

The Aquarian Theosophist

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WHAT ABOUT METROVITCH?

Remain Deaf to Public Rumour — Embody Active Theosophy

Mme. Coulomb had circulated the story that, in addition to being a Russian spy, H.P.B. was a bigamist; that she had married a man by the name of Agardi Metrovitch, a Russian or Hungarian revolutionary whom she saved from death in Turkey and later befriended in Egypt. The story was quite false, of course, but it had caused a great deal of annoyance to H.P.B.

Sinnett was at this time writing, or proposing to write, his book, Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky. He wanted to include the truth about the Metrovitch situation, which Mme. Coulomb had twisted and distorted sufficiently to make H.P.B. out a criminal. He thought he could counteract the effects of the Coulomb lies and the SPR Report. She promised to help him and try to remember as much of the past as she could.



March 17th, 1886.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

Do anything you like. I am in your hands. Only I cannot see what harm there could be were the lawyers to be told that it is a lie my being M^{me} Metrovitch or M^{me} any one except myself. It would prevent them and put a stop to their addressing letters to me in that name; for surely they are not such fools as not to know that this *open libel* is against law. It is because the Bibiche bamboozle them into the belief that I was really a bigamist and a *trigamist* that they did it. Well, very soon I may receive a letter addressed to me in the name of Mrs.

Leadbeater or Mrs. Damodar or perhaps be accused of having a child by Mohini or Bowajee. Who can tell unless *something* IS refuted.

But this is all trifles. There is something unutterably disgusting and sickening to me in the idea of any concealment of names. I hate incognitos and changing names. Why should I give you more bother than you already have with me? Why should you lose time and money to come and meet me? Don't do this. I will send the things before hand and come out with Louise quietly second class, passing the night at Bonn or at Achen (Aix la Chapelle) or somewhere on the road. Lodgings will be dear at Ostende in June, not before. Besides I can go somewhere near-by. I do not know when I will leave here. May be on the 1st, may be on the 15th. I have paid till that date.

Why shouldn't Mrs. Sinnett come with Dennie? Where's the harm and why should she not stop with me if I find good lodgings? I would never be happy unless she was with me for what's the use of her being in other lodgings? Only discomfort for her and vexation of spirit for me.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>What about Metrovitch</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>The Global Village</u>	<u>6</u>
<u>The Coffee Klatch</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>Tea Talk from HPB's Table</u>	<u>16</u>
<u>Einstein's Cosmic Fudge Factor</u>	<u>18</u>
<u>Isaiah Berlin on Pluralism</u>	<u>19</u>
<u>Plotinus on Levels of Self</u>	<u>21</u>
<u>Karma, Nirvana and the Skhandas</u>	<u>26</u>
<u>Suspicion</u>	<u>27</u>
<u>The Travels of a T-Shirt....</u>	<u>28</u>
<u>Why Theosophist do not Believe In the Return of Pure Spirits</u>	<u>29</u>

I have written to my aunt and sister giving them Redway's address. The letters will all be addressed to you to his care, only for Madame B: under your name. However, I really care little for letters or no letters. There's a long article in my praise and glorification in the Russian papers in which I am called "the *martyr* of England." That's comforting and makes me feel as though I were indeed a "*grand Russian Spy!*" Say, do you know — but then you will never believe it — Well don't, but some day you will be forced to, Gladstone is a secret *Roman Catholic convert*. That's sure. Make of it what you will, you cannot change FACTS. Ah, poor England; and foolish, blind are those who seek the destruction of the T.S.!

Well, I must say a few words in this respect. You say "we are almost past praying for... paralyzed and helpless. The French and German branches of the T.S. are practically dead. The London movement can only be revivified at some future period, etc." You are asked: How is this? You are not dead. The Countess lives. Two or three fellows around you breathe, so far. The Society in India is flourishing and can NEVER die. In America it is becoming a grand movement. Dr. Buck, Prof. Coues, Arthur Gebhard with a few others *are helped* because they move, and show their utmost contempt for whatever is said, printed, howled in the streets¹. Oh, do try and be intuitional — for pity's sake do not shut your eyes and because you cannot see *objectively* do not paralyze *subjective* help which *is* there living, breathing, evident. Does not all around you show the indestructibility of the Society, if we see how the fierce waves raised by the Dugpa-world have been for the last two years heaving and spreading and beating ferociously around the Society to break, what? only the *rotten* chips of the "Ark of the Deluge." Have they carried away

anyone really worthy of the movement? Not one. You suspect that the "Masters" want to put an end to the movement? They see you do not understand what they are doing and *feel sorry* for it. Are *they* to be blamed for what happened, or *we*, ourselves? If the Founder of the Society and the Founders or Presidents of the Branches had ever kept in view the fact that it is not so much the quantity we are in need of, but the quality, to make the Society a success half of the disasters would have been avoided. There were two paths before the L.L. as before any other branch when you took up its mangled fragments and rebuilt them into the growing successful body it was: that which led to the formation of a secret, arcane Society of studying *practical* occultists; the other an open and fashionable body. You have always preferred the latter. A chance was given to all of you in the formation of an inner group: you *would not* assert your authority and left it to the *nominal* President — who shook on his legs at every gentle breeze from within and without, ruined and then deserted it. Every such attempt was either repelled or, if realized, had such a strong element of *sham* in it that it proved a failure. It was found *impossible* to help it and *it was left to its fate*. There is an Asiatic proverb: "You may cut the serpent of wisdom in a hundred pieces; so long as its heart, which is in its head, remains untouched, the serpent will join its bits and live again." But when the heart and head seem everywhere and are nowhere, what can be done? The L.L. having taken its rank and place among public bodies it had to be judged by its appearances. It is not enough to laud the Body and Branches, as schools of morality and wisdom and benevolence, for they will always be judged by the outward world by their *fruits*, not by their pretensions — not by what they say but by what they do. The Branch was always in need of efficient workers; and, as in all organizations the work devolved upon the very few. Out of those few one only had a definite object in view, pursued it firm and unwavering — YOURSELF. Yet your natural reserve and the

¹ The Shaded portion illustrates how occult teaching of fundamental truths occurs, even in private letters, teaching applicable to everyone. — ED., A.T.

strong element of *worldly* Society within the Occult body, the sense of English individuality and propriety in each member, prevented you on the one hand from asserting your rights as you ought to have done, and caused the rest to separate from you wide and apart, each determining to act as he or she thought best, to secure his own salvation and satisfy his aspirations, "working Karma out on a higher plane" as the foolish phrase goes now among them. You are *right* in saying that "the blows that have been struck at the movement" have been "all emanating from the consequences of the deputations from India," you are *wrong* in thinking that (1) these consequences would have been as disastrous, had not the Hindu element been mixed up with the European and strongly helped and urged on toward mischief by the female element in the L.L.; and (2) that "higher powers wish to arrest the growth of the Society." Mohini was sent, and at first won the hearts and poured new life into the L.L. He was spoiled by male and female adulation, by incessant flattery and his own weakness — your reserve and pride left you passive when you ought to have been active. The first bomb-shell from the Dug-pa world came from America; you welcomed and warmed it in your own breast, you drove the writer of this more than once to the verge of despair, your thorough-going, sincere earnestness, your devotion to truth and the "Masters" having been made powerless for the time being, for discerning the *real* truth, for sensing that which was left unsaid *for it could not be said* and thus leaving the widest margin for suspicion. The latter was not unfounded. The Dugpa element triumphed fully at one time — why? because you believe in one who was sent by the opposing powers for the destruction of the Society and permitted to act as she and others did by the "higher powers," as you call them, whose duty it was not to interfere in the great probation save at the last moment. To this day you are unable to say what was true, what false — because there is no spot made apart, separated from the Society and

consecrated to the one pure element in it, love and devotion to the truth whether abstract or concreted in the "Masters" — a spot in which no element of individuality or selfishness would enter — a real *inner* group is here meant. The Oriental group has proved a *farce*. Miss — cares more for the chelas (?) than the Masters; she is blind to the fact that those who were (and yet think they still are) most devoted to the Cause, Masters, Theosophy, call it by whatever name — *are those that are the most tried*; that she is now being tried, that it is her *last trial* and that she does not come out of it as a conqueror, it seems. "In the absence of any means of communicating directly with them I can only judge by signs" — you say. The signs are evident. It is the great supreme trial all round. He who remains *passive* will lose nothing, but *will not gain* one tittle, when it is over. He may even cause his Karma to slide him gently back on the path he has already been climbing. What you sorely lack is Olcott's blessed self-confidence and — pardon — his vulgar but all powerful *cheek*. One need not give up tact and culture to have it. It is a many faced Proteus that can have either of his faces or *cheek* turned to the enemy and *force* him to cover. If the L.L. is composed only of six members — the President the *seventh*; and this daring "vieille garde" faces the enemy coolly, not allowing him to know how many you are, and impressing him with outward signs of a multitude by the number of pamphlets, convocations and other distinct, material proofs that the Society has not been shaken, that it *has not felt the blows*, that it snaps its fingers in the enemy's face, you will soon win the day; you will have exhausted the enemy before it tires out the Society to its last member. All this can be easily achieved and no "smashing disasters" would really affect it, if its members had intuition enough to see what "the higher powers" really wish, what they can or cannot prevent. Spiritual discernment is

what is most wanted.¹ "It is not so much a question of saving what remains of the Society — as of recommencing the movement *at some future time.*" Fatal policy. Follow it, and you will have broken by that (*future*) time every invisible yet powerfully vital thread that links the L.L. with the *ashrams* beyond the great mountains. NOTHING CAN KILL THE L.L. except that one thing — *Passivity*. Know this, you who confess that you "have no heart for the present to be giving lectures and addresses." "WORK UNDERGROUND" — it is the best you can do — but *not in silence* — if you would not kill the Society and your own personal aspirations with your own hand. All are not speakers in the L.L. and very lucky, or it would be a Babel. All are not wise, but those who are ought to share with the rest. Combine to make things complete. Make your activity commensurate with your opportunities and do not turn your face away from the latter, even from those that are created for you. "Fling the burning brands apart, and they will quickly go out; rake them together and they will glow, burst into flame, and shoot sky-ward with ruddy brightness." So shall the L.L. shine out if demoralization is kept at distance, if its lights are not allowed to burn and die out as isolated and intermediate points of light, but are clustered and focalized into full ruddiness by the hand of its President, and if this hand is not allowed to drop the banner entrusted to it. Human dirt never sticks, nor does it soil the flame it is flung against. It only sticks hard to the marble, to the cold heart that has lost the last spark of the Divine flame. Yes indeed, the "Masters" and the "Powers that be" would call and guide many and many a sad, lonesome and weary one in this fair land of occult, psychic *theosophy* to gather with

them around their altars. Two are bodily there already, who have won their day and found the alleged "Invisibles" — each by his own path. For the teachings of the "Order" are like precious stones — whatever way turned, light and truth and beauty flash forth, and *will guide* the weary traveller in search of them, if he but stops not on his way to follow the will-o'-wisps of the illusive world, and remains deaf to public rumour.²

Now do, for pity sake — do try to arouse for once your intuitions if you can. I do suffer for you and would do anything to help you. But you *prevent* me. Pardon this and try to recognize the foreign from my own words.

H. P. B.

◆◆◆

Wednesday.

My dear Mr. Sinnett,

I asked you (*I myself*) in my letter to you "Do, please do *try* and have intuition." You have succeeded but only for one portion. You *felt* that a page or so of it had been dictated to me, and that it was by no *sham* K.H. But you have failed again to feel in what an unalloyed spirit of kindness, sympathy for and appreciation of yourself He dictated those few sentences. You mistook it for *criticism*. Now, hear me. Except a vague recollection that I have been writing under His dictation, I could not, of course, remember one line of it correctly, though I have read it carefully before I closed the letter. But what I can swear to is that there was *not a shadow of criticism* against yourself personally meant or in the Mahatma's thought when passing this to me. I was writing *my* letter to you and had written about three or four pages when the Countess came in and read to me out of your letter those desponding lines in which you said that you are inclined to suspect that the

¹ A definition of "spiritual discernment" is here given: If you know intrinsically what *Theo-Sophia* has done for you, then move on as if you had thousands with you, for it is the *Army of the Voice*. The vulgar sensation-bound howlers in the street are like sparrows who forgot their wings. Earthbound statistics have **no** validity in the world of the wind. — ED., 4.7.

² Here again, this is just as valid in 2005 as it was when written. — ED., 4.7.

"Higher Powers" do not wish the Society to live any longer and that it is useless for you to try, or something like that. I had not had time to open my mouth for an answer and protest when I saw His reflection over the writing desk and heard the words "Now write, pray." I did not listen to the words dictated except in a mechanical sort of way, but I know with what attention and intense interest I watched the "thought and feeling-lights" and aura, if you understand my meaning. The Mahatma wanted me to, I suppose; otherwise His thoughts and inner working would have remained impenetrable. And I say, that NEVER, since you know Him, never was there so much kindness, genuine feeling for you, and an utter absence of "criticism" or reproach directed to yourself as this time. Don't be ungrateful; don't misunderstand. Open your *inner* heart and feeling entirely and do not judge through your world and cold reason spectacles. Ask the Countess to whom the letter was read and to whom I told what I say to you now, and to hear which she was so glad for you, for she does sympathise with you and your position and appreciates as much as I do, all you have done. All you say is perfectly true, and just what I thought I had discerned in the Mahatma's aura. The yellow-grayish streaks were directed all to Olcott, (London period, not *now*), Mohini, Finch (more reddish); and to others I will not name. Your full size portrait, or *scin-lecca*, received a whole torrent of blue, clear silvery light — the Prince's Hall, Kingsford incident,²¹ and even Holloway were all far, far away from you in a mist — hence a *proof* undeniable that you were implicated in it by no fault of yours *personally*, but drawn into it irresistibly by the *general Karma*. Where is then the "criticism" or reproach? No man living can do more in this world than is in him. You could not *avoid* — Prince's Hall meeting, for the Society had chosen a path, in which it had to come. But

all of you, you the first, had you prepared for it as it ought to have been done long before, would have saved the situation by each of you delivering — even reading it would have been better — a speech that would have gone home to the public instead of what it has done. Your speech was the only one against which nothing could be urged but, on account of your ill-will, you having been dragged into it — so cold, so devoid of enthusiasm or even earnestness that it became like a key-note to the others. Olcott's was a regular Yankee flapdoodle, one of the worst. The "Angel Mohini's" was a remarkably stupid one, Babu-like flowers of rhetoric etc. But that's things of the past. Of course it *was* a failure; but it *might have been a success* notwithstanding everything adverse, had it been prepared beforehand. The public reception *was* on the path chosen and had to take place, for it would have been worse still had it not come off. Holloway *was* sent, and was in the programme of trials and destruction. She has done *you* ten times more harm than to the Society but this is your fault entirely and now she is dancing the war-dance around Olcott, who is as fast friends with her and more than you were. It is a *weekly correspondence* incessant and endearing, charming to behold; she is his *dear* agent in Brooklyn, for things occult etc. Let that go. About "chelas" — it is a more serious question.² They are no fools either of them. They *feel*, if they do not know yet, that the abyss between them and Masters is being made wider daily. They *feel* they are on the wrong *left* side, and feeling that, they will turn towards that to which all such "failures" turn. If Masters *ordered* them to go back to India I do not think they would *now* under Bowajee's *inspiration*. Mohini is ruined by him, there's no mistake about it. And Miss

¹ This refers to the farewell *conversazione* in honor of the Founders as they were leaving England.

² This refers to Mohini and Babaji, both of whom later returned to India. Mohini resigned from the Theosophical Society in 1887 and went back to his former home in Calcutta, where he resumed his practice of law. Of Babaji the Mahatma wrote: "The little man has failed."

A¹. is going to pots in their company. You have to act independently of them; not to break visibly, but to do your own work as though they did not exist.² Look here, I want you to write to Arthur Gebhard a serious letter and tell him all you know about Bowajee. He is in full correspondence with the Americans, and getting round them as he got round the Gebhards. I wrote to him and the Countess did. But he will not believe us unless corroborated by you. He was surely told by this time that the Countess is entirely *under my psychology*. Franz is certain of it, poor man. Unless you warn him, the two, or one of "chelas" are sure to go to America. If you could bring the Leonard to clamour for his departure to India, as a *settlement* then he would have no excuse to stop. But *how to do it!* If I could only see, approach the hussy, I would be ready to sacrifice myself, anything to weed the Society from all this poisonous vegetation. But you *can work* independently of all [of] them — that's sure.

Before the 15th of April we will be near you, across the stream. The Countess comes with me and takes her chances until about the middle of May. I have to be near you in case something should happen, for save herself I do not think I *have* a friend, a *real* friend in this wide world besides yourself and Mrs. Sinnett. The "semblance," the theosophical Mr. Hyde (Dr. Jekyll) has done his best. I could stop it in one hour if I could only pounce on them unexpectedly. This I swear. But *how to do it*. If I could only arrive and stop in London for two days unknown it would be done. I would go to them at 8 in the morning. But I must see you and think over it first. If I had *health* only — which I have not. The "two years life and no more" of the London

¹ Miss Arundale

² This is golden advice, especially when fellow sparrows glue their wings to the ground and begin to rationalize, criticize, gossip and meddle. Make your glue in another direction — to the sky in your heart, the sky in your head, the sky in *The Voice of the Silence*. — ED., A.T.

doctor brought by Mr. Gebhard and of my doctor at Adyar — are drawing near the end. Unless Master interferes once more — Good-bye.

You have said nothing of Gladstone's little tricks. Don't you believe in it? Funny. I am told you received a letter upon that subject so far back as during the Ilbert Bill row. Well I can tell you nice things about the Jesuits and their doings. But of course its no good. Yet indeed, indeed it *is* serious.

Well, good-bye, *do* write.

Yours ever faithfully,

H. P. B.

Love to Mrs. Sinnett.



The Global Village

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2005 SCHEDULE
E v e r y W e d n e s d a y a t 8 p.m.
Entrance Free

January

- 12 The Dreams
- 19 The Sevenfold in Universe and Man
- 26 Akasa and the Astral Light

February

- 2 Kaberia Mysteries

9 Astral Body
 16 Plato's aspect on Atlantis
 23 Kama and Manas

March

2 Life after Death
 9 Devachan
 16 The Gnostics
 23 Theosophy and Vegetarianism
 30 The Voice of the Silence

April

6 Hypnotism—Mesmerism
 13 Channeling: true or false?
 20 Plato's Myth of the Cave; deciphering and comparing with the Theosophical teaching,

May

11 In Memoriam of H. P. Blavatsky
 18 The Elementaries,
 25 The Elementals

Every Wednesday: 6p.m.—7.30p.m.
The Secret Doctrine by H.P. Blavatsky

MEDITATION—SELF-KNOWLEDGE,
The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali by William Judge
 Meets 6.00p.m.—8.30p.m.

On the following Mondays:
 January 17, February 21, March 14, April 11, May 16
 Please do not hesitate to ask for any clarification.

New Places for Spanish Study

EAST LOS ANGELES
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 6:00 p.m.

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We are a very friendly group of students with various religious and philosophical backgrounds. Our goals are to discuss and understand the universal truths of Theosophy.

On Wed. nights we are studying, *The Ocean of Theosophy* by W.Q. Judge, and on Sunday mornings we're discussing *Isis Unveiled* by H.P. Blavatsky and *Light On The Path* by Mabel Collins.

Our address is: 2700 S. Tamiami Trail Suite#11B, Sarasota, Florida 34239 and our phone number is: 941-312-9494.

<http://www.theosophyusa.com>

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Please feel free to call Bob Waxman if you need any additional information.

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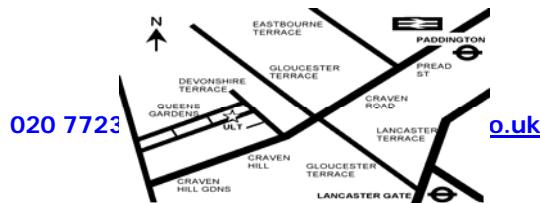
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MEETINGS ON SUNDAYS 7 PM

Meetings are free and open to all — travel to Paddington or Lancaster Gate

United Lodge of Theosophists

62 Queens Gardens London W2 3AL



Karma & Reincarnation

The twin doctrines of Theosophy, a mode of living common to the great sages, adepts and Masters who live by **the Great Ideal** - to benefit humanity.

One humanity, one goal, one Truth

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"the rational explanation of things..."

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- Talks & meetings ~ discussions with questions
- Study Group – Wednesdays 7pm from Oct 6th
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- Correspondence Course – by post or email

✉ contact ULT at correspondence@clara.co.uk

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Classes are free and open to all

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THE United Lodge of Theosophists

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THEOSOPHY

Secret Doctrine Classes

Sunday 10:30am - 12:00

Theosophy Discovery Circle, New York City
240-242 E. 53rd St [between 2nd & 3rd Ave.]

Monday 7:30 to 9 pm

New York ULT 347 East 72nd Street, NY

Wednesday 2 to 4 pm

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Wednesday 7:30 to 8:45 pm

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Wednesday — Bangalore ULT, India

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Toutes les activités de la Loge sont libres et gratuites

Les reunions commencent et se terminent aux heures précises indiquées

La Loge est maintenue en activité par des participations bénévoles

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United Lodge of Theosophists

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Meetings: Sundays 11 a.m. to 12 noon

(Lectures followed by questions and answers, or group discussions.)

Den TEOSOFISKA

Ursprungliga Undervisningen

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Phoenix ULT

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Phone 602-290-0563

PROGRAM - 2004—2005

SUNDAY EVENINGS

7:00 - 7:45 P.M.

Universal Theosophy by Robert Crosbie

8:00 — 8:45 P.M.

Study, read, question, discuss, discover,
the Teaching and
Philosophy of Theosophy
IN:

THE SECRET DOCTRINE by H.P. Blavatsky

United Lodge of Theosophists
799 Adelaide Street
London, Ontario N5Y 2L8
CANADA

Wednesday Evening 7:30 to 8:45 PM

December Discussions
facilitated by the articles of
Robert Crosbie and H.P. Blavatsky

The Recognition of Law
What Reincarnates
What Survives after Death
Christmas Then and Christmas Now
The Year is Dead, Long Live the Year!

Sunday Evening
7:00 to 8:00 PM

Isis Unveiled
H. P. Blavatsky

Email contact: Laura Gray at
classiccontours@sympatico.ca



THE COFFEE KLATCH

Coffee-Maker: Ah! Here comes student. Everyone's worked up over the fraudulent letters published by the T.S. Don't they realize such a hullabaloo will simply promote its sale? Do as HPB advised Sinnett in the lead article (p. 6): "*You have to act independently of them; not to break visibly, but to do your own work as though they did not exist.*"

Student: Quick, Coffee Maker, some of your strong Ginger Root tea, I need to alleviate my stomach distress at this latest attack on HPB's *bonafides* by people who pose as "theosophists" and call themselves "her friends." The Solovieff series flies in the face of common sense, as HPB made very clear before her death:

Mar. 3. {Wurzburg}

Dear Mr. Sinnett,

It never rains but it pours. I do not think it possible to answer for anything, any smallest event in this life and say it will have no effect. *Karma* is more than any of you think. Presently the Shah of Persia will sneeze on a Sunday and next Saturday all Europe will be in conflagration because some of the European powers will have mistaken the sneeze for a cannon-shot. A too erotic spinster falls in love with a nutmeg Hindu with buck eyes¹, and one of the results is, that two families closely allied by the nearest blood-ties are separated for ever and a third party, innocent of the squabble from beginning to the end — myself — is

¹ This refers to Mohini who caused an erotic sensation among women who were not used to seeing nutmeg Hindus with buck eyes. In the ensuing love affair, HPB tried to defend him, but was threatened with a court case.—Ed., 4.7.

smashed in the affray. Solovioff¹ has turned out a dirty gossip, a meddler, and a bully.

Solovioff, the Iago of Theosophy & HPB

He, whose skirts were dirtier than those of any one else, arraigned himself as though in *virtue* against Mohini, sold me like a Judas, without cause or warning; went to Petersburg, got intimate with my sister and her family, set every one of them against me, learnt all he could learn of the dirty gossips of old (especially about that poor-child story) returned to Paris, sold us all, etc. Then wrote to me a most impudent, threatening letter, as you know, threatening also my aunt, who, upon learning how he had deceived us all *with his wife* (who has now turned out his unmarried sister-in-law, his other wife's sister that he seduced, it now appears, when she was only thirteen) wrote to my sister that she, the supposed Mme. S. whom you saw, was no fit companion for her *unmarried* daughters and my sister showed him, Solovioff, her aunt's letter!! A row — thunder and lightning. I sent to my aunt his impudent letter. She sent my complaining letter to my sister and reproached her, it appears too violently, for allowing her daughters to sell me like Judases to Solovioff; to make friends and side with him against me, who had done them no harm, but had given up all my father's inheritance to them, without a word of protest, etc. This sent my sister into hysterics and fits. The daughters wrote a most impudent letter to my aunt, asking her *never to write to them*, and never pronounce my name, which *as Christians stank in their nostrils*. My two aunts kicked and took my defence, and wrote thundering letters of reproach. New rows, new complications etc. etc. Now the result is: my sister's

family and my aunts have become Montecchi and Capouette, and Solovioff the *Iago* of Theosophy and of myself. My sister hates me, as she declared, and her daughters still more. Now in Russia as everywhere else *hating* is synonymous with slandering. Solovioff moreover, will not forgive me for rejecting *his propositions*² — that you know. He knows Katkoff; he is a writer; and I expect to lose through his kind offices my position on the *Russian Vyestuik* and as a consequence a few thousand roubles a year.

All this — because Mohini has chosen to play at platonic (*if only platonic*) Don Juan. How is this for complication, dirt, and a diseased heart? Let it go.

Now about other things. I do not care one rap for all the Remnants in London. She can do nothing except throwing new dirt at us and unable to sentence us legally they will, of course, go on simply making faces at our sisters — if we have any left. But let this go too. Now while you had in your head the idea of living together somewhere in England in the country — which is *impossible* now, between S. P. R. and the Bibiche³ — I had *visions* that I told the Countess about three days ago. I saw most unexpectedly your house with a large bill on the window "Furnished house to let" — and I saw you two and myself in Dieppe or wherever it was, but it seemed to me Dieppe. If this is not simple imagination, a vision by suggestion and a train of thought — then there may be something in it. If you only could let your house furnished — which seems easier than sub-letting the lease, we could live very cheap somewhere on the shores of France; you would be only two or three hours from London. I was thinking all

¹ Colonel Olcott calls Solovioff 50 times worse than the Coulombs, but this is his way of white-washing himself from the *fatal moves* he made in preventing HPB from going to court against the Coulombs. Her unexpected acumen in legal matters had already been demonstrated in the way she *won* her American court case in the early days of Theosophy. This time it was far more important as it involved the *validity* of the Master's Agent. — ED., A.T.

² Solovioff wanted to be taught how to do phenomena and hounded HPB on this until he was convinced that it would not happen, then he became a bitter enemy, rapacious and unrelenting. — ED., A.T.

³ The *Bibiche* and *Remnants* refer to the threatened court case due to HPB's strong defence of Mohini in the face of a good quantity of circumstantial evidence — love letters, etc. — ED., A.T.

the time to emigrate somewhere about there — Boulogne, Calais, Dieppe etc.; to take a little house with Louisa, to send there my household goods and chattels and settle till I either die, or return to India where I cannot return till I have done with the *S. Doctrine*. To live in France across the Channel and the bit of sea between England and the French shore is like living in England and nearer than in many parts of England too.

Now do you think it feasible. What I spend here, some 400 marks, I will always spend elsewhere and no more. Bouton sent me 125 dollars most unexpectedly, says he will be now sending more. Makes fine propositions. I enclose his letter — read it please and send it back and say what you think of it. If Judge or Gebhard or Prof. Coues help me taking out a copyright from Washington for **S.D.** and to make a new contract with Bouton for *Isis* so that he could swindle me no more, I think I could make some money on it. And then we could live together in France or wherever you would say, till I have done with the **S.D.** The houses are very cheap on the sea shore places if one takes them yearly, they are dear only during the seasons. At Arques, near Dieppe, for instance, about half an hour's drive from Dieppe, one could live absurdly cheap. It is famous for its lovely forest — d'Arques, and its pretty villas of which there are many. The Countess lived there and says it is a delightful place. If a little house could be taken *now* or during April *beforehand* — I could send three months rent easily as I have scrubbed up some cash, and then I could send quietly and little by little my necessaries such as my arm chair and a few other things and then emigrate there at the end of April or beginning of May. How could this be done? How would it do for someone to go and see the houses there or elsewhere. If I should pay half of expenses — for house — living and everything and you the other half it would be very cheap. And once settled, even if you had to go to London next winter, I would then stop alone and be still near you. I hope to have a little more money for next

winter, between what I receive from Adyar, what Katkoff owes me and what I can do now. Do think of it seriously. If you could only let your house furnished, merely leaving in the bulk of the big furniture and taking away the smaller good things and nicknacks, we could settle lovely, I think.

There's a new development and scenery, every morning. I *live two lives again*. Master finds that it is too difficult for me to be looking consciously into the astral light for my **S.D.** and so, it is now about a fortnight, I am made to see all I have to as though in my dream. I see large and long rolls of paper on which things are written and I recollect them. Thus all the Patriarchs from Adam to Noah were given me to see — parallel with the Rishis; and in the middle between them, the meaning of their symbols — or personifications. Seth standing with Brighu for first *sub-race* of the Root race, for inst: meaning, *anthropologically* — first *speaking* human sub-race of the 3rd Race; and *astronomically* — (his years 912 y.) meaning at one and same time the length of the solar year in that period, the duration of his race and many other things — (too complicated to tell you now). Enoch finally, meaning the solar year when our present duration was settled, 365 days — ("God took him when he was 365 years old) and so on. It is very complicated but I hope to explain it sufficiently clear. I have finished an enormous Introductory Chapter, or *Preamble*, Prologue, call it what you will; just to show the reader that the text as it goes, every Section beginning with a page of translation from the Book of *Dzyan* and the **Secret Book of "Maytreya Buddha"** ***Champai chhos Nga*** (in prose, not the five books in verse known, which are a blind) are no fiction.¹ I was ordered to do so, to make

¹ Many of the commentaries *immediately after* the *Stanzas of Dzyan* as well as the italicized commentary in Vol. I, 289-92 may be paraphrased from *Champai Chhos Nga* for all we know. Theosophists have yet to fully appreciate HPB's *transmission*. When appraising the mental foundation of the new cycle words are limping scarecrows and can give only echoes

a rapid sketch of what was known historically and in literature, in classics and in profane and sacred histories — during the 500 years that preceded the Christian period and the 500 y. that followed it: *of magic*, the existence of a Universal Secret Doctrine known to the philosophers and Initiates of every country and even to several of the Church fathers such as Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and others, who had been initiated themselves. Also to describe the Mysteries and some rites; and I can assure you that most extraordinary things are given out now, the whole story of the Crucifixion, etc. being shown to be based on a rite as old as the world — the Crucifixion on the *Lathe* of the Candidate — trials, going down to Hell etc., all Aryan. The whole story hitherto unnoticed by Orientalists is found even exoterically, in the Puranas and *Brahmanas*, and then explained and supplemented with what the *Esoteric* explanations give. How the Orientalists have failed to notice it passes comprehension. Mr. Sinnett, dear, I have facts for 20 Vol. like *Isis*; it is the language, the cleverness for compiling them, that I lack. Well you will soon [see] this Prologue, the short survey of the forthcoming Mysteries in the text — which covers 300 pages of foolscap. Do think of Arques and Dieppe seriously. I must go somewhere but not in England.

Yours ever,
H. P. B.

Collected Lady at center Table: Student, you should realize this is the logical outcome of Colonel Olcott's fatal refusal to recognize HPB as the willing seed for the new cycle. The Masters tried over and over again to *wake him up* to some simple occult truths, but he clung tenaciously to his *mediumistic theory*. Her Jan. 6, 1886

and vague hints of the *seed* thus planted. — ED., A.T.

letter goes far to make many facets of her difficulties not covered elsewhere.

She had been joined in December by the Countess Constance Wachtmeister, a Swedish countess who was a member of the Theosophical Society, a natural clairvoyant, and a loyal friend to H.P.B.

The SPR Report on Richard Hodgson's investigation had been issued in December of 1885. It's mosaic of lies created turmoil and delayed HPB's work on the *S.D.* The Countess received a letter from Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, President of the German Theosophical Society, who had just read the report and had written to say that unless H.P.B. could explain how such a similarity could be found and proven between H.P.B.'s English and that of the Mahatma K.H., she would stand accused forever of deceit and forgery. H.P.B. describes what the Countess did about the situation and what occurred to her an hour before the Hubbe Schleiden letter arrived:

Jan. 6. 1886. Wurzburg.
My dear Mr. Sinnett,

I am impressed to give you the following: First let me tell you that the dear Countess went off to Munich like a shot to try and save Hübbe from his weakness and the Society from crumbling down. She was the whole evening in a trance, getting out and in from her body. She saw Master and felt him all the night. She is a great clairvoyant. Well, after reading a few pages of the Report I was so disgusted with Hume's gratuitous lies and Hodgson's absurd inferences that I nearly gave up all in despair. What could I do or say against evidence on the natural worldly plane! Everything went against me and I had but to die. I went to bed and I had the most extraordinary vision. I had vainly called upon the Masters — who came not during my waking state, but now in my sleep I saw them both. I was again (a scene of years back) in Mah. K.H.'s house. I was sitting in a corner on a mat and he walking about the room in his riding dress, and Master was

talking to someone behind the door. "I remind can't" — I pronounced in answer to a question of His about a dead aunt. — He smiled and said "Funny English you use." Then I felt ashamed, hurt in my vanity, and began thinking (mind you, in my dream or vision which was the exact reproduction of what had taken place word for word 16 years ago) "now I am here and speaking nothing but English in verbal phonetic language I can perhaps learn to speak better with Him." (To make it clear with Master I also used English, which whether bad or good was the same for Him as he does not speak it but understands every word I say out of my head; and I am made to understand Him — *how* I could never tell or explain if I were killed *but I do*. With D.K. I also spoke English, he speaking it better even than Mah. K.H.) Then, in my dream still, *three months after* as I was made to feel in that vision — I was standing before Mah. K.H. near the old building taken down he was looking at, and as Master was not at home, I took to him a few sentences I was studying in Senzar in his sister's room and asked him to tell me if I translated them correctly — and gave him a slip of paper with these sentences written in English. He took and read them, and correcting the interpretation read them over and said "Now your English is becoming better — *try to pick out of my head even the little I know of it.*" And he put his hand on my forehead in the region of memory and squeezed his fingers on it (and I felt even the same trifling pain in it, as then, and the cold shiver I had experienced) and since that day He did so with my head daily, for about two months. Again, the scene changes and I am going away with Master who is sending me off, back to Europe. I am bidding good-bye to his sister and her child and all the chelas. I listen to what the Masters tell me. And then come the parting words of Mah. K.H. laughing at me as He always did and saying "Well, if you have not learned much of the Sacred Sciences and practical Occultism — and who could expect a WOMAN to — you have learned, at any rate, a little English.

You speak it now only a little worse than I do!" and he laughed.

Again the scene changes. I am at 47th St. New York writing Isis and His voice dictating to me. In that dream or retrospective vision I once more rewrote all Isis and could now point out all the pages and sentences Mah. K.H. dictated — as those that Master did — in my bad English, when Olcott tore his hair out by handfuls in despair to ever make out the meaning of what was intended. I again saw myself night after night in bed — writing Isis in my dreams, at New York positively writing it in my sleep and felt sentences by Mah. K.H. impressing themselves on my memory. Then, as I was awakening from that vision (in Wurzburg now) I heard Mah. K.H.'s voice — "and now put two and two together, poor blind woman. The bad English and the construction of sentences you do know, even that you have learned from me. . . take off the slur thrown upon you by that misguided, conceited man (Hodgson): explain the truth to the few friends who will believe you — for the public never will to that day that the Secret Doctrine comes out." I awoke, and it was like a flash of lightning; but I still did not understand what it referred to. But an hour after, there comes Hübbe Schleiden's letter to the Countess, in which he says that unless I explain how it is that such a similarity is found and proven by Hodgson between my faulty English and Mah. K.H.'s certain expressions, the construction of sentences and peculiar Gallicisms — I stand accused for ever of deceit forgery (!!) and what not. Of course I have learned my English from Him! This Olcott even shall understand. You know and I told it to many friends and enemies — I was taught dreadful Yorkshire by my nurse called Governess. From the time my father brought me to England, when fourteen, thinking I spoke beautiful English — and people asked him if he had me educated in Yorkshire or Ireland — and laughed at my accent and way of speaking — I gave up English altogether, trying to avoid speaking it as much as I could. From

fourteen till I was over forty I never spoke it, let alone writing and forgot it entirely. I could read — which I did very little — in English — I could not speak it. I remember how difficult it was for me to understand a well written book in English so far back only as 1867 in Venice. All I knew when I came to America in 1873 was to speak a little, and this Olcott and Judge and all who knew me then can testify to. I wish people saw an article I once attempted to write for the Banner of Light when instead of sanguine I put sanguinary, etc. I learned to write it through Isis, that's sure, and Prof. A. Wilder who came weekly to help Olcott arranging chapters and writing Index can testify to it. When I had finished it (and this Isis is the third part only of what I wrote and destroyed) I could write as well as I do now, not worse nor better. My memory and its capacities seem gone since then.

What wonder then that my English and The Mahatma's show similarity! Olcott's and mine do also in our Americanisms that I picked up from him these ten years. I, translating mentally all from the French, would not have written sceptic with a k, though Mahat. K.H. did and when I put it with a c Olcott and Wilder and the proof reader corrected it. Now Mah. K.H. has preserved the habit and stuck to it and I never did since I went to India. I would have never put carbolic instead of "carbonic" — and I was the first to remark the mistake when¹ Hume Mahatma's letter, at Simla, in which it occurs. It is mean and stupid of him to publish it, for, if he says this referred to a sentence found in some magazine, then the word correctly written was there before my eyes or those of any chela who precipitated the letter, and therefore it is evidently a lapsus calami if there were any calami in precipitation. "Difference in handwriting" — oh the great wonder! Has Master K.H. written himself all His letters? How many chelas have been precipitating and writing them — heaven

only knows. Now if there is such a marked difference between letters written by the same identical person mechanically, (as the case with me for instance who never had a steady handwriting) how much more in precipitation, which is the photographic reproduction from one's head, and I bet anything that no chela (if Masters can) is capable of precipitating his own handwriting twice over in precisely the same way — a difference and a marked one there shall always be, as no painter can paint twice over the same likeness (see Schmiechen with his (Master's) portraits). Now all this shall be easily understood by theosophists (not all) and those who have thought over deeply and know something of the philosophy. Who shall believe all I say in this letter outside of the few? No one. And yet, I am demanded an explanation, and when it comes out (if you write it out from facts I can give you) no one shall believe it. Yet you have to show at least one thing: occult transactions, letters, handwriting etc. cannot be judged by the daily standard, experts, this that and the other.

There are only two solutions

There are no three solutions but two: Either I have invented the Masters, their philosophy, written their letters etc., or, I have not. If I have and the Masters do not exist, then their handwritings could not have existed, either: I have invented them also; and if I have — how can I be called a "forger"? They are my handwritings and I have the right to use them if I am so clever.

As for philosophy and doctrine invented, the S.D. shall show. Now I am here alone with the Countess for witness. I have no books, no one to help me. And I tell you that the Secret Doctrine will be 20 times as learned, philosophical and better than Isis which will be killed by it. Now there are hundreds of things I am permitted to say and explain. It will show what a Russian spy can do, an alleged forger plagiarist etc. The whole Doctrine is shown the mother stone, the foundation of all the religions including Xty, and on the strength of exoteric published Hindu books, with

¹ "When" should be "in" — Ed., A.T.

their symbols explained esoterically. The extreme lucidity of Esoteric Buddhism will also be shown and its doctrines proven correct mathematically, geometrically, logically and scientifically. Hodgson is very clever, but he is not clever enough for truth and it shall triumph, after which I can die peacefully.

Babula writing my Master's letters indeed! Hume finding out five years later that the envelope from the municipality had been "tampered" by me brought by Babula. What good memory his Mahomedan bearer must have, to remember that it was precisely that envelope! And Garstin's letter taken to him by Mohini 2-1/2 hours after his letter had been placed inside and disappeared from the shrine. His letter sealed glued with every precaution, bearing no such marks as now described on the night of the delivery, and now two years later, after having passed through 1000 hands, been tampered by Garstin and experts themselves, trying to see how it could have been opened — now it all goes against me! And Hume's lies. Such Tibetan or Nepaul paper he learned could be procured near Darjeeling. Masters never wrote he said on such paper before I had gone to Darjeeling. Indeed. Now I enclose a slip of such paper for your perusal, that with your memory you are sure to recognise. It is the original bit from which the first lessons of Master were given to you and Hume in his Museum at Simla. You looked at it many times. Please when recognised send it back to me. It is private and confidential and I ask you on your honour not to let it go out of your hands, not to give it to any one. No expert or Orientalist would find or understand anything in it but letters which have a meaning for me, for no one else. But what I want you to see and remember is that I went to Darjeeling a year later after Hume had quarrelled with K.H. and this paper I had at Simla when the first lessons were begun. And all throughout the whole Report the same lies, false testimony etc.

Yours — No more broken down.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

[ML 140]

Tea Talk from HPB's Table

" . . . Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?"¹ asked the Disciples of the MASTER, on the Mount of Olives.

The reply given by the "Man of Sorrow," the *Chrēstos*, on his trial, but also on his way to triumph, as *Christos*, or Christ,² is prophetic, and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full. Jesus . . . said unto them: —

Take heed that *no man* lead you astray. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars . . . but the end is not yet. *For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places.* But all these things are the beginning of travail . . . And many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray . . . then shall the end come . . . when therefore ye see the abomination of desolation which was spoken through Daniel . . . Then if any man shall say unto you, *Lo, here is the Christ*, or there; believe him not . . . If therefore they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not

¹ *St. Matthew*, xxiv, 3, *et seq.* The sentences italicised are those which stand corrected in the *New Testament* after the recent revision in 1881 of the version of 1611; which version is full of errors, voluntary and involuntary. The word "presence," for "coming," and "the consummation of the age," now standing for "the end of the world," have altered, of late, the whole meaning, even for the most sincere Christians, if we exempt the Adventists.

² He who will not ponder over and master the great difference between the meaning of the two Greek words — *Chrēstos* and *Christos* must remain blind for ever to the true esoteric meaning of the Gospels; that is to say, to the living Spirit entombed in the sterile dead-letter of the texts, the very Dead Sea fruit of *lip*-Christianity.

forth: Behold, he is in the inner chambers; believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west: so shall be the *presence* of the Son of man, etc., etc.

Two things become evident *to all* in the above passages, now that their false rendering is corrected in the revision text:

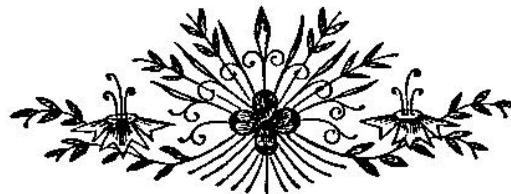
(a) “the coming of Christ,” means *the presence of CHRISTOS* in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of “Christ” Jesus;

(b) this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor “in the inner chambers,” nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ—the true esoteric SAVIOUR—is no man, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being.

He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the “sepulchre” of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back the *stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him*¹. The “Son of Man” is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh*, but verily of the free-woman—*Spirit*,² the child of man’s own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labour.

On the other hand, at no time since the Christian era, have the precursor signs described in *Matthew* applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. When has nation arisen against nation more than at this time? When have “famines”—another name for destitute pauperism, and the famished multitudes of

the proletariat — been more cruel, earthquakes more frequent, or covered such an area simultaneously, as for the last few years? Millenarians and Adventists of robust faith, may go on saying that “the coming of (the carnalised) Christ” is near at hand, and prepare themselves for “the end of the world.” Theosophists—at any rate, some of them—who understand the hidden meaning of the universally-expected Avatars, Messiahs, Sosioshes and Christs—know that it is no “end of the world,” but “the consummation of the age,” *i.e.*, the close of a cycle, which is now fast approaching.³ If our readers have forgotten the concluding passages of the article, *The Signs of the Times*, in *Lucifer* for October last, let them read them over, and they will plainly see the meaning of this particular cycle.



¹ “For ye are the temple [“sanctuary” in the *revised N.T.*] of the living God.” (*II Cor.*, vi, 16.)

² Spirit, or the Holy Ghost, was feminine with the Jews, as with most ancient peoples, and it was so with the early Christians. *Sophia* of the Gnostics, and the third Sephiroth *Binah* (the female Jehovah of the Kabalists), are feminine principles—“Divine Spirit,” or *Ruach*. “*Achat Ruach Elohim Chayyim*.” “One is *She*, the Spirit of the Elohim of Life,” is said in *Sepher Yetzirah*. [chap. i, sect. 9.]

³ There are several remarkable cycles that come to a close at the end of this century. First, the 5,000 years of the Kaliyuga cycle; again the Messianic cycle of the Samaritan (also Kabalistic) Jews of the man connected with *Pisces* (Ichthys or “Fish-man” *Dag*). It is a cycle, historic and not very long, but very occult, lasting about 2,155 solar years, but having a true significance only when computed by lunar months. It occurred 2410 and 255 B.C., or when the equinox entered into the sign of the *Ram*, and again into that of *Pisces*. When it enters, in a few years, the sign of *Aquarius*, psychologists will have some extra work to do, and the psychic idiosyncrasies of humanity will enter on a great change.

Einstein's Cosmic Fudge Factor

Sten Odenwald

Black holes...quarks...dark matter. It seems like the cosmos gets a little stranger every year. Until recently, the astronomical universe known to humans was populated by planets, stars, galaxies, and scattered nebulae of dust and gas. Now, theoreticians tell us it may also be inhabited by objects such as superstrings, dark matter and massive neutrinos -- objects that have yet to be discovered if they exist at all!

As bizarre as these new constituents may sound, you don't have to be a rocket scientist to appreciate the most mysterious ingredient of them all. It is the inky blackness of space itself that commands our attention as we look at the night sky; not the sparse points of light that signal the presence of widely scattered matter.

During the last few decades, physicists and astronomers have begun to recognize that the notion of empty space presents greater subtleties than had ever before been considered. Space is not merely a passive vessel to be filled by matter and radiation, but is a dynamic, physical entity in its own right.

One chapter in the story of our new conception of space begins with a famous theoretical mistake made nearly 75 years ago that now seems to have taken on a life of its own.

In 1917, Albert Einstein tried to use his newly developed theory of general relativity to describe the shape and evolution of the universe. The prevailing idea at the time was that the universe was static and unchanging. Einstein had fully expected general relativity to support this view, but, surprisingly, it did not. The inexorable force of gravity pulling on every speck of matter demanded that the universe collapse under its own weight.

His remedy for this dilemma was to add a new 'antigravity' term to his original equations. It enabled his mathematical universe to appear as permanent and invariable as the real one. This term, usually written as an uppercase Greek lambda, is called the 'cosmological constant'. It has exactly the same value everywhere in the universe, delicately chosen to offset the tendency toward gravitational collapse at every point in space.

A simple thought experiment may help illustrate the nature of Lambda. Take a cubic meter of space and remove all matter and radiation from it. Most of us would agree that this is a perfect vacuum. But, like a ghost in the night, the cosmological constant would still be there. So, empty space is not really empty at all -- Lambda gives it a peculiar

'latent energy'. In other words, even Nothing is Something!

While Einstein abandoned Lambda in 1932, the "Nothing is Something!" idea will keep haunting us as research moves toward not only a living universe, *but one in an unchanging sea of the unknown!* Tegmark and Wang used a model-independent approach to measuring the dark energy density:

They analysed data from type 1a supernovae, recorded with the Hubble Space Telescope; the cosmic microwave background (CMB) taken with the Wilkinson Microwave Anisotropy Probe (WMAP) and the Sloan Digital Sky Survey (SDSS); and from large-scale galaxy cluster observations.

The results agree with previous data on supernovae observations that suggested that dark energy remains constant with time and fit well with Einstein's cosmological constant. Moreover, the physicists calculated that if the constant were to change with time, a big crunch or big rip could not occur for at least 50 billion years for models that allow such events. These findings could lead to these theories being widely reassessed.

"I'm struck by the fact that the dark energy seems so 'vanilla,'" Tegmark told PhysicsWeb. "Theorists have invented scores of elegant models where it increases or decreases its density over time, yet even with this new improved measurement, it remains perfectly consistent with Einstein's Lambda model where its density is a mere constant."

The latest findings, supposedly, refute the string theory approach, whereby the Dark Energy portion of the Universe is dynamical... or we don't have all the pieces in the puzzle yet!¹

¹ A compilation, first part from Sten Odenwald , second part from <http://www.physicsweb.org/article/news/8/6/14>. — ED., A.T.

Isaiah Berlin on pluralism

This is a section from the last essay written by Isaiah Berlin, who died on November 6, 1997. The essay is published in the *New York Review of Books*, Vol XLV, Number 8 (1998).

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I came to the conclusion that there is a plurality of ideals, as there is a plurality of cultures and of temperaments. I am not a relativist; I do not say "I like my coffee with milk and you like it without; I am in favor of kindness and you prefer concentration camps" — each of us with his own values, which cannot be overcome or integrated. This I believe to be false. But I do believe that there is a plurality of values which men can and do seek, and that these values differ. There is not an infinity of them: the number of human values, of values that I can pursue while maintaining my human semblance, my human character, is finite — let us say 74, or perhaps 122, or 26, but finite, whatever it may be. And the difference it makes is that if a man pursues one of these values, I, who do not, am able to understand why he pursues it or what it would be like, in his circumstances, for me to be induced to pursue it. Hence the possibility of human understanding.

I think these values are objective — that is to say, their nature, the pursuit of them, is part of what it is to be a human being, and this is an objective given. The fact that men are men and women are women and not dogs or cats or tables or chairs is an objective fact; and part of this objective fact is that there are certain values, and only those values, which men, while remaining men, can pursue. If I am a man or a woman with sufficient imagination (and this I do need), I can enter into a value system which is not my own, but which is nevertheless something I can conceive of men pursuing while remaining human, while remaining creatures with whom I can

communicate, with whom I have some common values — for all human beings must have some common values or they cease to be human, and also some different values else they cease to differ, as in fact they do.

That is why pluralism is not relativism — the multiple values are objective, part of the essence of humanity rather than arbitrary creations of men's subjective fancies. Nevertheless, of course, if I pursue one set of values I may detest another, and may think it is damaging to the only form of life that I am able to live or tolerate, for myself and others; in which case I may attack it, I may even — in extreme cases — have to go to war against it. But I still recognize it as a human pursuit. I find Nazi values detestable, but I can understand how, given enough misinformation, enough false belief about reality, one could come to believe that they are the only salvation. Of course they have to be fought, by war if need be, but I do not regard the Nazis, as some people do, as literally pathological or insane, only as wickedly wrong, totally misguided about the facts, for example in believing that some beings are subhuman, or that race is central, or that Nordic races alone are truly creative, and so forth. I see how, with enough false education, enough widespread illusion and error, men can, while remaining men, believe this and commit the most unspeakable crimes.

If pluralism is a valid view, and respect between systems of values which are not necessarily hostile to each other is possible, then toleration and liberal consequences follow, as they do not either from monism (only one set of values is true, all the others are false) or from relativism (my values are mine, yours are yours, and if we clash, too bad, neither of us can claim to be right). My political pluralism is a product of reading Vico and Herder, and of understanding the roots of Romanticism, which in its violent, pathological form went too far for human toleration.

So with nationalism: the sense of belonging to a nation seems to me quite natural and not in itself to be condemned, or even criticized. But in its inflamed condition — my nation is better than yours, I know how the world should be shaped and you must yield because you do not, because you are inferior to me, because my nation is top and yours is far, far below mine and must offer itself as material to mine, which is the only nation entitled to create the best possible world — it is a form of pathological extremism which can lead, and has led, to unimaginable horrors, and is totally incompatible with the kind of pluralism that I have attempted to describe.

It may be of interest to remark, incidentally, that there are certain values that we in our world accept which were probably created by early Romanticism and did not exist before: for example, the idea that variety is a good thing, that a society in which many opinions are held, and those holding different opinions are tolerant of each other, is better than a monolithic in which one opinion is binding on everyone. Nobody before the eighteenth century could have accepted that: the truth was one and the idea of variety was inimical to it. Again, the idea of sincerity, as a value, is something new. It was always right to be a martyr to the truth, but only to the truth: Muslims who died for Islam were poor, foolish, misled creatures who died for nonsense; so, for Catholics, were Protestants and Jews and pagans; and the fact that they held their beliefs sincerely made them no better — what was important was to be right. In discovering the truth, as in every other walk of life, success was what was important, not motive. If a man says to you that he believes that twice two is seventeen, and someone says, "You know, he doesn't do it to annoy you, he doesn't do it because he wants to show off or because he has been paid to say it — he truly believes, he is a sincere believer," you would say, "This makes it no better, he is talking irrational nonsense." That is what Protestants were doing, in the view of Catholics, and vice

versa. The more sincere, the more dangerous; no marks were given for sincerity until the notion that there is more than one answer to a question — that is, pluralism — became more widespread. That is what led value to be set on motive rather than on consequence, on sincerity rather than on success.

The enemy of pluralism is monism — the ancient belief that there is a single harmony of truths into which everything, if it is genuine, in the end must fit. The consequence of this belief (which is something different from, but akin to, what Karl Popper called essentialism — to him the root of all evil) is that those who know should command those who do not. Those who know the answers to some of the great problems of mankind must be obeyed, for they alone know how society should be organized, how individual lives should be lived, how culture should be developed. This is the old Platonic belief in the philosopher-kings,¹ who were entitled to give orders to others. There have always been thinkers who hold that if only scientists, or scientifically trained persons, could be put in charge of things, the world would be vastly improved. To this I have to say that no better excuse, or even reason, has ever been propounded for unlimited despotism on the part of an elite which robs the majority of its essential liberties.

Someone once remarked that in the old days men and women were brought as sacrifices to a variety of gods; for these, the modern age has substituted the new idols: isms. To cause pain, to kill, to torture are in general rightly condemned; but if these things are done not for my personal benefit but for an ism — socialism, nationalism, fascism, communism, fanatically held religious belief, or progress, or the

¹ A spiritual elite is unthinkable to philosophers who use words like "sincerity" and "motivation" from a *hindsight perspective only*. How do we know that Initiates of the *good law* are not what Plato meant by "Philosopher Kings?" — ED., A.T.

fulfillment of the laws of history — then they are in order. Most revolutionaries believe, covertly or overtly, that in order to create the ideal world eggs must be broken, otherwise one cannot obtain an omelette. Eggs are certainly broken — never more violently than in our times — but the omelette is far to seek, it recedes into an infinite distance. That is one of the corollaries of unbridled monism, as I call it — some call it fanaticism, but monism is at the root of every extremism.



JUPITER'S LAW

"The connection," comments Lyell, "between the doctrine of successive catastrophes and repeated deteriorations in the moral character of the human race, is more intimate and natural than might at first be imagined. For, in a rude state of society, all great calamities are regarded by the people as judgments of God on the wickedness of man. . . . In like manner in the account given to Solon by the Egyptian priests of the submersion of the island of Atlantis under the waters of the ocean, after repeated shocks of an earthquake, we find that *the event happened when Jupiter had seen the moral depravity of the inhabitants.*"

True; but was it not owing to the fact that all esoteric truths were given out to the public by the Initiates of the temples *under the guise of allegories?* "Jupiter," is merely the **personification of that immutable Cyclic Law, which arrests the downward tendency of each Root-Race, after attaining the zenith of its glory.** (SDII, 786)



Plotinus on Levels of Self

In Plotinus day much of *Gnosticism* had fallen into dead letter literalism — or at least so far as the popular side of the teaching was known. This popular teaching saw an evil power as the creator of the universe, and souls as being imprisoned in it against their will, even though they were particles of the spiritual world. Just as we reincarnate due to our debts rather than our virtues, it is easy to see how this picture **symbolically** understood has some truth in it, but seen in a dead-letter sense it became pernicious.

Plotinus reacted passionately, in his classes and in his writings, against this doctrine, which, decking itself out in a Platonic appearance, threatened to corrupt his disciples. Despite superficial resemblances, Plotinus' fundamental experience was diametrically opposed to the Gnostic attitude.

Like the Gnostic, no doubt, Plotinus felt, at the very moment when he was inside his body, that he was still identical with what he was *before* he entered the body. His self — his *true* self — was not of this world. But Plotinus did not have to wait for the end of the world for his self, spiritual in its essence, to return to the spiritual world. This spiritual world was not, for him, a supraterrestrial or supracosmic place, from which he was separated by the vastnesses of celestial space. Neither was it an original state, irretrievably lost, to which he could be brought back only through divine grace. Rather, this spiritual world was nothing other than the self at its deepest level. It could be reached immediately, by returning within oneself.

Often I reawaken from my body to myself: I come to be outside other things, and inside myself. What an extraordinarily wonderful beauty I then see! It is then, above all, that I believe I belong to the greater portion. I then realize

the best form of life; I become at one with the Divine, and I establish myself in it. Once I reach this supreme activity, I establish myself above every other spiritual entity. After this repose in the Divine, however, when I come back down from intuition into rational thought, then I wonder: How is it possible that I should come down now, and how was it ever possible that my soul has come to be within my body, even though she is the kind of being that she has just revealed herself to be, when she appeared as she is in herself, although she is still within a body? (IV 8, 1, 1-11)

This is the only explicitly autobiographical passage in Plotinus' writings, and in it we can definitely recognize the philosopher's fundamental experience. Here Plotinus is alluding not to a continuous state, but to privileged moments. There occurs a kind of awakening: something which has, up until now, remained unconscious, invades the field of consciousness. Better still: the individual finds himself in a state he ordinarily does not experience; he engages in an activity beyond his habitual modes of consciousness and ratiocination. After these brief, fleeting flashes, however, he is utterly astonished to find himself, once more, as he was before: living inside his body, conscious of himself, reasoning and reflecting on what has happened to him.

Plotinus expresses his inner experience in terms consonant with the Platonic tradition. He situates himself and his experience within a hierarchy of realities which extends from the supreme level — God — to the opposite extreme: the level of matter. According to this doctrine, the human soul occupies an intermediate position between realities inferior to it — matter and the life of the body — and realities superior to it: purely intellectual life, characteristic of divine intelligence, and, higher still, ...¹ Within this framework,

the experience Plotinus describes for us consists in a movement by which the soul lifts herself up to the level of divine intelligence, which creates all things and contains within itself, in the form of a spiritual world, all the eternal Ideas or immutable models of which the things of this world are nothing but images. ...

Elsewhere, Plotinus rationally demonstrates the existence of this hierarchy, which was taken for granted within the Platonic tradition.

Each degree of reality, he argues, can only be explained with reference to its superior level:² the unity of the body is explained by the unity of the soul which animates it; the life of the soul requires illumination by the life of higher Spirit; and finally, we cannot understand the life of the Spirit itself without the fecund simplicity of the absolute, divine Principle, which is, in a sense, its deepest intimacy.

The point that interests us here, however, is that all this traditional terminology is used to express an inner experience. All these levels of reality become levels of inner life, levels of the self. Here we come upon Plotinus' central intuition: the human self is *not* irrevocably separated from its eternal model, as the latter exists within divine Thought. This true self — this self in God — is within ourselves. During certain privileged experiences, which raise the level of our inner tension, we can identify ourselves with it. We then become this eternal self; we are moved by its unutterable beauty, and when we identify ourselves with this self, we identify

elevation within the spiritual world considered as a whole. — ED., A.T.

² Meaning and purpose come from above, *never the reverse*, thus the instruction to "struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent, and the perishable." The hollowness and dissatisfaction of everyday life does not come from inherent evil, but from reversing the normal order of obedience. — ED., A.T.

¹ Scholars debate whether this "higher still" indicates the "Principle of all things," or simply alludes to an

ourselves with divine Thought¹ itself, within which it is contained.

Such privileged experiences make us realize that we never cease, and have never ceased, to be in contact with our true selves. We are always in God: “If we must dare, contrary to the opinions of others, clearly to state what seems to us to be the case, then it is as follows: even our [particular] soul has not come down entirely, but something of it always remains within the Intelligible world” (IV 8, 8, 1-3). If this is the case, everything is within us, and we are within all things. Our “self” extends from God to matter, since we are up above at the same time as we are down here on earth.²

As Plotinus puts it, taking up an expression from Homer,³ “our head strikes

¹ [“Divine thought,” “the spiritual world,” “the other world,” “the Intelligible world,” the World of Forms,” “the world up above,” Intellect,” and “Spirit” are all reality, consisting of all Platonic Forms or Ideas. — Trans.]

² Precisely the teaching of Theosophy. It is not surprising that HPB teaches modern Theosophy to be a recrudescence of the Neoplatonic work of Ammonius Saccas. — Ed., A.T.

³ Homer, *Iliad* 4, 443. The concept is Platonic; cf. *Timaeus* 90a: “With respect, however, to the most principal and excellent species of the soul, we should conceive as follows: that Divinity assigned this to each of us as a daemon; and that it resides in the very summit of the body, elevating us from earth to an alliance with the heavens; as we are not terrestrial plants, but blossoms of heaven. And this indeed is most truly asserted. For, from whence the first generation of the soul arose, from thence a divine nature being suspended from our head and root, directs and governs the whole of our corporeal frame.

In him, therefore, who vehemently labours to satisfy the cravings of desire and ambition, all the conceptions of his soul must be necessarily mortal; and himself as much as possible must become entirely mortal, since he leaves nothing unaccomplished which tends to increase his perishable part. But it is necessary that he who is sedulously employed in the acquisition of knowledge, who is anxious to acquire the wisdom of truth, and who employs his most vigorous exertions in this one pursuit; — it is perfectly necessary that such a one, if he touches on the truth, should be endued with wisdom about immortal and divine concerns; and that he should participate of immortality, as far as human nature permits, without leaving any part of it behind. And besides, as such a one always cultivates that which is divine, and has a daemon most excellently adorned residing in his essence, he

the heavens” (IV 3, 12. 5). Suddenly, however, a doubt arises: “How is it that, having such great things within us, we do not perceive them, but usually leave our powers inactive, even though they are so great? How is it that some people never activate them at all?” (V 1, 12, 1-3). Plotinus’ reply is immediate: “Not everything in the soul is immediately perceptible; rather, it comes through to “us” when it reaches perception. Yet as long as a part of our soul is active but does not communicate [this fact] to the perceptual apparatus, then the activity does not reach the entire soul” (V 1, 12, 5-8). Although it is part — the highest part — of our soul, we are thus not conscious of this higher level of ourselves. This higher level is our “self” within divine Thought, or rather, it is the divine thought of our “self.”⁴

Can we really say that we *are* something of which we are not conscious? How, moreover, can we explain this unconsciousness?

But we . . . Who are “we”? Are “we” only the Spirit,⁵ or are we those who have added themselves on to the Spirit, and who came into being within time? We were other people before our birth, in that other world. . . . As pure souls, we were Spirit . .

must be happy in the most eminent degree.” — for all his levels of self are properly aligned, and even while he is still in strong effort to align his principles to their proper motion, there descends into him a sense of *meaning* and *perseverance*. — Ed., A.T.

⁴ [The true self, like all intelligible entities, is located within the hypostasis of divine Thought/Spirit/Intelligence...: “That the Intelligibles are not outside the Intellect.” In a whole current of Platonic thought, moreover, the Intelligibles were conceived of as the thoughts of God; thus our true, intelligible self can be considered as one of the thoughts of God. Finally, our true self — which Plotinus often refers to as “the inner man,” or “our true ‘us’” — is, although normally unconscious, the highest part of our soul, while at the same time it is identical with the hypostasis divine Thought/Spirit/Intelligence (see following note). — Trans.]

⁵ I have usually translated the Greek word *nous* by “Spirit” [In theosophy it is the Higher Ego or Spiritual Mind.] and the Greek word *noétoς* by “spiritual.” ...

. we were a part of the spiritual world, neither circumscribed nor cut off from it. Even now, we are still not cut off from it. Now, however, another person, who wanted to exist and who has found us . . . has added himself on to the original person. . . . He joined himself on to the person we were then. . . . Then we became both: now we are no longer only the one we were, and at times, when the spiritual person is idle and in a certain sense stops being present, we are only the person we have added on to ourselves. (VI 4, 14, 16-31)

Consciousness is a point of view, a center of perspective.¹ For us, our “self” coincides with that point from which a perspective is opened up for us, be it onto the world or onto our souls. In other words, in order for a psychic activity to be “ours,” it must be conscious. Consciousness, then — and along with it our “self” — is situated, like a median or an intermediate center, between two zones of darkness, stretching above and below it: on the one hand, the silent, unconscious life of our “self” in God; on the other, the silent and unconscious life of the body. By means of our reason, we can discover the existence of these upper and lower levels. But we will not *be* what we really *are*, until we become aware of these levels. If we could become conscious of the life of the Spirit, and perceive the pulsations of this eternal life within us, in the same way that we can, by paying close attention, perceive the pulsations of our physical heart, then the life of the Spirit would invade the field of our consciousness. Then this life would truly become “ourselves,” and would truly be *our* life:

When the influences from above do not act upon us, they are active in the direction of the upper world. They act upon us when they reach as far as the middle. What? Does not what we call “us” also include what comes before the middle? To be sure, but we must become conscious of

this fact. It is not the case that we always use all that we possess, but only when we direct the middle part either upwards or in the opposite direction, or when we bring that which was in a state of potentiality or habitude into actuality. (I, 1, 11, 2-8)

Plotinus, thus, invites us to a conversion of attention which for him, is already identical with what Malebranche would later speak of as “natural prayer.” The method is seemingly simple: “We must not look, but must, as it were, close our eyes and exchange our faculty of vision for another. We must awaken this faculty which everyone possesses, but few people ever use” (I 6, 8, 25-27). This process is all the more simple in that consciousness, in the last analysis, is a kind of mirror: it need only be polished and turned in a certain direction for it to reflect the objects that present themselves to it. We must therefore place ourselves in an inner disposition of calm restfulness, in order to perceive the life of Thought:

It seems that perception exists and occurs when the act of thought is refracted, and that which is active with relation to the life of the soul is, as it were, sent back, as happens with the image in a mirror, when its smooth bright surface is undisturbed. In the latter case, the image occurs whenever the mirror is present, but when it is not present, or is not in the state we have described [then there is no image, but] that of which there *could* be an image is not any the less actually present. The same holds true in the case of the soul: when that within us which corresponds to the mirror, in which the images of discursive thought and of the Spirit are displayed, is undisturbed, they they are seen in it, and known, as it were, in a perceptual way. It is then that we first realize that Spirit and discursive thought are active. When, however, the mirror within us is broken, owing to the fact that the harmony of the body is disturbed, then Spirit and discursive thought continue their activity without any image. (I 4, 10, 6-18) ...

It not life within the body which prevents us from being aware of our spiritual life; the former is, as such,

¹ That is, a mental view, outlook or prospect, and especially the obsolete sense of “the action of looking into something, the faculty of seeing into a thing; insight, penetrativeness.” [paraphrased]

unconscious. Rather, it is the ***concern*** we have for our bodies. This is the true fall of the soul. We allow ourselves to be absorbed by vain preoccupations and exaggerated worries.

If there is to be perception of these great faculties within the soul, we must direct the faculty of sensation inwards, and make it concentrate its attention there. It is as if someone were waiting to hear a long-desired voice; he turns away from all other sounds, and awakens his ear to the best of all audible things, lest it should happen by. It is the same for us in this world: we must leave behind all sensible hearing, unless it is unavoidable, and keep the soul's power of perception pure and ready to hear the voices from on high. (V 1, 12, 12-21)

It is not out of hatred and disgust for the body that we must detach ourselves from sensible things. The latter are not, in themselves, evil. It is the ***concern*** they cause us which prevents us from paying attention to the spiritual life which we unconsciously live. ...

Is it, then, enough to give up worrying, and turn our attention towards the summit of our soul, for us to become immediately aware of our true life and our true self? Is this enough for us to have — at will, as it were — the privileged experiences Plotinus describes?

No. This is still only a preparatory, although indispensable, phase. It is just for a few, fleeting moments that we can identify ourselves with our true self, for the spiritual life which our true self constantly lives represents a higher level of tension and concentration than what is appropriate for our consciousness.¹ Even if we raise

¹ Madame Blavatsky puts the problem in more modern language when describing the interplay between our aspiring *will* (represented by the Pituitary) and the Shiva's eye, or Dangma's eye (represented by the Pineal Gland). First come only fleeting glimpses or events with very little remembrance. Gradually the glimpses become longer, and with more memory retained in the brain consciousness. Meditation gradually leads to *concentration*. The process is intensified or heightened by

ourselves up to this level, we won't be able to maintain ourselves there. And if we do attain it, it is not so much that we become aware of our higher self as that we ***lose*** awareness of our lower self.² After all, our consciousness is only an inner sensation: it requires us to split into two, for there must be a temporal distance — however infinitesimal — between that which sees and that which is seen. Consciousness is thus more of a memory than a presence. It is inexorably tangled up in time. All it can give us is images, which it tries to fixate by expressing them in language.

By contrast, the activity of our real self takes place in total ***presence***, eternity and perfect ***simplicity***:

We should remember that, even in this world, when we contemplate — and especially when we contemplate with extreme clarity — we do not turn towards ourselves intellectually. Rather, we possess ourselves, but our activity is directed towards the object, and we ***become*** the object ... then we are only potentially ourselves. (IV 4, 2, 3-8)

Here we have the whole paradox of the human self: we only ***are*** that of which we are aware, and yet we are aware of having been more fully ***ourselves*** precisely in those moments when, raising ourselves to a higher level of inner simplicity, we lose our self-awareness.

This is why, ... Plotinus said that every time he regained consciousness after one of his ecstasies, and returned from intuition to reflection, he wondered how it

the ethics (or attitude) of our everyday life, for it is by this that the heart changes its polarity and begins to guide or intensify the brain-mind. *The Voice of the Silence* describes the necessary steps in great detail — and from various perspectives. All questions eventually get answered if one has cast aside time regarding the science undertaken. — ED., A.7.

² A kind of self-forgetfulness or diminishing occurs so far as our personality is concerned, or as the *V.O.S.* puts it: "No light of spirit can dispel the darkness of the nether soul unless all selfish thought hath fled therefrom..." — ED., A.7.

was possible that he had come back down. How, after having experienced the unity of the Spirit, could he return to the divisive alienation of his conscious self?

When it passes from one inner level to another, the self always has the impression that it is losing itself. If it unifies itself and rises up to pure thought, the self is afraid it will lose its self-consciousness and no longer possess itself. If, however, it comes to live the divine life, it is afraid of regaining consciousness and losing itself by splitting into two. From all this it is evident that consciousness is not, any more than memory, the best of things. The more intense an activity is, the less it is conscious.¹

Even when we are awake, we can find a great many fine activities, meditations, and actions which are not accompanied by consciousness at the very moment when we are meditating or acting. A person who is reading, for example, is not necessarily aware that he is reading, especially if he is reading attentively. Likewise a person who performs a courageous act is not aware, at the moment that he performs the act, that he is acting courageously. (I 4, 10, 21-27) ...

Plotinian inner experience thus reveals to us the existence of discontinuous levels of our spiritual life. Dispersed amongst the cares and preoccupations of daily life, we can, first of all, concentrate ourselves inwardly, direct our attention towards the things up above, and regain consciousness of ourselves. Then we shall discover that we can, at times, rise up to a more perfect inner unity, in which we attain to our living, real, veritable self within divine Thought. When we get to this level, perhaps we will touch a state of ineffable unity, in which we mysteriously coincide with the absolute

¹ Wouldn't it be clearer to say that there is a *Will-Consciousness*, an intuitive Consciousness, and a subject-object Consciousness: the aspects of Atma, Buddhi, and Manas? If so, then the word "fear" is to heavy a way of describing a change of state — uncertainty perhaps, but not fear in the ordinary sense of the word. — ED., A.T.

simplicity out of which all live, thought, and consciousness proceed.

Yet these levels do not cancel each other out, rather, it is the interaction of all of them together which constitutes our inner life.² Plotinus is not inviting us to the abolition of the personality in *nirvana*.³



Karma, Nirvana, and the Skandhas

You can do nothing better than to study the two doctrines — of *Karma* and *Nirvana* — as profoundly as you can. ... We have several sorts of Karma and Nirvana in their various applications — to the Universe, the world, Devas, Buddhas, Bodhisatwas, men and animals — the second including its seven kingdoms. Karma and Nirvana are but two of the seven great MYSTERIES of Buddhist metaphysics; and but four of the seven are known to the best orientalists, and that very imperfectly. ...

Karma is that cardinal tenet which teaches that, as soon as any conscious or sentient being, whether man, deva, or animal dies, a new being is produced and he or it reappears in another birth, on the same or another planet, under conditions of his or its own antecedent making. Or, in other words that *Karma* is the guiding power, and *Trishna*,⁴ the thirst or desire to sentiently live — the proximate force or energy, the resultant of human (or animal) action,

² Hence Chela or Adept would have no "fear" moving from one to the other. — ED., A.T.

³ No, certainly not, but to its abolition or transformation while staying engaged in the sphere to which we are an integral part. We came as part of the human flock, why should we *run from the battle*? If abolishing the personality is like draining a swamp, then once its drained we need another word for the new condition to show the abyss between the new condition and that which was once called, "personality." — ED., A.T.

⁴ In Pali, *Tanha*.

which, out of the old *Skandhas* produce the new group that form the being, and control the nature of the birth itself.¹

Or to make it still clearer, the *new* being, is rewarded and punished for the meritorious acts and misdeeds of the *old* one; Karma representing an Entry Book, in which all the acts of man, good, bad, or indifferent, are carefully recorded to his debit and credit — by himself, so to say, or rather by these very actions of his. ...

It is the group of Skandhas, that form and constitute the physical and mental individuality we call man (or any being). This group consists (in the exoteric teaching) of five Skandhas, namely: *Rupa* — the material properties or attributes; *Vedana* — sensations; *Sanna* — abstract ideas; *Sankhārā* — tendencies both physical and mental; and *Vinnana* — mental powers, an amplification of the fourth — meaning the mental, physical and moral predispositions. We add to them two more, the nature and names of which you may learn hereafter. Suffice for the present to let you know that they are connected with, and productive of *Sakkayaditthi*, the “heresy or delusion of individuality” and of *Attavada* “the doctrine of Self,” both of which (in the case of the fifth principle the soul) lead to the *maya* of heresy and belief in the efficacy of vain rites and ceremonies; in prayers and intercession.

Now, returning to the question of identity between the *old* and the *new* “Ego.” I may remind you once more, that even your Science has accepted the old, very old fact distinctly taught by our Lord,² *viz.* — that a

¹ Underlining added. — ED., A.T.

² See the *Abhidharma Kosha Vyakhyā*, the *Sutta Pitaka*, any Northern Buddhist book, all of which show Gautama Buddha saying that none of these Skandhas is the soul; since the body is constantly changing and that neither man, animal, nor plant is ever the same for two consecutive days or even minutes. “Mendicants! Remember that there is within man *no abiding principle* whatever, and that only the *learned* disciple who acquires wisdom, in saying ‘I am’ — knows what he is saying.”

man of any given age, while sentiently the same, is yet physically not the same as he was a few years earlier (we say *seven* years and are prepared to maintain and prove it): Buddhistically speaking, his *Skandhas* have changed. At the same time they are ever and ceaselessly at work in preparing the abstract mould, the “privation” of the future *new* being. Well, then, if it is just that a man of 40 should enjoy or suffer for the actions of the man of 20, so it is equally just that the being of the new birth, who is essentially identical with the previous being — since he is its outcome and creation — should feel the consequences of that begetting Self or personality. [From ML #16, pp. 110-12]



SUSPICION

Our Knowledge and Science cannot be pursued altogether on the Baconian methods. We are not permitted — come what may — to offer it as a remedy against, or to cure people from suspicion. They have to earn it for themselves, and he who will not find our truths in his soul and within himself — has poor chances of success in Occultism. It is certainly not suspicion that will mend the situation for it is —

*“... a heavy armour, and
with its own weight
impedes more than it protects.”*

[ML 162. p. 355]



San Francisco Chronicle

The Travels of a T-Shirt in the Global Economy

Reviewed by Tom Abate, Chronicle Staff Writer

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An Economist Examines the Markets, Power and Politics of World Trade By Pietra Rivoli — WILEY; 254 PAGES; \$29.95

Global trade has become one of the flash points of modern political discourse, a polarized arena in which disputants come armed with a moral certitude that makes listening difficult and compromise impossible.

Into this contentious debate, Georgetown University economist Pietra Rivoli injects a charmingly simple book titled "The Travels of a T-Shirt in the Global Economy," which provides a readable and evenhanded treatment of the complexities of world trade by choosing an example that illuminates the whole.

Rivoli begins her economic yarn by fishing a white T-shirt out of the bargain bin of a Walgreen's drugstore in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. The shirt is emblazoned with a brightly colored parrot. "Florida" is printed underneath. The label on the back of the souvenir leads Rivoli to the Miami silk-screen firm that imported the blank shirt from an exporter in Shanghai. Rivoli interviews the Chinese entrepreneur who directs her to the farming region where the cotton was grown.

"I think the cotton is grown very far from Shanghai," says the Chinese exporter in heavily accented English. "Probably in Teksa."

"Where is Teksa?" Rivoli asks, assuming it to be some remote region in China. To her surprise, however, the raw cotton has originated not far from the hometown of President George W. Bush, deep in the heart of Texas.

Propelled by this irony, Rivoli leads the reader through an informative journey in geography and time that demonstrates why the travels of a cotton T-shirt make the perfect illustration of the complexities of global trade.

Cotton, she says, is more than king. Textile manufacturing, based on cotton imports, formed the very foundation of the British Industrial Revolution of the late 18th and early

19th centuries, with all its Dickensian horrors. Cotton also nurtured American slavery and later inspired labor-saving machinery to reduce the growers' dependence on human toil as what was once called "the peculiar institution" became morally and politically unbearable.

As Rivoli explains, the weaving of cotton wares was also the first step taken by many ambitious nations on the road to industrial fame. The United States plunged into textile manufacturing shortly after the Revolutionary War, as the New England states imitated the textile techniques of the British. By the 1930s, post-feudal Japan had become the next textile powerhouse, producing about 40 percent of the world's exports of cotton goods. By the 1970s, Hong Kong sweatshops had become the next depot of World Clothing Inc.

Now, although the locus of activity has shifted to China proper, little has changed, Rivoli says, right down to the labor horrors revealed by Dickens more than two centuries ago.

The competitiveness of the modern Chinese manufacturer, she explains, is based in part on the hukou system. Hukou is a system of household registration. The peasant who leaves the provinces for the factories is still registered to his birthplace. In a system reminiscent of how white South Africans used to import rural blacks to work in townships, Chinese authorities allow peasants to bring their labor to cities — but not their families or their legal status. The Chinese call them liudong renkou, or "floating people."

"As of the mid 1990s, 40 percent of the labor force in the Shanghai textile industry were floating girls and women from the rural areas," Rivoli writes. "Floaters work 25 percent more hours per week but earn 40 percent less than those with urban hukous (registrations)."

Facts like these will delight anti-global activists and labor lobbyists, because as Rivoli repeatedly makes clear, there is absolutely nothing free about free trade except the slogan.

"The winners in my T-shirt's life," she writes, "are adept not so much at competing in markets but in avoiding them."

Take, for example, the cotton-pickin' area around Lubbock, Texas, a few hours' car ride

from the Bush ranch in Crawford. What enables Texas farmers to remain among the world's dominant producers of this commodity? Well, it's partly their industriousness — with the help of state-supported university research — in turning every scrap of the cotton plant into revenue-producing byproducts ranging from animal feed to peanut butter.

But the roots of their success in the global cotton trade are Texas-size federal subsidies signed into law by that free-trader whose friends call him Dubya. "On a per acre basis, subsidies paid to cotton farmers are 5-10 times higher than those for corn, soybeans and wheat," Rivoli writes. "Even by the normally generous standards of U.S. farm policy, the 2002 Farm Bill went over the top for cotton."

In early March, the World Trade Organization decided that U.S. subsidies for cotton don't pass the free-trade laugh test, ruling in favor of Brazil, which had challenged Bush's price supports. It remains to be seen how the United States will respond to this and other challenges to the protections it has erected around its cotton-growing and textile-manufacturing industries.

Given Rivoli's willingness to strip free trade of its hypocrisies, she should be convincing when she nevertheless concludes that the growing web of commerce that is knitting the world together, however imperfectly, is preferable to the isolation and protectionism that are at the opposite end of the spectrum.

"Since completing my travels," she writes, "I have come to believe in a moral case for trade that is even more compelling to me than the economic case." She reminds Americans, generations distant from their rural roots, that throughout history, people have preferred the slum and the sweatshop to the even more confining poverty of the farm. She reaches back into history, quoting a North Carolina woman born in 1899. "We didn't like the farming. It was so hot from sunup to sundown. No, that was not for me. Mill work was better."

Today China's "floating people" make the same choice. "Literally millions of young Chinese women choose the factory over the farm," Rivoli writes, "apparently preferring even the most grueling, worst sweatshop work to life in rural China."

Moreover, she says, the people, mainly women, drawn to textile mills and, by extension, to other manufacturing enterprises ultimately stand up like so many Norma Raes and demand respect. "In country after country, and factory after factory, the women have stood up and stared down their bosses," she writes.

Thus she sees the sweatshop as a step toward something better, and because it is tied to trade, the whole package is better than stagnation. One hesitates to use the word "dialectic" in connection with an economist. It makes some people see red. But Rivoli argues that global trade, driven by capital's search for low-cost labor and goods, wittingly or not works hand in glove with activist agitation to hasten the process by which other nations and other peoples go through the rural-to-urban migration that tormented our ancestors and improved our lives.

"The trade skeptics need the corporations, the corporations need the skeptics, but most of all the Asian sweatshop worker and the African farmer need them both," Rivoli writes.

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Why Theosophists Do Not Believe In The Return Of Pure "Spirits"

ENQUIRER: What do you mean? Why should this interfere with their bliss?

THEOSOPHIST: Simply this; and here is an instance. A mother dies, leaving behind her little helpless children — orphans whom she adores — perhaps a beloved husband also. We say that her "Spirit" or *Ego* — that individuality which is now all impregnated, for the entire Devachanic period, with the noblest feelings held by its late *personality*, *i.e.*, love for her children, pity for those who suffer, and so on — we say that it is now entirely separated from the "vale of tears," that its future bliss consists in that blessed ignorance of all the woes it left be-

hind. Spiritualists say, on the contrary, that it is as vividly aware of them, *and more so than before*, for "Spirits see more than mortals in the flesh do." We say that the bliss of the *Devachanee* consists in its complete conviction that it has never left the earth, and that there is no such thing as death at all; that the *post-mortem* spiritual *consciousness* of the mother will represent to her that she lives surrounded by her children and all those whom she loved; that no gap, no link, will be missing to make her disembodied state the most perfect and absolute happiness. The Spiritualists deny this point blank. According to their doctrine, unfortunate man is not liberated even by death from the sorrows of this life. Not a drop from the life-cup of pain and suffering will miss his lips; and *nolens volens*, since he sees everything now, shall he drink it to the bitter dregs. Thus, the loving wife, who during her lifetime was ready to save her husband sorrow at the price of her heart's blood, is now doomed to see, in utter helplessness, his despair, and to register every hot tear he sheds for her loss. Worse than that, she may see the tears dry too soon, and another beloved face shine on him, the father of her children; find another woman replacing her in his affections; doomed to hear her orphans giving the holy name of "mother" to one indifferent to them, and to see those little children neglected, if not ill-treated. According to this doctrine the "gentle wafting to immortal life" becomes without any transition the way into a new path of mental suffering! And yet, the columns of the "Banner of Light," the veteran journal of the American Spiritualists, are filled with messages from the dead, the "dear departed ones," who all write to say how very *happy* they are! Is such a state of knowledge consistent with bliss? Then "bliss" stands in such a case for the greatest curse, and orthodox damnation must be a relief in comparison to it!

ENQUIRER: But how does your theory avoid this? How can you reconcile the theory of Soul's omniscience with its blindness to that which is taking place on earth?

THEOSOPHIST: Because such is the law of love and mercy. During every Devachanic period the Ego, omniscient as it is *per se*, clothes itself, so to say, with the *reflection* of the "personality" that was. I have just told you that the *ideal* efflorescence of all the abstract, therefore undying and eternal qualities or attributes, such as love and mercy, the love of the good, the true and the

beautiful, that ever spoke in the heart of the living "personality," clung after death to the Ego, and therefore followed it to Devachan. For the time being, then, the Ego becomes the ideal reflection of the human being it was when last on earth, and *that* is not omniscient. Were it that, it would never be in the state we call Devachan at all.

ENQUIRER: What are your reasons for it?

THEOSOPHIST: If you want an answer on the strict lines of our philosophy, then I will say that it is because everything is *illusion (Maya)* outside of eternal truth, which has neither form, colour, nor limitation. He who has placed himself beyond the veil of maya — and such are the highest Adepts and Initiates — can have no Devachan. As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in it is complete. It is an *absolute* oblivion of all that gave it pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that such things as pain or sorrow exist at all. The *Devachanee* lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain, and in the companionship of everyone it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfilment of all its soul-yearnings. And thus it lives throughout long centuries an existence of *unalloyed* happiness, which is the reward for its sufferings in earth-life. In short, it bathes in a sea of uninterrupted felicity spanned only by events of still greater felicity in degree.

ENQUIRER: But this is more than simple delusion, it is an existence of insane hallucinations!

THEOSOPHIST: From your standpoint it may be, not so from that of philosophy. Besides which, is not our whole terrestrial life filled with such delusions? Have you never met men and women living for years in a fool's paradise? And because you should happen to learn that the husband of a wife, whom she adores and believes herself as beloved by him, is untrue to her, would you go and break her heart and beautiful dream by rudely awakening her to the reality? I think not. I say it again, such oblivion and *hallucination* — if you call it so — are only a merciful law of nature and strict justice. At any rate, it is a far more fascinating prospect than the orthodox golden harp with a pair of wings. The assurance that "the soul that lives ascends frequently and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs" may seem of a more pious

character to some. Nevertheless, it is a hallucination of a far more delusive character, since mothers love their children with an immortal love, we all know, while the personages mentioned in the "heavenly Jerusalem" are still of a rather doubtful nature. But I would, still, rather accept the "new Jerusalem," with its streets paved like the show windows of a jeweller's shop, than find consolation in the heartless doctrine of the Spiritualists. The idea alone that the *intellectual conscious souls* of one's father, mother, daughter or brother find their bliss in a "Summer land" — only a little more natural, but just as ridiculous as the "New Jerusalem" in its description — would be enough to make one lose every respect for one's "departed ones." To believe that a pure spirit can feel happy while doomed to witness the sins, mistakes, treachery, and, above all, the sufferings of those from whom it is severed by death and whom it loves best, without being able to help them, would be a maddening thought.

ENQUIRER: There is something in your argument. I confess to having never seen it in this light.

THEOSOPHIST: Just so, and one must be selfish to the core and utterly devoid of the sense of retributive justice, to have ever imagined such a thing. We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now, than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the *Devachanee*, as some may imagine, but in reality. For pure divine love is not merely the blossom of a human heart, but has its roots in eternity. Spiritual holy love is immortal, and Karma brings sooner or later all those who loved each other with such a spiritual affection to incarnate once more in the same family group. Again we say that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's *Ego* filled with love for the imaginary children it sees near itself, living a life of happiness, as real to *it* as when on earth — that love will always be felt by the children in flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, and often in various events — in *providential* protections and escapes, for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time. As with this Devachanic "mother," so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material. Analogy will suggest to you the rest.

ENQUIRER: In no case, then, do you admit the possibility of the communication of the living with the *disembodied spirit*?

THEOSOPHIST: Yes, there is a case, and even two exceptions to the rule. The first exception is during the few days that follow immediately the death of a person and before the *Ego* passes into the Devachanic state. Whether any living mortal, save a few exceptional cases — (when the intensity of the desire in the dying person to return for some purpose forced the higher consciousness to remain awake, and therefore it was really the *individuality*, the "Spirit" that communicated) — has derived much benefit from the return of the spirit into the *objective* plane is another question. The spirit is dazed after death and falls very soon into what we call "*pre-devachanic unconsciousness*." The second exception is found in the *Nirmanakayas*.

ENQUIRER: What about them? And what does the name mean for you?

THEOSOPHIST: It is the name given to those who, though they have won the right to Nirvana and cyclic rest — (*not* "Devachan," as the latter is an illusion of our consciousness, a happy dream, and as those who are fit for Nirvana must have lost entirely every desire or possibility of the world's illusions) — have out of pity for mankind and those they left on earth renounced the Nirvanic state. Such an adept, or Saint, or whatever you may call him, believing it a selfish act to rest in bliss while mankind groans under the burden of misery produced by ignorance, renounces Nirvana, and determines to remain invisible *in spirit* on this earth. They have no material body, as they have left it behind; but otherwise they remain with all their principles even *in astral life* in our sphere. And such can and do communicate with a few elect ones, only surely not with *ordinary* mediums.

ENQUIRER: I have put you the question about *Nirmanakayas* because I read in some German and other works that it was the name given to the terrestrial appearances or bodies assumed by Buddhas in the Northern Buddhistic teachings.

THEOSOPHIST: So they are, only the Orientalists have confused this terrestrial body by understanding it to be *objective* and *physical* instead of purely astral and subjective.

ENQUIRER: And what good can they do on earth?

THEOSOPHIST: Not much, as regards individuals, as they have no right to interfere with Karma, and can only advise and inspire mortals for the general good. Yet they do more beneficent actions than you imagine.

ENQUIRER: To this Science would never subscribe, not even modern psychology. For them, no portion of intelligence can survive the physical brain. What would you answer them?

THEOSOPHIST: I would not even go to the trouble of answering, but would simply say, in the words given to "M. A. Oxon," "Intelligence is perpetuated after the body is dead. Though it is not a question of the brain only. . . . It is reasonable to propound the indestructibility of the human spirit from what we know" (*Spirit Identity*, p. 69).

ENQUIRER: But "M. A. Oxon" is a Spiritualist?

THEOSOPHIST: Quite so, and the only *true* Spiritualist I know of, though we may still disagree with him on many a minor question. Apart from this, no Spiritualist comes nearer to the occult truths than he does. Like any one of us he speaks incessantly "of the surface dangers that beset the ill-equipped, feather-headed muddler with the occult, who crosses the threshold without counting the cost." Our only disagreement rests in the question of "Spirit Identity." Otherwise, I, for one, coincide almost entirely with him, and accept the three propositions he embodied in his address of July, 1884. It is this eminent Spiritualist, rather, who disagrees with us, not we with him.

ENQUIRER: What are these propositions?

THEOSOPHIST:

- "1. That there is a life coincident with, and independent of the physical life of the body."
- "2. That, as a necessary corollary, this life extends beyond the life of the body" (we say it extends throughout Devachan).
- "3. That there is communication between the denizens of that state of existence and those of the world in which we now live."

All depend, you see, on the minor and secondary aspects of these fundamental propositions. Everything depends on the views we take of Spirit and Soul, or *Individuality* and *Personality*. Spiritualists confuse the two "into one"; we

separate them, and say that, with the exceptions above enumerated, no *Spirit* will revisit the earth, though the animal Soul may. But let us return once more to our direct subject, the Skandhas.

ENQUIRER: I begin to understand better now. It is the Spirit, so to say, of those Skandhas which are the most ennobling, which, attaching themselves to the incarnating Ego, survive, and are added to the stock of its angelic experiences. And it is the attributes connected with the material Skandhas, with selfish and personal motives, which, disappearing from the field of action between two incarnations, reappear at the subsequent incarnation as Karmic results to be atoned for; and therefore the Spirit will not leave Devachan. Is it so?

THEOSOPHIST: Very nearly so. If you add to this that the law of retribution, or Karma, rewarding the highest and most spiritual in Devachan, never fails to reward them again on earth by giving them a further development, and furnishing the Ego with a body fitted for it, then you will be quite correct. [pp. 146-54]

