

ALICE GILBERT: "PHILIP IN TWO WORLDS". LONDON, 1948

PHILIP IN TWO WORLDS

You know, so many people here don't seem to be alive in my sense. I don't understand it—it distresses me. I see so many people who never seem to try to use their new powers to get anywhere. They just stay round where they've always lived.

—For how long?—

I haven't any idea. I suppose they must see the real forms of trees and people, and yet it doesn't seem to convey anything to them. They just talk and think of their own old interests and often just sit about in their old homes, getting het up about what their families are doing.

It does seem to me that people on earth badly need education for death—not so much 'religious,' as common-sense instruction on how to make the most of their opportunities.

—But if every night in sleep we are supposed to go there and be ourselves, why should people get earth-bound?—

I have just asked A.L. the answer. He reminds you of what you were taught in your messages:—only fairly evolved people in sleep, really get outside the earth-planes. The others tend, even in sleep, to drift about the places they know. They get all mixed up with all sorts of thought images, and remember them as dreams. It seems as if the real spirit side of man has got to be cultivated deliberately.

September 14th.

There is a message for you from your Unknown, who is our chief. He is satisfied with your efforts to face what has happened, and that it will help in your advancement. You are to cultivate that slight sensation you had this week of detaching yourself—it's the beginning of willed astral travelling. But, he says, don't expect quick results. All these things take quite a long time.

We were cut off yesterday in the midst of a feeble attempt on my part to give you some idea of my job. It's not at all easy to explain what I have to do because there's nothing physical about it.

It's an attempt to create a decent thought image on the 'film', as it might be expressed, of those people whose minds

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are full of mucky ones. In this way, the experience I had myself of muck of all sorts—what I saw in Port Said, for instance,—seems to help me. I am detached from it because it never had any part of my inner consciousness, and yet I can feel with it. One of your writings that I read when your back was turned, explained that 'compassion' in its real sense. So, by feeling with, I can project, or try to, a cleaner image in its place. It's awfully difficult to explain the mental process—I, in a way, try to make that evil image part of me, and then destroy it. I'm afraid I'm being very feeble in my explanation, but then it is a very hard thing to put in words.

I was at that all yesterday, and I cleaned up the thought-images of a Merchant Navy Officer!!! I got him to thinking of the sea and of how he might go and help young Naval men by inspiring them. He seemed quite struck by the idea and I showed him how to float and to project himself. I must say, I myself, when at sea, should have taken a dim view of spooky efforts to reform me! !

Then we went round a bar or two. He seemed surprised and a bit annoyed that he got no kick out of them now.

My new body does not need food in your sense; it is nourished, they tell me, by magnetic currents emanating from the Source of Power. That is why anyone given over entirely to the Powers of Negation, must eventually, (disintegrate) because they automatically 'cut off supplies,' in a way of speaking.

I must say—it's all tremendously interesting!

—Can you read?—

Yes, one can read books, but in a swift, all in-taking way impossible to explain. And, of course, there's music and rhythm!

It's a full life—no time to be bored!

September 15th.

There will be a sticky mass of evil spirits let loose here soon, when that Belsen crowd gets over. The woman is a black magician, and will be 'liquidated.' She had to incarnate first. Why, I don't understand, but before you can be 'annulled,' you have

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to re-assure earth-people who come over, and to impress unpleasant ones like that Nazi.

You often sense me and you ask yourself if it is imagination. Sometimes you sense me in uniform, and sometimes in the others. That is so, for you really get me, but by telepathic 'photography,' which functions always, and is most difficult to understand—but what a field for research!

October 7th.

I am to tell you once more, to hold on to courage, to seek the inner Peace—don't let any surface feelings stand in your way.

For I am beginning to understand myself. Now that I am settling down into the new life and feeling my feet I begin to study and meditate upon all the implications of this new knowledge of survival which, as you know, I hoped for, on the surface, but was not certain about. Inside, of course I knew. Clearly, as one is an immortal part of an infinite dynamo, or so it seems, with a centre of Power benevolent but impersonally just, the only (logical) course is to be in alignment with it, and not to be a 'screw loose.' For eventually, as this is a living dynamo, just as the human body ejects germs which do it no good and 'foreign bodies' are pushed out sooner or later, so I suppose any individual entity which frustrates the whole will be expelled. And when one sees here the enormous range of interests to explore, the endless variety of occupations, one doesn't feel agreeable to the idea of extinction. Especially as, I'm told, 'liquidation' only comes as a last step on a long path of misery, of thinking and acting.

Common sense tells one to try to pull one's weight in one's own special way—mine seems to be in this 'scavenging' business, though it's not what I should ever have imagined myself doing!

Do you remember in a letter I told you of a wretched little Didi who had escaped from a horrible marriage, and was in a cabaret? She is here—died of typhoid—much better for her. They told me, and I met her. She is a quite evolved spirit really, and I was soon able to make her understand what had hap-

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pened, and as soon as she has rested and got used to this life, she too has been asked to be let 'scavenge' among the people she understands—'filles-de-joie.'

If people on earth could only grasp the complete reversal of values which takes place here. I didn't read the Bible much, but I do remember a text about 'the first shall be last,' etc. It is too funny to see how some important people arrive here swollen like frogs with a sense of being the great 'I AM,' and inevitably, they gravitate, struggling and indignant to their mental kind, who may be dustbin men, prostitutes or South Sea islanders. I have seen a great financial magnate find himself compelled to keep company with the conceited ruler of an African tribe, for their inner motives and points of view were exactly similar!

Sometimes it's rather terrible, but all in all, I get some very amused moments. I myself still have to fight sometimes a certain laziness which you well knew, but it is not nearly so hard to cope with here for there is so much that is worthwhile, to do.

Au-revoir, my dear—did you notice the pup stare, just now? She saw me!

October 8th.

I am to tell you to seek your trees again as soon as you can—do not neglect them: they've been good friends to you, and can help to heal your sorrow. We do, however, realise that you are not fit to do long walks yet. Do not forget the message you heard in the night; the Chief wishes to link with you on Sunday nights—be regular always. It seems these things establish themselves almost automatically if one gets them going. There are so many complicated rules over these etheric properties. . . .

October 9th.

I have been in the lower vibrational lower even than the average earth vibrations—plane. A.L. took me on an instructional trip, but, believe me, I've no desire to go there again. Imagine a dull grey-black mist—almost no light and a feeling as if one were trying to make progress through a viscous clammy jelly. Yet when we went, the mist cleared, to an extent,

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before us. In this jelly-like mist drift horrors—thought images caused during thousands of years of foul thinking, for no wind ever seems to blow there to clear the atmosphere. I shall not attempt to describe to you the foul images I saw, but to me some of the milder ones were not altogether strange, for, as I once told you, I went over the ruins of Pompeii and saw the murals. But that type were not the worst—it was the evil hate which seemed to emanate from the worst of those of these drifting visions which almost penetrated me—helped by A.L. I made myself positive and gave out power, and found that by doing this and looking steadily at what I feared, I could dispel it, for they were not living spirits—(simply impregnated-with-evil thought-images).

* Are there people there?—

Yes, unfortunately, shrunk entities with black or dingy grey auras. Sometimes they seemed, at a distance, quite charming to look at, but when you saw clearly, the glow of malice from their eyes was appalling. They seemed so full of ill-will, and they were striving to thwart and pain each other incessantly.

—What could they do?—

The stronger willed could cause fear to weaker ones who were not quite so low in the scale, just as on earth, nightmare images can haunt. And amongst each other, the stronger ones frustrated constantly each other's efforts to create a pleasing environment. If you can imagine being surrounded by petty hatred on all sides, in a land without light—yet never any restful pitch—black darkness, you'll get an idea. It is always light enough to see the thought-images.

—Is there any way of them evolving?—

R Yes, sometimes 'scavenging' is done. On our visit we attracted two women who struggled to follow us. When their determination is strong enough, they may be allowed to return to earth as savages, and begin a new phase, or they may be allowed to do 'scavenging' themselves. A glimmer of light may pierce their gloom.

—Then there is a sort of 'hell'?—

Well, yes, if you call it that, but it is an inevitable drifting to

their own type of person, into a heavy gluey atmosphere caused by their slow rate of vibration. And it seems that what your Teacher said in your messages was right,—it is hatred and cruelty which are the really unpopular sins, in the eyes of Higher Plane people. Nobody likes the job of going rescuing among that crowd, and the worst ones sink and sink until they become vacuum—and are 'liquidated.' It's not, so much brutality of an animal kind, but real mental cruelty, a pleasure in hurting others, which, as you were told, cannot be escaped from. ANNINI-LATION *

6. ANOTHER TALK TO MRS. NESBIT

October 9th. (One day, I visited Mrs. Nesbit again—we had become friends, and she said as I was reading her some of the Unknown's messages: 'I can see very plainly a brilliant spirit figure, with shining spears of light blazing from him. It must be your Teacher, I think. He is telling you that he trained Philip also—there was so much to do that he saw to it that Philip did not take long before he was able to enter the full knowledge needed to do the work he's doing. *He will take you back far into *the recesses of Time.*' She seemed then to get Philip, yet not physically, speaking to me with love, but seeming detached from the earth again. She said, 'I feel he is intensely happy, and he is not so worried about your earth-life, as he knows it is so short a time. He came like a flash into this earth life, and left it after gaining much experience, but now it seems nothing to him, in the sum total of his lives.')

October 10th.

I gave you through Mrs. N. again the true inner feeling of my relation with you, yesterday, though it didn't sound like me as you remember me—but I am rather losing my sense of my brief earth-personality, and merging into the entity that I have always been—your partner through many lives. Mrs. N. was right when she said that I am intensely happy, and what you *
*See second book of Philip for fulfilment of this prophecy.

like to take you round the places I used to know, but it seems, you often came to me in your sleep—when I was at sea, and that is how you were able to write the little bits of information about me that you picked up in sleep.

—But why did I never remember you as a dream? I don't quite understand all this sleep-life business!—

I am asking A.L. He says that sleep life is in some ways a mirror of post-death life—just as you were told in your earlier messages. People who are not very 'spiritual'—that is, who have no conscious aspirations towards evolving into Universal Harmony, people whose whole pre-occupations are material—to do with earth affairs (and there are millions and millions the greater proportion of mankind, so far) never get in sleep further than the lower astral plane (not the lowest, unless they're very evil). There they wander, in a confused blur of their own, and sometimes, other people's, thought-images and symbol pictures, with now and then, an encounter with the less evolved. They meet their real self with its inner desires. So psycho-analysts are quite right when they claim to judge a person's repressed wishes by his dreams, so long as they allow for the fact (and few do!) that not all the memories brought back from sleep are from the lower astral. If the patient is clearly of an idealistic, or highly intelligent type, then his 'dreams' may be true visions.

For people who are beginning to evolve, emerge from the lower astral in sleep, and enter the reality of post-death life. They travel astrally, and their sub-conscious mind picks up impressions, sometimes a vision of the future. But very rarely do they remember anything of this except a blank. You are learning to remember, not often visually, but 'mentally,' the gist of what you have learned. But sometimes when your mind is pre-occupied, you too get tangled up in the lower astral, especially when coming back, and then you have a 'dream.' You rarely do this, now, do you? In the lower astral, it is not the predominant emotional image that you meet—it is a blur of inner urges, past experiences. That is why you have very rarely dreamed of me, or of Grandpa. For you have been *with us*, in actual fact.

December 27th.

AFTER THE BELSEN HANGINGS

Yes—we coped with the Belsen gang, but the details are difficult to describe. With some, it was easy, for they were cowards and perverts, and made no positive attempt to assert themselves. They all, of course, knew they were dead.

The most evil, Irma, was absorbed at once into what is her kind, a descending whirlpool of, as it might be called, sewage. They tell me that there are, very, very rarely, entities who get so low that they can only descend—and be liquidated. We don't like to think of it here. She has a strong will and there was need to exert power upon her—her aura was the foulest I've yet seen, or smelt! Yes—to us the aura gives off a certain usually faint 'odour', pleasant or otherwise. Dogs can sense this.

Irma was an 'old soul' in the bad sense—she had been forced to re-incarnate as a last chance.

After we had 'coped,' we went to the fountain of light in the plane above, and bathed, to refresh ourselves. You've been there in your sleep.



December 28th.

You'll be interested to know that an old acquaintance was trying to contact you last night. I think you thought about him. It was that German boy Hans with whom I had tea once in Lausanne. Later on you told me how he came to your flat, and unburdened his heart to you about how distressed he had been when he was sent, being a prominent member of the Youth S.A., to Prague, and saw it invaded and saw three 1914 veterans who refused to cross the frontier shot through the head like dogs by their officer. You've often wondered what happened to him.

He was shot—also by his own officer, because he protested at cruelty to a girl in Poland. He's helping now, with the band who specialize in coping with discarnate Germans, but I bumped into him last week. He is a very good sort. He was pleased when you thought of him kindly.

soul-companion, and is teaching him a great deal.

An amused twinkle on my part and a murmur: 'He hasn't changed that way then,' was somewhat repressively countered by: 'It is very different here—she leads and helps him.'

But I felt that Philip was laughing at me, and enjoying the joke. I continued to ask many questions, one being as to what he considered the nature of evil to be. Like the Inspirer of my night messages, he said it was negation, but that in their world (this of course means his particular facet of it) all is love: every-one trying to help each other, and he would not admit that even the most degraded entity could ever be 'liquidated.' When asked, he gave as the explanation of why long dead grand-mothers and great-aunts, and so on, whom one has never met, will try to come through, that family ties are very strong, and they want to help.

But I still cannot see this at all. I cannot imagine myself wanting to hang round the earth-plane watching my descendants, when there is Infinity to adventure in—unless there was some really strong love-tie, (and, for me, there can no longer be that—).

On one occasion, I went, out of detached interest, to a 'transformation' circle, given by Mrs. Florence Rosa. Afterwards, she chatted to me, as she came down the aisle, and I made the above remark to her, and she seemed amazed. 'No-one' said she, 'has ever made such a remark to me in all my thirty years of mediumship!'

Many mediums do seem so utterly limited in their conceptions.

Myself.—What is the meaning of those little 'trickles' like electricity that I feel go through so often.

He.—It is an Eastern system of healing. You have very strong powers of healing. All you need to use is your finger-tips

This is not the same explanation as given by Miss Ward, but I think that both may be correct.

Myself.—Is it true that you talk by thought?..

He.—Yes, and we can get to hear a whole conversation by this means. But if we do not want to listen, we can shut our-

selves off. (Drily)—It is a pity more people can't do that where you are.

Myself.—Do you consider that there is a great drive going on in your world to educate people about it?

He.—Yes, certainly. In time, we shall be able to appear in our etheric bodies amongst you.

Myself.—That won't be for a long time, will it?

He.—Not so long, perhaps in about a hundred years. The Law of God is very simple.

Myself.—But subtle too, isn't it? (He appeared a little puzzled). I then asked personal question re my immediate plans, which were very uncertain, but he did not seem to know much except that: 'You are not in suitable conditions for your psychic work, just now, and you must try to live further south. You have a great deal of work to do, and the books are important.' There was then some intimate personal advice re certain family affairs.

He ended by saying: 'Try to remember, when you are unhappy, what your son is saying now: 'Instead of you leaving me behind struggling in the earth-plane, as you expected, it is *you* who are coming to me. Every day brings you a step nearer. Go on progressing because I want you to be as advanced as me when you come over, so that we can go on together.'

February 25th.

Darling—you see it happened as I said!

Now you know what I look like now—'jeune premier,' in a halo! Can you beat it? I was able to show myself to Mrs. R. because she is advanced spiritually, but I had quite a job to do it. I listened to your long talk to her Guide, who is a benevolent old fellow—. Anyhow, it helped to confirm your understanding of conditions here.

Your mind is all over the place this morning. Scattered! Images chasing across it like butterflies.

Now listen, and be serious. It's time you stopped doubts either of yourself or of us. You're all right—going on as they want, and very powerful—accept that. In fact, some years ago,

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February 22nd.

Here I am, ready to discourse again! Much of this you know from your writings, but I think it helps if you get a practical account of it from me—of how it works in action. I was talking about Power—the life-Force.

—Is it entirely benevolent? What about evil?—

Don't expect me to know it all, my dear. But it is true that in theory, evil has no Power, because it is a negation—the absence of life-Force. But unless it is pure unadulterated evil, and this is rarely found, because it disintegrates, there is a certain life-Force in it, not enough to make it become 'good' or, in harmony, but enough to give it power to act, when in form. For when it has taken shape in some form of body, it can use the laws and forces of this form to its own ends—the Nazi thug has the flesh of his victim to work on, for instance, in various ways. And then you must remember that standards here differ. What may seem 'sin' on earth, like theft or prostitution, is not necessarily a sign of being 'evil' here. It all depends on why it was done, when judged by the laws of the spirit.

The only form of positive evil in the body is deliberate cruelty delighting in pain, this, in however mild a form, is pure evil, and the spirit given to it is set on the path to the real death of its Ego. But if through selfishness, greed, or laziness, you harm someone else, then you've got to repair it, somehow, here, before you can do anything that you really want to do.

Anyhow, on this side, though (the struggle between the positive and negative forces goes on, in the near-earth planes) yet Evil has no real power if one is strong, and in harmony with the life-force because it can be dispelled by a positive act of will, as I told you at the first.

"THE UNKNOWN, IN THE NIGHT"

Emerge from sleep for the taking of these thoughts, from the troubled flood of thought into the outer Peace—the calm beyond desire.

Enter this Peace, and merge therein, blending with the inner Silence, till that Silence is your seeking spirit, and you live and

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wake in truth. For this is indeed Life, and in its throbbing essence, the stormy dream of your daily round is but a shadow—a gaudy bubble upon the surface of Time.

This, your heart is learning. Once grasped, you are at the core of Peace, which is in no sense negation—it is the pulsing reality of the Inner World. And now, return—return to your dream of daily life—yet the permeating mystic glow which is my aura, shall never be cast aside. You are of it eternally, my child. Fear nothing. Human weakness, trifling follies, have no power to dispel these lambent rays, and you have yourself established it in the inner chamber of the heart.

Now sleep again—seek me in the corridors of Silence, where your son, your happy, beloved son, awaits you.

February 23rd.

My dear, shall I go on trying to tell you about Power? They want me to, if possible.

This power I've been telling you about seems to go on flowing out endlessly. It seems to feed itself, and that part of it, we just can't understand. We only know that it is there for the using, if we master its laws. Electricity is a form of it—a diluted form. All its laws seem to be those of electricity, in a way; at least all I've learned so far.

You, and all human beings, are walking dynamos of electrified vibrations, physically, but also, spiritually. That is the part most difficult to understand.

That second body of yours—the astral body—is also an electrified form of vibrations, so that the more, by willed cooperation with creative Force, one's thought Force becomes impregnated with these power vibrations, the more one is powerful to act.

And yet, it's not so simple, and straightforward as that. One is subject to incessant impacts, and inflowings from other 'sets of vibrations, other thought forces. One can get help if one can attract it, but, by and large, one is dependent on oneself, and one's own personality, a good deal.

That is what you people still on the earth-plane just won't

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must remember is that, when at night, you come to me, we are both happy. It is very hard here, when one has escaped the entangles of earth-experience, to remember that you too are not just 'asleep' when you go back to everyday life.

—How does that reconcile itself with what you said about my room being a sort of H.Q.?

Quite well:—it's not a matter of place or space: it's astate. Your room has its astral form—as well as its earth form, and it is a place of healing because it is part of the aura of a great Teacher whose interests are almost universal. But don't fret lest if you lose your personal surroundings, this would go—it's not so. You take your spiritual being with you. But your divan especially will always be a radiator of those rays which have played on it this last two years. It will give out rest and Peace as it does to you.

I am very occupied—there is so much to do. You help at night—remember that again and again. If you don't seem to be doing much on earth, (though even so, you do more than you think!) it doesn't matter—you work jolly hard on the astral plane in your so-called sleep.

That's why you rarely remember anything now—you couldn't stand it. For you too go into the astral 'underworld' at times. But they use you more to help the confused and people who have suffered dreadfully in their pre-death conditions. Yours is a more feminine role! Also, how shall I put it, you are not quite tolerant (only that's not the exact word) enough to go down to the real scum. One has to combat, and yet not denounce with enmity. I don't quite know how to explain it myself, what I have to do. Even the most debased of horrors—you see, they are negation really, so why worry? Just dispel it—that's all. You don't denounce a slug, do you? You put salt on it!!

Now rest—I am sitting in the chair.

October 11th.

Well, here I am. The pup's been staring at me for some minutes. Yes, it is me, when she sits up suddenly and just stares.

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Your pup has a very high form of dog soul.

—Do dogs come over after death?

Some do. A dog can develop a real 'soul' if it lives in the right conditions, with people who treat it as if it were an intelligent being. The great bond of love which inspires it—really unselfish love in the end—cannot die. But the discarnate dog needs to attach itself to some discarnate person, or it may stay round and live with its earthly owner. It suffers a bit at first through not being seen and spoken to, but people here who like dogs help it. Very few dogs, says A.L. evolve into the higher planes, and if they do, it is probably by re-incarnating as people. The great majority of animals re-incarnate over and over again in a sort of group—that is the cause of 'instinct,' which so intrigues zoologists.

(Remark). Apropos of this, a friend of mine who is a very powerful advanced clairvoyant, in the literal sense—a true seer—bought a wolf-hound puppy. That night, looking out of her window, she saw a great pack of big brown powerful and wild-looking hounds run in at her gate, and sniff at the puppy's kennel, and vanish into thin air!

October 12th.

I have been very much occupied again, but this time it was an easier job. There was a group of little boys who had died in concentration camps. They are still in their child form, for their spirits had newly-emerged, and are undeveloped by any earth experience, but they rapidly become entities here with a little help. At present, they are still frightened, and think they are hungry because fear and pain had been so deeply impressed on them in life that their etheric bodies were affected as well as their physical. I managed to create a football for them, and showed them how to play it, in a sort of skimming way; they responded quickly, and are now laughing and gay because they have forgotten. They needed a male entity to devise this way of curing them. Comfort from kindly 'female' (I mean, ex-female) entities helped, but did not divert.

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the Grand Lama, who was inspired by your Teacher, our Chief, was shown in a vision what was happening in the remote temple where we played our little part, and by the power of his thought, arrested the knife of sacrifice just as it was poised over your heart.

We re-saw this scene and shuddered, even now, but a great sense of Peace came on us both, and we found ourselves back in your room sitting on the divan by your sleeping body.

Since then, they tell me, we have chosen to re-incarnate several times,—and always together—once in ancient Egypt where we were man and woman, and once, as you saw in your sleep, in old London. There too we were man and woman—I, restless, adventurous and a flirt, but always returning to you who were very serene, peaceful and a housewife, yet in secret, practising the occult.

So you see we have been as it was expressed to you in one of your messages,—one that I read on the quiet—'down the time-track.' You've had a bird's eye view of the whole.

Now I'm going to tell you a queer thing about your dogs. The spirit of our dear wise West Highland Kirsty passed into Jean the Golden Retriever, and that beautiful dog-soul has now re-incarnated in Jean II, the Spaniel—you feel that same almost human wisdom of an exceptional type in them. No, Honey did not come in that category—she stayed with Grandpa, and still floats round with him. But a dog here is at the mercy of its impulses, as it does not learn consciously to control its comings and going. Only the strong love-bond gives it spiritual life, and it has to be helped by its master, otherwise it may blend into a group of its kind, and re-incarnate.

October 24th.

My dear, you are much better. I can see it. I am learning, helped by A.L., to understand people's 'health-aura.' It is a musty ring, as you read, separate from the spirit aura, and has nothing to do with it. It should have a soft glow. If dark, it is a bad sign.

Last night, we both worked again, and you remember symbolic dreams. We went together and worked at one of the hard-

t of tasks in one sense, among some suicides. The Law, to me, seems hard on such people, but it is simply the inevitable consequence, I suppose. Spiritually they are earth-bound, unless they have been very highly evolved people, who have performed the act for unselfish reasons. Any suicide for selfish reasons, however strong and urgent, finds himself 'tied to the aura of his incarnation,' as the Chief put it to you. He cannot escape to the light, though he may see it. Yet, to those who have been sorely tried, help can be taken. It acts as in every case: if a person has been sufficiently in harmony to attract, magnetically, harmonious entities, then, whatever folly he has committed in earth-life, he gets help and inspiration here, in time. It may not be from the highest levels, but it is from higher levels than his own. And there are billions of discarnate entities who have chosen to pay off debts of selfishness and greed, by unselfish efforts to help in the astral world. They can often pay off 'Karma' in this way, just as well as by re-incarnating. There is no lack of help here—rather, a superabundance of it.

Does the reverse work—can the malevolent influence, do?

Yes, up to a point, but the Law pulls them to their own kind. And as you were taught, they can usually only influence those who are foci of the same type of 'evil'—'Lack of Harmony'. Whereas a benevolent entity can influence as and when it likes, only limited by its own knowledge and power.

In sum, it does seem, to my still very limited experience, that the Forces of harmony or 'good' are infinitely stronger than those of negation, because these latter powers and forces are laid down so to speak and concentrated here in these planes. Just as you keep dirt in a dustbin till it is disposed of. After all, a great piece of music, the most of it is pure harmony and the discordant chords which enhance it are relatively few, yet if you happen to be on top of them they may drown all the others. It is the wrong perspective we had which makes all seem so hopeless in the earth-plane.

Now go and see to the pup—it has repented of its doggy time—go and pet it and sooth its sad heart!

ALICE GILBERT

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from most mediums are always spiritual symbols, or advice, and not often material—not even much description of faces. We can't be bothered with all that.

And you must remember too, that as I am completely 'coming to' here, I am resuming my real personality—whom you once saw in sleep. I can see the plan and the pattern, and your part in it. And you come every night and work hard with me, just as she told you!

The 'nun' this medium gave you is symbolical, is the one 'Mrs. X' gave you, in your very first psychic experiences. I am to tell you that this influence, and the strong Oriental one, is the symbol, and fact—of the work you try to do: to show the Unity of the great Eastern—Chinese, Hindu, Egyptian—occultists with Christ and Christian ethics. They are all One—this is the lesson you are to give out.

Unity, Unity—Universal Oneness—the crowd is fairly shouting it in my ear!

November 19th.

We were all there last night doping you off, and we quite disturbed the poor pup. She saw me flitting hither and thither, and was even impelled to growl, though not really alarmed, but like all pups, she believes that 'the Englishman's home is his castle.' I'm afraid I was teasing her a bit by twirling round and round.

She is a very highly developed dog-spirit. Hence you are right in not allowing too much excitement, and racing with other dogs. A dog has to suffer like a human being if its soul is developing. It is constantly straining upwards to an owner who is sympathetic. Adapting itself, learning to understand language, living in communion with a more highly advanced being, it constantly has, like ourselves, to suppress animal instincts. This is the reason for 'canine hysteria' and so on. The dog is growing a spiritual 'body.' And a very noble soul it is at best, as you know. Your Jean is really trying to talk. I can read her doggy thoughts. The little noises she makes are a vague fumbling effort to imitate your speaking.

LONDON, 1948

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Now, get on with your trying day, and remember—we shall go with you. Rid your mind of any idea that, in leaving your room, and things, you lose us. That's absurd. It helps us to 'tune in' when material objects are impregnated with ourselves, but it is not really important. Our H.Q. is around you, for we are all working together.

10. ANOTHER INTERVIEW

Before leaving the flat, I went to say good-bye to Mrs. Nesbit and her friend, the medium who had such a long and evidential message from Philip earlier on. I was going first for a week to Devon, to investigate a prospect of what seemed might be the very type of occult work I wanted to do. The friend was very tired, and I tried to give her some vitality, but as I held her wrists, she 'went under,' and began to give me a material message, very emphatically.

First she described an elderly man whom I could not place, but she said, 'Look in that big album at your own home—he's there! Although you have such advanced Spirit helpers, he and the family are also with you, helping all the time.'

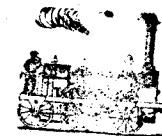
You are about to make a journey. I feel doubt. When there, don't commit yourself to anything—don't let them persuade you to stay. Go North—rest and vegetate till the New Year. It is early in the New Year that the direct lead will come and you will know what you are to do. This is very strongly given—they are very serious about it.

You've had a very bad time, and they are pleased with the way you've stood up to it. Things will go better from now on, even financially. I don't know what it is, but I feel you won't even need your furniture.

You are to accept the messages from your son. (I had a garment of his and asked her if she could get him).

She said: 'I feel somehow that I shan't—that they are wanting you to detach yourself from these physical attempts to contact him—you are to trust your own clairvoyance. But I'll try if you like, and see.'

She held the article.



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