



From Caveman to Contemplative

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One of the best known passages in Plato's writings is that of 'Plato's Cave' at the beginning of the seventh book of the *Republic* [VII, 514a ff.]: but its profundities are worth exploring again because, it provides a key to the philosophic life, which is also the happy and creative life.

We must begin by reclaiming the word 'philosophy' since it has been belittled by misuse in the west over many centuries, so that for most seekers of living spiritual truths and beauties the word means nothing more than a series of arid arguments on semantic issues. But when Pythagoras first introduced *philosophy* to the Greek language it denoted nobility and a greatness of aspiration to which many great men and women have gladly given their lives. The word, of course, means 'love of wisdom' and because wisdom is a Goddess, it denotes the love of the mortal for the immortal. It led Maximus Tyrius to write [dis. vi; TTS vol. VI, p. 71.] these delightful words in praise of true philosophy and its destiny: "But to what shall I compare the spectacles of a philosopher? To a clear dream by Zeus, circularly borne along in all directions; in which, indeed, the body does not move, but the soul travels round the whole earth, from earth ascends to heaven, passes over every sea, flies through every region of the air, runs in conjunction with the sun, revolves with the moon, is carried round with the choir of the other stars, and nearly governs and

arranges the universe, in conjunction with Zeus! O blessed journey, beautiful visions, and true dreams!" We will consider a little later why the philosopher who has made progress in his love of wisdom does indeed "nearly govern and arrange the universe."

To return, however, to the Cave of the *Republic* in which Socrates describes prisoners chained to a bench in such a way as to limit their sight to the wall furthest from the cave's entrance. On this wall appear a procession of shadows caused by a series of objects being carried along a walled path behind the prisoners and which lies between them and a fire. The objects — artificial representations — are numerous and of many different species of things. Since the prisoners have known nothing but the procession of flickering shadows they know no greater reality and cleverest amongst them are able to make the most erudite analysis of these shadows: many win prizes for the remarkable ability to predict which shadow will follow which.

From this strange prison one man escapes, and turning to explore what has lain behind him during his imprisonment, sees first the procession of actual objects, then the fire: this is enough to cause him considerable confusion and some hurt to his eyes, and perhaps he would have sat down again had it not been that someone took hold of him and forced him beyond the fire

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into the light of day, beyond the cave. Here he saw living objects — the originals of which the procession in the cave had been copies. Due to the enfeebled nature of his eyes, unable to endure bright lights after a lifetime in the darkness of a cave, he must first accustom his sight by a gradual series of increasingly bright objects: at first he can only look at shadows, then at images of things reflected in water, and finally the real things. Once he has a clear vision of the upper world his last task is to look to the heavens themselves, to see celestial lights, more beautiful than the things of the earth. Once again this is to be accomplished by degrees: at first he can behold only the heavens at night when the light of the stars dance their perfect rhythms, but finally, as his eyes adapt, he is able to look upon the sun and is able to recognise the truth that it is this single dazzling object which is the source and governor of all things.

The former prisoner returns to the cave to tell his wonderful news to his erstwhile companions, but such is the condition of his eyes, now used to the full light of the sun, that the darkness of the cave makes him stumble and appear the most benighted of fools: the chained prisoners at best laugh at him and at worst become enraged at his ravings, promising that if they are able to loosen their chains a little they will kill the madman.

Now to many this allegory delivers a simple message: that our present condition is one of shadowy unreality, and that the enlightened life awaits us if we are able to free ourselves from our chains and find our way to the upper world. This is certainly an important part of Plato's message to his readers, but a part only. If we only read Plato himself it is easy to miss the rest of the message; it is the great philosopher-mystics of late antiquity who give us the key to the allegory's subtlety.

Proclus, perhaps the last great flowering of western antiquity's wisdom, gives

us in relatively clear language the metaphysical pattern which is implicit within the writings of Plato and his immediate followers. It is this metaphysical scheme which we must have if we are to follow every step of Socrates' escaping prisoner. Briefly, the scheme of the universe can be analyzed, according to Proclus, into six conditions or orders of being [note 1]:

Firstly *unconditioned being*, or "authentic reality" an eternal and therefore immutable world of pure causes. This world is derived from and ruled by the intelligible Gods.

Secondly *being conditioned or clothed in life*, again eternal but especially characterised by a dynamic quality which 'pushes,' as it were, stable being into a procession of archetypal ideas. Derived from and ruled by the intelligible-intellectual Gods.

Thirdly *being and life conditioned or clothed in intellect*; this, too, is eternal and carries the causal and dynamic qualities of the first two worlds further outwards: its own particular characteristic is creativity and ordered thought. Derived from and ruled by the Intellectual Gods.

Because of this characteristic creativity three further worlds, or conditions of being are projected by the powers of the intellectual world: the **fourth** world is that of *being-life-intellect conditioned or clothed in the individuating actions of soul*. The world of soul, while at its highest touching triune world of being-life-intellect, is the first projected order, and its quality of activity necessarily involves some contact with the processions of time. (Plotinus defines time, by the way, as the 'measure' of the soul's activity.) Derived from and ruled by the Supermundane Gods.

The **fifth** condition is that of *being-life-intellect acted upon by soul and given the conditioning and clothing of the appetencies, laws and forms of nature*; this

world is central to the projected or manifested cosmos, and, therefore, its leading characteristic is that of generative dynamism. Derived from and ruled by the Liberated Gods.

The **sixth** and final condition of being is the world of matter: or more properly *matter upon which the five previous worlds' causes are impressed, so that being-life-intellect-soul-nature is clothed in matter*. Derived from and ruled by the Mundane Gods.

You will see that at each succeeding lower level the simplicity of the higher become more and more complex, until in the material or mundane order everything is a complex entity wrapped in many layers and is, therefore, difficult to understand.

But Proclus also says [note 2] that one thing, and one thing only, is higher than Being Itself — and that is Unity. So above these six orders is a super-order of Unity and Unities, which we may call the order of God, and the Gods. Each order descending from the super order of unity down to the mundane order of material existences is diminished in power and beauty: thus the highest order is that in which the greatest power, the deepest beauties, the fullest truths reside. It is worth noting that although each of the six orders is derived from the various choirs of Gods, the Gods themselves are not a part of these orders, because they are above being: although we come to know them through their characteristic qualities of being, life, intellect, soul, nature and body, the Gods are part of the super-order of unity and are not themselves bounded by these qualities.

Now let us return to the Cave, and see if the different conditions of being are implied in the ever-higher perceptions of the freed prisoner:

Starting at the lowest level, the shadows on the cave wall have the least reality

— they are as close to nothingness as it is possible for discernable things to be: we will see as we rise with our prisoner how these shadows are the final result of a series of different levels of reality. While the prisoners look at the wall with its dancing shadows they are almost entirely ignorant, and are not able to see themselves, so that the terrible ignorance which is self-ignorance is their lot: this is the state of each of us when our perception is only of materiality.

Now when the prisoner first turns around he sees the statues, furniture and other objects which are being carried along the walled path: these are the representations of higher things. The forms in nature, which continually give rise to actual physical lives and things, are distant echoes of the archetypal ideas of the second order (that of Life). They are in continual movement and still have a high degree of illusiveness about them — Plato says this walled path is like the "hedges in the stage of mountebanks on which they exhibit their wonderful tricks."

Beyond the procession of objects is the fire that allows the cave to be a habitable place — a place with a degree of reality and light: the cave without fire would be in utter darkness, and any procession would go undetected. The fire represents the order of soul — each soul being a microcosm of the great sun which the prisoner has not yet glimpsed. The *Timæus* explicitly says that the purpose of souls is to vivify and order the manifested cosmos, which was so often symbolised by the ancients as a cave.

Now when our former prisoner has been led to the upper world Socrates says, "And, first of all, he would most easily perceive shadows, afterwards the images of men and of other things in water, and after that the things themselves." The prisoner, then, is at first obliged to look at shadows again — but this time they are shadows of real things, rather than artifi-

cial copies. The third (intellectual) order is a perfect reproduction of the two higher orders and the three great intellectual gods of the Greek Pantheon — Cronos, Rhea and Zeus — are, respectively Intellectual Being, Intellectual Life, and Intellect itself.

The next step is to look at the images of real things reflected in water: the archetypal ideas of the second order of being are the images of the unconditioned beings of the first order. Socrates uses the theme of water here, I think, to indicate the living quality of this vision, for water is the great life-giving element.

Finally the prisoner is able to see the "things themselves" — in other words the authentic and unconditioned eternal beings of the first order.

This might be the end of the increasing brilliant vision of the former prisoner, but Socrates adds to his joys the contemplation of the heavens: first the lesser lights of the night, and finally the vision of the day-star from which the prisoner, now enlightened in every sense, understands all other things have arisen.

The last phase of the Cave story is that in which the prisoner voluntarily descends again for the sake of the remaining enchained men in the cave¹: and this reconciles two apparently conflicting theories identified in Plato's writings: that the destiny of the soul is to flee the material and rise to a perpetual contemplation of the beauties of the celestial realms (cf. the *Phædrus* 250a); and that the destiny of the soul is to vivify and order the Cosmos (cf. the *Timæus* 41c). The voluntary prisoner, whose eyes are now filled with the dazzling vision of the Sun, of the heavenly bodies and of 'real being' descends again taking with him this vision: for to contemplate real being and that which generates real being is to become active in a new

sense. Actions are either accomplished when the attention is turned outwards and downwards or when turned inwards and upwards: in the first case the resulting activity is one of process, but in the second case the activity verges into the essential creativity of the Gods who, in the words of Proclus [note 3], "lead and perfect all things in a silent path by their very being." The best analogy we have to this essential creativity is to consider the way in which the sun as the centre of the solar system controls the orbits of the various planets by remaining still within the centre: the very mass of the sun allows it to govern its satellites without the expenditure of energy. It is this form of activity that enabled Maximus Tyrius to claim that we will "nearly govern and arrange the universe in conjunction with Zeus." This we may say then: the contemplative life is the most truly active life, for our actions become creative only insofar as they arise from real contemplation. Our task then — to spiritualise the mundane realm under the guidance of the Divine powers — is not incompatible with the flight from material concerns to the orb of light, the homeland of our exiled souls.

What turns our attention inward? Plotinus wrote a passage in his *Enneads* (VI, v, 7) which refers to the verses of Homer in the first book of the *Iliad* (Il. I, 199) in which Athena takes hold of Achilles' hair and jerks his head around so that he sees her "with eyes blazing" in order to prevent the hero from killing Agamemnon; Plotinus' words are: "Were one able to be spun around, either by his own effort or through the good fortune of being yanked by Athena herself, he will find himself face to face with the god, with himself, and with the universe. He will not at first perceive what he sees as the universe, but when he finds that he is unable to locate and define himself and his limits, then, abandoning the definition of himself as something separate from the entire One, he will enter the total universe without mak-

¹ In the *Voice of the Silence*, this is the *Nirmanakaya* doctrine; the Bodhisattva who exchanges "liberation" for the miseries of "secret life."

ing a single move, but by remaining there, where the universe has its foundations."

Let me repeat that last phrase: without making a single move. It is the cultivation of stillness which is the exercise of the cathartic virtues, and the reaping of the rewards of stillness in the exercise of the theoretic virtues which Plato hints at in the *Phædo* where Socrates says: "Those who are conversant with philosophy in a proper manner, seem to have concealed from others that the whole of their study is nothing else than how to die and be dead."¹ As Olympiodorus says in his commentary [III, i] on this passage "to die differs from to be dead. For the cathartic philosopher dies in consequence of meditating death; but the theoretic philosopher is dead, in consequence of being separated from the passions." The passions — those things external to the essential unity of the soul and which cause the soul to be moved — always arise when she identifies with the worlds which are lower than her own proper order; it is the movement of the soul involved with the world which prevents her from reaching the stillness of contemplation. Passions are the result of appetites, which we have already defined as being an intrinsic part of the order of nature, or that order which is immediately below that of the soul.

The path of philosophy is the stripping away of the clothes of real being: anything can be the starting point of our journey inwards — Blake's grain of sand or flower, for example — and then the process of simplification must take over: this is not the material which surrounds it; this is not the natural laws which give it definition; this is not the soul which gave it movement; this is not the intellect which ordered it; this is not the life which im-

¹ In "hindering the modifications of the *thinking principle*" we learn gradually to control the motions of the astral *by will and at the moment* rather than only in meditation. Emotion dies as compassion arises. The nighttime of specialized love vanishes when the sun is in the sky — then service, or going back into the cave is the *only* choice — [AT, *Edit*]

pelled it outwards; this is that which IS. When we have arrived at the purest being we may then, if the Gods are willing, press beyond the final veil and find the unity which is the root of being: the Nirvana state, if you like, in which even being itself is revealed as a dream. Each level of being experienced is a new level of perception, for although Proclus says [in *Parmen.*] that things are known not according to their own quality but according to the quality of the knower, the power of the soul is to be self-creative: therefore as each level is reached so in some fashion the nature of the soul is changed. From this point of view we are what we think. This is the reason why Aristotle says that man is created by God and man — in other words man is started by God but finished by his own powers.

When this simplification is finished we are no longer beholding separate beauties, but Beauty herself. And the divine priestess, Diotima, when directing Socrates to this final vision says [note 4]: ". . . what effect, think you, would the sight of beauty itself have upon a man, were he to see it pure and genuine, not corrupted and stained all over with the mixture of flesh, and colours, and much more of like perishing and fading trash; but were able to view that divine essence, the beautiful itself, in its own simplicity of form? Think you that the life of such a man would be contemptible or mean; of the man who always directed his eye toward the right object, who looked always at real beauty, and was conversant with it continually? Perceive you not, said she, that in beholding the beautiful with that eye, with which alone it is possible to behold it², thus, and thus only,

² Dangma's opened eye. "It is only "with a mind clear and undarkened by personality, and an assimilation of the merit of manifold existences devoted to being in its collectivity (the whole living and sentient Universe)," that one gets rid of personal existence, merging into, becoming one with, the Absolute,* [*Hence *Non-being* is "ABSOLUTE Being" in esoteric philosophy.] and continuing in full possession of Paramârtha [the Self-analysing consciousness]." — *S.D.I.*, 54. [Ed. A.T.]

could a man ever attain to generate, not the images or semblances of virtue, as not having his intimate commerce with an image or a semblance; but virtue true, real, and substantial, from the converse and embraces of that which is real and true. Thus begetting true virtue, and bringing her up till she is grown mature, he would become a favourite of the Gods; and at length would be, if any man ever be, himself one of the immortals."

This vision of the Beautiful, the ultimate object of all love, is the continual test of the philosopher who pursues truth: all truth is beautiful, and no one who ever gazed upon a great truth has come away from it without feeling quickened by it. Speaking personally I use this as the most certain check whenever I think I have discovered a new truth: the question is always "is this idea beautiful?"

The removal of the accretions with which the universe surrounds pure being is not a process of deadening negation but rather, if we follow Diotima's path of Eros, an affirmation and love of the real. Proclus, in his commentary on the Parmenides [note 5], says of this approach: "But our intention in pursuing these mysteries is no other than by the logical energies of our reason to arrive at the simple intellection of beings, and by these to excite the divine one resident in the depths of our essence, or rather which presides over our essence, that we may perceive the simple and incomprehensible one. For after, through discursive energies and intellections, we have properly denied of the first principle all conditions peculiar to beings, there will be some danger, lest, deceived by imagination after numerous negations, we should think that we have arrived either at nothing, or at something slender and vain, indeterminate, formless, and confused; unless we are careful in proportion as we advance in negations to excite by a certain amatorial affection the divine vigour of our unity; trusting that by this means we may enjoy divine unity, when we have dis-

missed the motion of reason and the multiplicity of intelligence, and tend through unity alone to The One Itself, and through love to the supreme and ineffable good."¹

¹ Eros in ancient times was similar to the Tibetan "Fohat": "As in the oldest Grecian Cosmogony, differing widely from the later mythology, Eros is the third person in the primeval trinity: Chaos, Gæa, Eros: answering to the Kabalistic En-Soph (for Chaos is SPACE, $\chi\alpha\lambda\upsilon\sigma$, "Void") the Boundless ALL, Shekinah and the Ancient of Days, or the Holy Ghost; so Fohat is one thing in the yet unmanifested Universe and another in the phenomenal and Cosmic World. In the latter, he is that Occult, electric, vital power, which, under the Will of the Creative Logos, unites and brings together all forms, giving them the first impulse which becomes in time law. But in the unmanifested Universe, Fohat is no more this, than Eros is the later brilliant winged Cupid, or LOVE. Fohat has naught to do with Kosmos yet, since Kosmos is not born, and the gods still sleep in the bosom of "Father-Mother." He is an abstract philosophical idea. He produces nothing yet by himself; he is simply that potential creative power in virtue of whose action the NOUMENON of all future phenomena divides, so to speak, but to reunite in a mystic supersensuous act, and emit the creative ray. When the "Divine Son" breaks forth, then Fohat becomes the propelling force, the active Power which causes the ONE to become Two and THREE—on the Cosmic plane of manifestation. The triple One differentiates into the many, and then Fohat is transformed into that force which brings together the elemental atoms and makes them aggregate and combine. We find an echo of this primeval teaching in early Greek mythology. Erebus and Nux are born out of Chaos, and, under the action of Eros, give birth in their turn to Æther and Hemera, the light of the superior and the light of the inferior or terrestrial regions. Darkness generates light. See in the Purânas Brahmâ's "Will" or desire to create; and in the Phœnician Cosmogony of Sanchoniathon the doctrine that Desire, $\acute{o}\varsigma$, is the principle of creation.

Fohat is closely related to the "ONE LIFE." From the Unknown One, the Infinite TOTALITY, the manifested ONE, or the periodical, Manvantaric Deity, emanates; and this is the Universal Mind, which, separated from its Fountain-Source, is the Demiurgos or the creative Logos of the Western Kabalists, and the four-faced Brahmâ of the Hindu religion. In its totality, viewed from the standpoint of manifested Divine Thought in the esoteric doctrine, it represents the Hosts of the higher creative Dhyan Chohans. Simultaneously with the evolution of the Universal Mind, the concealed Wisdom of Adi-Buddha—the One Supreme and eternal—manifests itself as Avalôkitêshwara (or manifested Iswara), which is the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Ahura-Mazda of the Zoroastrians, the Heavenly Man of the Hermetic philosopher, the Logos of the Platonists, and the Atman of the Vedantins. [SDI, 109-10] — Ed., A.7.

Our highest destiny is, then, to come into the presence of the One and the Good. But a word of caution here, for in a culture which is still largely conditioned by the monotheism which grew in the place of the ancient world's theology of 'the One and the Gods' it is easy to dismiss the cultivation of the Gods as being unnecessary. The Chaldean oracles [note 6] tell us that a disordered approach to divinity is worthless, perhaps dangerous: the path to the ineffable One is through his first progeny, the Gods, the divine unities who unfold into light that which is forever hidden in the One alone. The worship of the Gods is the most certain source of inspiration, as the art, architecture, literature, and philosophy of Ancient Greece testify. The former prisoner, nearing the perfect vision of the Sun, has as a final step, the survey of the night sky — and only those who have been trapped all their lives in light polluting modern cities will be ignorant of the joy which such a vision affords the soul.

Let me end with another quote from Proclus [note 7]; one that I feel ranks among the finest in all the world's scriptures. In it Proclus calls us to the highest state of contemplation, that of The One, which he says is 'hidden in the intelligible Gods' or those Gods who govern the highest realm of pure being:

"Let us now therefore, if ever, abandon multiform knowledge, exterminate from ourselves all the variety of life, and in perfect quiet approach near to the cause of all things. For this purpose, let not only opinion and phantasy be at rest, nor the passions alone which impede our anagogic impulse to the first, be at peace; but let the air be still, and the universe itself be still. And let all things extend us with a tranquil power to communion with the ineffable. Let us also, standing there, having transcended the intelligible (if we contain any thing of this kind,) and with nearly closed eyes adoring as it were the rising sun, since it is not lawful for any being whatever intently to behold him — let us survey the

sun whence the light of the intelligible Gods proceeds, emerging, as the poets say, from the bosom of the ocean; and again from this divine tranquillity descending into intellect, and from intellect, employing the reasoning of the soul, let us relate to ourselves what the natures are from which, in this progression, we shall consider the first God as exempt. And let us as it were celebrate him, not as establishing the earth and the heavens, nor as giving subsistence to souls, and the generations of all animals; for he produced these indeed, but among the last of things; but, prior to these, let us celebrate him as unfolding into light the whole intelligible and intellectual genus of Gods, together with all the supermundane and mundane divinities — as the God of all Gods, the unity of all unities, and beyond the first adyta, — as more ineffable than all silence, and more unknown than all essence, — as holy among the holies, and concealed in the intelligible Gods."



NOTES

1. For a fuller explanation of these six orders see p. 247 of Thomas Taylor Series *Works of Plato*, vol. III (TTS XI), note 101; and for a more modern exposition see chapter 3 of L. Sivianes' *Proclus, Neoplatonic Philosophy and Science*.
2. See propositions 1- 6 of Proclus *Elements of Theology* (TTS vol. I).
3. Proclus' *Theology of Plato* I, 14, TTS vol. VIII.
4. *The Banquet* 212a
5. See p. 34 of the Thomas Taylor Series *Works of Plato* vol. IV (TTS XII).
6. "Divinity is never so much turned away from man, and never so much sends him novel paths, as when we make our ascent to the most divine of speculations, or works, in a confused and disordered manner, and as it adds, with unhallowed lips, or unbathed feet. For of those, who are thus negligent, the progressions are imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are blind." TTS vol. VII, p. 49.
7. Proclus' *Theology of Plato* II, 11, TTS vol. VIII, p.166

SUFISM II,

[CONTINUED FROM JANUARY ISSUE]

Or Theosophy from the Standpoint of
Mohammedanism.

In Two Parts: -Part I, Texts; Part II, Symbols,¹

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD, Stud. Theos.

SAADIS', BOOSTAN (FRUIT GARDEN
OR GARDEN OF PLEASURE).

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE
CANDLE AND THE MOTH

I remember one night lying sleepless in bed,
That I heard what the moth to the fair candle said
"A lover am I, if I burn it is well!
Why you should be weeping and burning, do tell."
"Oh my poor humble lover!" the candle replied,
"My friend, the sweet honey away from we hied.
When sweetness away from my body departs,
A fire-like Farhads² to my summit then starts."
Thus she spoke, and each movement a torrent of
pain
Adown her pale cheeks trickled freely like rain.
"Oh, suitor! With love you have nothing to do,
Since nor patience, nor power of standing have you.
Oh, crude one! A dame makes you hasten away;
But I, till completely consumed, have to stay.
If the burning of love makes your wings feel this
heat,
See how I am consumed, from the head to the feet!"
But a very small portion had passed of the night
When a fairy-fated maiden extinguished her³ light.
She was saying, while smoke from her head curled
above,
"Thus ends, oh my boy, the existence of love!"
If the love-making science you wish to acquire,
You're more happy extinguished than being on fire.
Do not weep o'er the grave of the slain for the
friend!

Be glad! For to him He will mercy extend.
If a lover, don't wash the complaint from your
head!

* * * * *

I have told you: don't enter this ocean at all!
If you do; yield your life to the hurricane squall!

The above translation is from the
hand of G. S. Davie but since this story is

¹ We have merged the many parts of this article into two large installments. It was originally printed in 1886. Volume I, of The Path Magazine, New York, NY.

² Farhad was the youthful lover of Shirin.

³ Her refers to the candle. The moth is the lover and the candle the beloved.

representative of Sufi love, I add another made by S. Robinson.

I remember that one night, when I could not close my eyes in sleep, I heard the moth say to the taper.

"I am a lover, therefore it is right that I should be burnt, but wherefore shouldst thou be lamenting and shedding tears?"

It replied: "O my poor airy friend, my honey-sweet Shirin is going away;

"And since my Shirin hath left me, like Ferhad's,⁴ my head is all on fire."

So spoke the taper, and each moment a flood of sorrow flowed down over its pale check.

Then it continued: "O pretender, love is no affair of thine; for thou hast neither patience nor persistency.

"Thou takest to flight before a slight flame; I stand firm till I am totally consumed.

"Thou mayest just singe a wing at the fire of love: look at me, who burn from head to foot."

A part of the night was not yet gone, when suddenly a Peri-faced damsel extinguished the light,

Then said the taper: "My breath is departed, the smoke is over my head; — such my son, is the ending of love!"

If thou wouldst learn the moral of the story, it is this: Only will the pangs of burning affection cease, when life's taper is extinct.

Weep not over this monument of thy perished friend — rather praise Allah, that he is accepted by Him.

If thou art indeed a lover, wash not the pains of love from thy head; wash rather, like Saadi, thy hand from all malevolence.

The man who volunteereth a service of peril will not withdraw his grasp from his purpose, though stones and arrows rain down upon his head.

I have said to thee: "Take heed how thou goest to the sea; but if thou wilt go, resign thyself to its billows."

Jelaluddin Rumi (Mevlana-Our Lord-Jelalu-'d-din, Muhammed, Er Rumi of Qonya) usually called *Jelal* or *Mulla*.⁵ Born A. D. 1195, he died 1273.

⁴ See note above.

⁵ Mulla is the Persian form of the Arabic Maulawi, "a learned man," "a scholar."

Jelal is the greatest poet among the Sufis and is their Grand Master of spiritual knowledge. His name means "Majesty of Faith." He instituted the order of the Mevlevi, the "dancing or whirling dervishes," of which we shall speak more later on. This order is a realization of Jelal's father's prophecy about his son: "The day shall come, when this child will kindle the fire of divine enthusiasm throughout the world."

Jelal is truly the greatest Sufi saint, for marvelous were his powers. In the *Menaqibu 'l Afifin* (the Acts of the Adepts) by *Shemsu-'d-din Ahmed, el Eflaki* the following acts are recorded against his name. When five years old, he used at times to become extremely uneasy and restless, so much so that his attendants used to take him into the midst of themselves. The cause of these perturbations was that spiritual forms and shapes of the absent (invisible world) would arise before his sight, that is, angelic messengers, righteous Genii, and saintly men — the concealed ones of the bowers of the True One (spiritual spouses of God), used to appear to him in bodily shapes: * * * His father used on these occasions to coax and soothe him by saying: "These are the Occult Existences. They come to present themselves before you, to offer unto you gifts and presents from the invisible world." These ecstasies and transports of his began to be publicly known and talked about. The honorific title of *Khudavendgar*¹ was conferred upon him at this time by his father, who used to address him as "My Lord." — "It is re-lated that when Jelal was six years old, he one Friday afternoon was taking the air on the terraced roof of the house, and reciting the Quran, when some other children of good families

came in and joined him there. After a time, one of these children proposed that they should try and jump from thence on to a neighbouring terrace, and should lay wagers on the result. Jelal smiled at this childish proposal, and remarked: "My brethren, to jump from terrace to terrace is an act well adapted for cats, dogs, and the like, to perform; but is it not degrading to man, whose station is so superior. Come now, if you feel disposed, let us spring up to the firmament, and visit the regions of God's realm." As he yet spake, he vanished from their sight. Frightened at Jelal's sudden disappearance, the other children raised a shout of dismay, that some one should come to their assistance, when lo, in an instant, there he was again in their midst; but with an altered expression of countenance and blanched cheeks. They all uncovered before him, fell to the earth in humility, and all declared themselves his disciples. He now told them that, as he was yet speaking to them, a company of visible forms, clad in green raiment, had led him away from them, and had conducted him about the various concentric orbs of the spheres, and through the signs of the Zodiac, showing him the wonders of the world of spirits, and bringing him back to them so soon as their cries had reached his ears.

At that age, he was used not to break his fast more often than once in three or four, and sometimes even seven, days.

When Jelal went to Damascus to study, he passed by Sis in Upper Cilicia. There, in a cave, dwelt forty Christian monks, who had a great reputation for sanctity, but in reality were mere jugglers. On the approach of Jelal's caravan to the cave, the monks caused a little boy to ascend into the air, and there remain standing between heaven and earth. Jelal noticed this exhibition, and fell into a reverie. Hereupon, the child began to weep and wail, saying that the man in the reverie was frightening him. The monks told him not to be afraid, but to come down. "Oh!"

¹ Khudawaud is a Persian word signifying "lord," "prince," "master." A professor: a man of authority. It is used as a title of the Deity and by Christian missionaries in India it is generally employed as a translation of the Greek Kyrios, "Lord." (Hughes' Dic.)

cried the child, "I am as though nailed here, unable to move hand or foot." The monks became alarmed. They flocked around Jelal, and begged him to release the child. After a time, he seemed to hear and understand them. His answer was: "Only through the acceptance of Islam¹ by yourselves, all of you, as well as by the child, can he be saved." In the end they all embraced Islam, and wished to follow Jelal as his disciples, but he recommended them to remain in their cave, as before, to cease from practicing jugglery, and to serve God in the spirit and in truth. So he proceeded on his journey.

To prove that man lives through God's will alone, and not by blood, Jelal one day, in the presence of a crowd of physicians and philosophers, had the veins of both his arms opened and allowed them to bleed until they ceased to flow. He then ordered incisions to be made in various parts of his body; but not one drop of moisture was anywhere obtainable. He now went to a hot bath, washed, performed an ablution, and then commenced the exercise of the sacred dance.

Space forbids us to dwell any longer upon the miracles of this wonderful man of whom *Shems Tebreez* once asserted, in Jelal's College, that "whosoever wished to see again the prophets, had only to look on Jelal, who possessed all their qualifications; more especially of those to whom revelations were made, whether by angelic communications, or whether in visions; the chief of such qualities being serenity of mind with perfect inward confidence and consciousness of being one of God's elect. Go and look upon Jelal, if thou wish to comprehend the signification of that saying 'the learned are the heirs of the prophets,' together with something beyond that, which I will not here specify."

We must add a few passages from Jelal's lectures, &c. These were his last

instructions, "*the best of mankind is he who benefiteth men*" and, "*the best of speech is that which is short and to the purpose.*" Jelal once at a funeral spoke thus: "The ordinary reciters, by their services, bear witness that the deceased lived a Muslim. My singers, however, testify that he was a Muslim, a believer, and a lover of God." He added: "Besides that; when the human spirit, after years of imprisonment in the cage and dungeon of the body, is at length set free, and wings its flight to the source whence it came, is not this an occasion for rejoicings, thanks, and dancing? The soul in ecstasy, soars to the presence of the Eternal; and stirs up others to make proof of courage and self-sacrifice. If a prisoner be released from a dungeon and be clothed with honour, who would doubt that rejoicings are proper? So, too, the death of a saint is an exactly parallel case." Once, when requested to give a lecture to men of science, he answered: "A tree laden with fruit, had its branches bowed down to the earth therewith. At the time, doubts and gainsaying prevented the gardeners from gathering and enjoying the fruit. The tree has now raised its head to the skies, and beyond. Can they hope, then, to pluck and eat of its fruit?"

Jelal's chief work, and the reference book of Sufism, is the *Mesnevi* (*Mathvawi*) usually known as the *Mesneviyi Sherif* or *Holy Mesnevi*. It is truly one of the most famous books of the East, studied and commented upon wherever dogmatic religion has been abandoned for esoteric truth.

From the preface we quote the following:

"This is the book of the Rhymed Couplets (*Mathnawi*, *Mesnevi*). It contains the roots of the roots of the roots of the one (one true) Religion (of Islam); and treats of the discovery of the mysteries of reunion and sure knowledge. It is the Grand Jurisprudence of God, the most glorious Law of the Deity, the most manifest

¹ *Islam* means *the resigning or devoting one's self entirely to God, and his service.*

Evidence of the Divine Being. The refulgence thereof¹ is like that of a lantern in which is a lamp¹ that scatters beams more bright than the morn. It is the paradise of the heart, with springs and foliage. One of these springs is “the fount named *Sal-sabil*”² by the brethren of this religious order;³ but, by saints and those miraculously endowed, it is called “the Good Station,”⁴ and “the Best Resting place.”⁵ The just shall eat and drink therein, and the righteous shall rejoice and be glad thereof. Like the Egyptian Nile, it is a beverage for the patient, but a delusion to the people of Pharaoh and to blasphemers; even as God, whose name be glorified, hath said: “He misleads therewith many, and He guides therewith many; but He misleads not therewith (any), save the wicked.”⁶

“It is a comfort to man’s breast, an expeller of cares. It is an exposition of the Quran, an amplification of spiritual aliments, and a dulcifier of the disposition; written “by the hands of honorable scribes”⁷ who inscribed thereon the prohibition: “Let none touch it save the purified.”⁸ It is (a revelation) “sent down (from on high) by the Lord of (all) the worlds,”⁹ which “vanity approacheth not from before, nor from behind,”¹⁰ which God watches over and observes, He being “the best of a Preserver,”¹¹ and “The Most Com- passionate of the merciful ones,”¹² unto whom pertain (many) titles, his utmost title being God, whose name be exalted.”

¹ Quran xxiv, 35.

² *ibid*, lxxvi, 18.

³ The Mevlevi or dancing dervishes.

⁴ Quran xix, 74.

⁵ *ibid*, xxv, 26.

⁶ *ibid*, ii 24.

⁷ *ibid*,. lxxx, 15.

⁸ *ibid*, lvi, 78.

⁹ *ibid*, lvi, 79.

¹⁰ *ibid*, xli, 42

¹¹ *ibid*, xii, 64.

¹² Quran, vii, 150.

Further on he says: “I have exerted myself to enlarge this book of poetry in rhyming couplets, which contains strange and rare narratives, beautiful sayings, and recondite indications, a path for the devout, and a garden for the pious, short in its expressions, numerous in their applications.”

The Mesnevi is said to contain twenty-six thousand six hundred and sixty couplets and a large part of them ought to be cited here, but space forbids. We offer a few selections entirely at random.

The strength of strongest man can merely split a stone;
The Power that informs man’s soul can cleave the moon.
If man’s heart but untie the mouth of mystery’s sack,
His soul soon soars aloft beyond the starry track.
If heaven’s mystery divulged should, ‘haps become,
The whole world ‘twould burn up, as fire doth wood consume. —
Saints’ ecstasy springs from a glimpse of God, his pride.
His station’s that of intimate. He’s bridegroom;
God is bride.
A bride’s veiled graces are not seen by groom alone;
Her unveiled charms solely to him in private shown.
In state she first appears before the people all;
Her veil removed, the groom alone is at her call. —
Who’s not received the gift of knowledge from above,
Will ne’er believe a stock could sigh and moan for love
He may pretend to acquiesce; not from belief;
He says: “Tis so,” to scape a name roach worse than thief,
All they who’re not convinced that God’s “Be” is enough,
Will turn away their face; this tale they’ll treat as “stuff.” —
If he (man) from *esse*, reach not *posse*’s state, he’s *nil*, —
(God) Himself He’s veiled in man, as sun behind a cloud.
This seek to comprehend. God knows what mysteries shroud.
The sun He is; — the sun of spirit, not of sky;
By light from Him man lives; — and angels eke, forby. —
The soul it is originates all vital force. —
The Prophet hath assureth us God’s the soul of all.
The world’s renewed each moment, though we still remain
In ignorance that permanence can change sustain.

Life, like a river, ceaselessly, is still renewed. —
Each night Thou settest free the soul from trap of
flesh,

To scan and learn the hidden records of Thy wish,
Each night the soul is like a bird from cage set free,
To wander. Judge and judgment, then, it does not
see.

By night the pris'ner loses sense of bars, of chains;
By night the monarch knows no state, no pomp
retains;

The merchant counts no more, in sleep, his gains
and loss;

The prince and peasant, equal, on their couches
toss,

The Gnostic is so e'en by day, when wide awake;
For God hath said: "Let quietude care of him take."

Asleep to all the things of earth by night, by day,
As pen in writer's hand he doth his guide obey. —

Of this, the Gnostic's privilege, a trace'd suffice
To rob of sleep and reason vulgar souls of ice.

His spirit wanders in the groves of th' absolute.
His soul is easy; body, still, calm, quiet, mute. —

In sleep thou bearest no burden; borne thou art,
instead.

* * * * *

Know then, thy sleep's a foretaste of what is to
come,

From the rapt state of saints arriving at their home.
The saints were well prefigured by the "Sleeper's
Seven,"

"Their sleep," "their stretchings," "their awaking"
lead to heaven. —

Each night, in profound sleep our consciousness
sinks,

Becomes nonexistent; — waves on seashore's
brinks. —

The body's a cage and a thorn to the soul.

Hence, seldom are body and soul wholly whole. —
Both men and fairies pris'ners are in earthly cage.

If lifted could be from our souls the dark veil,
Each word of each soul would with miracles trail.

The soul unto the flesh is joined, by God's decree,
That it may be afflicted, — trials made to see. —

Th' Infinites' lovers finite's worshippers are not
Who seek the finite lose th' Infinite, as we wot,

When finite with the finite falls in love, perforce,
His loved one soon returns to her infinite source. —

In non-existence mirrored, being we may see; —
Annihilate thy darksome self, — thy being's pall.

Let thy existence in God's essence be enrolled,
As copper in alchemists' bath is turned to gold.

Quit "I" and "We," which o'er thy heart exert
control.

'Tis egotism, estranged from God, that clogs thy
soul. — Discharge thyself of every particle
of self;

So shalt thou see thyself pure, free from soil of self.
Within thy heart thou'lt see the wisdom of the
saints,

Without a book, a teacher, or professor's plaints. —
Thyself * * purge of self. Abstraction thou shalt
gain, —

Both love and soul are occult, hidden and con-
cealed. —

A lover's whole life is but self-sacrifice;
He wins not a heart, save his own heart's the price. —

When love for God is lighted in the human heart,
It fiercely burns; it suffers not effects' dull smart;
— love is love's own sign, giv'n from the highest
sphere. —

The heart's with God, — the heart is God, —
boundless, immense!

From all eternity, the figures of all things,
Unnumbered, multitudinous, gleam in hearts'
wings.

To all eternity each new-created form
In heart of saint reflected is, most multiform. —
Have patience, thou too, brother, with thy needle's
smart.

So shalt thou, 'scape the sting of conscience in thy
heart.

They who have conquered, — freed themselves
from body's thrall,

Are worshipped in the spheres, the sun, the moon,
stars, all.

Whoever's killed pride's demon in his earthly
frame,

The sun and clouds are slaves, to do his bidding,
tame.

His heart can lessons give of flaming to the lamp;
The very sun not equals him in ardent vamp. —

The inward hymn that's sung by all the hearts of
saints

Commences: "0 component parts of that thing
Nod."

New since they lake their rise in this Not, negative,
They put aside the hollow phantom where we live.

Ideas and essences become "things" at His word.
—

This world's a negative; the positive seek thou.

All outward forms are cyphers; search, the sense to
know. — Mankind the songs of fairies'
never hear at all,

They are not versed in fairies' ways, their voices
small. —

"Allah, Allah¹" cried the sick man, racked with pain
the long night through;

Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips
like honey grew

But at morning came the Tempter; said "Call
louder, child of Pain!

See if Allah ever hear or answers 'Here am I,'
again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went;

¹ Free translation, by J. Freeman Clark.

To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed?

Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I;'

And I thought, God will not pity; will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, Rise, Elias, go

Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his golf of woe.

Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;

That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my answer 'Here am I.' "

When thy mind is dazed by colour's magic round,
All colour's lost in one bright light diffused around.
Those colours, too, all vanish from our view by night.

We learn from this, that colour's only seen through light.

The sense of colour-seeing's not from light distinct.
So, too, the sudden rainbow of our mind's instinct.
From sunlight, and (he like, all outer colours rise;
The inward tints that mark our minds, from God's sunrise.

The light that lights the eye's the light that's in the heart.

Eye's light is but derived from what illumines that part.

The light that lights the heart's the light that comes of God,

Which lies beyond the reach of sense and reason, clod!

By night we have no light; no colour can we see.
Thus, light we learn by darkness, its converse.
Agree!

A seeing of the light, perception is of tints;
And these distinguished are through darkness gloomy hints.

Our griefs and sorrows were by God first introduced,

That joy to sense apparent thence should be reduced

Occult things, thus, by converse, grow apparent, all.
Since God has no converse, apparent He can't fall.
Sight first saw light, and then the colours saw,
From converse, converse Stands forth, as Frank from Negro.

By converse of the light, distinguish we the light;
A converse 'tis that converse shows unto our sight.
The light of God no converse has in being's bound;
By converse, then, man has not its distinction found.

Our eyes cannot distinguish God, decidedly;
Though He distinguish Moses and the Mount from thee. —

The doctrine, which Jelal was most emphatic about was the extinguishment of Self, and his teachings are quite characteristic for him, though the general doctrine is a common one among the Sufis. *He argues for simplicity.*

He tells us a story about a dispute between Chinamen and Greeks before the Sultan, as to who is the more skilful of the two nations, in the art of decoration. The Chinese ask for and get thousands of colours and work hard, while the Greeks ask for no color; they only polish their front,

"Effacing every hue with nicest care,"

and when the Sultan came to examine the relative merit of Chinese gorgeousness and Greek simplicity,

"Down glides a sunbeam through the rifted clouds,
And, to the colours of that rainbow house
Shine, all reflected on those glassy walls
That face them, rivalling: The sun hath painted
With lovelier blending, on that stony mirror
The colours spread by man so artfully. —
Know them, O friend! such Greeks the Sufis are,
Having one sole and simple task, — to make
Their hearts a stainless mirror for their God. —

PART II — SYMBOLS.

The practical expounders and preachers of Sufism are the Dervishes, the monks of Islam, the expressions of at least one side of the inner life of Sufism. We have given enough quotations to show, that the highest aim of the Sufi is to attain self-annihilation by losing his humanity in Deity.

So far the direct teachings as they lie on the surface of our quotations. The grand undercurrents are the relations of The Universal Self and The Individual Self. The expression "Self" has not been used, but "God" and "Soul" because of the peculiarity of the exoteric forms of current Mohammedan Theology, which the Sufi-Doctors find themselves bound to observe.

We have yet to quote the Sufi poets Hafiz, Jami, Nizami, Attar and others, but as their teachings are veiled under symbols, they naturally find their place in this our second part, and shall be treated fully toward 'the end. We will begin with the more ecstatic features of practical Sufism, with the Der-vishes, the Moslem saints, and thus develop the *subjective* forms of Sufism. We shall come to appreciate the use of a ritualistic service and ascetic practices, when we see these framed in close harmony with the laws of Nature and conductive to Union with Self

Where we use the phrase The Personal, our readers will understand it as the *subjective* equivalent for the objective "Self. —

An historic study of the rise of Sufism out of original asceticism, will afford us an excellent view of the evolution of Sufism itself as well as of all other forms of Mysticism. Hence we must devote some space to it.

It must undoubtedly be maintained that asceticism and monastic life are entirely inconsistent with Mohammedanism, and in fact Mohammed himself was far from anything like it, and constantly preached against it, advocating an active life and an aggressive religion.

But neither Mohammed nor his followers could stem the tide of ascetic influences from the East, from Buddhism; nor from the West, from Christianity. These two religious systems had existed for centuries and were both characterized by monastic institutions, and missionary spirit. But, much deeper than these individual influences lies the power of a new historic cycle beginning about a century after Mohammed, just at the time we find the greatest number of Islam saints, with a distinctive monastic cast. The era is characterized by a new civilization in the West, and a consolidation of the Eastern conquests. The Mohammedan power encircles Christendom and threatens to destroy both

Church and Christianity. In the East itself a terror of existence befell the minds of men and has left the strongest impressions in the writings of such men as Ata Salami and Hasan, &c.

Even in Mohammed's lifetime an attempt was made to engraft the elements of the contemplative life upon his doctrine. The facts are well known. One evening, after some more vigorous declamations than usual on the prophet's part — he had taken for his theme the flames and tortures of hell — several of his most zealous companions, among whom the names of Omar, Ali, Abou-Dharr, and Abou-Horeirah are conspicuous, retired to pass the night together in a neighbouring dwelling. Here they fell into deep discourses on the terrors of divine justice, and the means to appease or prevent its course. The conclusion they came to was nowise unnatural. They agreed that to this end the surest way was to abandon their wives, to pass their lives in continued fast and abstinence, to wear hair-cloth, and practice other similar austerities: in a word, they laid down for themselves a line of conduct truly ascetic, and leading to whatever can follow in such a course. But they desired first to secure the approbation of Mohammed. Accordingly, at break of day, they presented themselves before him, to acquaint him with the resolution of the night, as well as its motives and purport; but they had reckoned without their host. The prophet rejected their proposition with a sharp rebuke, and declared marriage and war to be far more agreeable to the Divinity than any austereness of life or mortification of the senses whatever, and the well known passage of the Quran; "O true believers, do not abstain from the good things of the earth which God permits you to enjoy," revealed on this very occasion, remains a lasting monument of Mohammed's disgust at this premature outbreak of ascetic feeling. This lesson and many others of a similar character, for the time being, checked any and all appearance of declared forms of asceticism, but could not prevent

the ultimate triumph of the truer and better parts of human nature. "Fate" would have it, that within his own family, lie hidden the germs, destined in after ages, down to the present day, and probably as long as Islam shall exist, to exert the mightiest influence in the Mohammedan world.

Ali, Mohammed's cousin, and *Ali's* son *Hasan*, his grandson *Zein el Abidin*, and after them *Djaufar es Sadik*, *Mousa el Kadhim*, *Ali er Ridha*, and others of their race, were members of a family which became the very backbone of asceticism. They were successively looked up to by individual ascetics as the guides and instructors in word and deed of self-denial and abnegation.

In the *Menaqibu l Arafin* (the Acts of the Adepts) it is related that the Prophet one day recited to *Ali* in private the secrets and mysteries of the "Brethren of Sincerity" enjoining him not to divulge them to any of the uninitiated, so that they should not be betrayed; also, to yield obedience to the rule of implicit submission. For forty days, *Ali* kept the secret in his own sole breast, and bore therewith until he was sick at heart. As his burden oppressed him and he could no more breathe freely, he fled to the open wilderness, and there chanced upon a well. He stooped, reached his head as far down into the well as he was able; and then, one by one, he confided those mysteries to the bowels of the earth. From the excess of his excitement, his mouth filled with froth and foam. There he spat out into the water of the well, until he had freed himself of the whole, and he felt relieved. After a certain number of days, a single seed was observed to be growing in that well. It waxed and shut up, until at length a youth, whose heart was miraculously enlightened on the point, became aware of this growing plant, cut it down, drilled holes in it, and began to play upon it airs, similar to those now performed by the dervish lovers of God, as he pastured his sheep in the neighbourhood. By degrees, the various tribes of Arabs of the

desert heard of this flute-playing of the shepherd, and its fame spread abroad. The camels and the sheep of the whole region would gather around him as he piped, ceasing to pasture that they might listen. From all directions, the nomads flocked to hear his strains, going into ecstasies with delight, weeping for joy and pleasure, breaking forth in transports of gratification. The rumor at length reached the ears of the Prophet, who gave orders for the piper to be brought before him. When he began to play in the sacred presence, all the holy disciples of God's messenger were moved to tears and transports, bursting forth with shouts and exclamations of pure bliss, and losing all consciousness. The Prophet declared that the notes of the shepherd's flute were the inspiration of the holy mysteries he had confided in private to *Ali's* charge.

Thus it is that, until a man acquires the sincere devotion of the linnnet-voiced flute-reed, he cannot hear the mysteries of "The Brethren of Sincerity" in its dulcet notes, or realize the delights thereof; for "faith is altogether a yearning of the heart, and a gratification of the spiritual sense."

In regard to "The Brethren of Sincerity" mentioned above it can be said that the Mohammedans in the East know perfectly well that there exists on earth, among the initiated a secret hierarchy which governs the whole human race, infidels as well as believers, but that their power is often exercised in such a manner that the subjects influenced by it know not from what person or persons its effects proceed.

In this hierarchy the supreme dignity is vested in the *Khidr*. This is a man indeed, but one far elevated above ordinary human nature by his transcendent privileges. Admitted to the Divine Vision, and possessed in consequence of a relative omnipotence and omniscience on earth; visible and invisible at pleasure; freed from the bonds of space and time; by his ubiquitous and immortal powers appearing in various forms on earth to uphold the cause

of truth; then concealed awhile from men; known in various ages as Seth, as Enoch, as Elias, and yet to come at the end of time as the Mahdi; this wonderful being is the centre, the prop, the ruler, the mediator of men of ascetic habits and retirement, and as such he is honoured with the name of *Kothb*, or axis, as being the spiritual pole round which and on which all move or are upheld. Under him are the Aulia, or intimate friends of God, seventy-two in number (some say twenty-four), holy men living on earth, who are admitted by the *Kothb* to his intimate familiarity, and who are to the rest the sources of all doctrine, authority, and sanctity. Among these again one, pre-eminent above the rest, is qualified by the vicarious title of *Kothb-ez-zaman*, or axis of his age, and is regarded as the visible depository of the knowledge and power of the supreme *Kothb* — who is often named, for distinction's sake, *Kothb el-Akthab*, or axis of the axes — and his constant representative amongst men. But as this important election and consequent delegation of power is invisible and hidden from the greater number even of the devotees themselves, and neither the *Kothb-ez-zaman* nor the Aulia carry any outward or distinctive sign of dignity and authority, it can only be manifested by its effects, and thus known by degrees to the outer world, and even then rather as a conjecture than as a positive certainty.

On the authority of the famous saint of Bagdad, Aboo-Bekr el Kettané,¹ E. W. Lane' states that the orders under the rule of this chief are called *Omud* (or *Owtad*), *Akhyar*, *Abdal*, *Nujaba*, and *Nukaba*, naming them according to their precedence, and remarks that perhaps to these should be added an inferior order called *Ashab ed-Darak*, that is "Watchmen" or "Overseers." The *Nukaba* are three hundred and reside in El-Gharb (Northern Africa to the West of Egypt); the *Nujaba* are seventy and reside in Egypt; the *Abdal* are forty

and are found in Syria; the *Akhyar* are seven and travel about the earth; the *Omud* are four and stand in the corners of the earth. The members are not known as such to their inferior unenlightened fellow-creatures, and are often invisible to them. This is most frequently the case with the *Kothb*, who, though generally stationed at Mekka, on the roof of the Kaaba, is never visible there, nor at any of his other favorite stations, yet his voice is often heard at these places.

Let us add that their great power is supposed to be obtained by self-denial, implicit reliance upon God, from good genii and by the knowledge and utterance of "the most great name."

Eflaki, the historian, has given us the links of a spiritual series, through whom the mysteries of the dervish doctrines were handed down to and in the line of Jelaludin er Rumi.

Ali communicated the mysteries to the Imam Hasan of Bra, who died A.D. 728. Hasan taught them to Habib, the Persian (A.D. 724) who confided them to Dawud of the tribe Tayyi (A.D. 781) who transmitted them to Maruf of Kerkh (A.D. 818); he to Sirri (A.D. 867) and he to the great Juneyd (A.D. 909). Juneyd's spiritual pupil Shibli (A.D. 945) taught Abu-Amr Muhammed, son of Ilahim Zajjaj (A.D. 959) and his pupil was Abu-Bekr, son of Abdu-Allah of Tus, who taught Abu-Ahmed Muhammed, son of Muhammed Al-Gazzali (A.D. 1111), and he committed those mysteries to Ahmed el-Khatibi, Jelal's great grandfather, who consigned them to the Imam Sarakhsi (A.D. 1175). Sarakhsi was the spiritual teacher of Jelal's father, Baha Veled, who taught the Sayyid Burhanu-d-Diu Termizi, the instructor of Jelal.

We shall now proceed with the history.

Zaous Abou Add er-Rahman, of Persian origin, but born in Yemen, led the way. He had passed his early youth in the

¹ Arabian Soc. in the Middle Ages. — D'Ohsson describing the Turkish Dervishes gives another account.

society of Zein el Abidin, the son of Hasan, and grandson of Ali, and the first of that family who in life and writing professed the mystical ideas and austere practices, which ever afterwards distinguished the race. Abou-Horeirah, the devoutest of Mohammed's own companions, and Ebn Abbas were also his masters. He took up his abode at Mecca, the centre of religious feeling, and soon Zaous' influence began to appear among the crowd of pilgrims from all parts of the Mohammedan empire; they began to imitate his long prayers, his fasts, and extreme poverty, and above all his open contempt for all worldly dignity and rank, and many adopted the peculiarity of his dress, the long and patched garment and the high woollen cap, both of which later became so characteristic of the Sufi.

One of his most distinguished followers was *Hasan Yesar*, like Zaous, of Persian origin, but born in Arabia, in Medinah. Having received his liberty (he was born after his mother had become a slave of Omm Salma, one of the numerous wives of the Prophet), he retired to Basra, on the Persian Gulf, a town known for its attachment to the family of Ali and their doctrines, and henceforth a stronghold of the ascetic sect. His life proved the truth and strength of his doctrines, and Basra was now their headquarters.

Malik Ebn Dinar, a Persian, and a slave by birth, known for his love of manual labor, poverty and humility, next appears as chief among the ascetics of his age.

Omar Abon Othman, was a disciple of Hasan Yesar and also an inhabitant of Basra. Hasan Yesar described him as one worthy of angels and prophets for preceptors and guides, one who never exhorted save to what he had first put in practice, nor deterred from anything except what he himself inviolably abstained from. He was a vigorous asserter of man's free will.

About the same time *Omar Abou Durr* at Coufa and *Sofein Abou Abd Allah*

displayed similar examples of austerity and virtue, and so did *Hammad Abou Ismail*, son of the celebrated Abou Hanifah, Abd Allah Merouji, and *Mohammed Ebn es Semmak*.

But whether at Mecca or at Basra, the various ascetics already mentioned, and the many not mentioned; whatever personal influence they exercised, and virtues they possessed, they did not form a particular and distinct association or brotherhood. No common rule united them, nor did they group themselves around any superior or chief, as yet.

But the next prominent man among them was not only a remarkable man as an ascetic, but also the father and founder of all the numerous Dervish family. His name was *Fodheil Abou Ali Zalikani*. He was born of Persian parents and spent his youth as a highway robber. One night he had scaled the walls of a house where the girl of whom he was enamored dwelt, and concealed on the roof, awaited the moment to descend and gratify his passion. But while thus occupied he heard a voice repeating the well-known verse of the Quran: Is it not high time for those who believe to open their hearts to compunction?" "Lord, it is high time indeed," replied Fodheil; and leaving the house, as well as his evil design, he retired to a half-ruined caravansarai not far off, there to pass the rest of the night. Several travelers were at the moment lodged in the caravansarai, and, concealed by the darkness, he overheard their conversation: Let us start on our journey," said one; and the others answered: "Let us wait till morning, for the robber Fodheil is out on the roads." This completed the conversion of the already repentant highwayman. He advanced towards the travellers, and, discovering himself to them, assured them that henceforth neither they nor any others should have aught to fear from him. He then stripped himself of his weapons and worldly gear, put on a patched and tattered garment, and passed the rest of his life in wandering

from place to place, in the severest penitence and in extreme poverty, sometimes alone, sometimes with numerous disciples, whom he took under his direction, and formed into a strict and organized brotherhood. But with all his austerity of life, his prolonged fasts and watching, his ragged dress and wearisome pilgrimages, he preferred the practice of interior virtue and purity of intention to all outward observances, and used often to say that "he who is modest and compliant to others, and lives in meekness and patience, gains a higher reward by so doing than if he fasted all his days, and watched in prayer all his nights." At so high a price did he place obedience to a spiritual guide, and so necessary did he deem it, that he declared: "Had I a promise of whatever I should ask in prayer, yet would I not offer that prayer save in union with a superior." But his favorite virtue was the love of God in perfect conformity to his will, above all hope and fear. Thus when his only son — whose virtues resembled his father's — died in early age, Fodheil was seen with a countenance of unusual cheerfulness; and being asked by his intimate disciple Ragi Abou Ali, afterwards Kadhi of the town of Rei, the reason therefor, he answered: "It was God's good pleasure, and it is therefore my good pleasure also." We must notice one more of his famous sentences: "Much is he beguiled who serves God from fear or hope, for this true service is for mere love;" and, speaking of himself: "I serve God because I cannot help serving Him for very love's sake."

Fodheil died in the year 187 of the Hegira. His disciple was Ibrahim Ebn Adhem, son of noble parents and also a Persian by birth, and he is an example upon the forbearance under injury and reluctance to have their right manifested, so prominent amongst the disciples of Fodheil.

After the death of Fodheil the supreme direction of the brotherhood was vested in Bishar el Hafî, a native of Meron

and inhabitant of Bagdad. When young he had, like Fodheil, led a reckless life, till one day walking in the streets he saw written on a piece of paper, torn and trampled on by the feet of the passers-by, the name of God. He picked it up and, having cleaned it to the best of his ability, took it home and placed it out of the reach of further profanation. The same night he heard a voice saying to him; "Bishar, thou has honoured my name. I will accordingly render thy name honorable in this world and in that to come." He awoke from sleep a changed man, and began a new life of penance and virtue. The name Hafî signifies barefoot. He walked barefooted. His greatest trial was from the veneration of man: "O God," he used to say, "save me from this honour, the requital of which may perchance be confusion in another life."

Our space forbids us to dwell upon the Egyptian ascetics who helped to lay the foundation for the future Sufism. We pass by them and dwell mainly with the Persian representatives.

About this time — the beginning of the fourth century — two events occurred of greatest importance in the history we are narrating. The Samanide princes had gained ascendancy in the empire over the Abbaside Caliphs. All the princes of the Samanide race were remarkable for their piety and patronage of learning. *Nasser Ebn Ahmed*, signalized himself by his love of retirement and religious meditation. He founded an oratory at Bokhara which soon became the resort of the now numerous ascetics, and soon other similar institutions arose throughout the country and *the dervishes of the East now took on them their permanent name and manner of life*.

The other event that characterized this era was the outbreak of open heterodoxy among the ascetics. Hitherto they had concealed their tenets and practices, opposed as they were to the prevailing system, much after the fashion of Ali Zein

el Abidin, grandson of the famous Ali, grand-master of the secret order:

“Above all things I conceal the precious jewel of my knowledge,
Lest the uninitiated should behold it, and be bewildered;
Ah, how many a rare jewel of this kind, should I openly display it,
Men would say to me; ‘Thou art one of the worshippers of idols;’
And Zealous Muslims would set my blood at price,
Deeming the worst of crimes an acceptable and virtuous action.”

After these ascetics had learned their strength from their union they began to take part in politics and worked zealously with that party that wished to overthrow the family and religion of Mohammed and place Ali and mysticism in their stead. They accordingly soon had martyrs in their ranks. Thus died at Bagdad the famous *Hosain Abou Meghith el Halladj*.

To his school belonged the three giants of learning and piety: Abd-el-Kadir el Ghilani, Mohi ed Din Ebn-Aarabi el Moghrebi, and Omar Ebn el Faridh. We pen a few of his words:

“I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I ;
We are two spirits, inhabiting one outward frame
And when you behold me, you behold Him,
And when you behold Him, you behold us twain.”

He taught the freedom of the human will and wrote the following satire on the predestinarian system of Islam:

What can man do, if the decrees of predestination surround him,
Binding him in his every state? Answer me, O learned professor.
He (*i.e.*, as if He, that is God) cast him into the ocean, bound hand and foot, and then said to him,
Woe to you, woe to you, should you get wet with the water.”

He it is who thus in his verse addresses God

I love Thee with a twofold love, the love of friendship,
And the love grounded on this alone, that Thou art worthy of it.
But as to that my love which is the love of friendship,

It is a love, which leaves me no thought for any save thee;
And as to the love of Thee according to Thy worthiness,
O raise from betwixt us the veil, that I may behold Thee.
Nor is any praise due to me either for this or for that (love),
But to Thee alone the praise both for this and that.”

Halladj's three famous disciples gave their names to the three principal brotherhoods among the Mohammedans, and their work remains to this day.

Abd-el-Kadir el Ghilani was a Persian by birth and resided at Bagdad. Nobody doubted that he was the Kothb of his time, and as such he announced himself in his ecstatic state, though ordinarily he strove to conceal himself under the veil of a mean and despicable appearance. He founded the order of the Qadiriya which association counted in its ranks some of the greatest names among Eastern mystics and poets. The doctrine of the order was that of Hosein el Halladj, whom he taught the order to look upon as their master, though their doctrine was commonly veiled under a seemingly orthodox terminology. They subsist to this day and are counted among the most prominent.

M. D'hosson in his celebrated work on the Ottoman empire traces the origin of the Faquirs to the time of Mohammed in the following manner: In the first year of the Hegira, forty-five citizens of Mecca joined themselves to many others from Medina. They took an oath of fidelity to the doctrines of their Prophet, and formed a sect or fraternity, the object of which was to establish among themselves a community of property, and to perform every day certain religious practices in a spirit of penitence and mortification. To distinguish themselves from other Mohammedans, they took the name of Sufis. This name, which later was attributed to the most zealous partizans of Islam, is the same still in use to indicate any Muselman who retires from the world to study, to lead a life of pious contemplation, and to follow

the most painful exercises of an exaggerated devotion. To the name of Sufi they added also that of Faquir, because their maxim was to renounce the goods of the earth, and to live in an entire abnegation of all worldly enjoyments, following thereby the words of the Prophet: "Poverty is my pride." Following their example, *Abu Bakr and Ali* established, even during the lifetime of the Prophet and under his own eyes, religious orders, over which each presided, with *Zikrs* or peculiar religious exercises, established by them separately, and a vow taken by each of the voluntary disciples forming them. On his decease, Abu Bakr made over his office of president to one *Salmann l-Farisi*, and Ali to *al-Hasann l-Basri*, and each of these charges were consecrated under the title of *Khali-fah*, or successor. The two first successors followed the example of the Khalifahs of Islam, and transmitted it to their successors, and these in turn to others, the most aged and venerable of their fraternity. Some among them, led by the delirium of the imagination, wandered away from the primitive rules of their society, and converted, from time to time, these fraternities into a multitude of religious orders. * *

* It was about A.H. 49 (A.D. 766) that the Shaikh Alwan, a mystic renowned for his religious fervor, founded the first regular order of the Faquirs, now known as the Alwaniyah.

The Bastamiyah, the Nagshbandiyah, and the Bakhtashiyah descend from the original order established by Abu Bakr. All the others come from Ali.

THE FAQUIRS OR DERVISHES.

The Arabic word *Faqir* signifies *poor*, poor in the sense of being in need of mercy, poor in the sight of God. The Persian equivalent *Darvish* is derived from *dar* "a door" — those who "beg from door to door."

The dervishes are, as stated before, the practical expounders of Mohammedanism. They are divided into two great

classes, the *ba Shara* (with the law), or those who govern their conduct according to the principles of Islam; and the *be Shara* (without the law), or those who do not rule their lives according to the formal principles of any religious creed, although they call themselves Muslims. To the latter, the Sufis principally belong. These Faquirs are called either *Azad*, the free, or *Majnub*, the absorbed. The former shave their beards, whiskers, eyebrows, etc., and live a life of celibacy.

Every school and every brotherhood has its own distinctive teachings and technicalities, and its peculiar practices and observances, its saints and doctors, great men and founders.

A student will also readily discover a different character in Arabic and Persian Sufism. The Arabic being nearer to Christianity takes up much from it, but moulds it in its peculiar way; the Persian being nearer the traditions of Zoroaster and in immediate contact with Manichaeism, naturally borrows from thence. Thus the "pantheistic" tendencies, such as Divine absorption, universal manifestation of the Deity under the seeming appearances of limited forms, the final return of all things to the unity of God, a tendency to regard matter as evil, the reprobation of marriage, etc. — these were ideas that rose from Persian soil, while the ideas of a radiant Divinity mediating between the supreme fountain-head of Being and the created world; of an all-prevading Spirit of love; of detachment from the world; of poverty, humility, etc., were more akin to Christian belief.

Still Saadis' description applies to all: "The outward tokens of a dervish are a patched garment and a shaven head; and the inward signs, those of being alive in the spirit, and dead in the flesh: — 'not he who will sit apart from his fellow-creatures at the door of supplication with God; and, if he shall, reject his prayer, will stand up in disobedience; or if a mill-stone come

rolling down a mountain, he is not intelligent in the ways of providence, that would rise to avoid it.”

“The ritual of the Dervishes is gratitude and praise, worship and obedience, contentment and charity, and a belief in the unity and providence of God, having a reliance on and being resigned to his will, confident of his favour, and forbearant of all: whosoever is endowed with these qualifications is in truth a dervish, notwithstanding he be arrayed in gorgeous apparel: whereas, the irreligious and hypocritical vain boaster, sensualist, and whoremonger, who turn days into nights in his slavish indulgences, and converts nights into days in his dreams of forgetfulness; who eats whatever falls in his way, and speaks whatever comes uppermost, is a profligate, though clothed in the sack-cloth of a saint. —”

The dervishes differ, says A. Vambéry,¹ from each other only by the manner in which they demonstrate their enthusiasm; still the more we penetrate towards the East, the greater is the purity with which they have been preserved. In Persia the dervishes play a much more important part than in Turkey, and in Central Asia, isolated as it has been from the rest of the world for centuries, this fraternity is still in full vigor, and exercises a great influence upon society.

According to A. Vambéry, the *Bek-tashi*, *Mevlevi*, and *Rufai* orders are principally found in Turkey; the *Kadrie* and *Djelali* in Arabia; the *Oveisi* and the *Nurbakhchi Nimetullahi* in Persia; the *Khilali* and *Zahibi* in India, and the *Nakishbendi* and *Sofi* (a recent order) in Central Asia.

According to Th. P. Hughes² the following are the chief orders of Faqirs met with in North India:

- (1) *Naqshbandia*, the followers of Khwajah Pir Mohammed Naqshband, and

are a very numerous sect; they usually perform the *Zikr-i-Khafi*³ or the silent devotion.

- (2) The *Qadiria* sprung from the celebrated Sayyid Abdul Qadir, surnamed Pir Dustagir, whose shrine is at Bagdad. They practice both forms of the *Zikr*. Most of the Sunni Moulavis of the north-west frontier of India are members of this order. In Egypt it is most popular among the fisherman.
- (3) The *Chishtia* are followers of Banda Nawaz, whose shrine is at Calburgah; they are partial to vocal music, for the founder of the order remarked, that singing was the food and support of the soul. They perform the *Zikr-i-Jali*.
- (4) The *Jalalia* founded by Sayyid Jalalud-din of Bokhara; they are met with in Central Asia. Religious mendicants are often of this order.
- (5) The *Sarwardia* are popular in Afgani-stan and comprise many learned men. They are the followers of Hasan Bisri of Basra, near Bagdad. These five are all be-Shara Faqirs.

The be-Shara Faqirs are very numerous. The most popular order is that of the *Mudaria*, founded by Zinda Shah Murdar of Syria, whose shrine is at Mukanpur, in Oudh. From these have sprung the *Malang* Faqirs who crowd the bazaars of India. They wear their hair matted or tied in a knot. The *Rafia* order is also a numerous one in some parts of India. They practice the most severe discipline and mortify themselves by scourging.

The secrets of the dervish orders cannot be learned. An initiation is described in Lane's *Society in the Middle Ages* and the following is another.

¹ Intell. Obs. Vol. 7.

² Notes on Mohammedanism.

³ The Zikrs will be described later in the article.

The following is the account of the admission of Tewekkul Beg into the order of the Qadiriyahfaqirs, one of the four most prominent ones, by Moolla Shah, a Saint and poet of some celebrity, who died in the year of the Hegira 1072 (1661-62 of our era), at Lahore, where his shrine was reared by the Princess Fatima, daughter of Shah-Jihan. Tewekkul is himself the narrator:

Having been introduced, by means of Akhond Mollâ Mohammed Say'd into the intimate circle of Mollâ Shah, my heart through frequent intercourse with the Sheikh was filled with a burning desire of reaching the sublime goal [of the mystical science], and I no longer found sleep by night nor rest by day * * I passed the whole of that night without being able to shut my eyes, and betook myself to reciting a hundred thousand times the one hundred and twelfth chapter of the Quran. I accomplished this in several days. It is well known that in this chapter of the Quran the great Name of God is contained, and that through the power of that Name, whoever recites it a hundred thousand times may obtain all that he desires. I conceived then the wish that the Master should bestow his affection upon me. And, in fact, I convinced myself of the efficacy of this means, for hardly had I finished the hundred thousandth recitation of this chapter of the book of God, when the heart of the Master was filled with sympathy for me, and he gave order to Senghin Mohammed, his vicar, to conduct me on the following night to his presence. During that whole night he concentrated his mind upon me, while I directed my meditation upon my own heart; but the knot of my heart was not unloosed. So passed three nights, during which he made me the object of his spiritual attention, without any result being manifested. On the fourth night Mollâ Shah said, 'This night Mollâ Senghin and Sâlih Bêg, who are both very susceptible to ecstatic emotions, will direct their whole mind upon the neophyte.' They obeyed this order, while I remained

seated the whole night, my face turned towards Mecca, at the same time concentrating all my mental faculties upon my own heart. Towards daybreak, a little light and brightness came into my heart, but I could distinguish neither form nor color. After morning prayer I presented myself, and the two persons I have just mentioned, before the Master who saluted me and asked them what they had done to me. They replied: 'Ask him, himself.' Then, addressing me, he told me to relate to him my impressions. I said that I had seen a brightness in my heart; whereupon the Sheikh became animated, and said to me: 'Thy heart contains an infinity of colors, but it is become so dark that the looks of these two crocodiles of the infinite ocean [the mystic science] have not availed to bestow upon it either brightness or clearness; the moment is come when I myself will show thee how it is enlightened.' With these words he made me sit in front of him, while my senses were, so to speak, inebriated, and ordered me to reproduce within me his appearance. Then, having blindfolded me, he bade me concentrate all my mental faculties upon my heart. I obeyed, and in an instant, by the divine favor and the spiritual assistance of the Sheikh, my heart was opened. I saw then within me something, like a cup, turned upside down; and this object having been turned up again, a feeling of illimitable happiness filled my whole being. I said to the Master, 'This cell, where I am sitting before you — I see a faithful reproduction of it within me, and it seems as if another Téwekkul Beg were seated before another Mollâ Shâh.' He answered, 'It is well: the first vision which presents itself to thy view is the figure of the Master. * * * He next bade me uncover my eyes, which I did, and I then saw him, by the material organ of vision, seated in front of me. Again he made me bandage them, and I perceived him by my spiritual vision, seated in front of me just the same. Full of wonder I cried out, O my Master, whether I look with my bodily eyes or my spiritual vision, it is always you that I see.' Mean-

while I saw advance towards me a dazzling figure, and upon my telling the Master of it, he bade me ask the apparition its name. In my spirit I put to it that question, and the figure answered me by the voice of the heart, 'My name is Abd Alkâdir Glilânî.' I heard this answer by my spiritual ear. The Master then advised me to pray the Saint to give me his spiritual help and succor. I made this petition; and the apparition said to me, 'I had already granted to thee my spiritual assistance; hence it is that the knots of thy heart have been loosed.' Full of deep gratitude, I imposed on myself the obligation of reciting every Friday night the whole Koran in honor of this great Saint, and for two whole years I never neglected this practice. Molly Shah then said, 'the spiritual world has been shown to thee in all its beauty: remain there seated, effacing thyself completely in the marvels of this unknown world.'

"I obeyed strictly the directions of my Master, and, day by day, the spiritual world became more and more unveiled before me. The next day I saw the figures of the Prophet and his chief Companions, and legions of Saints and Angels passed before my inner vision. Three months passed in this manner, after which the sphere where all color is effaced opened before me, and then all the figures disappeared. During all this time the Master ceased not to explain to me the doctrine of the union with God and of mystical intuition. But, nevertheless, the Absolute Reality would not show itself to me. It was not until after a year that the knowledge of the Absolute Reality, in its relation with the conception of my own existence came to me. The following verses revealed themselves at that moment to my heart, whence they passed unbidden to my lips: —

'That this corruptible frame was other than water
and dust
I knew not: the powers of the heart and the soul
and the body I knew not,
Woe is me! that so much of my life without Thee
has for ever fled from me
Thou wert I; but dark was my heart: I knew not the
secret transcendent.'

I submitted to Mollâ Shâh this poetical inspiration, and he rejoiced that the idea of the union with God was at last manifested to my heart; and the words of the doctrine of the union with God, and he will never betray addressing his disciples, he said: 'Tèwekkul Bêg has heard from my mouth the mystery. His inner eye is opened; the sphere of color and images is shown to him, and at last the sphere where all color is effaced has been revealed to him. Whoever after having passed through these phases of the union with God, has obtained the Absolute Reality, shall no more be led astray, whether by his own doubts or by those which sceptics may suggest to him.'

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kl 17.15 - 18.15

Den Hemliga Läran av Helena Blavatsky
(Vårt kursmaterial är "DHL" del I, löpande studier)

Den Hemliga Läran är den teosofiska filosofins
rygggrad.

Det mesta som finns i denna bok speglar kärnan i
teosofins esoteriska lära.

DHARMAGRUPP II

kl 18.15 - 19.15

Teosofins Ocean av William Q. Judge
(Vårt kursmaterial är "Oceanen". Se vår studieplan
för hela
höstterminen längre ner på sidan under
Dharmagrupp II)

Teosofins Ocean är en förenklad version av
Den Hemliga Läran.

För en sökare finns det ingen bättre bok att studera
om man vill lära

känna teosofins grundläggande filosofi enligt HPB
och Mästarna.

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POINT OUT THE WAY

XXVII

Chapter VI

Hypnotism, Suggestion and the Astral Light

Question: At the time the Ocean was written in 1893, much attention was devoted to hypnotic experimentation as demonstrated by Charcot in Paris. This interest declined, and seems not to have been revived until the last decade or so. What is the explanation?

Answer: This question relates to the cycles of psychism. Now, in the last century, Charcot demonstrated that hypnotism was not a safe method to use. Yet much of what is called Behaviorism and Psychoanalysis is nothing but a modified form of hypnotism. Another thing found out very quickly was that Charcot ruined his subjects—in body, mind and soul—and so his school fell into disrepute. Have we ever thought, however, with respect to this modern form of psychoanalysis, that its power, psychologically, is in its confessional element? In some degree, at least, the power of the psychoanalyst is a renewal of the power of the priest.

Question: Is there an element of suggestion in Psychoanalysis?

Answer: Always the suggestion is that the man unburden himself—and most of us are very willing to do so. The psychoanalyst listens and then he suggests forms of gratification, so that these suppressed tendencies may be given their normal field of exercise—physically, if it is safe; otherwise, in the man's thoughts.

The truth is that most of us are hypnotized, not by some person but by the influence upon our astral natures of the thoughts, desires and feelings of all mankind for millions of years. We have been incarnated, let's say, a thousand times since the beginning as an entirely distinct race of our Aryan Race, and before that we had tens of thousands of incarnations in Atlantean days. That experience hasn't perished; it is the substance of the astral light, and everyone of us is hypnotized by it. To whatever extent our wills are not instantly operative, just to that extent we are hypnotized by the astral light. For example, there isn't one of us who is not constantly seeing his own mistakes of every kind and constantly desiring or resolving not to repeat those mistakes; we continually wish to do better and yet find our will ineffectual. This is due to the paralyzing effects of the astral light, which light is the crop of thoughts and desires raised by us all throughout this whole period of evolution, and that paralyzing influence has to be recognized, has to be faced, has to be torn out by each individual for himself.

Question: Don't the Mahatmas themselves use suggestion?

Answer: Well, the very words, Spirit and Matter, black and white, light and dark, or, as with us, good and evil, show that there isn't a rela-

tion, a function, a faculty, a power that can't be used for benefit as well as for injury. Suggestion as we use the word, is employed for selfish purposes. We suggest to a man that he do this or that, for our benefit. On the other hand, you can suggest to a man that such—and—such a course of conduct is dangerous. That isn't suggestion in the sense in which it is used by the advertising fraternity, by the politician, by the psychoanalyst, by the priest.

Take another instance. You know we are accustomed to argue. Now, the difficulty of arguments is that they are always over differences. Arguments never produce anything but a breach in the discussion. Yet the word argue originally means "to make clear." and dispute was once a synonym for the word discuss. Today, we have three different words: to dispute, to argue, to discuss. What is the difference between them? Attitude. So with suggestion.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE COFFEE KLATCH

Coffee Maker: Student, while you're regaling me with your latest "find," please stir the hot chocolate so it won't burn on the bottom.

Student: I'll stir and you point your best ear my way.

In his essay, "The Poverty of Unbelief" (*Index on Censorship*, Winter issue), Jonathan Ree comments:

The distinction between atheists and believers is perhaps beginning to lose its

point: the real distinction is between those who are willing to be intelligent about the problems of existence and those who are not. And if tacit atheism has become the default belief of our age, it needs to be noted that it is no longer the badge of a courageous free spirit but, more often than not, the "do not disturb" sign hung out by the intellectually inert. Of course there are ways in which religious belief can lead to dogmatic folly. Any fool can see that believers are liable to think their gods the only true ones, and such exclusive certitudes can lead by well-trodden paths to fanaticism and murderous intolerance. But that is not the only logic of religious belief; nor is it the most interesting one. Believing in a God also means recognizing the possibility of an intelligence that sees things differently from you, and far better too. In that respect religious belief is a standing lesson in tolerance and pluralism, and indeed in relativism. Relativism in this sense is just a humble tautology, trivial or profound depending on how you take it. It is simply a reminder that the way you look at things is only the way you look at things, and that, however well supported it may seem, it could still, for all you know, be thoroughly and ridiculously mistaken.

Coffee Maker: That was reprinted in the December issue of *The Theosophical Movement*, but I have one for you students who lead the vanguard of "change," while we fogies shake our head and decry your radicalism. If you absolutely have to be "radical" and will pay no attention to my cautionary counsel, then let it be along these lines:

Sometimes a kind of glory lights up the mind of a man. It happens to nearly everyone. You can feel it growing or preparing like a fuse burning toward dynamite. It is a feeling in the stomach, a delight in the nerves, of the forearms. The skin tastes the air, and every deep-drawn breath is sweet. Its beginning has the pleasure of a great stretching yawn; it flashes in the brain and the whole world glows outside your eyes. A man may have lived all his life in the gray, and the land and trees of him dark and somber. The events, even the important ones, may have

trooped by faceless and pale. And then — the glory — so that a cricket song sweetens his ears, the smell of the earth rises chanting to his nose, and dappling light under a tree blesses his eyes. Then a man pours outward, a torrent of him, and yet he is not diminished. And I guess a man's importance in the world can be measured by the quality and number of his glories. It is a lonely thing but it relates us to the world. It is the mother of all creativeness, and it sets each man separate from all other men.

And this I believe: that the free, exploring mind of the individual human is the most valuable thing in the world. And this I would fight for: the freedom of the mind to take any direction it wishes, undirected. And this I must fight against: any idea, religion, or government which limits or destroys the individual. This is what I am and what I am about. I understand why a system built on a pattern must try to destroy the free mind, for that is one thing which can, by inspection, destroy such a system. Surely I can understand this, and I hate it and I will fight against it to preserve the one thing that separates us from the uncreative beasts. If the glory can be killed, we are lost. [From *East of Eden* by John Steinbeck (ch.13)]

Policeman in rear Booth: Student, don't do it on my beat! or if you do keep the *noblesse oblige* in mind and I will as well I wot to reciprocate. We belong to the same tribe despite our contrasting "Dharmas".

But I have a reflection on last issue's insertion about the:

Purely Spiritual Man

Purely Animal Man

Purely Human Man

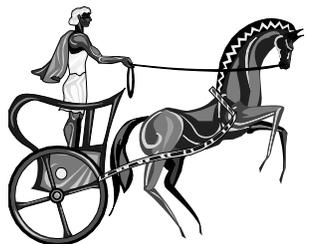
as expounded in *The Secret Doctrine*. If I understood the text correctly, they sort out like this:

The purely *Spiritual* man means the individualization of the three highest principles of life.

The purely *animal* man means the temporary organization, in a form, of the three lowest principles. (i.e., the psychic embryo or "mindless" man)

The purely *human* being is one in whom the four lower principles are developed and in union in the being — that's the Lunar Pitri. There were seven classes, *i.e.*, they ranged all the way from 3-principled consciousness with just the faintest touch of the fourth principle up to full 4-principled being.

Man lurking in corner: Yes, but with that type of thinking be very careful to NEVER take yourself seriously, for there is really only One Principle — One Diamond with seven facets, some latent, others active. Spiritual knowledge, firsthand knowledge, knowledge not to be censored or misunderstood, springs up in our heart traveling from within-without — child of universal benevolence.



DNYANESHVARI

[The *Dnyaneshvari* is mentioned many times by Madame Blavatsky, always in glowing terms. The following rendition is extracted from Manu Subedar's translation. The great Sage, Dnaneshwara Maharaj sang this work to his people when he was quite young. He did it in their native language, Marathi, about 700 years ago. It is his commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita*.]

XXVII

[Continued from Vol. III, #3]

Chapter IX [CONTINUED]

Shri Krishna says to Arjuna: Now I will speak to you of those who attain Me by the path of wisdom (Dnyana Yadna).

Listen to the characteristics of Dnyana Yadna. Intention (Sankalpa) forms the pillar (Stambha) of the sacrifice (Yadna). The five-fold breath, the pandal (Mandap outside Yadna) and the sacrificial beast is the distinction between self (Jiva) and Self (Shiva). The special functions of the five-fold breath, or the senses, and the five Pranas become the materials for the sacrifice, and the butter in this sacrifice is one's own ignorance. Mind (Manas) and consciousness (Buddhi) are the two hollows in which the fire of Dnyana is lighted. The 'Vedika' in this place is the equanimity of mind. The sacrificial incantation is nothing but efficient thought, and the 'Sruk' and 'Surva' consist of peace of mind. The performer of the sacrifice is Jiva. When by means of utensils in the form of experience, incantations in the form of discretion, and sacrificial beasts in the form of Dnyana, the Jiva has destroyed the distinction between itself and Brahman, ignorance is uprooted. So there is ultimately no difference between the sacrifice and the performer of the sacrifice and the individual (Jiva) gets an undisturbed pure bath in the joys of unity with Self. Then, having assumed the form of Brahman, he knows that all this is one, and he ceases to believe in the distinction between living beings, objects of enjoyment and the senses.

Just as after awakening, one realizes that on account of his sleep, he had himself become the big army about which he dreamt, and knows that the army was not real, but he himself is real, so after Dnyana, the whole world assumes a single form. He then forgets that he is only the individual Jiva in contrast with Brahman. His mind is filled with notions of unity beginning with the blade of grass to Brahman Himself. Though he sees that nothing appears as another thing in this vast universe, nor are all things known by the same name, yet his realization of oneness is unshaken. The body is one, though the different senses of the body are different, there is only one tree, though the different branches may be small or large. In this

way, knowing Me to be the same in all beings, though they bear a variety of names and characteristics, the Dnyana Yogis worship Me. Whatever meets their eyes is only My form. Wherever there are bubbles of water, there is nothing but water, whether these bubbles remain or go away. Even if a speck of dust rises in the sky on account of the wind, it is part of the earth, which it meets when it comes down. The experience of these Yogis embraces everything. Therefore, their behavior is always attuned with the full consciousness that the Infinite variety of forms are nothing but the universe itself. The fact remains clear in their mind like the orb of the sun, which we see. There is harmony in their internal feeling and external behavior. Their devotion is as great as My perfection. Without any visible forms, they worship spontaneously; they cannot avoid it as I am everywhere. But I am not attained in this way by those who have missed the proper path of Dnyana. Only actions that are being performed universally reach Me from all directions. But the erring ones do not realize this and do not, therefore, attain Me.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



CORRESPONDENCE

Greetings!

Thank you for your e-mail.

Yes, Greece is a member of NATO and a member of the EU.

On the eastern border we have a neighbour called T***Y (starting with T, ending with Y). Then it was TroY, now is TurkeY :-)

I'd like to give you a paradox of history relevant to this. After the fall of Troy, Trojans under Aeneas travelled to and inhabited Latium (according to Virgil's epic). The grandchildren of Aeneas, Romus and Romulus established Rome. Centuries later the roman emperor Constantine moved the capital of the empire (together with thousands of Romans) to Constantinople, which is within the Trojan territory. Turks today are more likely descendants of peoples of Byzantium than Mongols of Turkestan.

I was surprised recently to discover the possibility that there were two Trojan wars. One lead by Agamemnon and the other by Hercules!!!

From a description of the Temple of Aphaia:

"Upon the east pedestal, Hercules' expedition to Troy may possibly be depicted whilst the west pedestal maintains Agamemnon's expedition."

http://www.mfa.gr/english/greece/through_time/archaeology/ancient_sites/afaia.html

The one by Agamemnon presumably occurred somewhere around 1250 B.C. But when did the one by Hercules occur? Plato said that 9.000 years before his time, Gods lived amongst men. If demigods (hence Hercules) also lived then, could the first Trojan War have occurred 13.000 years (or more) ago? Could the Iliad and Odyssey have originally been written 13.000 years ago? The weapons of Gods described in these epics suggest either too much imagination

of the poet or much more advanced technology of the period when it occurred.

On the other hand the language given through the epics of Homer that we now call "Greek language", penetrates the western languages. Why in English they use new words like:

Astronaut instead of star man
Cloning instead of branching
Atomic instead of uncut
History instead of narration, etc.

(Some estimate that 50% of English words have Greek origin)

I hope you find this interesting.

Costas
Athens, Greece

[Hercules' expedition might have been against the Atlanteans in Poseidonis, just outside the "pillars of Hercules". Maybe what has come down as the ancient Trojans was actually an invading army from Poseidonis. That's a possibility at any rate, as according to tradition, there was technology and power there which, in some respects we have yet to match.

The sudden collapse of the maritime empire of Minoan Crete, may be the key to Atlantis. Excavations on the small volcanic island of Thera just north of Crete have uncovered documentation that is said to corroborate the story of Plato. Costas, are you familiar with these excavations? If so, give us your take on them. — jw]

The Dual Manas

Plato acknowledges man to be the toy of the element of necessity — which is Karma under another name — in appearing in this world of matter. Man is influenced by external causes, and these causes are *daimonia*, like that of Socrates. Happy is the man physically pure, for if his external soul (astral body, the image of the body) is pure, it will strengthen the second (the lower Manas), or the soul which is termed by him the higher mortal soul, which, though liable to err from its own motives, will always side with reason against the animal proclivities of the body. In other words, the ray of our Higher Ego, the lower Manas, has its higher light, the reason or rational powers of the Nous, to help it in the struggle with Kâmic desires. The lusts of man arise in consequence of his perishable material body, so do other diseases, says Plato; but though he regards crimes as involuntary sometimes, for they result, like bodily disease, from external causes, Plato clearly makes a wide distinction between these causes.

H. P. BLAVATSKY
"Old Philosophers and Modern Critics"

In The Mentality Kitchen

Love is merely madness; and I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip,
as madmen do; and the reason why they
are not so punished and cured, is that the
lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are
in love too. SHAKESPEARE

It is vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness. Byron

Fohat, in his capacity of DIVINE LOVE (*Eros*), the electric Power of affinity and sympathy, is shown allegorically as trying to bring the pure Spirit, the Ray inseparable from the ONE absolute, into union with the Soul, the two constituting in Man the MONAD, and in Nature the first link between the ever unconditioned and the manifested. S.D.I, p. 119

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds —
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
SHAKESPEARE

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a god-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher... Not by flattering our appetite; no, by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every heart... CARLYLE