

## THE TRAIL

As a sequel to her strange and vivid experiences in which she took part in ancient initiation ceremonies, the Author describes how she was given the technique of revelation by which the power of light may be received. By a special training in which absolute consciousness and interpenetration of light is revealed, the initiate may attain complete spiritual contact. Showing how transmutation through light has been achieved at its highest by Jesus The Christ, the Author communicates the knowledge through which this power may become again universally accessible with convincing truth and feeling.

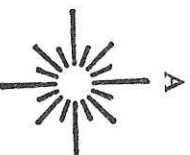
# THE TRAIL

LECTURES ON THE  
TECHNIQUE OF  
REVELATION

BY

OLIVE C. B. PIXLEY

HELIOS



BOOK

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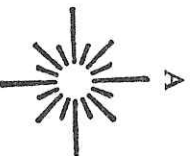
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LISTENING IN

THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT

THE MAGNET

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**OLIVE C. B. PIXLEY**

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## CONSCIOUS MEDIUMSHIP

Lecture given February, 1930

It is essential to discover the sharing point—the common denominator, as it were—of all spiritual research work, from the individual point of view; and it seems to me to be summed up in the word “Consciousness,” the “Awareness” and understanding of what is happening to us. It is also important to have clear in one’s mind what one considers the normal, the sub-normal and the super-normal.

The perfectly normal person is the one who is as sensitive to receive spiritual as he is to receive physical vibrations.

The super-normal are those who are more psychic than sane.

The sub-normal are those who are merely sane, and have no knowledge, as yet, of their spiritual side.

We all have the capacity for psychic development, and it is as much a part of our spiritual selves as our hands are of our physical bodies. We can use our hands as Kreisler does, or Rodin did; or we can break dishes, or pick oakum. It is always the same instrument.

We have the capacity for Consciousness, but we are not naturally conscious beings. We do not know; we wonder; we theorise; we disagree; and often we do not care. Sometimes I feel that we have suffered, not for Eve having eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, but that she took such a ridiculously small bite.

Thus, granted our capacity, the next thing is the technique. I want, as shortly as possible, to tell you

how the knowledge of that technique was given; how, step by step, it was slowly revealed to me that it is possible to get in touch with one's full Consciousness.

At first I thought it was impossible to pass on, in any detail, the process. But I am aware of such an urge on the "Other Side" to find normal people capable of receiving and recording the knowledge, that this effort to make public a private experience may be of value and help to those who are travelling along the same road—looking for a signpost.

Those of you who have read *Listening In* will remember that outward intercourse with my brother ceased in the third year after his death, except on very rare occasions and at long intervals. For several years afterwards I can recall nothing of any psychic interest. I may have, occasionally, psychometrised various objects; and then, without any warning whatever (and I must admit, without any conscious desire on my part) the work started.

Looking back on these last five years, I can see so clearly now the marvellous staff work on the "Other Side." Sometimes I had the feeling that it was in the nature of an experiment with Them, and They were faced with a great many difficulties. When I talk of 'They' and 'Them' you will know that I am referring to the delightful individuals on the "Other Side," who have been so infinitely patient, and so extraordinarily clever, in the method by which They conveyed to my mind the facts concerning the two spheres.

One of the first things they had to do was to find a recorder, and special qualifications were needed for that job. Infinite patience, a trained artist, an accurate mind, and perfect friendship. These they found in Madame Raoul-Duval. We met in September 1924.

The following spring I went to stay with her in her farmhouse up in the hills behind Cannes, surrounded by olive-trees and vineyards; and there, out of the blue, the work started.

I am going to take you straight from that starting-point. Two normal people, out in the south of France to enjoy themselves. I had not written, then, the little book. Psychic phenomena were not in either of our minds at all.

A great many years ago Madame R.-D. had lost a friend, and, knowing my psychic gifts, asked if I would try and get a message through. Ever since my brother had used my head I had never tried automatic writing, as I disliked that form of communication, for I could not guarantee the individuality of the controller of the pencil; and I refused.

One day, however, when we were sitting under the olives, having coffee after lunch, I happened to have my writing-block near me. The sun was shining, I was smoking a cigarette—it was all so sane, so normal. A sudden impulse made me turn to her and say: "I don't mind trying now," and, taking up block and pencil, I waited. Suddenly the pencil started drawing a curious little picture that conveyed nothing to me—little hillocks with telegraph-poles at odd angles, disappearing into the distance. That was all. I passed it over to Madame R.-D., saying: "This is for you, but I think it must be nonsense." But she recognized it at once. Years before she had gone to Algeria with this friend, and there, one day, out in the desert, her friend had said, laughing: "Isn't it absurd to come right out to the Sahara and see all those drunken-looking telegraph-posts?"

More convincing than any message was that little drawing of an incident known to only two people and overheard by none.

Directly after breakfast the next day I tried again, and to my astonishment I was made to put down book and pencil. I got up slowly and unhesitatingly started gestures and postures, Egyptian in character, in that I never walked with my feet side by side, as we do, but toe to heel, and all arm movements with stiff wrists, outstretched hands and fingers rigid and close together. I have never been to the East; but from what I have seen of Egyptian bas-reliefs and drawings I thought it was due to the craftsman's perspective that one always sees Egyptians portrayed walking lengthways. I found it just as easy and quite as quick to walk this way. I never made a mistake, nor hesitated, and I had to take positions which are extremely difficult for a Westerner to take.

When I started, Madame R.-D. tried to draw the various positions that I was assuming; but she too was included in it, and I, knowing unerringly the double movements, went with her through the various ceremonies. I did them with my eyes shut; but my inner sight was so clear that I could walk from one end of the room to the other, put Madame R.-D. in the position she had to be in, never fumbling to find her hand, never touching a piece of furniture, and using the different things in the room for the proper setting. Often I had to arrange the room beforehand: take things from different parts of the house, never knowing to what use I should put them; but all in due course were absorbed into the harmony of the ceremony.

This occupied the early part of our mornings; and every day I went through a different ceremony. For six weeks I never repeated a single one.

In the afternoons I drew a free-hand design, drawing lines across the page which unexpectedly formed a

definite design. What was real drudgery was that I had to go through, in single gestures, the morning's ceremony, picking out a definite line in the drawing that represented the gesture I had just made, and marking it with a strange sign. Thus we had the ceremony in the morning, the shape of it in the afternoon, and a language; none of which did we understand.

When we returned to Paris we were made to read Budge's *Book of the Dead*, and found we had gone through the ceremony of the "Opening of the Mouth," and much more of the ritual concerning the eyes and the ears than is contained in that book.

We had worked for six weeks. And it ended on Whitsunday of 1925. I returned to England, bringing the books of drawings and hieroglyphics with me, hoping to find someone who could tell me what strange language I had been transmitting. Instead of help I got plenty of good advice to give up dangerous practices. One eminent Egyptologist told me that "some of the signs were undoubtedly Egyptian in character, though none were pure hieroglyphics." I went to the British Museum and found traces of Sanskrit, Sumnerian, etc., and was helped to the conclusion by a scientist interested in occultism, that I had probably got down Atlantean characters, from which all languages have sprung. There I left it. Soon a conviction came to me that I had to make arrangements to work during the coming year at stated intervals; Advent and Lent particularly. As the work had to be recorded, and as we both lived in different countries, and as I was not a free agent, either domestically or economically, I thought it was going to be exceedingly difficult to arrange. One cannot say: "I feel I am going to have a psychic experience in November!" In fact, it was the sort of work one could not talk about.

However, it was arranged perfectly. And then we went through the Hermetic Mysteries.

I had to get plasticine and wax, and model forms and animals that are not on the earth to-day. These were used in the ceremonies. We were made to read Meade's *Thrice Greatest Hermes*, of which I am ashamed to say I was completely ignorant. I enjoyed modelling those strange things; and it was difficult for Madame R.-D. to have to watch me—she, who was longing to use her gifts. In those days, when we were just starting, it was very hard for her merely to record. But we both realised that "They" could only use my ignorance: Her technical knowledge might prevent her from doing the thing "They" wanted in "Their" way. She would have wanted to have done her best in *her* way. For instance, when I realised that the plasticine was developing into a camel she longed to take it from me and make a proper camel out of it. But I had to give it a strange head-dress, with curiously-designed trappings, minutely marked out with the aid of a hairpin, and distort it from the anatomical point of view.

Every evening I modelled the necessary forms for the next morning's work.

Strange things, also, I had to do with light and reflections and shadows. On one occasion I had to put three electric lamps on the ground, at certain distances, so that they cast my shadow on the wall three times, and at three different heights. Then I had to do certain gestures with the arms, and Madame R.-D. had to stand a few paces away and do the same, so that twelve arms and six heads were moving simultaneously. It gave me the most extraordinary feeling to see those rhythmic shadows and to know it was only we two in the room. For I had, first of all, to brush our hair straight

up from our foreheads and the back of our heads, into a cone shape; and to see those Buddha-like heads on the wall, and to know they were really our own, was an experience I shall never forget. One seemed to have a threefold consciousness—our material selves of the twentieth century; our Eastern shadows; and the mystic understanding of what we were bringing into our consciousness.

Then there followed a piece of work which interested me more than anything I had yet done. It was concrete. We excavated a temple at Petra, and at the same time went through the initiation of the neophyte and learnt the secrets of the priests. It is not possible to give details of any particular part of the work. I only want to record how it happened and the actual net result. When I say 'excavated' I must try and describe the means that were employed. Daylight was essential, preferably the strongest sunlight; and secondly perfect quietness. Then my mind seemed emptied of all transitory thoughts, and slowly an idea developed, just like the developing of a negative, until it stood out clear and detailed, and I could see and feel it with my mind.

The temple dated from a very early period in the history of Petra, and it was dedicated to the knowledge of the Rose (at least, what I have been forced to express as 'The Rose'); the symbol was a circle faintly indented in four places. The roof was marvellously carved inside with this symbol; and outside, rather high up, it occurred again. I got the feeling that this temple was small and very secret, but the source of true Knowledge. No blood was ever shed here. The service was entirely voluntary, and the priests had a wonderful understanding of the Inner Life, of which life here is the symbol, and the mystic life the reality.

In the excavating of the temple I started by being the mason, sculptor, painter, and a host of different craftsmen, who had all helped to build and beautify it. I was, in turn, priest and neophyte. I paced certain dimensions, so many paces north, south, east and west.

It is extraordinarily difficult, when one is experiencing a super-normal sensation, to find words vivid and vital enough adequately to express it. To give you one example: I knew suddenly one morning that I was out-of-doors somewhere in the East, and I started pawing and scratching the carpet of the room where I was working; and I said, laughing, to Madame R.-D.: "I feel exactly like a hen scratching the ground, only I am out in the sun and my feet are bare, and the sand is very hot." I felt the sand covering my foot, and then I knew it had touched the top of a stone urn—which I excavated and held up. I felt the shape of it and knew it had a dome-shaped cover to it which I took off, and saw inside a dark, sticky substance, made of rather revolting things mixed with serpent's blood. And then I knew that it was used by the priests for certain rituals (which I got about three weeks later), but it was not kept in the temple, as it contained unclean ingredients; so was buried in the sand outside and only used occasionally.

All the time one seemed to have had a super-consciousness, not letting go of one's sense of humour or one's critical faculty, or one's ordinary senses of sight and hearing. I would hear the telephone bell ring in the distance, and yet be aware of the sensations of the neophyte undergoing certain mystic ceremonies. I can only compare it to listening in to a B.B.C. programme, and being aware at the same time of sounds from a different station, both quite different, and neither cutting the other out.

How enjoyable those weeks were! I was as thrilled every morning as any archaeologist could possibly be. I never knew whether I would get a description of the various inner temples which were kept for different degrees of worshippers; designs of the statues, or the revelation of priestly secrets. And it was only at the end that I was told that the temple had existed at Petra.

I also got a description of an Ark, and the indication of where it now lies buried. That, too, was enthralling. I found that the two figures on either side of it were made of gold, pounded with precious stones—not stones inset, but crushed into splinters and mixed with gold. And I have never yet been able to find words to give a really accurate impression of its perfectly beautiful design and craftsmanship.

And then, from that work which I loved, I was made to go on quite different lines, which I frankly disliked. The glamour of the past was still on me, and I was taken, most reluctantly, into the future. I had to design an aeroplane which would be driven—not by petrol—but by the contact of a ray of Light of inexhaustible energy, which as yet had no focusing power on the earth. I called it the 'Magenta Ray,' as that was the nearest description of the colour that I could get. Not being a mechanic, and hating machinery, my heart was not in this work. But it had to be done.

I approached two scientists after it was finished, as I wanted to pass it on. One could not touch it, as he was in Government service, and his time was not his own. He said he thought I was a hundred years ahead of my time; but added that if he had seen a wireless apparatus forty years ago he could not have touched it either; and he is now a great wireless expert. The other man was

interested when I showed it to him, but suffered from a reaction afterwards to the thought that knowledge of any worth could come through psychic channels.

The temple at Petra had ended my work on bygone civilizations; the 'Magenta Ray' started my work on abstract propositions; these were followed by an intensely interesting six weeks in the spring of 1927.

Before we left Paris for the south I knew we had to buy some modelling clay for Madame R.-D. to use: a small quantity, but I did not know for what it was wanted. Down into the glorious sunshine we went, and Madame R.-D. was told to model a head, rather smaller than life-size, and two hollowed-out sections of the same head, divided down the middle. The clay that we took down was exactly enough for the purpose.

Every day I was instructed in the functioning power of the brain, for ultimate healing purposes: exactly what part of the brain controlled the bones, blood, nerves and emotional processes. We were given the technique of healing, but both of us were perfectly aware that we had not yet the power to use the knowledge.

Then followed instructions for developing our individual consciousness, and I was made aware of what I can only call 'The Christian Initiation.' I realised that Christ was Conscious Man: that He knew, scientifically, how to apply the laws of this world to the service of mankind. His miracles were not haphazard evidences of a sporadic power, but a scientific application of His knowledge. He *knew* what He was doing. I was convinced that understanding and controlling the elements, walking on water, disappearing into space, transmuting His physical atoms in three days, were examples—not of His Divinity—but of His perfect Manhood: the highest expression of life in matter that the world had ever

seen. It is the perfect equilibrium of earth (magical) and spiritual forces.

I was made to understand, without a fragment of doubt in my own mind, that to reach the ultimate understanding and fulfilment of Life one must follow the Christ line of teaching. The old philosophers will take one far, the Magic Circle will take one deeper and farther, but the Christ was the spiral—height, depth and interpenetration; that was the Truth I had to apprehend before I was ready for further instruction.

In the spring of 1928 I definitely started on the Conscious development, i.e. getting in touch with one's Conscious Body. The human body is not a conscious entity. We know nothing instinctively of its intricate works; we depend on doctors for special information about our own property.

The first step towards making a contact with our Consciousness is through breathing. Conscious breathing is exactly the opposite to physical breathing. It is up and down (instead of in and out) starting from the solar plexus. When it was first revealed to me, I thought: 'They want me to do an up and down breath in one breath, and I can't.' But by degrees I understood. Those of you who have read *Listening In* will remember that my brother found conditions in the next sphere completely reversed, that what was inside here was outside there, and vice versa. I had not fully understood at the time, but now it was made clear. Our bodies, over there, are composed of particles of Light, instead of dust, as our flesh is here. Light is as concrete in a world composed of different conditions of Light as Matter is concrete in a physical world.

In our Light bodies there are no internal organs.

Breath goes up and down instead of in and out. I had to 'think' my breath from my solar plexus to my feet, and straight up to the invisible point of a triangle, the base of which rested on each palm of my hand. The intake of breath had to be thought down to my feet, the expulsion forced up. We were given exercises until conscious breathing became as easy as ordinary breathing, and we immediately felt certain results.

Then we were taught something about Sound. Sound is the creative force. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Now, the Word is a sound, and just as a good musician can, through the medium of his instrument, transmit melodious sounds, but does not create them, so we, through the medium of Matter, can transmit God, but cannot create Him.

It is recorded that the walls of Jericho were shattered through the agency of sound. A glass can be broken by the sounding of its particular note. I venture to suggest that the Pyramids may have been put into position by sound. You can create and destroy; you can remove mountains by Faith and Knowledge. In the old civilizations they knew the power of sound; and the future ones will know it again. Never again for magical and personal power, but in Love and Service for the whole of humanity.

And then with Sound and Breath came Colour—a vital force. In the next sphere, amongst its many activities and properties it includes travelling. Here, if we want to go to any particular destination, we have to find out which station provides a train to take us there. In the next world we have to find out which *Colour* will take us where we want to go. To make a contact with this earth we must take the trouble to find out on which line

of Colour to experiment. It does not come insidiously; we have to learn.

Colour has its opposite—as Light has Darkness. There is a neutral quality attending Colour, an interval between, keeping colours inviolably intact. This opposite is also a condition of Creation, a constructive medium—elastic, supple, colourless—a material from which Form is shaped by Thought. We use bricks or concrete or wood to build a house. The fundamental material for construction in the next world is this supple medium—the complement of Colour.

Colour is that element of the Conscious Body which corresponds to the blood in physical man. At the same time, Colour is outside Man as earth is outside him, although his physical body is made up of earth.

In this world, two halves make a whole. In the next, two opposites make a whole. In Matter you cannot square the circle; in Light you can. Once, in a vivid blue light, I saw—for one disintegrating second—a sapphire circle perfectly squared. And I wasted many sheets of paper trying to transmit it.

All that I heard of Colour was outside the radius of Time. I was taught nothing of its rate of vibration, but a greater understanding of its functioning powers. It is by the knowledge of the interpenetrating power of Colour, Sound and Breath, that the Conscious and the Physical bodies become one, and we KNOW. And your knowledge no man taketh from you.

Conscious mediumship is a very gradual process, and it depends entirely on the individual what progress is made. No definite results are promised. It is an act of Faith, and it is at times as difficult to believe that definite results will follow as Naaman found it hard to credit that by washing himself in the Jordan seven times he

would be cured of a loathsome disease. He was prepared for an expensive and sensational cure.

In all psychic work one does definitely hope for the sensational result—the event which will prove, once for all, to the sceptic that such things are true. But Consciousness does not function along sensational lines. It must be the personal experience that provides the individual conviction.

The only thing that conscious knowledge costs is the effort to acquire it. Often the transmitter may be in the next sphere and the receiver here. We have, in this world, to get sponsors for admission into clubs or societies; and people who will lend their names and use their influence in getting jobs of material value for their friends; and there is as much detail and organisation for peace and harmony on the "Other Side" as there is for commerce and prosperity here. If the necessary conditions are not fulfilled then the results are unsatisfactory.

To those of you who wish to develop your 'awareness,' do not say to yourself: "I am not psychic—it is no good for me." By that attitude of mind you are completely cutting off any possibility of communication. It can never be forced on anyone. If you want it enough, it is there. And if you hold yourself 'aware,' you are bound to receive some impression—though probably not an obvious one.

From the beginning I was taken by surprise. None of us have identically the same lives from the material same conscious development. Do not give up all your time to it. Develop every gift that you have on the human side; artistic, business, literature, agriculture, whatever it may be. Your spiritual development must

add to the fulness of life and must never detract from it. But do not try to take any short cut through a third person; that is utterly useless; there is no value in it, unless it comes direct into your own conscious understanding. And record everything, even if you think it is quite trivial.

One must be physically fit—harmony right through one's being. If one is nervous, run down, definitely ill, one can make little headway. The body must be fit, the head clear, the nerves relaxed. It is like any wireless instrument: if the battery is run down the sounds cannot come through.

The conditions that I find ideal for working in are: daylight and quiet; in the hot sunshine—the humming of bees, and the many earth sounds. The most wonderful things have come through under those conditions. Although it seems that none are really essential: for I have worked in every sort of room, in many different houses. It is not the material conditions that matter, but the spiritual. It is the condition of one's mind that is important; the taking and stretching of the mind, till comprehension makes a contact and the knowledge can pass through. That, to me, is the essential difference between trance and conscious mediumship. In trance you allow your physical body to be used by spirit entities making a material contact; in conscious mediumship the mind is developed to a degree of sensitiveness that it can make a contact with spirit entities in their own sphere. The difference between host and guest.

It is not a physical condition, it is a spiritual experience. In itself it is absolutely safe. No one on the "Other Side" who was not working for the highest development of the human consciousness could take you along that particular line. You are taught, quite

dramatically, to recognise the right from the wrong impulse. Twice I was tempted to obey an impulse which made it possible for me to produce a rather exciting magical effect. The second time I lost consciousness and felt very ill. The third time I stopped instantly, recognizing the difference between the spiritual and the material; and though I was tested at intervals, I always knew. That occurred when I was doing the old ceremonies; and I was very grateful for the severity of the test. For, of course, I should have been of no use if I could not distinguish between the real and the false.

That is the danger of trance mediumship: when you allow yourself to relinquish and someone else to make use of your consciousness you can have no guarantee of who is going to make that use of you.

I am not sentimental about the conditions of the 'next' world: I am intensely interested in them; but, for all of us, it is this world that matters. It is our 'job' to understand the marvellous powers lying dormant in humanity. All that I have been taught is for the purpose of making us better citizens here, for raising the level of the human race—the development of the Soul and the Body. To do that I had to start at the very beginning; and I consciously went through the mystic ceremonies of the earliest civilizations, right on to the Christian initiation, and the transmuting principle of life.

Of all the great initiates, HE is the only One Who demonstrated to an incredulous world that there is no death.

He transmuted His Body and He consciously knew how to do it. The facts have survived two thousand years. The Faith has been kept alive. The Knowledge has scarcely yet been tapped.

## THE WORSHIP OF LIGHT

Lecture given on January 26th, 1933.

ALL the knowledge that I have accumulated of the worship of exterior Light I have received through the psychometrising of stones standing on ancient sites, such as Avebury, Stonehenge, and stone circles on Dartmoor and in different parts of Devonshire. Other strange worships I have come across in Brittany and Yorkshire; but I want, this evening, to concentrate on the worship of the Sun, the Moon and the Stars.

It all started by my handling a tiny little stone figure, put into my hands by a friend with whom I was luncheoning. This friend has travelled all over the world, in the remote places of the earth, and she told me that this tiny figure had been given to her by an archaeologist in Mexico who had told her that he knew it to be so old as to be ageless from the historical point of view. She gave it to me to hold, asking if I could get anything out of it.

I held it, and almost at once I was in a vast underground cave, not dark, but with an iridescent metallic light coming from the walls. The cave was as light as daylight, but the emanation from the walls was of a totally different substance of light from any kind that I knew, so I called it metallic light. Then I saw that there were people and that they had large square heads, and were very short of stature. Their eyes seemed to give out light, in the same way that a dog's or cat's eyes shine in the dark. Then, quite suddenly, I knew that the Sun was their Devil. They were terrified