

The Call of Isis

By: Olivia Robertson

CHAPTER 17 **THE COSMIC SPIRAL**

Angela once told us in a deep trance she had discovered the Mystery of the Universe! She was determined to bring this knowledge back to benefit the world. So she memorized two words that explained the Great Mystery. As she came back from trance, she uttered these two words: 'Cherry-Tart.'

And she could remember no more.

So this then is the problem of the mystic: how to bring back his knowledge through his physical brain. The three of us, Angela, Fiona and I, had further enlightenment on the subject during one particular trance session. The final result could be described as a little more explicit than 'Cherry-Tart.' As usual, I was acting as Operator, Fiona, as clairvoyant, and Angela was Trance Percipient.

Angela on this occasion reported that she was ascending into 'the higher Mental Plane', the sphere of Causes: here, she said, were the shining archetypes of existence. She described aerial white forms of lions and children and birds and fish, amidst sparkling fountains and snowy gardens, not yet with individuality and protective colouring. Here was the World of the Unborn.

She said that she was facing a great rose-coloured Light. She entered into this Light and felt a feeling of joy and love. Within the rose-coloured Light was a golden brightness. Into this she entered, and experienced spiritual glory. Finally, within the golden Light, came pure White Light.

"I enter within the pure White Light," she said; "and I see a chalice upheld by two hands. Within the chalice is a violet Radiance; and within this radiance I see the form of a city about to be born. I see its white towers and domes and its shining streets and gardens. And I hear a voice saying: 'Love comes not only from Two, but from Three'."

And here Angela gradually returned from her exalted state of consciousness.

I was much impressed by this report, and after the session asked for her own account of what had happened.

"Well," she said; "I was having a nice time in a beautiful landscape. Then I began to go up, and saw my body sitting there below. When I got up into the sky, I saw a lot of white shiny creatures including a tiny white horse, and children playing about in clouds, throwing Power around in a game. Then I saw a huge pink rose. I went into the rose, and there was another rose, a yellow one inside it. I went into that and found a white rose in the middle. That is all I can remember. I then floated down, saw my body in the landscape and entered it, and I came down into my body here."

If one substitutes 'Cherry Tart' for red, yellow and white roses, one gets the problem. The most sublime experiences are almost impossible to bring back to physical consciousness. All that

remains is an analogous description. In this case one notices that radiant lights are embodied as coloured roses. So the mystic, on return, translates the ineffable experience of his spirit, into language understood by his soul and brain. He will transform what he cannot understand into the sacred symbols of his particular religion and philosophy. As for the highest vision of all, Angela had no memory of the mystic Chalice or of the creation of the archetypal city.

Participation is a key word for the future. We can add Creativity and Universality. We notice that the perfect city is first created by the symbiosis of Three in the world of Archetypes: and then is relayed through to the sphere of our physical world. One day we will ourselves participate in direct creation, and help to build the forms to be animated by Universal Spirit. We can learn to give birth, not only to our children, but to ideal worlds.

I myself was once able to bring through knowledge gained from an experience of cosmic consciousness. I saw Life emerging from That which was beyond light and darkness, containing all within Itself. There was all time in its matrix, all beings latent within itself.

Then I saw this Unity involve itself in a spinning movement, the direction from right to left, until it had divided itself into Seven. This Seven I saw personified in the form of seven Cosmic Deities. They were associated with certain colours and characteristics. I myself saw them as Gods, but I knew they could equally well be seen as Goddesses. I was given to understand that I was not to identify these Seven only with the planets of our solar system. Our particular system was a microcosm of a greater universe: nonetheless there was a relationship with the Great Seven and our particular planets.

I felt happiest with the first Deity, whom one could equate with Mars, Aries, and Dionysus. His colours were scarlet and gold. These Powers were reflected in a reverse aspect on earth. I recognised that people like Goethe and Napoleon were associated with this first archetype: also the concept of Christ the King.

The second Deity was clearly identifiable with the God Phoebus Apollo. The colours were green and silver. Buddha and Beethoven seemed to be connected with this.

The third God I liked very much. He was associated with Hermes, and was accompanied with the colour blue. I suppose you could say its reverse aspect on earth would be 'Mercury' and be the contrary colour - orange. The good of this great Power appeared to lie in pure contemplation.

The middle Deity's colour was a brilliant green, and could be related to the word 'Jove' - Jovial! It seemed to be connected with many writers like Dickens and H. G. Wells, who had a multitude of strange and diverse characters in their works - the more the merrier. In fact this Power generated a multiplicity of forms.

The fifth God, I was told, was the easiest to remember. This Power could be called quite clearly, 'Saturn'. The Prophet Muhammad could be associated with this, and such people as the Emperor Vespasian, Jonathan Swift, and Abraham Lincoln. They all had the same look, and said the same sort of things!

The sixth and seventh Deities terrified me. The sixth could be called 'Uranus', and I identified the music of Bach with him. This Power dealt with Time, and things coming back on themselves in cycles.

The seventh was violet in colour, and I associated it with Leonardo de Vinci. I was told that in reverse aspect, this power could induce people to try and create on their own, without the other Seven, which led to sterility.

Naturally, I wanted to know how these Powers created the Seven Universes that came from them. It involved the merging of all Seven through blending radiations. I cannot describe this process, except that it filled me with unspeakable awe. When all Seven were One, I was told that from the Heart of Love all creation came forth, from Gods and Goddesses, to humans, animals, caterpillars! Every single blade of grass, every atom.

When the time came for all these Universes to come back again into Unity, having enjoyed being their separated selves for a while, everything began to join up again, this time revolving from left to right, faster and faster.

The descent and ascent of manifestation I was shown as Power forming itself into spirals. The macrocosmic Spiral when involution took place, involved itself into lesser spirals, as Power descended through the spheres. It was as if the spirals were pulled inside out, through themselves, like that game we call cats' cradles played with string.

Evolution took the opposite form: the spirals expanded into still greater ones, until they joined the universe that came from the Gods: and then the Gods themselves re-joined the Unmanifested Unity: Cosmic Night.

What formed the spirals in the first place was Time, the adjustment from past to present. When time folded up on itself, the spirals became rings of light, and then entered into the One.

It was only some years after receiving this mystical experience, that I read books about 'Seven Rays', and other occult teachings. I received my visions directly from my own expanded consciousness; but was also decidedly taught by Spirit Intelligences. I was shown coloured pictures as if I were a child of five. And I felt like that, ignorant. And I still do.

The main impression left on my mind is that thought, feeling and imagination are expressed through time, expansion and speed. As one thinks and feels and imagines more and more profoundly, in some extraordinary way this manifests through acceleration of speed, increase of size and the telescoping of time.

In this case, if one were to meditate sufficiently deeply, one might alter one's rate of speed, time and size. From this could come levitation, even teleportation! One might even find oneself in another universe.

After all, we may be able to connect the 'level' and 'sphere' of the mystic, to the word 'universe' as used by the scientist. There seem to be universes within universes. The scientific theory of Infinite Complexity appears to be approaching the truth!

This is not far beyond us, because we each one of us are a microcosm of the Whole. We carry the Stars about our head, bestowing on us the perception of Truth in any form, including the capacity to see a joke! We have the Solar Sphere warm in our hearts, when we love, or even feel in a friendly mood. And certainly we are familiar with the Earth-Moon of instincts and our physical bodies.

What we are trying to do nowadays is not only to aspire to the stars: to have religious devotion in the heart: but to respect the emotional and physical plane on which we have to work. This is, curiously enough, the hardest task. Most of us have wondered at the fantastic difference between the divine Gothic art, and the cruel medieval penal code and appalling social conditions. We have been awed by Greek thought, and revolted by their treatment of those whom they called 'slaves' and 'barbarians'.

So it is our present task to bridge the gap between the Ideal and the actual. The mystic, returning from greater consciousness, need not necessarily join a monastery or convent. Rather now may he become a doctor, a politician, or a scientist.

Having undergone the Initiations of the Moon and the Sun, and experienced the apotheosis of the Stars, our next step is to return to earth. For it is on the earth that our help is needed. We can truly now make it a happier place for humans, animals and plants. Angela saw roses in heaven. We can learn to see all the heavens in a rose.