

Further Notes on the Record (November 20, 1938)

Many months have passed since the last contributions for this Record. Much of the intervening time has been devoted to writing and lecturing, all of this centering upon the one subject of the Transformation of Consciousness. Other activities have been either quite subordinate or else subsidiary to that one central interest. In the meantime, my states of consciousness have developed through significant phases which are properly part of the continuation of the Record. These I propose to review in a brief outline.

The outstanding fact today is a persistent changed relationship to the world-field. Never since that fateful day in August has the world returned to me with its old meanings and values. Always, now, it is a dream-like and empty world, save when I pretend to treat it as though its relationships are real. Always I realize that accomplishments in it are no more than ghost-values, save insofar as they may facilitate the birth of the superior Consciousness. I see human nature stripped of the veneers that had so largely hidden it in other days and the total effect of all this is not a happy one. It has become quite clear that it is better that men, in general, should not see the surrounding actuality too objectively before they have realized the underlying Reality, at least in some measure. Otherwise, they might feel quite hopeless. For the realistic view of empiric man is far from attractive. The selfishness and brutality of nations is but a reflection of the average consciousness.

However, to know all this is but a dream-drama, and that the reality behind the actors is of a very different and vastly superior nature, gives to one the courage and strength to face empiric actuality as it is and yet remain in a profound sense undisturbed. Indeed, one then has more than the support of hope, but even clear assurance of underlying worth. Because of this, I have been enabled to face a veritable journey through the hells of human consciousness. Unavoidably, this journey is sad and dreary, and part of me partakes of this quality, although all the while, in another and profounder sense, I stand apart, unaffected. There is a certain gladness that comes from the fact that one can, in some measure, alleviate this darkness. On the other hand, one stands helpless before the willfulness of men. Apparently, men cannot be constrained to see the Light which shines about them, but must be led to that seeing. Thus, much of this life consists of simply waiting, which gives to Time a peculiar dragging quality. The hours flow by more slowly than ever. One looks down a vista of time that is not bounded by a short seventy years, but which is on the order of ages. For physical death is so clearly an interlude in much vaster cycles of continuous self-consciousness.

Today, my attitude toward the Higher Consciousness has taken on the quality of professionalism. Never do I abandon myself to It as in those early days, but rather am I concerned with steering a course within It so that it may be more widely shared.