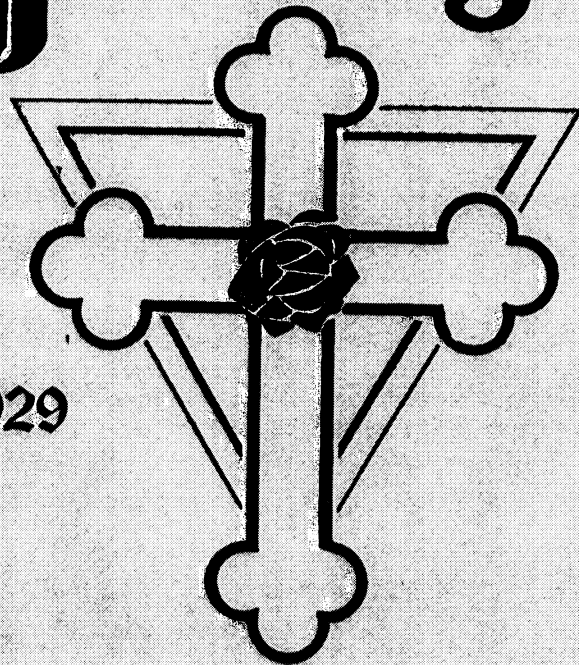
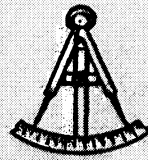




The Mystic Triangle



May

1929

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(CONTINUED ON INSIDE OF BACK COVER)

The Mystic Triangle

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Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California

MAY, 1929



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The Emperor's Monthly Message



AGAIN I am home and back into my sanctum at the administration building, after having traveled enough miles to have constituted a complete trip around the world; and our Brothers and Sisters, with the exception of a few who remained in Europe to visit until the summertime, are back to their homes, and all are well and happy. On the way home across the Atlantic, the members assembled in the dining room one afternoon to express their appreciation of the entire trip, and to vote on a resolution thanking the American Express Company for the wonderful service it rendered in making this tour so perfect and so complete. The members also voted their appreciation to AMORC for its many additional pleasures and surprising incidents, and of course I must refrain from commenting on any of the very nice things that were said about the Emperor and the staff of officers.

However, so enthusiastic were the members that they expressed a desire to have another trip under the AMORC guidance, and even requested that this next trip be made longer, and to more distant points. The result of this discussion was that the representative of the American Express Company in San Francisco, who was with us all the way on the trip, was called upon to co-operate with the Emperor in planning a longer trip. A suggested itinerary was then submitted to the members, calling for a trip entirely around the world, beginning at San Francisco and going through all the Oriental countries, then through Egypt, through Europe, back across the Atlantic Ocean to New York. The American Express Company representative outlined how this could be done, and with first class accommodations on all boats and at hotels for a price of approximately between twenty-five hundred and three thousand dol-

lars per person, if the AMORC would co-operate in the same manner as it had in this tour, in carrying out the special features and aiding in the reduction of all unnecessary expenses. This was agreed upon by the Emperor, and immediately twenty-seven of those in the party made request for reservations for this second trip. It is planned to carry out this trip in the months of June, July, August, September, and October of 1931. It was suggested that if this trip was carried on during the summertime, a great many would be able to go, because of the summer vacations in many lines of business, whereas they were not able to go during the winter months. More about this planned trip will appear in future issues of *The Mystic Triangle*, but if you have ever thought of taking a trip entirely around the world, and visiting the most beautiful and unusual places to be seen on the face of this earth, it would be well for you to keep this trip in mind and wait for our further announcements. Certainly there will be hundreds who will want to go, and who were not able to go on this last trip, because of business matters and other affairs which could not be adjusted in the short time between the announcements of the trip and the starting of it. But now that all of you have over two years' notice of the proposed trip, I am sure that many of you will want to go. When it is time for you to write to us about this trip, a definite announcement will be made in this magazine.

And now I want to tell you of one other very fine development resulting from this trip of ours during the past few months. So many very wonderful things were given to the Emperor and to some of our members, who donated them to AMORC, and so many unusual relics and antiques from the Rosicrucian Temples of Egypt and Europe were purchased by the Emperor, that the entire collection constitutes a wonderful contribution to Egyptian antiqui-

ties possessed by the AMORC in America. As you perhaps know, for many years AMORC has made contributions to the explorations being made in Egypt, and has financed, exclusively, excavations made in the ancient mystic temple of Amenhotep the Fourth, the great Grand Master of our Order in Egypt. Rare relics from these excavations were brought to AMORC during the past few years—many cases of them, including stones, instruments, jewels, and other things from the temple and palace of the mystic city of Akhnaton on the Nile. And, as a result of this recent trip, I was able to send home, in large cases by freight, hundreds of other antique objects of interest not only to all Rosicrucians, but to all students of ancient history. Among these things are many rare tapestries of enormous size, and some smaller and beautiful ones of rare materials. Then there are bronze and stone statues, authenticated by the Cairo museum and by experts in antiquities. The many scarabs, amulets, beads, and jewels secured on this trip will give us one of the most complete and unusual collections of scarabs in America, with many hundreds of rare and beautiful specimens. There are also antique objects in gold, silver, and other metals, and many other curios of an unusual nature.

The question arose as to what we would do with all of these objects after they passed the custom inspection and are finally in our hands here in San Jose. Many of the objects were donated out of the museums and archives of our Rosicrucian branches in Egypt, Palestine, and various parts of Europe, and some of these things have never been seen in the Western world before. Even the addition of rare books to our library constituted a problem, and so I finally decided that there was only one thing to do and that was to add another section to our main building here in San Jose.

The museum we will have at Headquarters will be the first Egyptian mu-

seum in this city, and probably the finest of an Egyptian nature, so far as its rare collections and objects are concerned, anywhere in this part of the state. Certainly it will contain objects of interest to our members not found anywhere else in the Western world. The museum, too, will be open to the public of this city at certain hours of each day, and there will be room for personal study and research work by those who often come to us from great distances to consult our library for newspaper articles, magazines articles, moving picture plays, dramas, and so forth.

Thus our members will see that this recent trip was not one wholly of pleasure nor even of instruction of a selfish nature on the part of the Imperator or the members who participated in it. AMORC is thankful for having had the opportunity to spend the money, and to spend the thought that was spent in making every hour of this trip of interest and profit to everyone concerned. Now all of our members can rejoice in the fact that it has also resulted in bringing to the Order in America more real relics associated with the ancient schools of mysteries, the Temple of Egypt, and the Rosicrucian Brotherhood of Europe than have ever come to this land before.

This little talk this month may not appear to be like a regular message, such as I have been giving, but I did not know of any more appropriate place in the magazine to tell you about this feature of the trip.

In closing, I want to say that I was extremely happy to be so intimately associated with our members for fully three months. My wife and children enjoyed every hour of the time spent with the members, and we learned to love them all as they say they have learned to love us. And we have all returned to our homes understanding our great work better than ever before, realizing more keenly the need of our work throughout the world, and what each one of us can do to help spread the light where it is needed most.



Lafcadio Hearn's "Karma"

By Raymund Andrea

Grand Master, AMORC, Great Britain



HEARN is perhaps chiefly known through the recent publication of his sketches and stories of old Japan. He left New York for Japan in his fortieth year, after an eventful career and the most remarkable and multifarious literary and journalistic activities in America and other countries. These activities I do not touch upon, intensely fascinating as they are to the student of literary biography, because I want to record a few reflections about the artist generally, and about a little art work or ethical study from his pen, in particular, called "Karma," which was published in Lippincott's Magazine in 1890 after Hearn had gone to Japan.

When the romantic and chequered career of Hearn in America was drawing near its close he formed a friendship with a certain Dr. Gould. This good man exercised a far-reaching influence over Hearn, and the many conversations between them led up to the writing of "Karma." In the Doctor's own words: "I do not think there is exaggeration of the importance of the story, and what led up to its writing, in saying that it was the greatest of the turning points in his life, and that directly, because of it, the magnificent works of the Japanese period were profoundly influenced through the attitude of mind thereby gained." To those who have studied Hearn's life it is fairly clear that the Doctor's influence upon him was a spiritual and abiding one, and instrumental to Hearn eventually adopting the Buddhist religion and becoming a great literary and spiritual force in Japan during his later years; as he himself wrote to a friend, referring to Dr. Gould: "My friend is a much larger man than I had ever imagined from my first knowledge of him; he has taught

me enough to make me over again in an ethical way—though I fear it will be several years before I can show the result in a durable piece of work. How wonderfully a strong, well-trained mind can expand a feebler and undisciplined one, when the teacher has pleasure and time to teach!"

Here then is the reason for that sudden departure from an almost unique field of beautifully artistic and queer objective studies, concerning men, books, and life, into the deeper world of occult truth, which is not easily accounted for, in the absence of the above facts, to those who know Hearn only through his various writings. He was a highly gifted but weird character, and resembled not a little that eccentric genius of American literature—Poe. Both were passionate seekers of the beautiful in every phase of artistic expression. They lived aloof in the world of men, in an atmosphere of mystery and pathos, dreaming and misunderstood, yet turning every item of experience encountered into a bewitching phrase of surpassing loveliness and charm. But Hearn's work is the more enduring of the two.

During the first forty years of Hearn's life he was a soul struggling with adversity to find itself. A sensitive critic cannot follow the passionate hunger of those years unmoved, for all their eccentricity and waywardness; for beauty was his religion, and if it led him into manifold aberrations, we do not therefore lose our faith in the beautiful, but interrogate nature—he was her child, and she taught him to love. He lived so near to nature's heart that he felt it beating within his own bosom. He was ever feeling his way back to the great Soul of Beauty, even as he lingered among the lovely, blood-red, scent-laden blossoms of passion and love scattered along the wayside. It was

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the cosmic emotion which pulsates in every atom and floods the wide universe with colour and music, that eventually carried Hearn to the threshold of the golden gates; and there his fine ear caught those haunting strains which ascend like holy incense in the land of temples and dreams.

There was a time, it is said, when Hearn declared himself an agnostic and sneered at the mystic. Well, what then? His early life was hard, bitterly hard; the iron had entered into his soul and he did not know himself. And yet, I cannot but think that a man of his almost tragic insight, a true lover of nature, is religious, whether he has a religion or not. To him, nature is a literature of mystical symbolism which he translates in moments of vision into the meaner language we know. I do not speculate upon an artist's religion when his voice trembles with the oraculous music of God and inspires me to worship with him at the altar of divinity. There is something terrific and worthy of all reverence in that unerring insight which sees and opens up the very soul of things, which transforms the common fact into an article of faith and adds a new scripture to the literature of man. Far be it from me to condone the errors of the artist who, in the enthusiasm and ecstasy of the excess of life, sets at naught the canon of righteousness. There are such, whose self-identification with the spirit of nature is so complete, who so abandon themselves to the panoramic manifestations of that spirit, that they utterly forget at times the bounds of morality which the Author of nature has set for His children, and they trespass to their own undoing. It is even so, and yet we dare not condemn. When we think sometimes of virtue and its narrowness, and of the selfishness of religion, of the Christianity which refuses to bear the Cross and knows nothing of the sin of the world—how poor and empty is that which has "none of the poetry of pain!"

Yes; artist of passion, and artist of pain. In some of his heaven born lines the images appear only dimly through the falling tears of love's agony. He loved the plum and cherry blossoms;

their fragrant breath is all around him. He dreams the long dream of nature and her resurrection; the melancholy tones of his golden harp float aloft and mingle with the music of all creation. Offspring of the apotheosis of love born out of suffering in the artist's heart, it has an immortal life. It not merely satisfies the aesthetic taste—it invokes the spirit in man. He is one of those in whom love must realize itself through every phase of expression until the dawn of the apotheosis; in whom all experiences are appointed ministers and constitute a necessary probation. The novitiate of an artist's soul like Hearn's is a world drama. From the inner plateau of imaginative insight he looks across the world and beholds all things transfigured; but the transfiguration is in himself. It is a sweet or awful surrender, as the case may be, and unconscious dedication to compelling and unknown Karma.

The turning point of Hearn's life came when he began to reflect seriously upon the working of Karma. Once possessed of an idea there came the inevitable result: He gave it unforgettable expression. One thing he could not do, at this period of his life, he could not give it the cold, scientific treatment of an occultist. It must come forth a fragment of living art from the concentrated fire of the soul, instinct with magical beauty and dramatic force, thrilling with passion and breathless charm, a revelation of his own abysmal experience. So his study of Karma found expression in a little prose poem, a story of a wonderful love, of cruel suspense, of doubt, fear, and hope, moving swiftly to an unexpected climax where the law was fulfilled and he, the writer himself perhaps, passes abruptly into the realm of spiritual understanding, from which will blossom in good time the mature work of the soul.

The theme of Hearn's Karma can be given in a few lines; but no words of mine can suggest the beauty and originality of his treatment. It is not the common story of lovers; yet only a lover, and a great one, could have written it. It is the portrayal of the soul's awakening to the existence of law, the



outworking in human experience of a deeper aspect of truth and the subsequent adjustment of life divinely wrought through the seership of a noble woman.

They had often walked alone in the silence and solitude of nature, and these but added to the loveliness, the ideal grace, and the strange power of the woman who had become the object of his idolatry. Yet, while in her presence he was helpless to declare his love for her. But one day, in greater embarrassment and confusion of mind, when even conversation had failed, she divined his thoughts and suddenly confronted him with the exclamation: "Well, what is it? Tell me all about it."

He declared his love for her. She was not surprised, but grew more serious, and replied: "I do not yet know . . . I am not sure you love me."

"Could you but try me? What I would not do!"

"But I do not approve of those words," she said. "If I thought you meant all that is in them, I might not like you."

"Why?" he queried.

"Because there are so many things one should not do for anybody . . . Would you do what you suspected or knew to be wrong for the purpose of pleasing me?" . . . "I do not really know," she resumed, "whether I ought to allow myself to like you." . . .

He feared this strange girl—as much as he loved her.

"Let me tell you," she continued, "what to do. Go home now; then, as soon as you feel able to do it properly, write out for me a short history of your life; just write down everything you feel you would not like me to know. Write it . . . and send it . . ."

"Everything you feel you would not like me to know." What a crucial test!

For weeks the task remained unfinished and he kept aloof. Again and again he wrote the cruel confession. The conflicting thoughts of losing this wonderful companion through a child-like avowal, of losing her through a cautious silence or half confession, lashed into burning remembrance every secret memory of the storied past.

Each day he would tear from the fateful manuscript a certain page which he could never permit her to read; each day the vindictive inner voice which denied him one palliating word, compelled him to re-write it . . .

"Why had he always feared that slight girl even while loving her? Feared her unreasoningly, like a supernatural being, measuring his every thought in the strange restraint of her presence? How imperfect his love, if perfect love casteth out fear! Imperfect by so much as his own nature was imperfect; but he had loved less perfectly with never a thought of fear . . . By what occult power could she make him thus afraid? Perhaps it was less her simple beauty, her totally artless grace, which made her unlike all other women, than the quiet settled consciousness of this secret force. Assuredly those fine grey eyes were never lowered before living gaze; she seemed as one who might look God in the face . . . Men would qualify such sense of power as hers, 'strength of character'; but the vague term signified nothing beyond the recognition of the power as a fact. Was the fact itself uninterpretable? A mystery like the mystery of life?"

"Write down everything." He wrote it, and sent it. Two days later he received the single word, "Come."

"Do you wish me to burn this?" she asked, with the missive in her hand, and her eyes flashing to his face. Her voice had the ring of steel!

"Yes," he responded.

"You say the woman is dead?" she questioned at last, in a very quiet voice.

He knew at once to which page of his confession she referred.

"It is almost five years since she died."

"And the child?"

The boy is well."

"And . . . your . . . friend?"

She uttered the words with a slow, strange emphasis, as of resolve to master some repulsion.

"He is still there. . . in the same place."

Then turning to him suddenly, she exclaimed, with a change of tone cold and keen as a knife:

"And when you wrote me *that*, you had really forced yourself to believe I might condone the infamy of it!"

He attempted no response, so terribly he felt himself judged. He turned his face away.

"Assuredly you had some such hope," she resumed, "otherwise you could not have sent me that paper . . . Then by what moral standard did you measure me? Was it by your own? Certainly your imagination must have placed me somewhere below the level of honest humanity, below the common moral watermark! Conceive yourself judged by the world—I mean the real world—the world that works and suffers; the great moral mass of truthful, simple, earnest people making human society! Would you dare to ask their judgment of your sin? Try to imagine the result; for by so easy a test you can immediately make some estimate of the character of what you confessed to me as a proof of your affection!"

"You think me cruel," she resumed, after a brief silence. "Oh, no! I am not cruel; I am not unjust. I have made allowances: I wished you to come and see me because in every line of your avowal I found evidence that you did not know the meaning of what you wrote, that even your shame was merely instinctive; you had no manly sense of the exceptional nature of your sin. And I do not intend to leave you in the belief that so deadly a wrong can be dismissed, least of all by yourself, as a mere folly, something to be thought about as little as possible; for the intrinsic vileness of it is in no manner diminished, either by your cheap remorse or by your incapacity to understand it except as a painful error. My friend, there are errors which Nature's God never fails to punish as crimes. Sometimes the criminal may escape the penalty; but some one else must bear it. Much that is classed as sin by the different codes of different creeds, may not be sin at all; but transcendent sin, sin that remains sin for ever in all human concepts of right and wrong, sin that is a denial of all the social wisdom gained by human experience;

for such sin there is no pardon, but atonement only. That sin is yours; and God will surely exact an expiation. . . . You will go, my friend, to that man whom you wronged, that man who still lives and loves under the delusion of your undying lie, and you will tell him frankly, plainly, without reserve, what you have dared to confess to me. You will ask him for that child, that you may devote yourself to your own duty; and you will also ask how you may best make reparation. Place your fortune, your abilities, your life, at that man's disposal. Even should he wish to kill you, you will have no right to resist. But I would rather, a thousand times rather, you should find death at his hands, than to know that the man I might have loved could perpetrate so black a crime, and lack the moral courage to make expiation. . . ."

A year passed. Letters he wrote she never answered; until one day, when passing through the suburb where she lived, he wrote, praying that he might only be allowed to see her. His request was granted, but he did not go alone.

"I have brought him to you," he said. "I thought you might wish it. . . ."

She knelt to put her arms about the boy and kiss him. And to the father she said, "Suffering is strength, my beloved! Suffering is knowledge, illumination, the flame that purifies! Suffer and be strong. Never can you be happy; the evil you have wrought must always bring its pain. But that pain, dearest, I will help you to bear, and the burden that is atonement I will aid you to endure; I will shield your weakness, I will love your boy. . . ."

So runs the theme of this little study of Hearn on Karma. Whether or not it was evolved from his own life experience is immaterial to us. It may simply be said that, comparing it with the work he had previously done, we observe in it a record of the birth of a new consciousness. There is nothing to remind us of the calm advent of light on the problems of life to the expectant and spiritual devotee: just the opposite. True to the type of the eager, creative artist, the truth is approached violently, in a veritable psychic upheaval within



the soul, through the remorseless rending of the veil which hides a dark and haunting past unatoned for, compelling recognition and demanding reparation through suffering and the knowledge that "the evil you have wrought must always bring its pain." Nor is it surprising that to an artist of this character the truth should come in a way unique and unlooked for. His whole life was unique, reflecting all the incident, colour, and movement of a soul in rapid

evolution. And passing onwards to the rich output of the Japanese period, the particular turning point in Hearn's life which we have been considering is seen to be of peculiar importance and interest; for the time came when he wrote of Karma with the calm and measured diction, and with the philosophic insight of a priest of the science. Indeed, the beauty, lucidity, and depth of this matured work would well repay consideration in a separate article.

NOTE

Some of Hearn's work is no doubt known to most American readers. This particular study on Karma is included with other stories in a volume of English Classics, produced in a style that would satisfy the most fastidious book lover, with a portrait of Hearn. Originally published at 6/6 net, it happens to appear at the moment on a publisher's remainder list and can be obtained at half price, 3/3, postage extra, about 6d., from William Glaisner Ltd., 265 High Holborn, London, W. C. I.



H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters

A FEW WORDS OF APPRECIATION AND EXPLANATION

By The Imperator



WHILE on my trip to Egypt and through Europe, during the past few months, I had an opportunity to contact many persons still living who were intimately associated with Mme. Blavatsky during the years of her great work, to visit many of the places that should become shrines to her followers, and to see many rare documents and papers pertaining to the intimate details of her life.

It is only natural that every student of higher mysticism should become an admirer of the great work accomplished by Mme. Blavatsky; but for some reason that may be understandable to every student, I have the most profound sense of appreciation of the sorrows and sufferings through which this dearly beloved woman had to pass in order to

carry out her Cosmically decreed mission. I have often wondered in the years gone by, as I meditated upon her life efforts and accomplishments, whether those who were at all familiar with her work realized what a sacrifice she made and under what difficulty she labored in attempting to fulfill the mission that had been allotted to her.

It seems that few do realize that no great leader of any forward movement, and certainly no avatar, or torchbearer of a great light, wilfully and personally selects such a career arbitrarily, and as a matter of personal volition. Such persons are born to fill the position they eventually hold, and their life work is cut out for them when they take the first breath at birth; and from the time that they are conscious of their own

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existence as a child until the last breath animates their beings, they struggle between the temptations of the world and the urge from the Cosmic. I have never known one of them who would not have preferred, in the midst of his or her career, to have abandoned the mission and slipped away into the privacy, contentment, and rest of a hidden life, away from all the world's problems and the efforts to lead others onward.

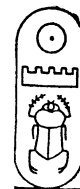
Certainly, Mme. Blavatsky had a wonderful soul and her heart was as big, as kind, and lovable as any woman known in history. That there was a part of her higher self that at times seemed crude or coarse, even, or uncultured to the degree of refinement that was found in her inner nature, was undoubtedly due to the mortal inheritance resulting from the humanity of the two lines of Russian and German forebears, which contributed to her complex nature. Certainly while we have the privilege of analyzing her outer and inner character, and may be permitted the privilege to comment on them and their differences, we have no right to judge of the reason for the existence of such a complex nature in one being, nor have any of us the right to ask why such an instrument was selected by the great masters to carry out the wonderful mission that she performed.

My heart bleeds for her when I think of the injustice, the cruel, heartless, cold injustice, which she had to face at the hands of those who were unworthy to share any of her knowledge, and unprepared, and unqualified to understand the least of her teachings. But I can rejoice, also, in the fact that as long as man lives and continues to evolve and occupy a mortal place on this earth or a spiritual plane in the kingdom beyond, there will be those who will pay homage to the great work and the contribution toward human evolution accomplished by this remarkable woman. The indelible record will remain as a monument to her memory, and at the same time a living testimonial to the good discernment, good judgment, and profound understanding of the masters who selected her and stood by her in all she did.

When we, who were touring Europe a few weeks ago, spent several days in

the little, old town of Basle in Switzerland, we were brought close indeed to the intimate details of one period of Mme. Blavatsky's life. It was here that the Rosicrucians at one time had the earliest form of metaphysical university known to the world, and it was to this university that Paracelsus went to live and study. It was from this institution that he was graduated, and then later established some of the Rosicrucian principles and ideas, and began his great career and mission in life, under much criticism and personal suffering. It was here that he wrote many of his famous manuscripts, which were preserved for hundreds of years or more in the library of the Rosicrucian university he attended. It was in Basle that Franz Hartman joined the Order that he might study the writings of Paracelsus and the other Rosicrucians, and become familiar with the secret documents; and it was while he was a student in this town that Mme. Blavatsky came for the purpose of writing a part of her great books, while hidden away from the profane world, and when she was believed to be in India or other parts of Europe. She, too, had access to the wonderful manuscripts of Paracelsus and some other Rosicrucian masters, and Franz Hartman became her personal companion and personal physician, establishing a friendship and association in the work that lasted throughout their lives.

In this little, old town we of the party had an opportunity to see not only the old Rosicrucian university and the old building occupied by the secretary of the group in that part of the world, but many of the Rosicrucian symbols painted in colors on the walls of certain buildings, which symbols are still beautifully brilliant and intensely interesting. Many of these symbols and designs appeared later in that great book compiled by Franz Hartman, entitled, "The Rosicrucian Symbols," and these were instantly recognized by those of our members who had seen his great book. We especially selected for our hotel the oldest hotel in the world. It was built in the thirteenth century and has been only



slightly remodeled once or twice since that time; and it was here that Mme. Blavatsky, in its attractive parlors of hand-carved wood of ancient design, received visits from the three or four workers in her organization in Europe and America, who were permitted to know of her actual location during these important years. What a city it is for rest, peace, and inspiration! How easily we could visualize the dear, old soul, secluded in an upper story of one of the old buildings, which still remains intact, with two large windows facing the north, giving her constant light for her many hours of writing and study, where she had all the protection and isolation that she required. We could realize how sweet and beautiful was that separation from the world, and yet we doubt if any one of her critics would have made the sacrifice that she made in separating herself from all the worldly pleasures, which could have been hers, and which she might have enjoyed if she accepted just a few of the thousands of benefits that were offered to her.

It was in old Basle that Mme. Blavatsky had so many intimate contacts with the masters K. H. and M. I have had the pleasure of reading something of the most personal and most intimate of the letters and communications written to her by these two masters, when they found it more convenient to put their thoughts in writing than appear before her and speak their words. What wonderful guidance and instruction she received from them, and at the same time what discouraging corrections and admonitions! Out of the goodness of her heart she evidently constantly sought to do too much and give too much. It is evident, from many of the letters, that if she had been permitted to have her own way, she would have scattered the great knowledge wildly and freely to all who thought they wanted it; but she was restricted and forced to abide by the higher laws and to obey the words of the two great masters. Had she yielded to her own impulses, she would have avoided much of the sorrow and sufferings in her life, but she would have failed to some degree in her great mission.

I have seen letters from the masters to her, which clearly prove that most of the great condemnation of her work came about through her yielding to the desires and wishes of her principal followers. In this I see an analogy and a likeness to the case of that other famous leader and worker for the masters—Cagliostro. All through his life, as revealed in the papers, documents, and records recently found, and which refute the false stories taught in the average encyclopedia about him, he battled between obedience to the masters, who were instructing him, and a human, big-hearted desire to please and make happy those who were his principal associates. In the case of Mme. Blavatsky and Cagliostro there were those, like many of today, who insisted that the truth of the great teachings of the Cosmic mind be instantly and continuously reduced to material manifestation.

Cagliostro's great work in behalf of the Rosicrucian Order, and under the direction of the masters, was conducted at a period in the history of the world when a belief in the possibility of spirit return was just beginning to ensnare the thinking and spiritualistic comprehension of a few progressive minds. They demanded that he produce phenomena and show them a living spirit in a darkened room in preference to listening to the golden words of knowledge, which constituted the message he had for them from the masters. And every time that he yielded for a few moments to give a demonstration of the powers that were his, and which should be used only in private or in unseen ways for the good of all, he brought upon his head criticism, scoffing, doubt, and painful conditions, which made his life and his work more difficult.

In the case of Mme. Blavatsky, her mission began just after the great revival of spiritualistic demonstrations in America; and she was called upon to duplicate some of the phenomena, or lose the following which she had to hold in order to have an instrument to carry out her work in distant places. Perhaps the most difficult of all the problems she had to face was the constant demand on the part of her followers that she make manifest to their material, doubting, un-

worthy senses the existence of the two great masters K. H. and M. A few of her intimate associates became so insistent that these masters must communicate with them as well as with her, and become visible and tangent to their unrefined senses as well as to her spiritual, highly developed faculties, that when she yielded or attempted to transfer the contact from herself to these doubting ones, the demonstration was not perfect, the contact was not sublime, the results were not satisfactory, and the critics found cause to further annoy and deter her in her work.

Today we find those who would not accept the words of Jesus, nor the sublime, inspiring words of God, unless they were accompanied by gross, material demonstrations of the most useless nature. Man seems to be reluctant to accept God, unless God first reveals himself to him as a man. Man seems to hesitate to believe that truth is right, until truth reduces itself to a tangible foot rule by which man can measure his steps in the material world, and see material profits therefrom. Soul wisdom seems of no value to those who cannot plant it into terms which apply to the physical body first. Such persons do not realize, of course, that the very doubt in their mind and the very skepticism, which prompts them to demand such demonstrations and manifestations, closes the doorway to any real perception of the principles involved. Truly, until we become like little children and have the faith of a child spiritual comprehension is impossible, and even human apprehension of the great knowledge offered by the masters is impossible.

But there are those who seem to realize that after the soul has comprehended and the mortal mind apprehended that which it cannot comprehend, and the whole being of man is infused with faith and confidence in the integrity of spiritual law then the persons will bring their own manifestations from within with more conviction of their actuality, and more perfect demonstrations of their integrity than through any material manifestations of a physical nature. Such persons, undoubtedly, carry over from

the past incarnations a stage or degree of development, which was a result of having passed through the days of doubt and skepticism without having lost faith in the ultimate revelation; and so we must consider that those who demand a trick at the hands of a teacher, as they would demand a trick of a magician, before they will believe or even consider the truth of the law, must be looked upon as those who are not yet ready and not yet prepared for the incoming of the greater light. As with Mme. Blavatsky and Cagliostro, we must not lose patience with them and condemn them to eternal darkness. We must be tolerant and kind, and try to lead them by the hand to that point of evolution where instead of looking for demonstrations performed by others they will witness in the silence of meditation a manifestation of their own making; but we must not yield, either, to their desires and be tempted to produce such phenomena as is convincing to the outer mind and considered profane by the inner mind.

We know that Mme. Blavatsky is preparing to come again, and we know that there are those now young upon the path, and young in years, who will live to meet and know that great soul, and perhaps come under her guidance and instruction before their present incarnation is ended. But we do hope that when Mme. Blavatsky is with us again, the world will be more prepared and more ready for the higher teachings she will give under the new regime and in the new cycle.

In one of the famous letters from the great masters addressed to one of Mme. Blavatsky's associates, who constantly demanded demonstrations and manifestations, we find the Great Master M rebuked this doubter and skeptic in the following words:

"Yes, and now we are in the midst of a conflicting people, of an obstinate, ignorant people, we can dun the truth yet not be able to find it, for each seeks it only for his own private benefit and gratification without giving one thought to others."

In another letter the Master M rebuked this same man, because of his



desires for demonstration, in the following words:

"Also try to break through that great maya against which occult students, the world over, have always been warned by their teachers—the hankering after phenomena. Like the thirst for drink and opium, it grows with gratification. If you cannot be happy without phenomena, you will never learn our philosophy. If you want healthy philosophical thought, and can be satisfied with such, let us correspond. I tell you a profound truth in saying that if you but choose wisdom, all other things will be added unto it—in time. It adds no force to our metaphysical truths that our letters are dropped from space on to your lap or come unto your pillow. If our philosophy is wrong, a *wonder* will not set it right. Put that conviction into your consciousness and let us talk like sensible men. Why should we play with jack-in-the-box?"

And did not the multitude demand a sign from Jesus? And has not every great teacher, who has attempted to help man develop his own faculties been required to perform miracles, so that man in his laziness and in his doubt might rest and sleep, and have others do for him what he should do for himself? The Rosicrucians have always maintained that the fact that a great master could perform a seeming miracle would be no proof that his students, or his followers, or his believers could ever perform the same feat. And the Rosicrucians have maintained that man's greatest good for himself cannot

come about through his dependence on miracles performed by others, but through the miracles he performs for himself in his own life. Therefore, the Rosicrucians have held that instruction to others is far greater and more contributing to man's benefit than manifestations to his senses. Learn to accomplish for yourself what you desire, and you will become unto yourself the greatest master. Depend upon, or place your faith blindly in the powers of another, and you become a slave instead of a master. Thousands are associated, today, with movements which gratify their desires for phenomena, and leave them uninstructed, unguided, and unprepared to meet the emergencies of life or overcome the common obstacles.

Mme. Blavatsky's life was a life sacrifice that she might teach others and inspire them to awaken the master within, and thereby become miracle workers in their own lives. She was but one of the great avatars in peace, and perhaps the greatest of all the women who have been used by the Cosmic and the masters as a channel or instrument. But it is not because she was a woman, or to her sex that we pay homage, but to the great soul within her body that has reached even greater heights since her transition, and is even now in close contact with those who are still carrying on the great work of the masters in the Rosicrucian work; for souls are sexless, and spirit is not of the limitations of the flesh. Mme. Blavatsky is one of us, and with us, beloved and revered, and awaited by those who always knew her and love her still.



THE TRANSITION OF A GRAND MASTER

It is with profound sorrow that we announce the transition of our dearly beloved Grand Master, R. H. Edwards, in Tampa, Florida. He was formerly well-known as one of the prominent clergymen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, high in ecclesiastical and fraternal work in this country, and he had been a loyal and enthusiastic worker in behalf of AMORC for many years. A great host of Brothers and Sisters will always remember him for his charming personality, his graciousness, and his goodness. All of us extend to his widow and son our kindest thoughts at this time.

*The
Mystic
Triangle
May
1929*

One Hundred Eight

The Magic Power of Secrecy

By Royle Thurston



 THROUGHOUT the world there are thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of seekers of Truth, and the laws underlying and governing life, in general, who are wandering about from sect to sect, cult to cult, never finding, in full, that which they seek. These people refuse to enter into, or become affiliated with any secret organizations wherein they might find the truths they seek, simply because they refuse to connect themselves with anything that is kept secret and hidden from the multitude, and although this is not a lecture on secret societies, it is necessary to dwell upon such societies for the moment, in order that we may the better comprehend that which is to follow.

Those who refuse to connect themselves with anything that "smacks" of secrecy, do so because they seem to feel that knowledge, if it is worth while at all, should not be kept secret, but given freely to the world. They ask, "If the knowledge taught is good and that which will uplift humanity, why then is it kept secret from all except those who are initiated?" Let me answer that question, for in the answer lies the positive proof that such a question is asked only by those who are not willing to make some conscious effort for that which they would receive.

Throughout all ages, truths—great truths—have been veiled, but not clothed to hide them from the mind; for truths, like diamonds in a mass of nursing soil, must be extracted from the facts which form its womb and life. Facts alone do not make a truth; they give a truth but strength, and from countless facts a truth may come. Truth is not for all to see, sense, or understand, until with heart and soul attuned we free the inner man. Surely we can-

not ask the Great Divide to bridge a path for us—we cannot hope to pierce the veil or apprehend God's Mind save through our own efforts in first learning to take the simple steps.

Take the Bible—acclaimed to be the greatest mystical book ever written, setting forth, as it does, the great truths of the universe. Here we find a book among books, open and free for all to read and interpret, holding out to all the world its Divine Laws and Principles—not accessible to but the chosen few, but accessible to all who care to read; and yet how many read and understand? The Bible is the most secret, and at the same time, the most open book ever written. True, its great truths are veiled, but not veiled so thickly that the veil cannot be pierced! Why then do so few understand it? The answer is simple: The majority of people *will not* give to it the time, thought, and conscious effort necessary to pierce the veil and disclose the great truths. "There is a *Key*," they cry, "a *Key* we must first have before we may understand." Even so, there are many books readily obtainable which contain the keys—but where are the multitudes to be found who read such books and thereby obtain the keys? Lecture after lecture is written, delivered, and published on the Bible, but how many seekers attend or read such lectures? Nearly every day, and at least every month, an opportunity is presented to these people to pierce the veil—yet they have eyes to see and ears to hear, but neither see nor hear.

Take that secret organization known as Freemasonry, for example. It is claimed that Masonry contains many laws and principles which are kept secret, and only revealed to its initiates. Not being a member of this august fraternity, I do not know just what it contains or what it reveals, but it is



evident that it must hold and reveal something worth while, else it would not be the powerful organization we know it to be. However, if Masonry held every law and principle worth while—if it revealed ways and means whereby its members could take and use such knowledge so as to perform so-called miracles, etc., it would be of no avail to scatter their knowledge to the world; for in such a case the multitudes would listen, expecting something very wonderful, and not being prepared to receive the great truths in their simplicity, would turn aside in disgust and exclaim: "O, is that what such a fuss is made about? We'd be fools to believe in such nonsense!"

Take, again, the Rosicrucians—known to possess and teach so many of the secret laws and principles which, once known and put into practice, enable man to live as his Creator intended. What if this great fraternity should scatter its teachings broadcast, give them openly and freely to all the world? Few, indeed, would listen, fewer would understand, and fewer yet would put them into practice and thus reap their benefits. Yet the Rosicrucian teachings are not hidden—they are accessible to all who ask with a sincere heart. Why, then, do not the majority who seek truth take advantage of these teachings? Simply because they must give of their time and energy in order to absorb and understand such teachings, and that is what they *will not do*!

Man, in his search for Truth, has become so entangled in the maze of outer complexities that he will not allow himself to listen to and understand the inner simplicities. He seeks *everywhere*, hoping to find *without* the answer which should come to him from the silent voice *within*.

The inner man no victor knows, no truce, no grace, no stay. It conquers all when permitted to conquer; it never fails when left alone and undisturbed by the outer man; it will not and cannot be dethroned; it asks for nothing, but offers all, and seeks but God for Power; it waits and hopes for man to break the chains and open wide the door through which it may pass from within to master

and conquer all before it; it reaches out into Cosmic space and uses the finer forces; it creates life in every cell and makes man's mind a veritable mine; it scatters doubt and fear as light dispels darkness; it lifts man from the rut of life unto the mountain heights; it senses when and where the evil is and finds its strength in Love; it makes for radiance more sincere than man's most cultured thought; it solves each problem as it comes and points out every step; it makes of man that which his God conceived—the Image of Himself.

How then shall this inner man be freed and the inner self unchained? What God has given must be holy—how comes it to be fettered, prisoned, and kept unmanifest? What greater problem faces man than this most personal one? Yet man seeks everywhere for his answer, but never stops to look *within*.

Let us take another example of secrecy and secret teachings before going into the heart of our subject. This shall be regarding the teachings and works of Christ. Knowing well the power of the inner self, Christ asked but faith from His followers; for He knew that they could not understand the laws and principles underlying His works. He did know, however, that through faith they would be enabled to carry on his work. Had Christ openly revealed the laws and principles underlying His teachings and works, those who were unprepared and unworthy would, of course, have attempted to do the same things and, failing, would have laughed and mocked at him. This, as you can see, would have been very detrimental to his teaching, and the same thing would have happened as in the case of the country lad and the magician: The lad had been watching the magician perform a certain and very mystifying trick. He asked to be shown how it was done and the magician obliged by showing the trick's operations in detail. When, however, the lad tried to perform the trick, he just couldn't do it, and, after making several attempts without success, turned around to the magician and exclaimed: "I knew it couldn't be done!" Christ then, would

have been in the same position as was the magician in the eyes of the lad. Had He explained the simple laws and principles, everybody would have tried to do the same as Christ did, and because of their utter unpreparedness failure would have been the result, and this would have led them to cry "trickster," and, as the lad, they too would not have believed the things could be done.

From all records and through experience we come to learn that the great truths cannot be held anything else but secret and sacred for the very reason that if those who knew them are to do the most good and serve best they must work in secrecy and without revealing what they know of the laws to those who are unprepared to receive such knowledge. Someone, I just cannot recall who it was, once stated that "Cast not your pearls before swine" would be better understood if it were worded thus: "Cast not your great truths before unprepared thought." This holds good no matter how you may view it, and once you have experienced it you will come to know that the great truths are understood only by those who are worthy, through being properly prepared to receive them, and, always misunderstood by those who are not so prepared: To give out these great truths to the unprepared would be like placing a book before a baby and saying "here it is, now read it and understand." Truths, then, must be kept secret from the profane for all truth is veiled. It must be revealed only to the extent where its actual manifestations may be presented without revealing their source of power, and this leads us to the point where we may delve into the great law of secrecy itself.

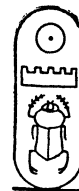
God, in his infinite wisdom, alone possesses all of the truth and law of this great power called secrecy; for God is ever the most Secret of Secrets, never to be beheld by mortal man and only to be revealed through the inner and immortal man, for were God to reveal Himself to the eyes of the profane, or outer man, He would soon be looked upon as an impossibility because of His very simplicity.

Now the power of secrecy—the great, mystical, and so-called magical

power of secrecy—is ever present within us all. It is a power which once known and practiced will change the entire life of a person, the conditions surrounding that person, and the spiritual development as well as the material advancement. It is the power through which all great men have risen—all big things have been accomplished and all outward as well as inner advancement made. No one understanding and using this power has ever been kept back from accomplishing his desires, and no one has ever accomplished anything worth while without using this power either knowingly or unknowingly.

The one and foremost thing in the minds of all is to become successful. It matters not what your idea of success may be—you have a certain goal to reach and when once you have reached that goal you will say, "I have succeeded." It may be that your idea of success is to accumulate vast sums of money in order to carry out some big scheme for the betterment of all concerned; it may be you desire to attain success as an artist, an engineer, a musician, a sculptor, anything at all; or you may desire to devote your life to the service of humanity, but are prevented through certain circumstances. However, and whatever your goal may be, you must attain that goal before you can become a success.

How, then, are you to reach your goal? Through hard work? People are working hard every day of their lives—working conscientiously and doing their level best, yet few of them are successful or have reached their goals. By saving your pennies? The savings banks carry thousands of accounts of people who are thrifty, yet few of them are any nearer success today than they were twenty years ago, and there are very few successful people who will tell you their success is due to thrift. By studying hard and absorbing all the knowledge you can? What becomes of the thousands of college graduates who have at their finger tips vast and valuable knowledge? Look around you and you'll find some of them holding positions which pay just enough to afford



a living, some are warming the park benches unable to secure a position, and some of them are the most dismal failures the world has ever known. By planning and scheming? Talk to the failures, and in nearly every case you will find them to have plans and schemes which, although they may be workable enough and have been used to bring success to some, have brought them nothing but failure.

No, my friends, success is not to be won through any of these methods alone. True, it requires a certain amount of work, knowledge, thrift, planning, and scheming to ultimately win success, but with work, knowledge, thrift, plans, and schemes alone you will utterly fail to reach your goal. All these things are useless unless you have the great power behind them—the power of secrecy, without which none may hope to succeed.

The whole of the universe—the whole of all there is and ever will be—is based upon the one great law underlying the power of secrecy. Throughout all the world there is not one person who can tell us what God is, for God is a secret to man. Not one person can tell us how the smallest blade of grass is created; for that, too, is a secret held from man. Were all the secret laws of the universe to be revealed to man, man would, in his egotism, attempt to do better work than God; and so it would come to pass that the universe would be in a fine state of affairs. Therefore, God, and the laws of God underlying nature, and all the universe, must of necessity be kept secret and hidden from man. True, there are millions of so-called teachers ready and waiting to tell us what God is, just as there are scientists ready to tell us what a blade of grass is. They know, and we know, that grass is made up of certain molecules having certain chemical constituents, and that these molecules are composed of atoms, the atoms composed of electrons, etc.; but the how and why of electrons combining to form atoms, the atoms to form molecules, and the molecules to form the blade of grass, giving it its color, form, and etc., is a secret, and ever shall remain a secret to man, and by "man" I mean the outer, profane, egotistical man.

The inner man, however, the only real part of man, can and does know the secret of creation, for it utilizes this secret at every opportunity. Did I not state in the beginning of this lecture that the inner self reaches out into Cosmic space and uses the finer forces; that it creates life in every cell? In view of that statement, it is to be acknowledged that in order to create and possess the power and ability of creating things, it must also possess the secret of that power. Therefore, the inner self can accomplish that which is desired to be accomplished if that desire is in keeping with the law and order of the universe itself.

The so-called mind of man, that is the outer, objective mind of man, is nothing in itself, because it is the God-mind or the inner mind that creates and makes manifest all things. Man, in his outward manifestation is nothing but a mere machine, or medium, for the purpose of carrying out the directions of the inner man; but because the outer man has the right to choose and do as he pleases to a certain extent, because he has a will of his own, he mistakes this for power and assumes that he, too, can create and so he sets himself apart from all else and says "I am." It is in such a manner that the outer man separates himself from the inner man and comes to know failure. He refuses to commune with and listen to the inner voice and thus allow that inner self to create and complete that which is desired by the outer self.

Now the inner man is constantly creating energy necessary to carry on life, and all things which are necessary to life, through what is known as mental activity. After all it is through mental activity that we live, or rather come to know that we live. It is through this same activity that you conceive ideas, make plans, and decide how and when these ideas and plans are to be made manifest, or carried out. All your ideas, all your plans, all your actions are due to the mental activities as conceived, created, and directed by the inner self, and sent forth to be made manifest through the medium of physical operations. Thus you come to conceive of an

idea, make your plans accordingly, and then carry them out to their ultimate conclusion, which is either success or failure—success if you allow the inner man to work uninterfered with by the outer man and failure if the outer man interferes.

Now the best way to arrive at your goal of success is along the line of least resistance. Your inner self has given you the idea of what success means to you, and the goal has been set. You *want* to become successful, of that there is no doubt, and, therefore, you must do only those things which will make you successful. But you ask, "What are those things?" and here we find ourselves bordering on and delving into the very heart of the power of secrecy.

The things you must do in order to attain the greatest success in your chosen line of endeavor, as presented to you through the promptings of your inner self, are the very things your inner self tells you to do. The instructions come to your objective mind through the promptings or impulses sent forth by the inner mind, and you must listen to, heed, and follow these promptings to the last detail if you wish to succeed. You must not allow your outer, objective, mind to interfere with those promptings and do those things which are opposite to your inner promptings, nor set aside such promptings until a later time, for the inner self knows best what to do and just when the proper time is at hand to do it.

You must also do one other thing—a simple thing in one way, but very difficult in another. That thing which you must do is *to keep silent!* Be secretive about your plans and the things you intend doing, for only in this way may you hope to possess the necessary mental energy with which to carry you on to your goal. Tell no one of your intended plans, but commune only with yourself, for in the very telling of your plans you are using the mental energy you will need to carry them out. Secrecy means conservation of mental energy—the energy which is necessary for success in anything at all, and without which success may never be attained.

On Hundred Thirteen

To illustrate how secrecy conserves and stores up mental energy, let us take the ordinary dynamo—that machine which is used to create electricity. The dynamo will create electrical energy only so long as it has another power behind it to drive it. When that other power is taken away the dynamo is lifeless, so to speak. Now then, as long as the dynamo is driven we may secure the energy, and that energy may be utilized in many different ways. However, if we do not use it, the energy goes to waste, and if we *do* use it, we must use it as it comes from the dynamo; and when once it is used it cannot be replaced, except with new energy which is just sufficient to furnish power for the present needs. Now then, if we do not require the energy at once, and find that we cannot always have the power behind the dynamo to create the energy, we must store some of it up to be used when needed. We do this through the medium of a storage battery and, thus, whenever we need energy we have it at a moment's notice. Now to compare this illustration with the human mind:

The mind—the outer mind—of man may be compared with the dynamo, and the inner mind with the power behind the dynamo. As long as man uses the dynamic energy of his mind, he will never have enough on tap to carry him through big ideas and plans; and he uses that energy by telling others about his plans, etc., when it is not necessary. The storage battery may be likened unto the will of man wherein he produces *conscious effort*, and in doing so retains the greater part of the energy produced by the power of the *i n n e r* self. Thus, through *conscious effort* man decides to remain secretive about his plans, his work and doings, and he stores up an enormous amount of mental energy which will carry him through anything.

Secrecy means power, because if you do not tell others of your plans, and what you are doing, they will never know if your plans are changed, discarded, or fail to materialize through your own decisions. Because of this you will come to be looked upon as a person who does not know failure, and the



world loves to respect a s u c c e s s , it comes to a success for advice, he is trusted, and big opportunities are afforded where confidence comes foremost.

Secrecy, combined with a normal amount of work, intelligence, thrift, and ideas, means success in any endeavor, providing you accept the promptings of your inner self—the self that never will lead you along the wrong path. It will carry you to the heights in the shortest possible time; it will open up vast possibilities to you, overcome every obstacle in your path, make of you a power in and of the world, and carry you on and on. Secrecy demands silence, for in silence comes the greatest gifts from God—in silence you may commune with

your inner self and receive instructions. Silence means attunement with the finer forces of the Cosmic and gives strength, courage, and conviction. Secrecy demands co-operation on the part of the outer man with the inner self, for without the inner self the outer man is but dust of the earth.

Remember the s e c r e t of secrecy. Carry it in your hearts and put it into practice beginning *now*. It comes to you freely—use it just as freely; but in return, remember you must give as freely of yourself to yourself, to your God, to your brothers and sisters. Use this secret to attain success, for without it you must fail. Such is the law of God, who is ever the secret power and glory, now and forevermore.



The Chatter Box

By The Listener-In.

The spring time is here and that means that we, in Santa Clara Valley, have beautiful green lawns, beautiful trees, and many flowers, and the blossoms of the apricot, cherry, prune, and almond trees. We are already thinking of next month and the other months of the summer and fall, when we will take our trips into the mountains, valleys, and to the seashore, and enjoy the most wonderful scenery and climate in America.



We expect a great many visitors this spring and summer judging from extracts in the correspondence, and what has been said by those who have been here at other times; and surely everyone of you, who has an opportunity to visit the West should plan to go through San Jose and stop off for an hour or two between trains, or over night, and visit headquarters.

The Emperor is back from the tour to Egypt and Europe and has brought many interesting souvenirs with him, and we are looking forward to the receipt of cases of other things, which are to be put on display in the museum connected with headquarters.



I am sure that our members will be glad to know a little secret, which will not be announced officially in this magazine for another month or two. The Emperor is writing another book for which he has been gathering information for a number of years, and for which he has brought back with him from the Holy Land and other places, very valuable documents and historic facts. The book is to be called "The Mystical Life of Jesus" and it will be the most complete outline of the birth, early preparation, ministry, and final years of the life of this great Master. Needless to say it will contain facts

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May
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One Hundred Fourteen

that have not been generally published before, especially about the Essene Brotherhood and Jesus' connection with it. Likewise, the facts of the youth of Jesus while he was in preparation for his ministry and the facts regarding the crucifixion and final transition of Jesus will be a revelation to a great many. We, who have heard some of the passages of the book, realize that the book will be in great demand because there have been thousands of inquiries coming to headquarters for many years regarding this great character, and the facts of His life. The book will not be ready for another thirty or sixty days.



The Emperor brought so many other valuable records and documents with him that at a consultation meeting held in the sanctum the other day, at which I was permitted to be present, a plan was discussed for the establishment of a library of monographs for our members and their friends. According to the suggested plan, AMORC will issue once a month a large brochure monograph dealing with one mystical, metaphysical, or occult subject, beautifully printed, well-bound, and of uniform size. These monographs are to sell at a nominal price so that every member can secure one each month, and being of uniform size, they can be bound together very easily, thereby making eventually a very large and complete encyclopedia of special information for our members. If this plan is carried through, it will certainly solve many problems for our members, especially that of additional reading at a nominal price, and these monographs will contain information that would only be found in very rare and costly books with extreme difficulty. More about this plan will be stated later.



At the consultation referred to above, another matter was brought up by the Emperor, as a result of the requests made by many members who were on the tour to Europe. The plan is to hold the first of the annual, national conventions and honorary initiations at the Supreme Temple this coming September. The plan calls for one or two delegates coming from every group or lodge of

the Order in North America to the Supreme lodge in San Jose for the week beginning Thursday, September 19th. During the first three weeks of this period, convention sessions will be held for discussions of plans and work of the organization, and on Sunday, September 22nd, a special initiation ceremony will be held in the Supreme Egyptian Temple, whereby all those members, who have not been initiated in a lodge of the Order in any city, may be initiated and receive an honorary degree and be raised to regular membership at the high triangular altar, in the center of the Temple, under the direction of the Emperor personally. The other two or three days of the week will be used by the visiting delegates and members to visit the nearby beauty spots of Santa Clara valley, and enjoy the hospitality of this wonderful country. Those who are not official delegates, but who wish to attend the session of the convention and visit headquarters will be welcome, and may participate in the initiation. Now this is a wonderful opportunity for those who are planning a summer or fall tour of any kind, and since there are special, reduced, low rates on the railroad trains during the summer and up until October, it will be possible for hundreds of our members to make San Jose the goal of their summer trip in a very economical manner. Further details regarding this plan will appear in the magazine in later issues, but now is the time for everyone, who is contemplating making a trip, to arrange his affairs and set aside the week beginning September 19th for his vacation.



I have been listening to hundreds of the letters that have been received regarding the new book called "Rosicrucian Principles" and I am not surprised at the wonderful things that have been said about it. We, who had the opportunity to read the manuscript before the book was published, know how thoroughly it would answer the thousands of questions that have been asked by our members in their correspondence and in their personal visits here at headquarters. Most of the members say that it has served them in a way that no other book could possibly do, and the fact



that many of the members are buying two or three copies in order to give one or two away to friends, proves how they appreciate it. The first edition is almost exhausted, and the second edition is now under way in our printing plant. If you have not gotten a copy of this first edition, you should do so at once, for there is always some value to the *first edition* of any good book.

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Speaking of our printing plant reminds me that another very large printing press has just been purchased for that shop of ours, which makes it now the largest printing plant of a general character anywhere in California, between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The plant has recently been moved into a larger and newer building, and it just hums all day long with the printing of literature, new books, pamphlets, and stationery for our organization. Visitors to the plant are surprised at its thorough and modern equipment, and they are always pleased to see how happily and cheerfully the workers in the shop co-operate with our organization in putting a feeling of kindness and good will into every hour of their labors.

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Our printing plant is also issuing a new edition of the Emperor's book called "A Thousand Years of Yesterdays." The first edition of this book, which consisted of many thousands of copies, has an international circulation and has been ordered by bookstores, libraries, and individuals in every part of the civilized world, and has been translated into many different languages. Most of these foreign language editions are exhausted. It is generally conceded to be the most mystical, illuminating, fascinating, and mysterious story of Rosicrucian principles ever written. The new edition will be sold at the same economical price as the first edition in order that those who have become familiar with the old price, when printing conditions were more economical than they are now, may continue to order as heretofore. An announcement of this book is on inside of front cover of this issue. On the other hand, those who wish to have a copy at 75 cents plus 10 cents for postage may send their orders in to the Supply Department with their

remittance, and the book will be promptly shipped.

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The other night a special assembly gathered in one of the larger rooms at headquarters, and witnessed a preview of the Emperor's moving pictures taken on the trip to Europe and Egypt. It took five hours to show the entire set of reels, which cover many thousands of feet of film. Many exciting, humorous, and instructive scenes were shown, and if the Emperor carries out his plan of permitting the largest of our groups and branches to see these pictures, it will certainly be an unusual opportunity for our members to make a *mental journey* through all the strange places covered by this tour. The Emperor also brought back a number of large water-colored paintings, which he made during the trip, and a very large number of unusual photographs of mystical sites and places. Some of these photographs will appear in the new book, "The Mystical Life of Jesus" as well as the reproduction of the Emperor's oil painting of Jesus, which depicts Jesus as the Aryan which he really was. So many members have written and asked how they might secure a reproduction of the painting of Jesus, which hangs in the Supreme Lodge Temple here, and if the picture appears in the Emperor's new book, this will give all an opportunity to have a copy of it.

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I understand that the California Grand Lodge in San Francisco has secured a new location for its Temple and Lodge rooms. The lease on the present property expires on May first, and since the space occupied is not large enough, a new lease on a very fine building has been secured. The new address will be 1655 Polk Street, right in the heart of the fine business section of San Francisco and convenient to many traffic lines. An Egyptian front to the building entrance is being constructed and very attractive rooms for all the activities of the Grand Lodge will be located on the upper floors. From what I have heard it appears that some very new forms of propaganda and general Lodge work will be carried on after the removal to the new location. For

several years the work in San Francisco and adjoining districts has been growing in various private channels under the direction of the Imperator who has been quietly laying a foundation for a very large membership with special activities.

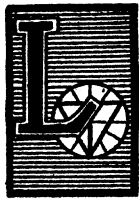
The time is now ripe for the bursting forth of these plans. All members in the district of San Francisco who are entitled to affiliation with the Grand Lodge under its new scope of activities will be notified in due time.



Report of the Egyptian Tour

INSTALLMENT NUMBER FOUR

Reported by The Trip Secretary



LUXOR, the goal of our journey!

Here we are, settled in our luxurious hotel rooms, the moonlight tinting the balconies of our private reception rooms with the mystic color of pale blue, while the warm air of the desert is cooled with refreshing breezes from the Nile, which passes close by the beautiful lawn and gardens beneath us, and from the shores come the sounds of oriental music and the tum-tum of weird ceremonial rhythm in native quarters.

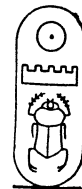
What a wonderful transformation from the cold, dreary, heartless lands we have passed through! Surely we cannot be accused of bias and prejudice in feeling that in Egypt we have found, at last, the ideal of our search; more than our love of mystery and mysticism is responsible for our unanimous declaration that here in Egypt is the perfect climate, the higher vibrations of peace and power, and the freedom from material greed, selfishness, tinsel and hypocrisy. I hope that each person who reads this record will gain some faint idea of the joy, the relief, the relaxation that has come to us while in this land of the pyramids and tem-

ples, despite our strenuous activities and thrilling experiences. Even as we entered Egypt at sunset, and reached Cairo late in the evening, we realized most keenly, subjectively and objectively, that we were close to the perfect state where all mystics easily sense the sublime things of life.

After our first night's rest in the best hotel in Cairo, with every possible modern convenience, we arose early to view the great city from the windows of our rooms on upper floors.

All of us felt the same way: not one hour was to be wasted in sleep during any time of the day or night while we were in Egypt; and with the weather of a summertime, the clear, dust-free air and invigorating vibrations, we simply had to be up and doing—hours before the breakfast gong.

What a joy it was, too, to move about in such a hotel! Arabian servants in their long white robes, tied with red sashes, and wearing attractive turbans, constantly at our elbows ready to serve us; spacious sleeping rooms with large beds; writing tables and lounges for each couple in the party; wide halls, the floors of which were covered with oriental rugs; great tea rooms and music halls; oriental dens and nooks, and a magnificent dining room with orientals to serve and an orchestra to play—the



hotel itself was a revelation and a pleasure. None of us ever expected such luxurious accommodations as have been provided in every possible instance; and as we were confronted with an attractive list of delicacies when we all met for our first Egyptian breakfast we realized, once again, that AMORC had gone beyond its promises and had made elaborate additions to our comfort and pleasures, regardless of expense. More than one member of the party has said: "The cost of my ticket for this tour has already been returned to me, and the tour is not half over!" We know, now, that AMORC, through the Imperator, did not reveal half of the wonderful things to be provided for us, and that the Imperator had planned to spend enormous sums of money to give each one of us the beautiful surprises that have added to our happiness and comfort at every turn.

Soon after our first breakfast we were informed that private cars—Packards, Hudsons, Cadillacs, and Buicks—were ready to take us about the city. In grouping ourselves so that four members and one guide would be in each car, we were introduced to the man who was to be our chief guide while in Northern Egypt. The Imperator was approached by this man, who was dressed in the official costume of a Sheik, and he proved himself to be a Brother of one of the oldest Rosicrucian Lodges in Egypt—named after Akhnaton IV, the traditional Great Master of the ancient Order. This Sheik had volunteered his services to our party as soon as he had been officially notified by the officers of his lodge, of our visit to Egypt, because, as Sheik in charge of over six thousand Arab tribesmen in the deserts of Egypt, he could assure us of unusual protection while we journeyed to the out-of-the-way places, and also because he possessed thirty-five large tents out in the desert where we hoped to camp a while for mystical experiences. So, he was to be our guide, our friend, our Brother, and our host. You may easily imagine the pleasure of our Brothers and Sisters in the party when they were introduced to the Sheik—a man passed mid-

dle age—stern and severe at moments when dealing with his tribesmen, with unmistakable authority and control, and genial, polished, cunningly fascinating at other times.

Our first morning drive around Cairo was intensely interesting. The wide avenues, large buildings and fine stores, clean, progressive, and thronged with tourists from all parts of the world, reminded me of the great boulevards of Paris, so far as architecture and French signs were concerned, and of Chicago, or other American cities in other respects.

Our long parade of automobiles passing through the busy streets and into many of the narrow alleys of the native sections, attracted unusual attention on the part of other tourists and the natives alike—although from different angles, of course. The first auto of the parade was the official one containing the Imperator, his wife and children, with the Sheik, in his costume and turban, bearing his insignia of rank, riding on the front seat with the driver—one of his tribesmen, in oriental costume. This car was followed by the second official car, containing the Canadian officers of the Order, with an oriental guide on the front seat; and the next car was occupied by the Trip Secretary and other officers, photographers and another oriental guide. Thereafter every third car contained a guide—most of whom were well known to every official, native guardian, or keeper at every public building, church, mosque, or shrine we visited. Thus the parade of cars, with the picturesque coloring of oriental costumes, and most of us wearing a red fez, attracted attention and interest.

A large red triangle (a duplicate of the symbol placed on all our baggage, tickets, and posters) was always painted on every automobile used by us, in every one of the very many cities visited, together with a sticker stating that the tour party represented the AMORC Rosicrucian Order of North America. These symbols, stickers, tickets, and signs, displayed at every stop we made, at every hotel, building, shrine, railroad station, or wharf, brought forth inquir-

ies, interested students of the various mystical and occult schools, and, especially, members of the R. C. in each locality, who joyfully greeted us and offered their services in helping to make our trip pleasant and instructive. The loads of literature left behind us—always on definite request only—the hundreds of interviews with prominent people—from newspaper editors, government officials, business men, hotel and railroad directors, and business men, to tourists and clerks—unquestionably left each city and country better acquainted with what the real Rosicrucian Order represents.

As I have said before, comments were freely made in each city by representatives of the local branches of the American Express Company, the hotels, railroads, and public places, that this large party—the largest that ever left America under one leadership or ever came to their localities as one unit—was the most cultured, educated, truly interested, and appreciative group of men and women ever conducted or cared for by them.

Despite the constant change of climate, water, and food, not one of our members of the party was sick and had to seek changes in the itinerary or cause disruption or delays in any plans; no one fell under the influence of local intoxicants and became objectionable or uncontrollable (as they say a great many tourists do, much to the disgust of foreigners who therefore ridicule American tourists); and no one was lacking in assuming the tolerant, sympathetic, and respectful attitude toward the many strange, different, or misunderstood customs, habits, rules, and regulations of the *natives*, who are justly sensitive to the ordinary sarcastic remarks of the average tourist. Our Emperor had asked us, in an early lecture aboard the Adriatic, to remember, when we were face to face with any unusual custom or situation, that *we* were the foreigners in a foreign land: we were the intruders, the ones who were different and peculiar; and his excellent explanations of why we were to expect certain strange conditions and why certain customs and habits were

logically right in foreign lands, though peculiar to us, helped us to understand the peoples we met as our kin.

Speaking of food and water and the diversity in the things of life, we must say that our food has been uniformly excellent. In some cities where the best to be had was not as good, or of the kind we desired, we soon discovered that we were doing better than many tourists. However, no item on any menu was ever disagreeable or impalatable, and we looked in vain for those strange concoctions which many told us would be our sole fare. In every city we found on each menu many items well known to us, prepared in the customary manner, wholesome, fresh, tasteful, and sufficient—with many, many gorgeous luxuries.

It is needless to say that when we were escorted to any public building, museum, church, mosque, shrine, mystic place, or special site, our members were more than *casually* interested. Naturally all commonplace sites were eliminated for lack of time and interest on this special tour, and emphasis was given to those unusual or secret places not visited, or even realized, by the usual tourist. At such places the reverence, interest, respect, and profound regard displayed by our members, attracted the attention of the keepers or officials. It seemed to them that for the first time in many years, Americans were truly interested, with sympathetic understanding, in those things that the natives held dear to their hearts. Can you wonder, then, that more doors were opened to us, more secret places revealed, more archives unsealed, and more forbidden lights turned on than we had any reason to anticipate. In many cases where our hourly program called for a limited visit to some important place, our members were invited by the surprised and *pleased* keepers to return again at late hours—even in the evenings—and offered the very unusual privilege of further viewing the things at times (and often under conditions) when visitors are forbidden. In this way many strange ceremonies were seen, rare, secret, or private records examined, and closed places pri-



vately opened. One such instance occurred where the cave (burial place) of a Colombe, or Vestal Virgin of our Order has been buried for many centuries. On our first visit, as tourists, the keepers showed us the heavy iron gates well locked at the entrance of the cave and told us how they had not been opened for years. Only a faint view of the interior was possible. After the Emperor had talked to the officials and explained the relationship of the tourists to the interest in the cave, members were invited to return later, when no other tourists were aware of it; and doing so, they found the gates wide open with cordial privilege to enter, pass up the secret stairway in the rock and see the ancient tomb room.

The sites visited during the first days in Cairo included the ancient citadel, the mosques of Mohamed Ali, and Sultan Hassan, the tombs of Mamelukes, the Mohammedan University of Al Azhar, the Egyptian Museum, the Island of Rodah, the Coptic Churches, and the narrow streets, old homes, and strange bazaars of ancient Cairo.

We were thrilled to see, from the walls of the Citadel, the distant pyramids, and we were reminded at once, by our Brother Sheik, that a great surprise awaited us in the "shadow of the Pyramid." We remember how his dark, mystic eyes twinkled with a spark of hidden meaning as he spoke of the surprises that awaited us "in the desert, beyond," and how he looked toward the Emperor and made a significant gesture. He was always mysterious in his veiled reference to what we would see or experience while in Egypt, and it was quite evident that even the Emperor was not fully aware of some of the plans made by the Rosicrucians of Egypt for our entertainment and illumination.

We noted, also, how often the Sheik greeted native officials in some of the public buildings, with signs which our members of the higher grades recognized, and then he would call the Emperor and the staff of AMORC officers aside and introduce them to these officials, while pictures were taken, membership cards exhibited, and certain plans hurriedly discussed.

Perhaps our most interesting visit, during the first days in Cairo, was to the Cairo Museum, a veritable city of Egyptian antiquities. It was the Sheik's great pleasure to point out the magnificent articles taken from the homes and temples of Akhnaton, the great Master of our Order. He would wait until the whole group of our members would be crowded close to him in one room of the museum—which often filled such a room to capacity, and as often was an impossibility because of the great number in our party—and then explain what the usual guide and guide book say of the things pointed out, followed by the true facts as known to the Rosicrucians of Egypt. Such correct explanations were always preceded with the words: "But Brothers and Sisters, *really* you should know that *really*, etc., etc." In his inimical way, with eyes flashing in enthusiasm, and a foreign accept which came to the fore whenever he was excited, and which clearly revealed the Arabian blood back of his tribal rank, he brought to our attention hundreds of very important matters seldom noted by tourists. It became a rule with our members—jokingly referred to throughout the trip—that when the Sheik used the words "*really* you should know that *really*," something highly significant would follow.

Often the strangely moving, silent oriental guards, located in shadowy nooks of some of the unusual places visited, would be brought to closer contact with our members by the Sheik's mystic signal of salutation, and then we would find another member of the Rosicrucian fraternity, surprised to find so many of us in his presence, but ready to tell what he knew, *secretly*, of some of the strange things under his care.

It became quite evident to us by the time we reached our hotels in Luxor (where we are now located) that there were many thousands of Rosicrucians in Egypt, and that there were many lodges, principally in the large cities. Cairo has four such lodges, one of them having a continuous existence of many centuries, although it is not the Grand Lodge of Egypt.

We found that the educated, cultured Arabs, and the educated Egypt-

ians constitute about eighty per cent of the Rosicrucian membership in Egypt. We soon learned how true were the statements of our Imperator, in various articles in our *Mystic Triangle*, regarding the *secrecy* and limitations under which the Rosicrucians in foreign lands operate and study. Only a few, like the Sheik, wore any emblem or symbol—and always was it hidden under a great quantity of oriental drapery, and never for profane eyes to see. Yet, how sacredly and joyfully did most of them show us the hidden emblems they carried, and greet us with *signs, grips, and words*, when they were sure that no one but Rosicrucians were near.

When we later asked the proprietor of our hotel in Cairo whether or not there were any Rosicrucians in Egypt, we received the usual *formal* answer: "No longer, sir! They are only a memory here now—a sacred memory to some—a myth to others; but *none* are actually known!" And yet, at that very moment there were eleven true, Egyptian members close by in the lobby, and directly across the street there was an oriental store presided over by two high members, who pointed out to us fully a score of other native members living or having stores within the square of the hotel.

In passing, I must add that the Imperator knew the two Brothers who operated the oriental store, and from the first day of our stay in Cairo he spent much time there, purchasing enormous quantities of tapestries, Egyptian temple cloths, oriental lamps, and other things for the Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC in San Jose, all of which were packed in cases and forwarded by freight to America. One by one, we were introduced to the Brothers operating this store, and we found them perfectly willing to sell us novelties, embroideries, jewels, and hundreds of other articles, at the actual, wholesale cost prices; and they finally secured for us great quantities of the incense used in the Rosicrucian Lodges of Egypt and also the essential oils of many of the rare perfumes of Egypt, such as *Lotus*. They offered our members unset dia-

monds, rubies, emeralds, and other stones at prices so remarkably low—so inconceivably *cheap*—that many were sold. Only the fact that these stones came from old Temples and secret places of the Rosicrucians, explained the low prices given, confidentially, to our members.

But, the great event of our stay in Cairo came the day before we left for the South; it was that which the Imperator had promised long before we left America, and which the Sheik had alluded to, so many times.

Packing our grips for light travelling, we proceeded one afternoon, right after lunch, in our long parade of autos, for the Great Pyramid. Out along the long boulevard, in beautiful sunshine, we rushed with thrilling excitement to the famous Mena House and Gardens, on the edge of the desert. Here, at three o'clock, we had the most novel experiences of our lives—getting upon the backs of the camels that awaited us. The Sheik had provided hundreds of them, each covered and decorated with gayly-colored cloths and accompanied by natives in the most fantastic costumes imaginable. Never have we seen or even visualized such an army of camels and natives—mostly Arabian tribesmen under the control of the Sheik. And there were many donkeys and donkey carts for those who preferred such means of travel.

What jabbering! Every camel driver was anxious to have his animal selected and used so that the congestion would be quickly over. The result was that we soon had a scene which was being rapidly photographed by our reporters and filmed by the Imperator with his moving picture machine, which always clicked away throughout the whole trip from America.

It seemed to us—and even in the moving picture which we saw later—that there were hundreds of automobiles, a thousand camels, a hundred donkeys, a thousand or more Arabian drivers and guides, five hundred American tourists, and one hundred mounted British officers, all tangled up in one mob scene that would have done justice to any moving picture director at Holly-



wood. Each camel driver was calling out the name of his camel: "Moses, Whiskey, Blue Moon, Good Luck, Calvin, Seven-eleven, Teddy, Three Stars, Jesus, Baldy, Knock-knees, Stupid, Yankee Doodle, George Cohan, Sweet Chocolate!" The Sheik and his staff of associate guides were yelling wildly in Arabic, attempting to control the camel drivers; the taxi drivers were likewise yelling and honking their shrill horns in various notes in an attempt to turn their cars around and get out of the melee; and the British officers were shouting wildly to everyone to get into lines; while our members were calling to one another to "Wait for me! I'll be over with you in a minute! I'll follow you! I want *that* Camel! Where is so-and-so?"

We will never forget the hour. And, when we saw the whole scene over again, in quiet hours at the hotel, when the Emperor's moving pictures were shown, we simply screamed aloud with laughter and thrilling recollections.

In a while we were being helped upon the camels and forming into line for the journey to the pyramids. Because this was the first *large* party of Americans to ever venture out to camp on the desert, at sunset, the request was made for mounted British officers as an escort, in addition to ten mounted desert Arabian police, in native costume, riding on white horses. These escorts, riding alongside our long parade traversing the sand dunes of the desert that afternoon, made one of the most fascinating pictures ever seen by Americans; and it is recorded in hundreds of photographs made at the time, and in many hundreds of feet of moving picture film, which will be seen by our branches and groups sometime.

After an hour's ride on camels and donkeys we reached the Sphinx, near the Great Pyramid, and there dismounted and followed the instructions given for the first of our mystical ceremonies in Egypt. I wish I were permitted to tell all about this ceremony, but I am prohibited by the vows we took.

Permission had been secured by the Rosicrucians in Egypt for our party to

have exclusive and private use of the side of the sacred grounds of the Sphinx (recently excavated) facing the ancient altar where the mystic rites were held at sunset in the days gone by. Here the special British officers, police, and soldiers formed a wide circle and excluded all tourists, camel drivers, natives, and others who were not members of our party. Then, while we formed a complete "lodge" facing the altar of the Sphinx, our pictures were taken again, and the Emperor made an opening address of explanation. This was followed by each candidate making certain signs and pledging himself in accordance with an ancient formula and promise. After this the Sheik, representing the Order in Egypt, explained the true purpose of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and the significance of the ceremony being performed. Then followed certain details, which I cannot disclose, and in silence and reverence we left the sacred area of the Sphinx, having completed the first step in the long process of initiation which awaited us in Egypt—and which is not completed even now, although we have reached Luxor and have passed through many preliminary ceremonies. Of course, the Emperor's preparatory talks on the boat, while we were crossing the Atlantic, and in the hotels in Palestine, had enabled him and his officers to select those who were worthy of this Initiation, and there were a number in the party who were not admitted to any of the Initiations.

After leaving the Sphinx ceremony we mounted our camels again, and once more faced several very large cameras while large group pictures and more movies were taken. Then we started westward across the desert sands for the Sheik's tents. What a picture again!

I lingered behind, at times, with the Emperor, who was mounted on a fast camel so that he could go ahead and operate his moving picture machine, or quickly return to the center or rear of the parade, to get other pictures. What a thrill members of our Order will get in the future, looking at these moving pictures—pictures which reveal not only

pretty sights such as are seldom seen by Americans, but also depict in *indisputable testimony* the facts of the great pilgrimage to *places* and under *circumstances* possible only with an organization such as ours.

Picture, if you can, this sight! The winter sun beginning to set in the West, and rapidly reaching the edges of huge hills of desert sands, like rolling, mountainous waves on the ocean. The red glow of the fiery sun ball tinting the sands, while the sky was travertined and streaked with purple and gold. Before us passed the long parade of camels, each guided by an oriental in bizarre costume, chanting or singing, while one of our members rocked from side to side upon the camel, with the rhythm of the camel's movement. Soldiers, police, and Arabian out-riders as escorts moved rapidly up and down the line.

Over one mountain of sand, and down into a small valley, then up the side of another dune, and down again to a level stretch—thus the parade moved forward. From our position near the center of the line, at times, those camels carrying our Brothers and Sisters far in the lead looked like miniature statues silhouetted against the red and gold sky. They were fully two miles distant from us, but perfectly clear in that wonderful light and atmosphere. And, back of us, for another mile or more, stretched more camels and donkeys with their escorts. Mile after mile, and miles long, passed the parade toward the setting sun, down into the valley of the desert and out of sight. I could not help but think of the symbolism of this sight. So many Americans, from a land of civilization, jour-

neying here toward a setting sun, in a barren and fast-darkening desert of silence and impressive, mystic stillness, to be ready for a "rising sun in the east" at the dawn of another day.

And thus it was! After a long journey into the desert, far beyond the sounds, sights, and lights of civilization, with the pyramids rapidly fading into small triangles just rising above the horizon, we came to a great, flat plain of the desert, with a magnificent view for hundreds of miles to the West—and miles toward the East, where the waters of the Nile could be seen like a silver thread crossing the sands. Here we found the Sheik's great reception tent—a huge affair made completely of oriental cloths, and a group of sleeping tents, with beds and every convenience, a host of slave-servants to wait upon us, and—well, I must end my report right here—as writers end their serials—at the most interesting point; for what awaited us in that first night on the desert is a complete story in itself, and I know that several of the novelists and newspaper writers in the party are working now on stories based solely on the incidents of this one evening.

None of us can ever forget what the Rosicrucians of Egypt provided for our comfort, our entertainment, and, lastly, for our mystic illumination. Not since the days of the Pharoahs has such a mystical and ceremonial night been passed on the deserts. Will it ever be again? "Not for another one hundred and eight years," say the Rosicrucians of Egypt. "It is the Law!" And the mystics of Egypt have a strange way of having their sacred laws obeyed.

(Part Two of the Fourth Installment will follow in our next issue.)



Idiosyncrasies

By The Supreme Secretary



THE Editor of "The Mystic Triangle" has received several requests that we endeavor to answer the following question in the monthly article on "Idiosyncrasies": "Why does not the personality enter the body in its first incarnation in a perfect state?" Upon first consideration of this question, it would seem quite stupendous, perhaps beyond the realm of a logical answer; however, as we proceed in an analytical manner, using our Rosicrucian principles as a standard, the question becomes quite simple and almost seems to answer itself.

First, just what do we mean when we say the personality is in a perfect state? What does a Rosicrucian consider a perfect state of the personality? We have shown, in our discussion last month, in this column, that the personality is not the soul, but is an attribute of it. It is something added to the soul that enters the body at birth with the soul. It is that consciousness which causes you to have a realization that you are YOU. It is that something that makes you an individual, that distinguishes you from everyone else. It has also been pointed out that when this personality enters a body on this plane for its first incarnation, it is crude, coarse, even profane. I do not mean that it is not cultured or that it lacks what we call ethics or social training. Those things are applicable to the outer man; they are superficial, man-made formalities. By coarseness I mean the failure to appreciate the beautiful things of life; the failure to aspire to the finer and more spiritual things. The coarseness of a personality is not of an outer nature, but an inner nature. We can begin now to see that the personality in its first incarnation is so crude and primitive that it acts as a complete veil around man's soul. It keeps the Cosmic Divine light or God's consciousness from penetrating through.

After a process of reasoning, therefore, it would appear proper to say that a personality that is highly or completely perfected would be just the opposite of the one explained above. It would be one that is in perfect harmony with the soul. In other words, personality in a perfect state is that one which would LET the Divine knowledge of the soul flow through man's outer consciousness. One whose personality is in a perfect state would have what is known as *Cosmic consciousness*, and at all times would listen to the dictates of his soul; and his personality would be crystal clear, permitting Divinity to flow through him in such a manner that he would radiate this great power wherever he went. All of the great masters of the past, yea, even the present, are an example of a perfect state of personality.

We now have, I believe, a fair comprehension of an unevolved personality and one that is in a perfect state; but we are back to our question, "Why does not the personality enter the body at first in the highly evolved state we have just discussed?" Have you ever thought why you have a personality; why you have a consciousness that causes you to realize your existence? It would seem perhaps more logical, at first consideration, not to have a personality. It would seem to our advantage to have God's consciousness or the soul force be the only consciousness in us; then we would be one large human family, following the soul force in us instinctively. We would not know ourselves nor would we be able to distinguish our identity from any other individual. As a group of human beings we would automatically do certain things in life without any knowledge of the motive for doing them. We would not even know of God, as we would have no other form of consciousness but that of God. The greatness of the soul in us would be

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lost to us. We know it takes a shadow to prove that there is sunlight; so does it take our personality, our subconscious mind, to cause us to know that there is a God, that there is such a thing as another force higher and mightier than ourselves. God's consciousness permeates us—we term it *soul*. But if that were all there was—just God's consciousness—you would not be able to appreciate it as you would have no other form of consciousness to contrast or compare it with.

Why do you appreciate the wonderful sunshine, the glory of the golden sun's rays? Because when it is dark, when it is night, you miss them. You are aware of the absence of the light; so it is with the personality. God gave you an ego, a personality, so that you could think and reason for yourself; so you could know of the darkness of life, of the negative side of things; so that you could compare your ways of doing things with the greatness of the works of God; and so that you could realize that you are a part of God's consciousness. If you had no way of knowing that you were *YOU*, that you were an individual, a living being, you would not then know of God. You would only be the result of God's immutable laws, merely a manifestation like the grass beneath your feet and the stars in the blue canopy above you. Mighty are you in the knowledge that you know you are of God. It is that which makes you the supreme work of Him. If at first your personality was perfectly evolved in all of its perfections, and God's knowledge in all of its grandeur permeated your outer

mind and consciousness, you would have no standard of comparison. The greatness of God would even be common-place to you. You would accept it without a full appreciation of its vastness. True, you would be one with God, but not one with the universe, as you would not know of his other works unless you had a form of consciousness to comprehend the material plane and your outer self.

It is best that we start at the bottom in the cycle of evolution, in ignorance, to learn of God's manifestations and of our own physical self so that we gradually come to the realization of Him.

A little analogy might help us to understand this question. If you were to walk into a room that was brightly illuminated, and the electric bulbs were concealed, you would accept the fact that the room was well lighted, without being conscious of where the light came from, perhaps not even realizing that the room was illuminated; but when you see the electric fixtures and can see the manner in which the light is projected out into the room, you then realize what each little separate bulb is doing for the whole room, and you appreciate the light, itself. The personality in man causes him to realize just how different he is from another, and how little or how much of the great light of God he is radiating out into the world of men. We evolve the personality slowly, learning many lessons, so that when Cosmic consciousness finally illuminates us we are in a state of perfection, capable of appreciating and utilizing it by working in harmony with same.



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AUTHORIZED BY THE IMPERATOR



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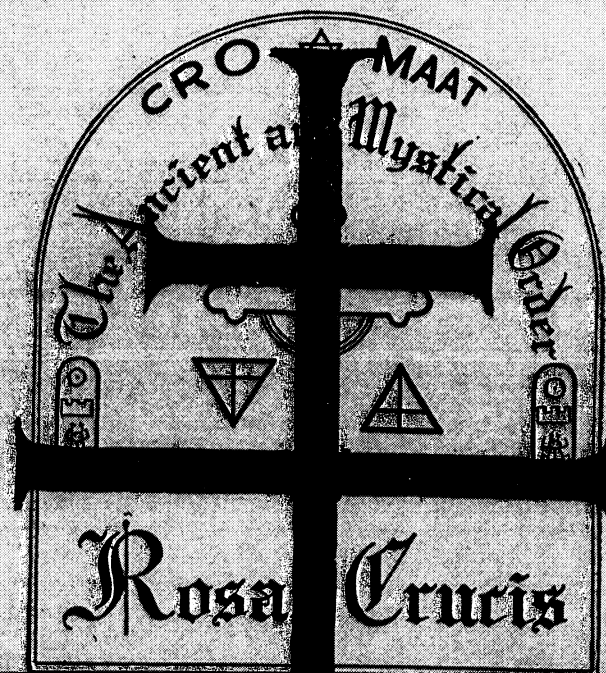
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