gestalt of a kind. It is natural that your energies rise and ebb, and this is to be expected. To some degree I am able to reinforce your energies, and I do as you may have suspected.

We will also all improve so that you should actually find your energies refreshed at the end of a session, though we have not reached that level at this time. The mere fact that the sessions continue, and have continued despite ordinary fluctuations of daily life, is proof of the validity of the sessions.

Whenever you desire, Joseph, for the sake of variety you are welcome to ask me questions at any time. I also, being still myself, have fluctuations of interest. That is, at times I am rather obsessed with getting hard facts through your heads, and at other times I am in a more humorous mood. I still have emotions.

The material will probably reflect such fluctuations, but as a whole it will gain and not suffer. There is a balance to be maintained here. I do not want to drive you too hard. On the other hand I have no intention of letting you grow lazy. We will still probably run over our usual time on some occasions, while during certain periods we may run somewhat less. This is of no consequence. I may have more to say on your expanding universe next time, and there is still material on our next inner senses to be covered. I usually end up getting sidetracked in one way or another.

I wish you both a most pleasant good evening. I would suggest that you both learn to listen and to watch in a detached fashion that will allow the inner senses to operate in a beneficial fashion.

And now my tootsies, I bid you a fond good evening. You will find, if I may say so, that the material in tonight's session is of its usual high quality.

("Good night, Seth.")

(End at 11:20. Jane was dissociated as usual. She said she too felt better now than when the session began. Jane was wondering rather idly whether a psychiatrist or a scientist might get more out of the material when Seth came through again. She resumed pacing and dictating at 11:25.)

I do want to add one note. The camouflage effect surrounding a plane, and apparent in your universe, can be measured. But it must be recognized first as a camouflage distortion, and then translations of the camouflage measurements must be made.

(Jane smiled.)

The translations are not easy to achieve, but they are possible and must be made through the inner senses, though the translations or solutions may appear on an intuitional level. I wanted to add this to the evening's sessions. I now will really leave you to at least a relative peace and quiet.

(End at 11:27. Jane was again dissociated briefly. Neither of us exhibited any hand phenomena during the session.)

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