



Karmic Visions

Oh sad *No More!* Oh sweet *No More!*
Oh strange *No More!*
By a mossed brook bank on a stone
I smelt a wild weed-flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee,
NO MORE!

— TENNYSON (“The Gem,” 1831)*

A CAMP filled with war-chariots,
neighing horses and legions of
long-haired soldiers. . . .

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric
splendour. Its linen walls are weighed
down under the burden of arms. In its
center a raised seat covered with skins,

* [There is an interesting story connected with this particular poem. According to Bertram Keightley (*Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky*, pp. 21-23. Adyar: Theos. Publ. House, 1931; orig. publ. in *The Theosophist*, September, 1931), H.P.B. always wrote her *Lucifer* Editorials herself, “and she had a fancy for very often heading [them] with some quotation, and it used to be one of my troubles that she very seldom gave any reference for these, so that I had much work, and even visits to the British Museum Reading Room, in order to verify and check them, even when I did manage, with much entreaty, and after being most heartily ‘cussed,’ to extract some reference from her.

“One day she handed me as usual the copy of her contribution, a story for the next issue headed with a couple of four line stanzas. I went and plagued her for a reference and would not be satisfied without one. She took the MS. and when I came back for it, I found she had just written the name ‘Alfred Tennyson’ under the verses. Seeing this I was at a loss: for I knew my Tennyson pretty well and was certain that I had never read these lines in any poem of his, nor were they at all in his style. I hunted up my Tennyson, could not find them: consulted every one I could get at—also in vain. Then back I went to H.P.B. and told her all this and said that I was sure these lines could not be Tennyson’s, and I dared not print them with his name attached, unless I could give an exact reference. H.P.B. just damned me and told me to get out and go to Hell. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.]

and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance — his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee — justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbor:

“Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hand of Clovis!”

The captive, who stands between

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two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white disheveled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

“Aye, King,” she says, in a loud, ringing voice. “Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born, . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in open warfare, dagger, poison, and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!”¹

“Ha, ha ha! . . . old hag of Hell!” chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous

[CONTINUED FROM P. 1.]

“So I went to the British Museum Reading Room and consulted the folk there; but they could give me no help and they one and all agreed that the verses could not be, and were not Tennyson’s. As a last resort, I asked to see Mr. Richard Garnett, the famous Head of the Reading Room in those days, and was taken to him. I explained to him the situation and he also agreed in feeling sure the verses were not Tennyson’s. But after thinking quite a while, he asked me if I had consulted the Catalogue of Periodical Publications. I said no, and asked where that came in. ‘Well,’ said Mr. Garnett, ‘I have a dim recollection that there was once a brief-lived magazine called the *Gem*. It might be worth your looking it up.’ I did so, and in the volume for the year given in H.P.B.’s note, I found a poem of a few stanzas signed ‘Alfred Tennyson’ and containing the two stanzas quoted by H.P.B. *verbatim* as she had written them down. And anyone can now read them in the second volume of *Lucifer*: but I have never found them even in the supposedly most complete and perfect edition of Tennyson’s Works.”

¹ “The Nourishing” (Tacit., *Germ.* XI) — the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

sneer. “Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!”

“So, so,” replies the Sybil. “All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Alemanni he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for. . . .”

“Woman!” fiercely cries the King — “Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!” . . .

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

“. . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted

upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . .”

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the “Holy One” of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

“I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! May the Great Law avenge. . . .”

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim’s throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

II

Time — the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in mankind — time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through aeons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again

reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father’s kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honors; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all — what could the Soul-Ego desire more from the Form it dwelt in?

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows — the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

III

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father’s kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dreamland amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the sol-

dier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its window on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring.

IV

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came — the invisible realms.

How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest —
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . .

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of

health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in the funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

V

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, ragged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their granite breast to the fierce blows of the northwest wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sun-

dial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop, and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

“Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!” sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. “Shall ever mine?”

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright, cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

“And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more,” soliloquises the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last

evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters — salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths. . . .

Without a grave,
Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown. . . .

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and con-doling messages to those left behind.

..

“One point gained, over those ‘uncoffined and unknown’,” is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is

drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before.

VI

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the seashore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth — the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at

the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. .

. .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But —
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering
light,
When all we love is fading fast — how terrible is night. . . .

VII

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that overpowering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosom, tears and mental torture, all and one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities

and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valorous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood: thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore

VIII

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The night-mare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and feels the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stag-

nant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice praises to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained!

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror. A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking back on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice — the voice of the Soul-Ego — saying in him: —

“Fame and victory are vainglorious words. . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed — wicked lies and blasphemy!”

“What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories!” whispers the Soul in him. “A population clad in iron armour,” it replies. “Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen’s duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit, thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other? By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expectation. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm-cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . It comes nearer and nearer Oh woe and horror! I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe’s youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see-

The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .

“I will not hear —

. robb’d mothers’ shrieks
While from men’s piteous wounds and horrid gashes
The lab’ring life flows faster than the blood!”

IX

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colors the long hours of solitude and meditation; like the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns of this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfillment of nature’s law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons

him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and “waves on waves in solid mountains rise”; whither he now speeds to reign and — speeds to die.

X

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heartsore Form, to sleep. . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through aeons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and person-

ages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave Bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. “Why does man suffer?” enquires the Soul-Ego. “Because he would become one,” is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms, on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. It feels itself dying more than once in those forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beauteous Elves of Light into an other body — the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus “Death” becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as

soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . .

“What is my Past?” enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norn sisters. “Why do I suffer?”

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognises one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

“What is my immediate Present?” asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

“The decree of Orlog is on thyself!” is the answer. “But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it.”

“What is my Future?” asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn sister, the Soul-Ego. “Is it to be for ever with tears, and bereaved of Hope?” . . .

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds itself on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

“Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! . . . Oh, never more. . . .”

XI

Strange sight and change. . . . The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds himself as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no longer the insignia of royalty, but, as he seems to know, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by “the grace of divine humanity,” chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy — miscalled *Patriotism* — exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences — social and religious — all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration!

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body. . . . Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

“NEW ERA: 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNORIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF

ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD. . . .”

He makes a strong effort and — is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days — in his own country, at least.

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction — ready for the battlefield.

— SANJNA *LUCIFER*, JUNE, 1888

THE SPIRITUAL CONFLICT

PROPHETIC

I am told when a gun is fired it recoils with almost as much force as urges forward the projectile. It is the triumph of the military engineer that he anticipates and provides for this recoil when designing the weapon. Nations prepare for war, but do not, as the military engineer in his sphere does, provide for the recoil on society. It is difficult to foresee clearly what will happen. Possible changes in territory, economic results, the effect on a social order receive consideration while war is being waged.

But how war may affect our intellectual and spiritual life is not always apparent. Material victories are often spiritual defeats. History has record of nationalities which were destroyed and causes whose followers were overborne, yet they left their ideas behind them as a glory in the air, and these incarnated anew in the minds of the conquerors. Ideas are things which can only be conquered by a greater beauty or intellectual power, and they are never more powerful than when they do not come threatening us in alliance with physical forces. I have no doubt there are many to-day who watch the cloud over Europe as we may imagine some Israelite of old gazing on that awful cloudy pillar wherein was the Lord, in hope or fear for some revelation of the spirit hidden in cloud and fire. What idea is hidden in the fiery pillar which moves over Europe? What form will it assume in its manifestation? How will it exercise dominion over the spirit? Whatever idea is most powerful in the world must draw to it the intellect and spirit of humanity, and it will be monarch over their minds either by reason of their love or hate for it. It is more true to say we must think of the most powerful than to say we must love the highest, because even the blind can feel power, while it is rare to have vision of high things.

A little over a century ago all the needles of being pointed to France. A peculiar manifestation of the democratic idea had become the most powerful thing in the world of moral forces. It went on multiplying images of itself in men's minds through after generations; and, because thought, like matter, is subject to the laws of action and reaction, which indeed is the only safe basis for prophecy, this idea inevitably found itself opposed by a contrary idea in the world. To-day all the needles of being point to

Germany, where the apparition of the organized State is manifest with every factor, force, and entity coordinated, so that the State might move myriads and yet have the swift freedom of the athletic individual. The idea that the State exists for the people is countered by the idea that the individual exists for the State. France in a violent reaction found itself dominated by a Caesar. Germany may find itself without a Caesar, but with a social democracy.

But, if it does, will the idea Europe is fighting be conquered? Was the French idea conquered either by the European confederation without or by Napoleon within? It invaded men's minds everywhere; and in few countries did the democratic ideas operate more powerfully than in these islands, where the State was a most determined antagonist of their material manifestations in France. The German idea has sufficient power to unite the free minds of half the world against it. But is it not already invading, and will it not still more invade, the minds of rulers?

All Governments are august kinsmen of each other, and discreetly imitate each other in policy where it may conduce to power or efficiency. The efficiency of the highly organized State as a vehicle for the manifestation of power must today be sinking into the minds of those who guide the destinies of races. The State in these islands, before a year of war has passed, has already assumed control over myriads of industrial enterprises. The back-wash of great wars, their reaction within the national being after prolonged external effort, is social disturbance; and it seems clear that the State will be unable easily, after this war, to relax its autocratic power. There may come a time when it would be possible for it to do so; but the habit of overlord-

ship will have grown, there will be many who will wish it to grow still more, and a thousand reasons can be found why the mastery over national organizations should be relaxed but little. The recoil on society after the war will be almost as powerful as the energy expended in conflict; and our political engineers will have to provide for the recoil. By the analogy of the French Revolution, by what we see taking place to-day, it seems **safe to prophesy** that the State will become more dominant over the lives of men than ever before.

In a quarter of a century there will hardly be anybody so obscure, so isolated in his employment, that he will not, by the development of the organized State, be turned round to face it and to recognize it as the most potent factor in his life. From that it follows of necessity that literature will be concerned more and more with the shaping of the character of this Great Being. In free democracies, where the State interferes little with the lives of men, the mood in literature tends to become personal and subjective; the poets sing a solitary song about nature, love, twilight, and the stars; the novelists deal with the lives of private persons, enlarging individual liberties of action and thought. Few concern themselves with the character of the State. But when it strides in, **an omnipresent overlord, organizing and directing life and industry**, then the individual imagination must be directed to that collective life and power. For one writer today concerned with high politics we may expect to find hundreds engaged in a passionate attempt to create the new god in their own image.

This may seem a far-fetched speculation, but not to those who see how through the centuries humanity has oscillated like a pendulum betwixt opposing

ideals. The greatest reactions have been from solidarity to liberty and from liberty to solidarity. The religious solidarity of Europe in the Middle Ages was broken by a passionate desire in the heart of millions for liberty of thought. A reaction rarely, if ever, brings people back to a pole deserted centuries before. The coming solidarity is the domination of the State and to speculate whether that again will be broken up by a new religious movement would be to speculate without utility. What we ought to realize is that these reactions take place within one being, humanity, and indicate eternal desires of the soul. They seem to urge on us the idea that there is a pleroma, or human fullness, in which the opposites may be reconciled, and that the divine event to which we are moving is a State in which there will be essential freedom combined with an organic unity. At the last analysis are not all empires, nationalities, and movements spiritual in their origin, beginning with desires of the soul and externalizing themselves in immense manifestations of energy in which the original will is often submerged and lost sight of? If in their inception national ideals are spiritual, their final object must also be spiritual, perhaps to make man a yet freer agent, but acting out of a continual consciousness of his unity with humanity. The discipline which the highly organized State imposes on its subjects connects them continuously in thought to something greater than themselves, and so ennobles the average man. The freedom that the policy of other nations permits quickens intelligence and will. Each policy has its own defects: with one a loss in individual initiative, with the other self-absorption and a lower standard of citizenship or interest in national affairs. The oscillations in society provide the corrective.

We are going to have our free individualism tempered by a more autocratic action by the State. There are signs that with our enemy the moral power which attracts the free to the source of their liberty is being appreciated, and the policy which retained for Britain its Colonies and secures their support in an hour of peril is contrasted with the policy of the iron hand in Poland. Neither Germany nor Britain can escape being impressed by the characteristics of the other in the shock of conflict. It may seem a paradoxical outcome of the spiritual conflict Mr. Asquith announced. But history is quick with such ironies. What we condemned in others is the measure which is meted out to us. Indeed it might almost be said that **all war results in an exchange of characteristics**, and if the element of hatred is strong in the conflict it will certainly bring a nation to every baseness of the foe it fights. Love and hate are alike in this, that they change us into the image we contemplate. We grow nobly like what we adore through love and ignobly like what we contemplate through hate. It will be well for us if we remember that all our political ideals are symbols of spiritual destinies. These clashings of solidarity and freedom will enrich our spiritual life if we understand of the first that our thirst for greatness, for the majesty of empire, is a symbol of our final unity with a greater majesty, and if we remember of the second that, as an old scripture said, "The universe exists for the purposes of soul."

1915

A. E.

[GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL]
(Emphasis has been added.)



The Limitations of the Personality

It is only in that *personality* that is centered selfishness, or rather the latter creates the former and *vice versa*, since they mutually act and react upon each other. For, selfishness is that feeling which seeks after the aggrandizement of one's own egotistic personality to the exclusion of others. If, therefore, selfishness limits one to narrow personalities, absolute knowledge is impossible so long as selfishness is not got rid of. So long, however, as we are in this world of phenomena, we cannot be *entirely* rid of a sense of personality, however exalted that feeling may be in the sense that no feeling of *personal* aggrandisement or ambition remains. We are, by our constitution and state of evolution, placed in the "World of Relativity", but as we find that *impersonality* and non-duality is the ultimate end of cosmic evolution, we have to endeavor to work along with Nature, and not place ourselves in opposition to its inherent impulse which must ultimately assert itself. To oppose it, must necessitate suffering, since a weaker force, in its egotism, tries to array itself against the *universal* law.

Theosophist
August 1884

H. P. BLAVATSKY

Friends, Brothers, and Acquaintances

...all that can be said of Friendship, is like botany to flowers. How can the understanding take account of its friendliness?

Also this other word of entreaty and advice to the large and respectable nation of Acquaintances, beyond the mountains; — Greeting.

My most serene and irresponsible neighbors, let us see that we have the whole advantage of each other; we will

be useful, at least, if not admirable, to one another. I know that the mountains which separate us are high, and covered with perpetual snow, but despair not. Improve the serene winter weather to scale them. If need be, soften the rocks with vinegar. For here lie the verdant plains of Italy ready to receive you. Nor shall I be low on my side to penetrate to your Province. Strike then boldly at head or heart or any vital part. Depend upon it, the timber is well seasoned and tough, and will bear rough usage; and if it should crack, there is plenty more where it came from. I am no piece of crockery that cannot be jostled against my neighbor without danger of being broken by the collision, and must needs ring false and jarringly to the end of my days, when once I am cracked; but rather one of the old-fashioned wooden trenchers, which one period stands at the head of the table, and at another is a milking-stool, and at another a seat for children, and finally goes down to its grave not unadorned with honorable scars, and does not die till it is worn out. Nothing can shock a brave man but dullness. Think how many rebuffs every man has experienced in his day; perhaps has fallen into a horse-pond, eaten fresh-water clams, or worn one shirt for a week without washing. Indeed, you cannot receive a shock unless you have an electric affinity for that which shocks you. Use me, then, for I am useful in my way, and stand as one of many petitioners, from toadstool and hen-bane up to dahlia and violet, supplicating to be put to my use, if by any means ye may find me serviceable; whether for a medicated drink or bath, as balm and lavender; or for fragrance, as verbena and geranium; or for sight, as cactus; or for thoughts, as pansy, — These humbler, at least, if not those higher uses.

Ah my dear Strangers and Enemies, I would not forget you. I can well afford to welcome you. Let me subscribe myself Yours ever and truly — your much obliged servant. We have nothing to fear from our foes; God keeps a standing army for that service; but we have no ally against our Friends, those ruthless Vandals.

Once more to one and all,

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers.”

Let such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence.

We'll one another treat like gods,
And all the faith we have
In virtue and in truth, bestow
On either, and suspicion leave
To gods below.

Two solitary stars —
Unmeasured systems far
Between us roll,
But by our conscious light we are
Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere —
Love can afford to wait,
For it no hour's too late
That witnesseth one duty's end,
Or to another doth beginning lend.

It will subserve no use,
More than the tints of flowers,
Only the independent guest
Frequents its bowers,
Inherits its bequest.

No Speech though kind has it,
But kinder silence doles
Unto its mates,
By night consoles,
By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue?
What heareth ear to ear?
By the decrees of fate
From year to year,
Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns —
 No trivial bridge of words,
 Or arch of boldest span,
 Can leap the moat that girds
 The sincere man.

No show of bolts and bars
 Can keep the foeman out,
 Or 'scape his secret mine
 Who entereth with the doubt
 That drew the line.

No warder at the gate
 Can let the friendly in,
 But, like the sun, o'er all
 He will the castle win,
 And shine along the wall.

There's nothing in the world I know
 That can escape from love,
 For every depth it goes below,
 And every height above.

It waits as waits the sky,
 Until the clouds go by,
 Yet shines serenely on
 With an eternal day,
 Alike when they are gone,
 And when they stay.

Implacable is Love, —
 Foes may be bought or teased
 From their hostile intent,
 But he goes unappeased
 Who is on kindness bent.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

CORRESPONDENCE

--and interesting interchange--
 Connie, can I use your letter in the next
 issue of The Aquarian Theosophist?
 Australians just love to hear about each
 other and I have quite a clan there!!
 =====
 she said yes, and this is the letter-----

... nice to hear from you! Yes, I managed
 to get the complete poem, "Paracelsus," by
 Robert Browning. It is truly amazing to
 say the least. I have read it twice (very
 long!!) and I figure I need to read it
 another 10 times to be able to grasp at the
 complexity and depth of this guy's mind.
 It is so profound. You have probably
 guessed that I love poetry and he's one of
 my favorites including Tennyson, Shelley
 and Blake to name a few.

The other chap Paracelsus was an
 alchemist and I have found some interesting
 stuff about him on the net, but, I must
 confess the poem by Browning is my passion
 at the moment. Hey, how are you, and I
 have been thinking about the tragedy that

occurred in your country and hope that you
 and your loved ones are ok.

It is truly sad the evil that
 prevails in life and how it is projected
 through its many 'masks'.

Anyway, I live in Australia on a
 lovely country property where I work and
 subsist with what God and nature has
 provided. It is truly rewarding how the
 simplest of things make me the most
 happiest.
 take care and hope to chat again soon,
 Connie

[The following letter should see the light
 of day, but we must remember it arrived
 when emotions were at a high pitch. Pedro
 had cited some horrible things done to the
 natives of America and suggested the
 intrusive inhabitants should leave.]

Dear Pedro,

As theosophists we need to have
 discretion. When some thing decent
 happens, it is important that we keep it
 clean and away from the mess.

It is true that this land belonged to the
 Native Americans. Actually our
 constitution is written from the Iroquois
 constitution of the Nations, particularly
 the preamble (if someone wants it I have
 a copy of it 25 pages long- very
 interesting reading). But, the natives
 don't want all of us to get out now! They
 want us to live and love the earth the
 skies and nature as much as they do.

It is not too long ago that I was
 robbed out of my voting rights in Florida
 when my president was chosen by the
 Supreme Court. We must see that this is
 not repeated.

It is not too long ago that the
 Americans — not by their choice — (Afro
 Americans) used to be lynched freely.
 Some of the symbols do exist even today.
 We must wipe them out.

It was not too long ago that half of
 the people did not have voting rights
 because they did not have souls
 according to the church — the women.
 We must make sure that the rights of all
 Americans are protected.

We can go on and on.

However, what have they got to do with what is going on now? Some people with *Jihad* as their cause are coming to kill civilians indiscriminately. It is the President's right and his duty to protect and secure this nation to the best of his ability and 90% of Americans think that he is doing the correct thing. He is not running around like a cowboy swinging his gun. He is proceeding cautiously and taking a path of least human losses.

If these crazy people misinterpret their religion and come here to kill people using the inflammatory word of *Jihad*, what is the nation supposed to do?

I think we should support our President (yes! he is my President for these four years even if the Supreme Court placed him there) cautiously, and do our duty without forgetting our rights as an American and a citizen of the world. There is time for cynicism and there is time for positive action.

Gopi

[This next letter is a change of pace to remind us of our integral membership in all of nature as the Sun sweeps on in its great course through the heavens.]

Dec. 24. 1911

To Wescott and Grace,

At this time of the year where the Sun turns back from his northern course — turns inward from his outgoing, it is wise to not that it is the eternal process of all things and Beings. That tide of life and its expression in conscious action flows out and in ever thus, and ever onward. In the attainment of the great, the cyclic return brings back and includes

the smallest of the small, but ever with a higher, fuller meaning. So nothing is lost — not even form, nor any kind of life, but always in these great sweeps from low to high, from high to low, the spiral lifting goes on, if only we know the high, hold to it through all. So, dear ones, with this turning inward or backward of the Sun of our System, under whose laws our physical and psychical encasements move, we must feel see and know the process, and taking advantage of that knowledge move spirally onward.

The sun returns to warm the earth, we as Suns and Sons do likewise — so let it be our view of Christmas and the rejoicing of that season will mean more.

With hearts love and best wishes as ever,

R.C.



THE COFFEE KLATCH

Coffee Maker: Ah! If my coffee mugs could talk they would tell you a thing or two. All this war and rumour of war, this clash and ding of emotions! The enemy will not need to shoot us, we will simply die of our own undoing! I sometimes wonder if I should sit down in a corner, shut my eyes, and muse upon the bends in time, for did not Shelley tell us that “Another Athens shall arise and bequeath like sunset to the skies all earth can take or heaven can give”?

Student buying coffee: Coffeemaker you look distracted, you just dropped cream into a creamless coffee drinker's cup. Connoisseurs tell us that the essence of the thing is in the “bean,” but

then whence comes “motive”? Is it “essence” from a higher plane?

Furtive Bystander: *Essence* cannot be taught but passes by contagion from Those who exemplify, similar to one candle lighting another.

LOUIS: Regarding the Blavatsky material at least, and on a more general note, the whole of classical theosophical writing, it has a certain quality that one does not find as strongly in other writing. The common mark of all inspired writing (*i.e.*, that which has the power to inspire the reader) is its INTUITIVE CHORDS. Along with the literal written word is being carried a **resounding experience** that is MORE than the sum of the words themselves. It is the ECHO of TRUTH carried unbroken over time. The writer, in this case HPB, has before her a clear visual (intuitive) contact of her subject. It is that INTUITIVE ENERGY and all its power to inspire that she sends forward through the words that she uses. It is that INTUITIVE ENERGY that the reader is accessing, most often at a subconscious level. With practice the reader begins to recognize this effect and it starts to become conscious. Who among us has not had the experience of being in the presence of a resounding and familiar truth, when reading HPB's work? Who among us has not enjoyed an ongoing series of AH-HA moments as we grow in the study and the work.

DNYANESHVARI

XII

[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*.]

Chapter V

[Continued from Vol. I, Issue 12]

The very hungry would welcome chaff, if they cannot get grain. Thus the deer, in error leaving behind natural water, would run after the mirage. He who has not realized the true happiness of Self is attracted by the pleasures of senses.

It is wrong even to speak of pleasure in connection with the senses. But, if any one maintains that there is pleasure in the enjoyment of senses, I would ask him, why a flash of lightning does not serve the world's purpose for light. If a small cloud in the sky were sufficient protection against wind, rain and sun, why should anybody build houses?

Let us look at it in another way. How can a canopy formed by the hood of a serpent be cool for the mouse sitting under it? The fish in the river is safe only as long as it does not take the bait.

In the eyes of the wise, these enjoyments appear not like a healthy development, but like stoutness arising out of Pandu disease. From the beginning to the end, there is nothing but misery in such pleasures. Knowing nothing better, like worms produced in mud, who feel no disgust for dirt, stupid people pine for such pleasures. Such people are like frogs who can live in the mud of the objects of senses or in the dirty water of the enjoyment of senses. If every one could be indifferent to the senses, whom shall we call the “miserables” (Dukha-yoni)? Who will pursue ceaseless activity in the troubles of life and death and the travails of birth? Where will sin find its dwelling place? Will not the word “Sansara”

(worldly life) become meaningless? Those who are seeking happiness in the senses, are seeking to establish delusion as truth. Be not diverted from the true path by the false lure of the senses. The Yogis reject these, as one would reject poison and being free from desires, they are able to keep off from this misery.

The only happiness the Yogi knows is the unique happiness of SELF. This happiness is not like the satisfaction secured by a bird pecking at a fruit. In this case there is the bird, there is the satisfaction, and there is the fruit which gives satisfaction, but in the case of the Yogi, the very consciousness of this distinction is lost and a spontaneous identity is established as between one stream of water joining with another stream of water.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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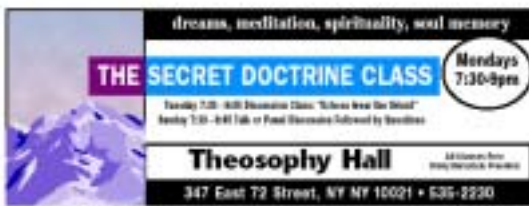
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 -- Dhammapada 183*

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DRÖMMARNAS
NÖDVÄNDIGHET

Fråga: Vad är då insomningsprocessen?

Svar: Den är delvis förklarad av fysiologin. Den är enligt ockultismen den periodiska och reglerade utmattningen av nervcentra och speciellt hjärnans sensoriska ganglier som vägrar att verka längre på detta plan och är, för att inte bli oförmögna till arbete, tvingade att återvinna sin styrka på ett annat plan eller *Upadhi*. Först kommer *Svapna*, eller drömtillståndet, och detta leder till planet *Shushupti*. Nu måste man komma ihåg att alla våra sinnen är tvåfaldiga och verkar i enlighet med det medvetenhetsplan på vilket det tänkande väsendet är i aktiv verksamhet. Fysisk sömn ger den bästa möjligheten för deras verksamhet på de olika planen. På samma gång är den nödvändig för att sinnena från *Svapna* eller *Shushupti* ska kunna få nytt liv för *Jagrata*, eller det vakna tillståndet. Enligt Raja-yogan är *Turiya* det högsta tillståndet. Liksom en människa som är utmattad av ett av livsflödets tillstånd, söker ett annat, (till exempel när hon utmattad av varm luft förfriskar sig med svalkande vatten) är sömnen den skuggiga vrån i livets soliga dal.

Sömn är ett tecken på att det vakna livet blivit för starkt för den fysiska organismen och att livskraftens ström måste brytas genom att övergå från vaket till sovande tillstånd. Be en skicklig klärvoajant att beskriva auran kring en person som just blivit uppfriskad genom sömn, och auran kring en annan som just ska till att sova. Den förra kommer att synas badande i rytmiska vibrationer av livsströmmar – gyllene, blå och rosa; dessa är Livets elektriska vågor. Den orangefärgade tonen, sammansatt av atomer virvlande med nästan otrolig spasmatisk hastighet, visar att personen börjar bli för starkt mättad av Livet. Livsensens är för stark för hans fysiska organ och han måste söka lindring på essensens skuggiga sida. Detta

är drömmens element, eller fysisk sömn – ett av medvetandets tillstånd.

Utdrag från skriften **DRÖMMAR** av
HELENA BLAVATSKY
(Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge)

Den TEOSOFISKA
Ursprungliga Undervisningen
UNITED LODGE OF
THEOSOPHISTS, Malmögen
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Sogyal Rinpoche**

Detta är en bok som åstadkommer en stilla omvälvning av hela vårt sätt att betrakta döden, liksom hela vårt sätt att betrakta livet och ta hand om de levande. Den visar vilket stort hopp vi kan sätta till döden: bortom förnekelse och rädsla kan vi upptäcka vad det är inom oss som överlever döden och förblir oföränderligt. Vi tar upp temat Karma och Reinkarnation, mellantillstånden mellan två inkarnationer, Meditation, hur vi tar hand döende med kärlek och medkänsla och hur vi kan ge dem andlig hjälp. Framför allt tar vi upp hur en kunskap om döden kan ge oss större spontanitet, humor och livslust. **Allt be-lyst ur ett jämförande teosofiskt perspektiv.**

Välkomna!

DHARMAGRUPPEN

I denna studiegrupp tar vi del av **teosofins grundläggande filosofi** på ett mer djupgående sätt än vad som är möjligt under ett föredrag.

Vi kommer under höstterminen att inleda studiet av **Den Hemliga Läran** eller **Dzyans Bok** som den förmedlades av **Helena Blavatsky** på uppdrag av Mästarna från den Stora Logen. Vi börjar med att gå igenom DHL enligt **B.P. Wadias** riktlinjer som finns i skriften **Några synpunkter rörande studiet av Den Hemliga Läran**. Vi kommer att belysa DHL från olika håll, bl.a. från dagens vetenskapliga upptäckter. Det kommer att ges stort utrymme för frågor och samtal kring den teosofiska filosofin. **Den Hemliga Läran** kan betraktas som den teosofiska filosofins ryggrad. Det mesta som finns i denna bok speglar kärnan i teosofins esoteriska lära.

Hjärtligt välkomna att delta i denna studiegrupp som är öppen för alla sökare efter sanningen.

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THE BIG BLUE UMBRELLA

THE FIRST FUNDAMENTAL

We have two contrasting quotations on space illustrating the Teacher's effort to set us free — for if there is to be a marriage of contrasts, who but a thinker can do it?

"... the Secret Doctrine — postulating that conditioned or limited space (location) has no real being except in this world of illusion, or, in other words, in our perceptive faculties—teaches that every one of the higher, as of the lower worlds, is inter-blended with our own objective world; that millions of things and beings are, in point of localization, around and *in* us, as we are around, with, and in them; it is no metaphysical figure of speech, but a sober fact in Nature, however incomprehensible to our senses. (*SD I*, 604-05)

"The physicist who regards Space merely as a representation of our mind, or extension unrelated to things in it, which Locke defined as capable of neither resistance nor motion; the paradoxical materialist, who would have a *void* there, where he can see no matter, would reject with the utmost contempt the proposition that "Space is a substantial though (apparently) an absolutely unknowable living Entity." (*New Aspects*, p. 9.) Such is, nevertheless, the Kaba-

listic teaching, and it is that of Archaic philosophy. Space is the real world, while our world is an artificial one. It is the One Unity throughout its infinitude: in its bottomless depths as on its illusive surface; a surface studded with countless phenomenal Universes, systems and mirage-like worlds. Nevertheless, to the Eastern Occultist, who is an objective Idealist at the bottom, in the *real* world, which is a Unity of Forces, there is "a connection of all matter in the *plenum*," as Leibnitz would say. This is symbolized in the Pythagorean Triangle. " (*Ibid.*, p. 615)

POINT OUT THE WAY

XII

Chapter III

III. — The Monads

[Continued from Vol. I, Issue #12]

Question: What is pushing us, what is guiding us now?

Answer: Well, what is? These are not academic questions. What is pushing a man when he gets scared? Something he is afraid of. What is pushing a man when he seeks reputation even in the cannon's mouth, *a la* Shakespeare? Something is pushing — vanity, glory, ambition. Yes, men risk their lives for vanity, glory and ambition; they will not only risk their lives, but they will risk other people's. And what is it that causes a man to share his last crust with one who is hungry and has no crust at all and is able only to furnish the appetite? What is it that pushes him? It is that dual nature. When we do evil, what is the lure, the push, the pull? The infernal side of nature. And when we do good, what is the lure, the push, the pull? The divine side of nature. We are open to both influences. You can't have a door that swings both ways that will not

equally afford ingress and egress. So it is with our nature. It is wide open to both good and evil influences and impulses, and so we have to study that nature with care, and reduce the lower to subjection to the higher.

Question: H.P.B. says on p. 159 of the *S.D.*, Volume I, that it is only during the First Round that heavenly man becomes a human being on Globe A; rebecomes a mineral, a plant, an animal, on Globes B and C. Does that mean that a human being Really becomes a plant and animal?

Answer: Here again we need to stop, look and listen to the words. She says it is in the First Round that heavenly man becomes a human being on Globe A. What is heavenly man? The monadic man. It does not make a particle of difference to the heavenly man what kingdom or world or form he is in. Read the foot-note on pages 174 and 175 in the First Volume of the *S.D.* It does not make a bit of difference to the monadic man where he is in form or space or state; how could it, when we come to think about it? It makes a difference to the physical being, the psychic being, the astral being, the intellectual being, the cognitional being; it makes a terrific difference to the passionate being where he is; it makes no difference whatever to the monadic being. So "heavenly man" is merely a phrase for Atma-Buddhi; it does not mean the man that is discussed in Chapters Five and Six of the *Ocean*. That is Atma-Buddhi-Manas. "Heavenly man" means the monad in that form built by himself and for himself. It is the kingdom of man — not the elemental kingdom, or the animal kingdom, or the mineral kingdom, or the human kingdom, or the spiritual

kingdom, or the kingdom of Mahatmas; that is quite another story.

So heavenly man is only a paraphrase for the expression, the Eternal Pilgrim, the two in one, the Monad — Atma-Buddhi. The intellectual man, the self-conscious spiritual being, could not enter the lower kingdoms if he tried to.

Question: Can you explain what is meant by “human shapes” in the *S.D.*, the same page, in the following quotation: —

Man, or rather that which becomes man, the Monad, passes through all the forms and kingdoms during the First Round, and through all the human shapes during the following Rounds.

What are those human shapes?

Answer: If we will look at the symbolical representations in the first book, or any book, on plane geometry, we shall find out; but from a dimensionless image to a three-dimensional form is quite a long journey. Put it this way: What was the first shape? It was a rolling mass of radiant substance. If you want to know what it is like, look at the nebulae. What was the next condensation? A fiery elongation. If you want to look at the shape, look at a comet or at spermatozoa. What is the next fundamental shape? Sticking strictly to our modern terms, the next fundamental shape is molecular, that is, protoplasm, *genuine* protoplasm — not the protoplasm of science. And what is the next? The crystal and the cell. And next? The forms of the four kingdoms. There are the various human “shapes.” We have come through every one of them between Devachan and rebirth; we go back-

wards through every one of them between death and Devachan.

We have only to think, and think in the terms of analogy, not materialistic reasoning, and we can get plenty of information; only, we have to look inside. To look inside means that our Manas comes into correlation with Buddhi, instead of, as ordinarily happens, into correlation with Kama; we get in correlation with divine consciousness, instead of with elemental and elementary consciousness; that is what looking inwards means. Every time we try to find out in thought and reflection who and what we are fundamentally, through what processes and states we have passed in becoming mentally what we are, morally what we are, psychically what we are, as well as physically what we are, then a conjunction takes place between Manas and Buddhi, replacing the ordinary conjunction of Manas with Kama, and thence comes knowledge of our own — inside information.



KEY NOTEBOOK

Key Notebook

[Key, p. iii.]

When a student becomes comfortable with the *original* documents of Madame Blavatsky, they sometimes do notebooks. Any kind of labor with an occult teacher's writings bears good fruit. Unfortunately, 90% of the usefulness goes to him who does the labor. Therefore we encourage you to make this narrative version of the *Key* an incentive to make one of your own. It will inevitably begin to reflect the intensities peculiar to your “will” and “karma” this time around.

As we proceed you will notice page numbers near the margin indicating where we are in relation to the original *Key*.

DRAWN FROM
THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY
 By
 H. P. Blavatsky

Dedicated by "H. P. B." To all her Pupils, that
They may Learn and Teach in their turn.

[Key, p. vii.]

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**DOES COMPETITION INCREASE EXCELLENCE AND PRODUCTIVITY**

Many schools, institutions and companies use competition in order to motivate people to become productive and to do their best. Some researchers are doubtful of this common belief.

Author Alfie Kohn cites studies which show that intentional competition is associated with lower achievement or job performance:

- In 1954 Peter Blau compared two group of interviewers in an employment agency. In one, there was fierce competition to fill job openings. The other group worked cooperatively. The members of the first group hoarded

job notifications rather than posting them while members of the second group told each other about vacancies. The second group ended up significantly filling up more jobs.

- Robert L. Helmreich of the University of Texas studied 103 male Ph.D. scientists to see the relationship between achievement and certain traits such as orientation towards work, mastery, and competitiveness. The result was that those who were considered high achievers rated high in Work and Mastery, but low on the Competitive scale.
- Helmreich was surprised at the result and hence he conducted three more studies, involving academic psychologists, businessmen, and undergraduate students. In all these three studies he found a significant negative correlation between achievement and competitiveness.
- Helmreich was still not satisfied. He conducted three more studies by 1985. He included grade schoolers, airline pilots and airline reservation agents. In all three he again found negative correlation between performance and competitiveness.
- Psychologist Georgia Sassen conducted a similar study between male and female students, and found the same negative correlation.
- In another study involving 7-11-year old girls who were making art collages, it was found that those who were competing for prizes "were significantly less creative than those children in the control group," that is, those who were not competing.

Author Kohn writes that "the simplest way to understand why competition generally does not promote excellence is to realize that *trying to do well and trying to beat others are two different things.*" Helmreich echoes this by saying that competitive people "may become so preoccupied with winning . . . that they become distracted from the task at hand."

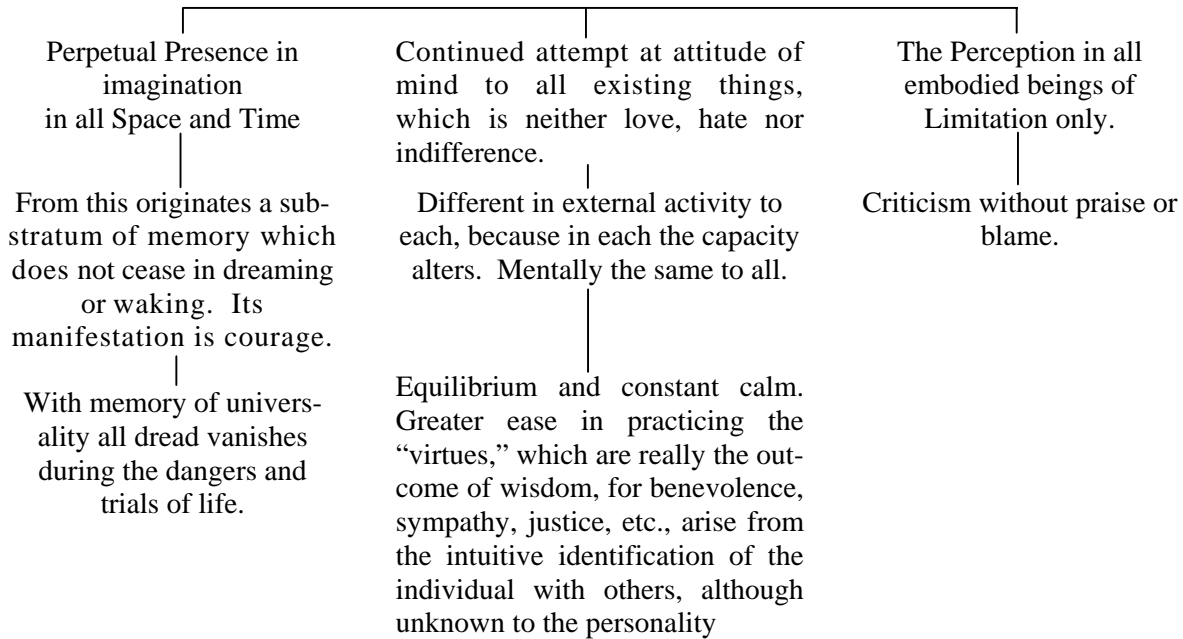
Source: Alfie Kohn, *No Contest: The Case Against Competition*. Houghton Mifflin Co., 25 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10003, U.S.A.

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H.P.B.'S DIAGRAM OF MEDITATION

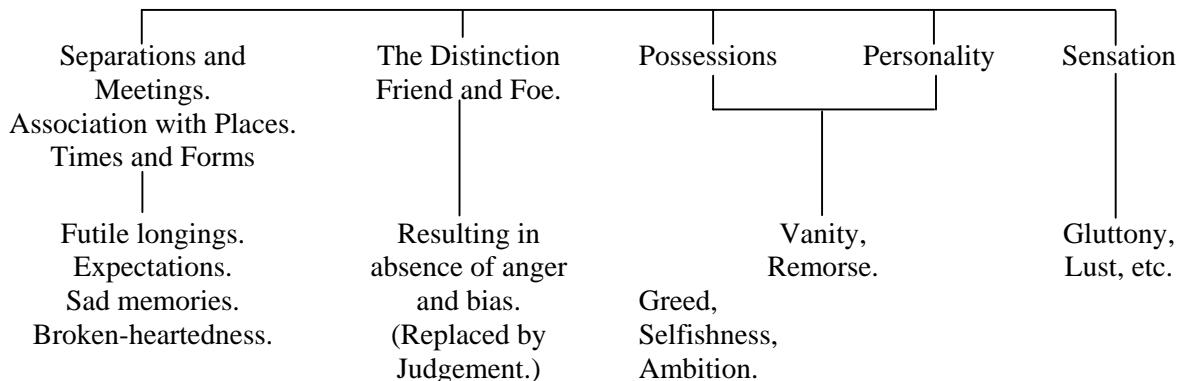
First conceive of UNITY by Expansion in space and infinite in Time. Then meditate logically and consistently on this in reference to states of consciousness. Then the normal state of our consciousness must be moulded by:
(Either with or without self-identification.)

ACQUISITIONS



Note: *Acquisition is completed by the conception "I am all Space and Time." Beyond that... (It cannot be said).*

DEPRIVATIONS



NOTE: *These deprivations are produced by the perpetual imagination — without self-delusion* — of "I am without;" the recognition of their being the source of bondage, ignorance and strife. "Deprivation" is completed by the meditation: "I am without attributes."*

* There is no risk of self-delusion if the personality is deliberately forgotten.

General Note: *All the passions and virtues interblend with each other. Therefore the diagram gives only general hints.*

[E. T. Sturdy, a member of HPB's Inner Group, gave this diagram to Christmas Humphreys in 1940 or thereabouts. Christmas Humphreys printed it in his magazine, *Buddhism in England* (Nov-Dec 1942). This magazine later became *The Middle Way*, and it was reprinted July-Aug 1944, Vol. 19, No. 2. *The Canadian Theosophist* was the initial Theosophical magazine to publish it in March, 1944 — evidently using the original printing from *Buddhism in England* as its source.]