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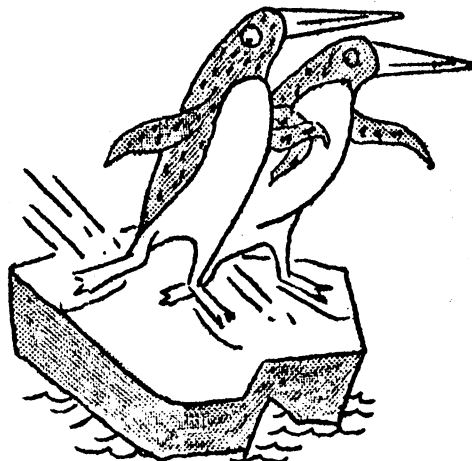
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THE PATH OF PRAYER
from
Balzac's Seraphita

If you would teach your feet to tread the path to heaven, know that the way is hard at first, God wills that you should seek Him for Himself. In that sense He is jealous; He demands your whole self. But when you have given Him yourself, never, never, will he abandon you. I leave you with the keys of the Kingdom of His Light, where evermore you shall dwell in the bosom of the Father, in the heart of the Bridegroom. No sentinals guard the approaches; you may enter when and where you will; His palaces, His treasures, His scepter, are all free. "Take them," He says. But - you must will to go there. Like one preparing for a journey, a man must leave home, renounce his projects, bid farewell to all earthling ties, yes, - farewell to them eternally; you will no more return than did the martyrs on their way to the stake. You must strip yourself of every sentiment, of everything to which man selfishly clings. Unless you do this, you are but half-hearted in your enterprise.

Do for God what you would do for ambitious projects, what you do in consecrating yourself to art, what you have done when you loved a human being, or sought some secret of human science. Is not God the whole of science? The all of Love? The source of poetry? Surely His riches are worthy of being coveted. His riches are inexhaustable, His poem infinite, His love immutable. His science pure, and darkened by no mysteries. Be anxious for nothing, He will give you all. Yes, in His heart are treasures with which the petty earth-joys you lose are not to be compared. What I tell you is true, you shall possess His power; you may use it as you would the gifts of a lover or mistress. Alas, Men doubt, they lack faith, and will, and persistence. If some set their feet in the path, they look behind them and presently turn back. Few decide between the two extremes - to go or stay, heaven or mire. All hesitate. Weakness leads astray, passion allures into dangerous paths, vice becomes habitual, man flounders in the mud and makes no progress toward a better state.

All human beings go through a previous life in the sphere of instinct, where they are brought to see the worthiness of earthly treasure, to amass which, they give themselves untold pains. Who can tell how many times the human being lives in the sphere of abstraction, where thought extends itself on erring science, where mind at last wearies of human language? For when matter is exhausted, Spirit enters. Who knows how many forms the heir of heaven occupies before he can be brought to understand the value of that silence and solitude, whose starry plains are but the vestibule of spiritual worlds? He feels his way amid the void, makes trials of nothingness, and then, at last, his eyes revert upon the path. Then follow other existences - - all to be lived to reach the place where Light effulgent shines. Death is but the post-house of the journey. A lifetime may be needed merely to gain the virtues which annul the errors of a man's preceding life.

First comes the love of suffering, whose tortures create a thirst for love. Next, the life of love and devotion to the creature, teaching devotion to the Creator - - a life where the virtues of love, its martyrdoms, its joys followed by sorrows, its angelic hopes, its patience, its resignation, excite an appetite for things divine. Then follows the life which seeks in silence the traces of the Word; in which the Soul grows humble and charitable. Next, the life of longing; and, lastly, the life of prayer. In that is the noonday sun; there are flowers; there, the harvest.

The virtues we acquire, which develop slowly within us, are the invisible links that bind each one of our existences to the others - - existences which the spirit alone remembers, for matter has no memory for spiritual things. Thought alone holds the tradition of bygone life. The endless legacy of the past to the present is the secret sources of human genius. Some receive the gift of form, some, the gift of numbers,

others, the gift of harmony. All these gifts are the steps of progress in the path of light. Yes, he who possesses a single one of them touches at that point, the infinite. Earth has divided the Word. Of which I here reveal some syllables into particles, she reduced it to dust and has scattered it through her works, her dogmas, her human work. Men cry: "How grand, how true, how glorious". That fragment vibrates in their souls and wakes a presentiment of heaven; to some, a melody that weans from the earth; to others a solitude that draws to God. To all, whatsoever sends us back upon ourselves, whatsoever strikes us down and crushes us, lifts us or abases us, that is but a syllable of the divine Word.

When a human soul draws its first furrows straight, the rest will follow surely. One thought born inward, one prayer uplifted, one suffering endured, one echo of the Word within us, and our souls are forever changed. All ends in God; and many are the ways to find Him by walking straight before us. When the happy day arrives in which you set your feet upon the path and begin your pilgrimage, the world will know nothing of it; earth no longer understands you; you no more understand each other. Men who attain to a knowledge of these things, who lisp a few syllables of the Word, often have not where to lay their heads; hunted like wild beasts they perish on the scaffold, to the joy of the assembled peoples, while angels open to them the gates of heaven. Therefore your destiny is a secret between yourself and God. Just as love is a secret between two hearts. You may be the buried treasure, trodden under the feet of men thirsting for gold, yet all unknowing that you are there beneath them.

Henceforth your existence becomes a thing of ceaseless activity; each act has a meaning which connects you with God, just as in love your actions and thoughts are filled with the loved one. But love and its joys, love and its pleasures, limited by the senses, are but the imperfect image of the love which unites you to your Celestial Lover. All earthly joy is mixed with anguish, with discontent. If love ought not to pall, then death should end it while its flame is high, so that we see no ashes. But in God our wretchedness becomes delight, joy lives upon itself and multiplies, and grows, and has no limit. In the earthly life our fleeting love is ended by tribulation; in the spiritual life, the tribulations of a day end in joys everlasting. The soul is ceaselessly joyful. We feel God with us. He gives sacred savor to all things; He shines in the soul; He imparts to us His sweetness; He stills our interest in the world viewed for ourselves; He quickens our interest in it viewed for His sake, and grants us the exercise of His power upon it. In His name we do the works which He inspires. We act for Him. We have no self except in Him. We love His creatures with undying love, we dry their tears and long to bring them to Him, as a loving woman loves to see the inhabitants of the earth obey her beloved.

The final life, the fruition of all other lives, to which the powers of the soul have tended, and whose merits open the Sacred Portals of the perfect man, is the life of prayer. Who can make you comprehend the grandeur, the majesty, the might, of prayer? May my voice, these words of mine, ring in your hearts and change them. Be now, here, what you may be after cruel trial. There are privileged beings, Prophets, Seers, Messengers and martyrs, all of those who suffer for the Word and proclaim it, such souls spring at a bound across the human sphere and rise at once to prayer. So, too, with those whose souls receive the fire of Faith. Be one of these brave souls. God welcomes the daring. He loves to be taken by rapture. He will never reject those who, like eagles, wing their way to Him. Know this. Desire, the torrent of your will, is so all-powerful that a single omission of it made with force, can obtain all; a single cry uttered under the pressure of Faith, suffices. Be one of such beings, full of power, of purpose, of love. Be conquerors of the earth. Let the hunger and thirst of God possess you. Fly to Him as the Hart panting to water brooks. Desire shall lend you its wings; tears, those blossoms of repentance, shall be the celestial baptism, from which your nature will issue, purified. Cast yourself upon the breast of the stream in prayer. Silence and meditation are the means of following the way. God re-

veals Himself, unfailingly, to the solitary, thoughtful seeker.

It is thus that the separation takes place between matter, which has so long wrapped its darkness around you, and Spirit, which was in you from the beginning, the Light which lighted you, and now brings noonday to your soul. Yes, your trembling heart shall receive the light; the light shall bathe it. Then you will no longer feel convictions, they will have changed to certainties. The poet utters; the thinker meditates; the righteous acts; but he who stands upon the borders of divine world, prays; and his prayer is word, thought, action, in one. Yes, prayer precludes all, contains all, it completes nature, for it reveals to you the mind within it and its progression. White and shining virgin of all virtues, ark of the covenant between heaven and earth, tender and strong companion partaking of the lion and the lamb. Prayer.

Prayer will give you the key of heaven. Bold and pure as innocence, strong, like all that is single and simple, this glorious and invincible Queen rests, nevertheless, on the material world; she takes possession of it; like sun clasps it in a circle of light. The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays; but he must will, he must know, he must pray; in a word, he must possess force, wisdom, and faith.

Therefore, prayer, issuing from so many trials, is the consummation of all truths, all powers, all feelings. Fruit of the laborious, progressive, continued development of natural properties and faculties vitalized anew by the breath of the Word, prayer has occult activity; it is the final worship -- not the material worship of image, nor the spiritual worship of formulas, but the worship of the Complete. An awareness, an attitude, and a way of life. We say no prayers -- prayer forms within us; it is a faculty that acts of itself, it has attained a way of action which lifts it outside of forms; it links the soul to God, with whom we unite as the root of the tree unites with the soil, our veins draw life from the principles of Life; and we live by the life of the universe; Live the life universal.

Prayer bestows external conviction by making us penetrate the Material World through the cohesion of all our faculties with the elementary substances; it bestows internal conviction by developing our essence and mingling it with that of the Spiritual Worlds. To be able to pray thus, you must acquire through the fires of the furnace the purity of the diamond; for this complete communion with the divine is obtained only in absolute repose; where storms and conflicts are at rest.

Yes, Prayer, the aspiration of the soul freed from the body, bears all the forces within it, and applies them to the constant and perseverant union of the visible with the invisible. When you possess the force, with certainty, with intelligence, your spiritual nature will presently be invested with power. Like a rushing wind, like a thunderbolt, it cuts its way through all things and shares the power with God. The quickening of the spirit becomes yours; in an instant you may pass from region to region; like the Word, itself, you are transported from the ends of the world to other worlds, Harmony exists, and you are a part of it. Light is there and you possess it. Melody is there and you echo it. Under such conditions, you find your perceptions developing, widening, the eyes of your mind reach to vast distances. There is in truth neither time nor place to the spirit; space and duration are proportions created for matter; spirit and matter are opposite realms.

Though these things take place in stillness, in silence, without agitation, without external movement, yet prayer is all action, stripped of substantiality and reduced, like the motions of the worlds, to an invisible pure force. It penetrates everywhere like light; it gives vitality to souls that come beneath its rays, as nature beneath the sun. It reasitates virtue, purifies and sanctifies all actions, peoples solitudes, and gives a foretaste of the eternal joys. When you have once felt the delights of the divine intoxication that comes with this wine of the soul, then all is

yours. Once take the lute on which we sing to God in your hands, and never will you part with it. Hence the solitude in which angelic spirits live; hence their neglect of earthly joys. They are withdrawn from those who must die to live; they hear the language of such beings, but they are no longer interested in their ideas; they wonder at their movements, at what the world terms politics, material laws, societies. For them, all mysteries are over; truth, and truth alone, is theirs. They who have reached the point where their eyes discern the Sacred Portals, who, not looking back, nor uttering one regret, contemplate worlds and comprehend their destinies; such as they keep silence, wait, and anticipate their final struggle.

The worst of all those struggles is the last; the zenith of all virtues is resignation; to be an exile and not lament, no longer to delight in earthly things and yet to smile; to belong to God and yet to stay with men. You hear the voice that cries to you, Advance! Often celestial visions of descending angels compass you about with songs of praise; with tearless uncomplaining must you behold them as they re-ascend the skies. To murmur is to forfeit all. Resignation is a fruit that ripens at the gates of heaven. How powerful, how glorious, the calm smile, the pure brow of the resigned human creature. Radiant is the light of that brow. They who live in its atmosphere grow purer. That calm glance penetrates and softens. More eloquent by silence than the prophet by speech, such beings triumph by their simple presence. Brighter than hope, stronger than love, higher than faith, that creature of resignation is an angel standing on earth, who holds for a moment the conquered palm, then, rising heavenward, leaves behind the imprint of white, pure feet. When he or she has passed away, men flock around and cry, "See. See." Sometimes God holds this ascending one still in sight -- a figure to whose feet creep Forms to be shown their way. The soul wafts its haloing light and they see it; it speaks, and they hear. "A Miracle," they cry.

Often a soul triumphs in the name of God; frightened man denies the martyr and, like the Maid, puts her to death; smiling, she lays down her sword and goes to the stake, having saved the peoples. How many a pardoned angel has passed from martyrdom to heaven. Sinai. Golgotha, are not in that or any other place; angels are crucified in every place in every sphere. Sighs pierce to God from the whole universe. The earth in which we live is a single sheaf of the great harvest; humanity is but a species in the vast garden where the flowers of heaven are cultivated. Everywhere God is like Himself, and everywhere, by prayer, it is easy to reach Him.

BOOK REVIEW, THE CREATIVE PROCESS, Ed. by Brewster Ghiselin, New American Library, 1955. 50¢.

"What happens in the mind of a writer when he is writing? the painter while he is painting? the composer as he develops a theme? the scientist when he evolves a new hypothesis?" That is the question upon which the 251 pages of The Creative Process seek to throw some light. One might intuit that if the question is in fact answerable in words, the result would be one answer. And so it is. 38 famous original thinkers have considered this matter of creativity, and the outcome of this symposium is a surprising unanimity. The cover bears the subtitle, "A Revealing Study of Genius At Work". After reading the book I took the trouble to look up the word "genius" in the dictionary. The plural of genius in the first two definitions is "genii". A genius is a spirit or a daemon (Socrates had one, remember?); in Muhammedan and Arabian lore the word is sometimes spelled "jinni" or "djinn".

The point on which the 38 -- and other examples cited by the 38 -- agree is that to a large degree, good or great poets, artists, scholars, et cetera, are creative not

because of, but in spite of, their "think-tanks", that is, their computing mechanisms, minds, egos, or call them what you will. One might say with much truth that all artists are "artists in spite of themselves". Our minds are the repositories of our experiences -- personal ones -- and the experiences of the human race. But under the hand of an artist, something new comes into being. Upon the basis of the past -- the old -- we can figure, we can predict, a continuation or a modification (which is a continuation) of the old. But for the new to come into being -- the new being the unknown, the mysterious -- some sort of a "jump" is needed. Thus, it seems not to be the "I" which creates the new -- the "I" being the accumulation of data in re past events -- whether these be assimilated in orderly fashion or not. At the moment of true creation, the computer, the evaluator, the judger, the chooser or decider, are more or less suspended, while the new appears to emerge spontaneously. Thus we frequently hear mention of writers being "possessed" by their work, and of fictional characters "running away" with the plot.

In this book, creativity is not, of course, reduced to a formula. One cannot literally "coax" the new into existence, perhaps, but one can see the necessity of restraining the logical, the schematic faculties. One can hope not to dam the creative flow, nor resist it too much because of the uniqueness, the unprecedentedness, of its product. To avoid doing violence to that within us which is creative, we can, perhaps, learn to be less dogmatic, less imbedded in tradition with all that that implies, and to avoid imposing on the creative stream too many arbitrary rules of form, whether of prescription or proscription. One might even learn to be less "self-conscious, and more spontaneous. It is not only art, scholarship and science which are creative. Life is creative; living can be an adventure in which we discover the new; we can all afford to drop our pretensions to being specialists in order to find our integrity, and see new meaningfulness by direct perception and apperception of greater wholes.

....George Tullis

LETTER FROM MARIJANE NUTTALL....

..... Sure don't want to lose track of Dianotes after following your series this far and finding it so well integrated with studies I have been making.

Was very happy to find Welgos' "The Path of Growth" in this latest issue, since it arrived just two days before his one-night meeting here, and we were able to discuss it with him. The concepts of "Mine -- Not Mine, and "In Use" are really valuable if one uses them. Welgos is a very impressive person in his own way, and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience of that meeting. Thank you for publishing this. It really is aiding comprehension of his particular specializing.

I notice you are using "Humanics". Is this an indication that Howes will be re-appearing? or merely your appreciation of what has already been given under that label? Nothing (outside of the original book, "Dianetics") has impressed me, in the field, as coming near what he gave us to use. I keep hoping for more from him (So do we. Ed) -- although I have the feeling that if we'd just use what he already put out, that is fully sufficient in itself. For instance, I haven't used his "Therapeutic Lecture and Questionnaire" yet. Has he already given us all that's necessary? Or are we still looking for some "easy way"? Good question!

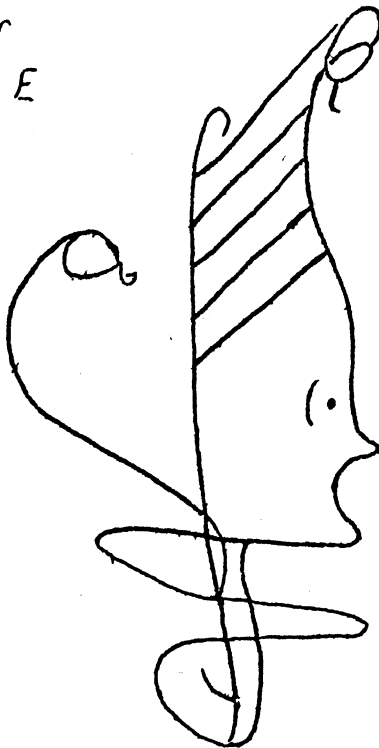
Krishnamurti is quite some work-out, too! His balancing of the "Opposites" of blame justification is a near-miraculous habit-breaker for me -- and the realization that one's conditioned future goals are merely an inversion of past problems was an eye-

opener. (For instance, goal - happiness, past - unhappy. Goal - to be somebody, past agreement - I'm nothing.). How to hit the balance bewteen the past and future? Truly, there's only Now, and to look at Now, honestly, is the only problem, because if we could look at Now without projection of blame justifying, we would know the optimum action to take in any Now -- then we'd have it made -- then we'd be in "direct contact" with the Source. So, our only problem is: Why don't we look at Now - and KNOW? Isn't it?

Ed's Note to Ron Howes....How's about it, Ron, if there is to be no more material available, could you release a course of study using the material already in existence? The field is truly interested!

THE WHATZITS
by Vox Pop

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W + E
S



①



②



SANITY TEST No. 1

Here you are, folks, help yourself to a real Sanity Test. Of course, the idea is to see just how crazy you are. The nice thing about this test is that YOU will be the only one that KNOWS about it. If you prove that you are nuts -- nobody else will even suspect. (You hope!). This is very simple. All you got to do is to figure out from this display of (ugh) ART just what was in the artist's mind (if any) when she transferred (duplicated. But we hope - for her sake - that it isn't perfect duplication.) her concepts to ancient parchment. Name 'em, you can have 'em. See Randomity.

A VISIT WITH ALMA
by Alma Hill

.....Wyncha make up a book from your Yoganalogy or did you already think of that and thus the odd custom of putting your title on the bottom of the preceding page? By now it has gone on to stuff that requires, I would have supposed, ten thousand years in Tibet, or at least an occasional reference back to preceding chapters, as a sufficiently-firm foundation.

Got a letter this morning from one of the best, if not the best newscouts and general relayers in this business, the only weakness being that the candor forbids exact quotation. (A really good communicator, I notice, will mix the sublime with the ridiculous better than, or at least with something like the freedom of the Creator of All, mixing bugs with blossoms in a garden, with substantiating details observed so impartially that I'd hardly care if he saw my aberrations too - and I wish you had all this to see.)but what I began to mention was that Wing Angell cleared a fellow a little over a year ago besides effecting improvements nearly as great in his sister, so that they are now quite competent two-way telepaths. Apparently a certain initiative is required, and it works better (as Dunninger has remarked) if they use pictures instead of words. (Words should work, Alma, if they are pictured in the mind. Ed.). Nicely avoids any language barriers too. Incidentally, I saw the TV show Dunninger puts on the other day and have just decided what it is that I dislike about the guy; he acts precisely as if he were picking his way across a garbage dump, and I suppose he is. I did notice that the people he does pick out to read are simply delighted about it so I surmise they have nice clean front parlors and maybe kitchens too. (Mine is of the earth, earthy). I don't know if that is usual -- one girl seemed to have some emotional confusions cluttering up the lines and he sort of politely combed it out of her hair for her -- after which she sort of shone like a new dish. They simply couldn't have been acting. No professional could possibly have made up such flexible masks. Don't think I will ever visit that show. I understand that we should love our neighbors as ourselves, and I try, and often succeed. But I like some better than others. And what are you going to do about the ones who hate themselves into being hateful? I mean right this minute? I fear that I'll never get this personality tuned up like any bell. And who reads poor Dunninger? Oops! I did, didn't I? When he is listening for thoughts, he seems to be using something like sonar, and never has it cut and dried; he tries, and he questions; he doesn't say thus it is, he says is it thus, and they say, gee, yeah. Four firemen (two faithful, two sceptical) appeared with items from the firehouse on their persons and he read the sceptics first. A rope safety belt, first, which they duly produced. Now when I see a thing like that I believe it is rope and so forth, no matter what I previously expected. But it is very hard for me to communicate without expecting how the person will react. This must make telepathy harder in some ways.

.....or should one not be too hasty to formulate rules about human behavior -- if we are machines, what fancy machines indeed; and I don't think we are essentially machines at all; but we do have fancy mechanisms in use. I hope you follow this winding trail of thought. Fact, surmise, fact, surprise; so it goes. -- Can't complain of monotony at least. Hope you like it too.

.... Alma Hill

DIANETICS, SCIENTOLOGY, - AND YOGA
AN ANALOGY
by Bob Collings

PART TWELVE

In effect, one knows his higher mind by the arising of its images. But, these images come and go at random. With practice, one learns to differentiate between conscious thought and "messages out of the blue" as one might say. The higher mind, being colored by both the "conscious "I" and the objects of view, has everything Material in its scope. Also, since all functions of the mind work in conjunction with the Real Man (Soul, etc.), the scope of viewpoint is increased to include ALL KNOWLEDGE pertaining to either the MEST or the Theta lines. To say the least, an individual viewpoint can cover a lot of territory.

The latencies -- occluded material embedded in the reactive mind -- have much to do with the reception of concepts and their interpretations in individual terminology. Some people who can still their minds and "receive" these "messages" mentally visualize the concept as a "picture", while others become consciously aware of the concept in terms of words. In the latter case, the higher mind makes the translation and makes the material available for the conscious mind's use. The higher mind interprets and "digests" all incoming material from all sources, but, since this material is also available to the reactive mind for censoring, very little of it is available to the average conscious mind. However, if a command circuit existed which allowed this data to filter through to the conscious mind, that mind would then be "psychic". On the other hand, a circuit to the contrary would cause all attempts of contact to fail entirely.

The latencies, then, must receive first consideration if the student wishes to re-learn the ways of higher communication. There is little difference between the lines of communication within one's beingness and those between two or more individuals; or the lines which make available the higher source of true knowledge. It would be very pleasant if one could find a way to install a command circuit which would clear these communication lines in one fell swoop. To date, such a technique has not been devised. However, there are many techniques in every auditor's tool kit which will start the student on the right track, and if he WANTS to better himself, nothing can stop him; he postulates his own existence.

A student who has reached the point in his development from which he can "view with knowingness" the existence of the prime mover of his individual universe, will lend all his effort towards the development of broad communication channels between his conscious "I" and his highest mind-function. It is thus that he turns his thoughts away from his physical beingness and its related problems. When this stage of development has been attained, it is like a stone rolling down a steep embankment, once started, it doesn't stop. The mind is indeed deep in discrimination, and mainly pointed towards the ultimate goal.

At intervals there are other thoughts, arising from the habit-molds.... The abandoning of those is like that of the Sources of Trouble, as already described....In the case of one having no interest of any kind even in intellection, on account of Discrimination Knowledge, there is Contemplation called "Cloud of Rectitude"....From that follows the retirement of Sources of Trouble and Karmas....

While it may be only a matter of conjecture, it is at least logical that minor aberrative material will continue to crop up from time to time until the student reaches the ultimate goal. These are run out and disposed of in the same manner as the more potent material which carried the most "charge". The reader will remember that the Sources of Trouble are removable by the generation of their contraries, and their forms, in expression, are removable by meditation. That is, non-optimum habit-patterns can be removed by reversing the viewpoint, and their forms can be removed to the last vestige by running out all material pertaining to them. Once the habit-pattern has been exposed to view, it is only a matter of postulating a change, and acting upon it.

As in the case of one who turns his thoughts away from the body and the physical senses when he has attained an awareness of the Real Man, so does the value of intellect change when one has contacted his higher mind. Intellect, in this case, should be defined as designating that knowledge which is learned through the physical senses. That is, knowledge gained through perception, inference and testimony. When the higher mind has come into awareness, knowledge such as described, whose truth value is subject to doubt, gives way to that knowledge which has truth value beyond question; concepts as true today as they were yesterday, or will be tomorrow. Absolute truth never changes. On this basis, truth becomes a part of the same concept as the immortality of the Real Man. In the abstract, neither can exist without the other. I use the term abstract most advisedly since there are very few individuals who operate well at the concept level; individuals whose mental functions are integrated into one unit of beingness; an integrated, optimum, individual.

The term "Cloud of Rectitude" refers to a state of beingness slightly out of present time - in reality, a degree of trance or reverie - in which the mind is turned away from things material, and is steeped in the ultimate truth. In this state, things material have little, if no, meaning; Most objects being visualized in their absolute state. In this sense, absolute state indicates the ultimate utility of any Most object - the means by which the Real Man learns a lesson in his drive to conquer that which is material. Once this state of beingness has been attained, the integrated individual draws away from the physical standpoint and views everything in the light of his new understandingness - he knows! In this state, the reactive mind is entirely out of existence; the individual is entirely self-determined, and is responsible to the nth degree.

Then, in the case of him who is free from all coverings and impurities, what-is-to-be-known becomes small, on account of the infinity of his knowledge....And from that comes the end of the succession of transformations of the Qualities, which have finished their work....Succession, which is the counter-correlative of a moment, is to be given up at the end of the last transformation....Independence is the counter-product when the Qualities of Nature are devoid of purpose for the Real Man, or, the power of consciousness stands firm in its own nature.

This is the final series of aphorisms. In effect, they have pointed out a way of life, and these few.....indicate the ultimate goal - Independence. He who is free of coverings and impurities; he who is fully integrated; is beyond the need of further contact with that which comprises the Earthy State. Everything which is.....he knows, because of his at-one-ness with his Source - an objective attained. When this state is reached, time has lost all value. Being only relative at its peak of usefulness, time becomes meaningless when it is expressed in terms of the absolute; Truth Is, and it is independent of anything short of perfection.

This is the state of Independence - the state attained upon the ascendancy beyond human concepts - the state of the Adept, the Ascended Master. Indeed, the power of consciousness stands firm in its own nature - an integral part of complete beingness - a part of the Source of all Life - an Optimum Individual.

POST MORTEM

An ultimate goal, and a path leading up to it: acceptable to some, repellent to others. In this case, however, the goal will remain unchanged regardless of the chosen path. The author has endeavored to draw parallels between three possible paths - three out of an indeterminate number - which one might follow on the upward climb. As to the proper path, each to his own, free choice is Man's only salvation. These paths will be traveled upon only by those who are ready to seek them. (To be continued)

R A N D O M I T Y

BOOKAYS ARE in order for the HASI on their Ability Major number six. Set up as an instruction manual for the HCA course, it offers a chance to the field to become conversant with the basics of both Dianetics and Scientology. In our book, this manual is the best, most concise, bit of material to emanate from the Hubbard Organizations. Being basic, this material is ultra-adaptable to group discussion, and each individual can embellish it to suit his fancy. Regardless of the embellishment, the basics remain unchanged.....Our local group has started using the manual for discussion purposes. The axioms are read one at a time, and each member is encouraged to relate his personal reality in a round robin discussion. It not only creates interest, it is practical and instructive.....We must also compliment Hubbard on his rather belated move to set up a solid line of demarkation between Dianetics and Scientology. This is important to many individuals in the field who are not interested in religions of any nature. We will venture to state that a sizable number of people who have departed from the fold will once more become interested since Dianetics is now classed as a distinct and separate science. We hope that future issues of Ability will be impartial in the dissemination of usable material.....Also, we would like to suggest that the holders of HCA certificates be allowed to swap them for HDA's, or vice-versa, in those cases where such a move would be desirable. Since both of these degrees have basic coverage in both sciences, this should constitute no problem.....With the Scientologist in his Church, and the Dianeticist in his office or clinic, each member in the field should know exactly where he stands.....As we said, Bookays are in order!....

SPEAKING OF bookays, we would like to express our thanks for the nice clusters thrown our way because of our Analogy. It seems that many of our readers are interested primarily in developing their mental capacities both as to quantity and quality of learned knowledge, source being no object. We are most happy that our readers are open-minded seekers of knowledge and that we are able to fill even a small portion of what they desire.....There are still a few copies of the Analogy in "book" form available for those who are interested....

REV. JIM WELGOS is due in Minneapolis October 22nd to give a series of two lectures. The first, "The Factors of Perfect Living", will be given Saturday evening, with the second, "The Ultimate Science", following on Sunday afternoon. Both lectures will be presented in the local YWCA. A large crowd is expected to attend. Inquiries to date indicate that several out-state visitors will be present....

AS OUR READERS well know, we are always on the look-out for items of special interest that are worthy of note. In line with this trait of ours, we have discovered an artist of no mean ability (at least, we hope she isn't mean) who can out-dally Dali. Since you have read through to this page, you couldn't have missed this month's outcrop of abstract ART in its most abstract sense. As you have noticed, we placed two of these specimens side by side. We thought this necessary because (as everybody knows) two minuses equals a plus and we certainly wouldn't want to wind up on the minus side in any situation. Be as it may, we can only hope that our readers are high enough on the tone scale that they won't sink clear into apathy when they first catch sight of these beautiful abstractions. (Ye Ed spun right into a past life when he opened the container. Can you blame him?) If you have studied the specimens thoroughly, you have, no doubt, popped up with the right titles. In case you would like to check up on yourself, these are them: 1) "I just know there must be something wrong with me....or is it this hat?" 2)"After giving your problem a great deal of thought, I have decided that what is wrong with you is ----." There! Isn't it nice to know that you were right? Better be careful, though, the artist contends that people who name these things correctly are as crazy as she is, and, in her own immortal words, "But if there were any real justice, somebody would have had me hung for it before this." Poor girl, she thinks that nobody understands her, but we do, don't we?.....

DOINGS OF THE
DIANETICS & SCIENTOLOGY SOCIETY
OF GREATER ST. LOUIS.
by Bob Youtsey

At the first meeting of the month on September 7th, the group listened to half-hour Lecture No. 6 of the Professional Course Tapes. We then split up into coauditing teams and ran "Hello to Pictures" as outlined in Elementary Straight Wire. One team got off on Route One and turned on some sunburn.

The September 14th meeting was called at 7:30, starting with the next half-hour of the Professional Course Tapes. After discussion of this, the group went to the St. Louis Union Station where they split up into teams. Under the direction of Dottie Allen they ran "Union Station" (R2 - 46 - "What do you really know about that person?"). In the beginning, the Pc mentioned many things which he couldn't back up with certainty, but as the process went on, this straightened out.

On September 21st, after the usual business, we heard Tape Lecture No. 8 of the Professional Course series. All of us then joined in a discussion of the lecture and the subject of the Perfect Duplicate which Hubbard had been explaining. This led to a discussion of the Axioms, and also the Factors. The Perfect Duplicate was still not quite grasped.

Another Professional Course Tape was played on September 28th. Following this, we had some more discussion of the Perfect Duplicate, and some time was spent on a drill of making a Perfect Duplicate of a Mest object. Some sort of did - others didn't. The idea of what it is seems to be better now.

THIS BEING the first issue of our fifth year of existence, we wish to express our thanks to our many readers for their continuous support. We are proud that we have been able stay alive in a field where many news-letters have come and gone. We are the oldest in our particular field and have been entirely self-supporting. To us, this fact alone proves the worth of our existence. Thanks again, folks, it's nice to have you with us!

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