

Chapter 8

How the Papers Came Through

[DIARY]

August 20, 1942

This a.m. Harold prepared a clipped petition as a basis for the Tuesday Bedell meeting.* Later, Harold took the Matters over to be interviewed by Dr. Sadler and heard the most detailed account yet given of the manner in which these Papers came through. Dr. Sadler said:

“About thirty-five years ago, when Dr. Lena and I were young physicians together, we decided to move, but the place we suggested was not yet available and we were directed to a furnished apartment in the neighborhood which we took for several months until our place was ready. We had been there about two weeks and some of the tenants had apparently learned we were physicians, and one of them—a woman living directly below us—rapped on our door about 11 p.m. as we were in the act of retiring. She said, ‘Will you please come downstairs with me? Something has happened to my husband. He’s gone to sleep. He’s breathing very strangely and I can’t wake him up.’

“We slipped on some bathrobes and went down to her apartment where I saw a medium-sized man, approaching middle age, asleep in bed, breathing very fitfully. He would take a couple of short quick breaths and then hold his breath for a time long enough for any normal human to have gotten black in the face, but nothing happened. I took his pulse and was surprised to find it was normal. I then tried to arouse him with every known method, even to sticking pins in him, but failed. His wife seemed to be a somewhat nervous and superstitious type. She was frankly frightened, even though I assured her that he seemed to be in good physical shape despite his peculiar actions.

“We sat about and waited for him to return to consciousness, during

*This was an outline of the points to be made in the proposed petition. It is reproduced on p. 150.

which time his body gave several violent jumps and starts. Finally, after about an hour, he awoke and looked around and saw us. We had propped him up on pillows and he now turned to his wife and asked, pointing at us, 'Who are these people?'

"She explained that we were doctors she had called in when she found she couldn't awaken him, and he said, 'What's wrong? What's happened?' I asked him, 'How do you feel?' He said, 'I feel fine!' I said, 'What have you been dreaming about?' He said, 'I haven't been dreaming it all!' I said, 'You've been jumping about on the bed.' He said, 'I don't know anything about that. I can't understand it.'

"I made him promise that he would come to my office the following morning for a complete physical exam. This he did, and I gave him every test but found him to be in excellent physical shape. I got his family history and there were no cases of insanity or epilepsy among any of his antecedents or present relatives. In my investigation of psychic phenomena I had witnessed many so-called trance states, but this phenomenon he experienced seemed to be something different. Most of the trance cases I had contacted were that of emotionally unstable or hysterical women, but here was a hard-boiled businessman, member of the Board of Trade and Stock Exchange who didn't believe in any of this nonsense and who had no recollection of what happened during these strange, unwakeable sleep states. I told him I would like to keep him under observation, to which he readily agreed.

"Nothing happened for several weeks and then, one night, about the same time, his wife called us and said he was having one of those spells again. We went down and I gave him some more tests and tried new ways to rouse him, all without effect. His labored breathing, its sudden breaking off, and then no breathing at all, would have been alarming had not his pulse remained strong and even throughout. The whole thing was baffling. When he awakened he was as before, unconscious of anything having transpired. This sort of experience was repeated at irregular intervals and at different times of night until the fall of the year, when we were able to move to the residence of our choice. This man's lease expired that same fall and he moved into an apartment house in the same block in order to be near us.

"One night, when we were called to his new address, and as we sat by the bedside, Dr. Lena noticed that he kept moistening his lips as though he were preparing to speak. She said, 'Perhaps he wants to talk to us. Maybe if we asked him a question we'd get an answer.' She did so, and to our great astonishment he did reply but it was not his voice. It was that of what we

afterward learned to be a student visitor, on an observation trip here from a far-distant planet. This being apparently conversed with us through this sleeping subject, and expressed ideas and philosophies which struck us as entirely new.

“I had been led to believe, through previous study and research, that all such manifestations, however phenomenal, were the work of the subconscious. I, therefore, got this man in my office several days later, since other entities were apparently coming through him, and secured his permission to submit to hypnotism that I might explore his subconscious. It was difficult to get him under, but when I finally did so, I was amazed to find no consciousness whatsoever of the subjects discussed by these purported beings which we had, by this time, started to record (*‘in longhand by all and later combined’*—Bill).

“I now felt that I needed help in solving the causes behind this mysterious phenomenon and I called in other doctors and scientists, friends of mine as well as Houdini and Thurston. They were equally unable to furnish any explanation.

“We now, finding that we could communicate by direct voice with different student visitors and other beings, began to look forward to each ‘contact,’ as we came to call it, and enjoyed the opportunity of asking questions which always brought the most stimulating and unexpected answers. We took to writing out questions in advance about the universe and to asking them, whenever given the chance. Finally, as a test, I worked out fifty-two questions privately and memorized them in my own mind, deciding to wait to see whether these so-called student visitors might be able to divine what was in my own consciousness.

“One night a particularly electrifying personality seemed to be present from a distant planet and had greatly excited us by his comments. As he was about to go, I addressed him, saying, ‘How can you prove that you are who you say you are?’ He said, ‘I cannot prove it, but you cannot prove that I am not!’ He then stunned me by continuing, ‘However, I have just secured permission to answer forty-six of the fifty-two questions you have been holding in your mind.’

“Dr. Lena spoke up and said, ‘Why, Will, you haven’t any such questions, have you?’ And I had to admit, ‘Yes, Lena, the exact number.’

“This personality then proceeded to give me the answer to the forty-six as promised. When he had finished, he said, ‘If you people really knew what you had here, you wouldn’t take up our time asking silly, trivial

questions like this. You would ask us something really significant and important.’

“We got home around 1:30 that night but there was no sleep in the Sadler household. We stayed up the rest of the night discussing and formulating questions that we might be prepared for the next contact.

“At this point I must go back and tell you that a few months previously I had made a lecture trip to the University of Kansas, and while there I wrote a letter to my son Bill suggesting that, since we seldom went to church, though I often talked *in* churches, I thought it would be a good idea if he and his mother would consider inviting in, regularly for Sunday afternoon tea, about twenty or thirty friends with whom we might discuss religion or any other subjects of mutual interest, and perhaps I could give them a little talk to stimulate these discussions.

“When I returned home the following Sunday noon, I found Dr. Lena and Bill had already acted upon my suggestion and were having about thirty people in that afternoon. This was about the first of October, 1923, as I recall.

“The event just described, wherein we were challenged to ask worthwhile questions, had taken place about a month later, in November. I was asked by some members of this little social group, which we soon came to call the Forum, if I wouldn’t tell of some of my experiences in abnormal psychology; and since we had not been prohibited from talking about the phenomenon we had been witnessing, I related to them my encounter with this sleeping subject and the strange communications we were receiving through him and told of our being challenged to ask real questions.

“It suddenly occurred to me, as I got to the point—why not enlist the services of this group in the asking of such questions, and I called upon them to help me. I said, “Come back next Sunday with all the profound questions you can think of having to do with God and the universe and I will see if these intelligences can answer them.

“The following Sunday this group arrived with over four thousand questions. Dr. Lena and I spent several days sorting and classifying them. Then we held them in readiness hoping for the opportunity of ‘calling the bluff’ of these higher intelligences. We were, as we thought, ‘loaded for bear.’

“Some weeks went by and nothing happened. We thought we had them stumped and then one morning at 6 a.m. the phone rang. It was this man’s wife calling. ‘Come over quick.’ she said. ‘What’s happened?’ I asked, ‘Is he still asleep?’ ‘Yes, but that’s not it,’ she replied. ‘Please get over here. Hurry!’

“We dressed like volunteer firemen and arrived out of breath. She led us to the desk in his study and picked up a voluminous manuscript of 472 pages written in his own hand. I said, “Where did this come from?” She said, ‘I don’t know. He made some strange noises in his sleep and woke me up, and I saw it here on the desk.’ I said, ‘Has he been out of bed?’ She said, ‘Not to my knowledge. I don’t see how he could have gotten out without waking me, and he’s not awake yet.’ I said, ‘Is this his handwriting?’ She said, ‘It’s his handwriting, alright. But I don’t see how he could have done it.’

“I took a look at the manuscript and saw to my great astonishment that it was the answer to all the questions that had been formulated by ourselves and our Forum group. I couldn’t wait any longer. I took this bulky manuscript into the bedroom and wakened the subject. I said, ‘Do you know what you’ve been doing in your sleep?’ He said, ‘I haven’t been doing anything.’ I said, ‘Oh, yes, you have. Look at this. Isn’t this your handwriting?’ He stared at the manuscript. ‘Yes, it’s my handwriting,’ he identified, ‘but I didn’t do it.’

“I estimated that it would have taken a normal individual seven to eight hours writing at top speed to even copy what had been written, and the subject matter was so profound and yet so intelligently set down that I knew it was beyond human capacity to achieve. I phoned my daughter and told her to bring over at once a grip device for testing muscular fatigue. I reasoned if he had physically written all this, his right arm would give evidence of it, but the device registered no fatigue whatsoever.

“We took the papers home and had them typed. They concerned the Universal Father, the Supreme Being, the Central and Super Universes and the Isle of Paradise. It was an unforgettable occasion when I appeared before this Forum group and said, “Well, we got the answers to our questions alright.” And they sat awestruck and speechless as we read the papers to them. This was all we needed. Reading of these papers led to hundreds and thousands more questions, and more papers commenced coming through, and we found there seemed to be an organized group of high intelligences on the other side prepared to present to us the whole astounding story of the universe, leading from God, the Universal Father, down to the origin of the human creature—man—and his ultimate glorious destiny beyond the reaches of time and space.

“This continued for perhaps seven to eight years, when what we considered the first edition of the papers was finished. At that time the Forum received its first direct message and its members were advised that,

now, since their knowledge had been expanded, they should be willing to ask more intelligent questions and that if they would do so, as they commenced a re-reading of each paper, these intelligences would completely revise the entire tremendous manuscript.

“From two to two-and-a-half years ago this job was finished, and again we all thought that the manuscript was finally complete; but we were told, at this time, that the world events for which this revelation was designed were rapidly culminating (this was in 1939, several months before Hitler started his assault on the countries of Europe), and we could begin to see that those who had this revelation in charge did not intend to make it public until after the Second World War.

“More than a year was taken up, at a previous time, in celestial litigation between the Angels of the Churches and a midwayer, a-b-c, and his staff who wished to tell the full true story of the life of Jesus. Permission was finally granted, and seventy-five papers came through giving the first detailed and comprehensive account of Christ’s life on earth from his birth to his death, half again as large as the Old and New Testaments combined.

“This book is eventually to be published without any human personalities being identified in any way and no authorship ascribed to it. These higher beings have refused to use their own names and have only specified their type of being in the universe. There are only a few of us humans still living who were in touch with this phenomenon in the beginning, and when we die the knowledge of it will die with us. Then this book will exist as a great spiritual mystery, and no human will know the manner in which it came about.”

The Matters were apparently favorably passed upon, and permitted to sign an application for Forum membership. Dr. Sadler was greatly impressed by the fact that the Matters had been led to locate in a small apartment hotel [the Lincoln Park Arms] within two blocks of Dr. Sadler’s address without their realizing that they were anywhere near the location of Harold and Martha. They had merely looked for apartment hotels in the newspaper and saw Wellington Arms, Sheridan Road, and decided to try that. It was full, and they were referred then to the Lincoln Park Arms or the Cambridge and suddenly discovered they were on Diversey near Harold and Martha.