

The Call of Isis

By: Olivia Robertson

CHAPTER 16 **THE MANY COLOURED PATTERN**

It was a fellow worker of ours, Natasha, who introduced me to a curious form of psychic faculty, 'microscopic clairvoyance.' This is different from usual clairvoyance. By tuning in to the etheric web, she was able to see, not only 'power', but the tiny swirling particles that formed the structure of all physical objects. Through focussing a concentration on the etheric structure, particularly above a human being's head, she could see what Yogananda calls 'Lifetrans', in his 'Autobiography of a Yogi'. After much practice I learnt to see these etheric atoms which are even smaller than electrons, positrons and neutrons. I saw them as colourless specks swirling like steam in violent agitation. This was not to be confused with 'ectoplasm,' a smoke-like vapour extruding from organic matter, which I had already learnt to see.

I brought this art back to the Castle, and found that the young people there had also this faculty latent in them. Indeed, Deirdre could see these Lifetrans at night, and said that when she saw those that composed her bedroom door, she could see right through her door into the room beyond.

Those more expert than myself saw Lifetrans in various colours. Thought would produce an explosion of Lifetrans from a person's head. I have watched a mystic in meditation: the top of his head looked opened up like a volcano, steaming with unregulated Lifetrans spurting in every direction!

One of the oddest discovery that Natasha made was to find archetypal forms within the matrix of 'atoms'. Indeed, she could see what was possibly the shape of things to come, born through mind. Curiously enough, the forms she saw within Lifetrans were of archetypal Greek style. Was it possible that human 'brainwaves' really contained germinal ideal forms, later to be translated into physical objects? One is reminded of children's comics, with cartoon people with bubbles of thought coming out of their heads, before transformation into words, expressed in balloons proceeding from their mouths!

The implications of this is tremendous. First comes the imagination: then comes the embodiment of that imaging right down through the planes of being, from the most refined to the coarsest. So here comes direct Creation.

So we can see that Deity is eternal, and has no beginning and no end. All that exists, humans, animals, plants, each element and atom, are individualized images of God. When it comes to creation, each mind-born creature can make his vehicle of consciousness, and in-breathe himself into his own creation. An Adept can create and insoul his own psychic body: he can also create a physical body through manipulation of lifetrans. He may astonish the ignorant by his ability to walk on water, pass through 'solid' walls, and raise his body from the dead. For we are all creative sons and daughters of God, but have forgotten this. The Master knows it.

When one considers the fantastic explosion produced by the fission of one uranium atom, one has some conception of the meaning of occult power. And why also the development of this power is only entrusted into the custody of Initiates. Evolution proceeds instinctively from mineral to plant, from plant to animal: but for man evolution becomes a co-operation with the Gods. We ourselves have to take the necessary step from 'Homo Sapiens' to Spiritual Man.

It is here that we so often fail. For arrogance of our species leads us to suppose that the Superman is a domineering, power-loving creature who imposes his authority on the rest of life. But this is the exact opposite from the true Adept. The first step to expanding our consciousness is to have sympathy with the feelings of everyone and everything else. Otherwise we merely specialize in being ourselves. And to specialize is to involve, to involute. The path of evolution is to spread our interests, our abilities, our love, to include more and more of awareness of the whole of life. This detachment from personal identification brings one to the Spiritual sphere of consciousness that includes the lesser levels.

Fiona, Angela and I formed a group for attaining expanded consciousness. Angela had a useful knowledge of philosophy; Fiona, psychic and spiritual clairvoyance, and I could bring through power needed for working directly on consciousness.

The most remarkable discovery we made for ourselves was that consciousness is multiple, and manifests on many planes at the same time. It was Angela who brought through this multi-consciousness.

I remember particularly her vision of the Hall of the Western Orders. She was lying on a couch in Fiona's London house, and I was taking notes. Fiona was using her clairvoyant faculty to see what was happening.

When Angela had attained the psychic or 'astral' level of consciousness, she announced that she was going into a deeper state of awareness - into the 'mental' or spiritual sphere. Her report while in this state was lucid and without pause for half-an-hour, and I took notes all the time. She described herself as being in a mighty hall, with stained-glass windows along the sides. In the place of honour was the symbol of the White Dove. She was able to describe each of the stained-glass windows in detail: each one represented a Western Order. I remember particularly her account of the window of the Order of the Garter. I have never thought this Order had any but purely social and ceremonial importance.

The inner meaning of the Order, she said, was of a beggar being taken up into heaven, and given a glass of wine. This struck me as being appropriate. There was said to be a link with the Order of the Garter and the old religion of Witchcraft. Of all the Western Orders this would be the most practical, because the most universal, for today. Imagine a board of Directors with the great Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, and Lord Chesterfield on the council! The cultural level would be high, and the knowledge of worldly matters broad.

As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I noticed that Angela was not particularly interested in this Order, or the others she was describing. She was looking for something.

"I cannot find it," she said. "it is not here."

"What?" I asked.

"The Order of the Temple," she replied. "There is no window for the Knights Templar."

When she returned from trance, I read back her own report. Angela was amazed.

"This is completely different to what happened!" She said. At first she seemed to doubt my words, until Fiona confirmed my report, and I showed my writing. Her words had filled a full half-an-hour.

But Angela, during the space of this same half-an-hour had, she said, been somewhere completely different; in a mountain landscape. There she had discovered a shrine devoted to the Order of the Temple: The Order, she said, had had an ideal too high for earth life. Its inner aim was represented by the Madonna of the Immaculate Conception. Not the Madonna with a child.

This referred to direct birth from Divine mind of the Santa Sophia, heaven-born wisdom. This, the third aspect of the Trinity, was the Holy Spirit. It entered from the highest, and so descended to the lowest, so bringing about Direct Creation. Qabalistically, this typified 'Kether to Malkuth.' It represented a descent from the Crown Centre, 'Atma', to the lowest centre of Kali at the base of the spine. I could see that the very height of this ideal could lead to a split in consciousness, because it left out the middle centres, heart and plexus, the emotions of the astral or psychic sphere. I reflected that the Order of the Garter, with its blue sash, the girdle of Venus, running from shoulder, across the heart to the hip, remedied this division. It would not be a celibate Order, not so high as the Order of the Temple, but had lasted longer on the physical earth. It was rooted on the Stone of Destiny.

However, one thing struck the three of us. We had been dealing with three aspects of Angela's consciousness. She had reported to me coherently, choosing her words with care, as she always did. A stranger might not have realized she was in trance. But she said she had no knowledge in her trance of our present-day existence, save for a voice - not recognized as that of Olivia - that kept asking her questions. Indeed, she said, if she had not replied at once to this voice, she would have forgotten modern life altogether!

But her report on the Hall of the Western Orders had been so vividly described, that I had no doubt that another part of herself had been there, during the half-hour of trance.

However, she declared that during that same period of time 'she' had been entirely involved in walking around a mountain landscape; and she could remember every detail. That which was missing from her report to me - the window of the Order of the Temple - was experienced by another part of herself in a shrine within this landscape.

The three of us pieced together what we thought had happened. The Greater Self, which we can call 'X', had many facets and many 'bodies': but the main focus in this experience had been on the psychic level, within a landscape. This was remembered through that part of 'X' called Angela, a present-day woman. However, on a higher level, another part of 'X' as projected into the Mental Sphere. This, being spiritual, could not be brought through to Angela's physical brain.

And for all we knew, there were still more facets of 'X' existing in still more levels of being. So we had to postulate that 'X' was greater than Angela, greater than anyone else she may have been in past lives, because it included all the multi-patterned facets that made up her spirit.

The clue for us then lay in the fact that the Greater Consciousness was there all the time. We did not have to seek it, fight for it, restrict ourselves for it. It was a question of spiritual realization. And, paradoxically, this realization was pleasant and natural. Transcending passing time, it contained the past, present and even the future within its spectrum.

Once one could contact one's true self, all the rest came easily. One had much more life, not less. We were like people imprisoned in one little room, suddenly faced with the freedom of a whole beautiful house; and a glimpse of a garden through the windows. The Temple of the Stars had been around us all the time.