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MEANINGS IN DREAMS

Dreams are sometimes the result of brain action automatically proceeding, and are also produced by the transmission into the brain by the real inner person of those senses or ideas high or low which the real person has seen while the body slept.

They are then strained into the brain as if floating on the soul as it sinks into the body. These dreams may be of great use, but generally the resumption of bodily activity destroys the meaning, perverts the image, and reduces all to confusion.

But the great fact of all dreaming is that some one perceives and feels therein and this is one of the arguments for the inner person's existence.

In sleep the inner man communes with higher intelligences, and sometimes succeeds in impressing the brain with what is gained, either a high idea or a prophetic vision, or else fails in consequence of the resistance of the brain fiber.

The karma of the person also determines the meaning of a dream, for a kind may dream that which relates to his kingdom, which the same thing dreamed by a citizen relates to nothing of temporal consequence. But, as said by Job:

"In dreams and visions of the night man is instructed."

(from The Ocean of Theosophy, p. 143-4)

There are many kinds of "dreams"...the highest of them being recollections of the activity and real awakens of the Inner Man, but

these are not ordinarily translatable into terms of bodily consciousness.

(from Answers to Questions p. 95)

As a rule, all that we experience of a dream from the inner man is a feeling, for the dream being strained through the brain is all broken and confused. A dream that makes a profound impression... cannot be a mere surface dream."

(ibid p. 220)

"Good resolutions are mind-painted pictures of good deeds, fancies, day-dreams, whisperings of the Buddhi to the Manas..."

(Letters from the Masters of Wisdom (I) p 60-1)

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DREAMS SHED LIGHT ON OBAMA'S VALUES

by Kelly Bulkeley¹

Extracts from an article in the San Francisco Chronicle,
page G – 9, Sunday, August 17, 2008

"I am something of a dreamer" - so confesses Barack Obama in the closing pages of "Dreams from My Father," the title of which signaled his strong interest in dreaming, both metaphorical and literal.

In the book, he shared two of his own dreams, each testifying to his long struggle with the morally and spiritually ambiguous legacy of his father.

Surprisingly, neither Obama's critics nor his supporters seem to recognize the significance of what those two dreams reveal about his core values.

...

The first dream occurred when he was a senior at Columbia University, a year after receiving the news of his father's death. It started with him on a bus trip with an unknown group of people. An old white man sitting nearby informed him that "our treatment of the old test(s) our souls." The bus stopped at a grand hotel, and the old man somehow changed into a small black girl who began playing the piano.

The trip continued. Obama dozed, then awakened (still in the dream), alone. He got off the bus and stood in front of a rough stone building. Inside, a lawyer and judge discussed the fate of Obama's father, a captive in jail. The judge was willing to release him, but the lawyer argued against it because of "the need to maintain order."

Then Obama stood before the door to his father's cell. He unlocked it and confronted the man, with "only a cloth wrapped around his

¹ Bulkeley is a visiting scholar at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley and wrote "American Dreamers: What Dreams Tell Us About the Political Psychology of Conservatives, Liberals, and Everyone Else" (Beacon Press, 2008).

waist." His father smiled and said, "Barack, I always wanted to tell you how much I love you." They embraced, but suddenly his father shrank in size, and a deep sadness overcame him. Obama tried to lead his father out of the cell, but he declined and told his son he should go.

The dream ended there, and Obama said, "I awoke still weeping, my first real tears for him - and for me, his jailor, his judge, his son."

We would need Obama's personal associations to make sense of all the dream's details. But no special psychoanalytic training is required to identify his feelings of hostility toward his father, intermixed with love and sadness.

Obama narrated this dream in the closing pages of the memoir's first part, titled "Origins." The dream marked the end of his beginning, the initiation of his journey back to his ancestral roots, back to his father's grave in Africa.

The second dream came during that journey, when Obama and his half-sister were traveling by train to his family's village in Kenya. She told him a disturbing story about their grandfather and his cruelly self-righteous behavior toward others. That night, Obama dreamed he was walking through a Kenyan village filled with playful children and pleasant old men. Suddenly everyone panicked at the sight of something behind Obama; they ran for safety as he heard the growl of a leopard. He fled in a mad dash, finally collapsing in exhaustion: "Panting for breath, I turned around to see the day turned night, and a giant figure looming as tall as the trees, wearing only a loincloth and a ghostly mask."

...

This suggests that Obama is perhaps more temperamentally conservative and respectful of paternal authority than most Americans assume.

Critics who portray him as an anarchist fail to appreciate this quality of his character. So, apparently, do those liberals who have been alarmed at the seeming "rightward shift" in his recent policy statements. **His dreams suggest this is not just short-term electoral maneuvering but rather a reflection of a conviction that he must show respect for traditional wisdom**, even as he tries to adapt that wisdom to changing circumstances of the present.

CAVE TEMPLES & PASSAGES

constructed during Atlantean times



Ancient traditions of India

Kailasanatha Temple Cave,
Aurangabad

Tradition asserts, and archaeology accepts the truth of the legend that there is more than one city now flourishing in India, which is built on several other cities, making thus a subterranean city of six or seven stories high.

Delhi is one of them; Allahabad another—examples of this being found even in Europe; e.g., in Florence, which is built on several defunct Etruscan and other cities.

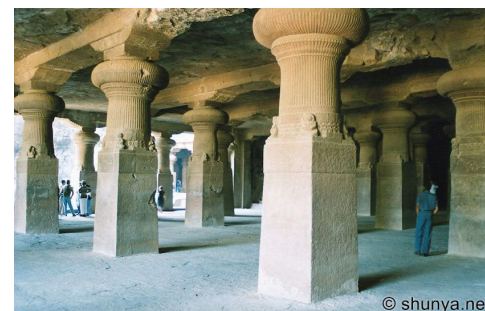
Why, then, could not Ellora, Elephanta, Karli, and Ajunta have been built on subterranean labyrinths and passages, as claimed? Of course we do not allude to the caves which are known to every European, whether de visu or through hearsay, notwithstanding their enormous antiquity¹, though that is so disputed by modern

¹ There are archaeologists, who, like Mr. James Fergusson, deny the great antiquity of even one single monument in India. In his work, "Illustrations of the Rock-Cut Temples of India," the author ventures

archaeology. But it is a fact, known to the Initiated Brahmins of India and especially to Yogis, **that there is not a cave-temple in the country but has its subterranean passages running in every direction**, and that those underground caves and endless corridors have in their turn their caves and corridors.

"Who can tell that the lost Atlantis... did not exist yet in those days?" (ie when the temples were first built. Ed)— we went on to ask. It did exist most assuredly, as it was fast approaching its greatest days of glory and civilization when the last of the Lemurian continents went down.

(extracts from Secret Doctrine Vol 2 p 220)



Details of the cave temple at Elephanta (Gharapuri) on the island in Mumbai harbour

The caves at Elephanta are said to be over 450,000 years old, constructed from the living rock of the island when Rama was then the King of India. Ed.

to express the very extraordinary opinion that "Egypt had ceased to be a nation before the earliest of the cave-temples of India was excavated." In short, he does not admit the existence of any cave anterior to the reign of Asoka, and seems anxious to prove that most of these rock-cut temples were executed during a period extending from the time of that pious Buddhist king until the destruction of the Andhra dynasty of Maghada, in the beginning of the fifth century. We believe such a claim perfectly arbitrary. Further discoveries will show that it is erroneous and unwarranted.

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Less is More

Can less be more, can more be less?

Well, yes and no, and no and yes

Well, more or less...

More bikes, fewer cars

Less haze, more stars

Less haste, more time

Less reason, more rhyme

More time, less stress

Fewer miles, more fresh (vegetables)

Fewer car parks, more acres of available urban soil

More farmers' markets, less produce effectively marinated in crude oil

Less colouring, more taste

More mashing, less waste

Fewer couch potatoes, more spring greens

Fewer tired tomatoes, more runner beans

More stillness, less inertia

Less illness, more Echinacea

More community, less isolation

Less just sitting there, more participation!

More wells (not oil ones, obviously), fewer ills

Fewer clean fingernails, more skills

More co-operation, less compliancy

Less complacency, more self-reliance

Less competition, more collaboration

Less passive listening, more participation!

Less attention defic..., more concentration

Less passive listening, more participation!

(Less repetition)

Less of a warm globe, more a chilly'un

More of a wise world, at least 34 fewer parts of

C02 per million

Less stress-related cardio-vascular and pulmonary failure

ore nurturing quality time in the company of a favourite clematis or dahlia

More craftsmanship, less built-in obsolescence

More political maturity, less apparently-consequence-free extended adolescence

More believed-to-be-beautiful, known-to-be-useful things

Less cheap, pointless, petroleum-steeped stuff

So Yes, less is more – and enough's enough...

Courtesy of Matt Harvey www.wondermentalist.com

THE MYSTERIOUS STORY OF COUNT DE SAINT-GERMAIN

(continued from October)



Count de Saint-Germain in 1783

From time to time this strange being appeared in various European capitals, under various names—as Marquis de Montferrat; Count Bellamare at Venice; Chevalier Schoening, at Pisa; Chevalier Weldon, at Milan; Count Saltikoff, at Genoa; Count Tzarogy, at Schwabach; and, finally, as Count de Saint-Germain, at Paris; but, after his disaster at the Hague, no longer seems so wealthy as before, and has at times the appearance of seeking his fortune.

At Tournay he is “interviewed” by the renowned Chevalier de Seingalt, who finds him in an Armenian robe and pointed cap, with a long beard descending to his waist, and ivory wand in hand—the complete make-up of a necromancer. Saint-Germain is surrounded by a legion of bottles, and is occupied in developing the manufacture of hats upon chemical principles. Seingalt being indisposed, the Count offers to physic him gratis, and offers to dose him with an elixir which appears to have been ether; but the other refuses, with many polite speeches. It is the scene of the two augurs.

Not being allowed to act as a physician, Saint-Germain determines to show his power as an alchemist; takes a twelve-sous piece from the other augur, puts it on red-hot charcoal, and works with the blowpipe. The piece of money is fused and allowed to cool. “Now,” says Saint-Germain, “take your money again.” —“But it is gold.” —“Of the purest.” Augur number two does not believe in the transmutation, and looks on the whole operation as a trick, but he pockets the piece nevertheless, and finally presents it to the celebrated Marshal Keith, then governor of Neuchâtel.

Again in pursuit of dyeing and other manufacturing schemes, Saint-Germain turned up at St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Milan. Once he got into trouble, and was arrested in a petty town of Piedmont on a protested bill of exchange; but he pulled out a hundred thousand crowns’ worth of jewels, paid on the spot, bullied the governor of the town like a pickpocket, and was released with the most respectful excuses.

Very little doubt exists that during one of his residences in Russia, he played an important part in the revolution which placed Catherine the Second on the throne. In support of this view, Baron Gleichen cites the extraordinary attention bestowed on Saint-Germain at Leghorn in 1770, by Count Alexis Orloff, and a remark made by Prince Gregory Orloff to the Margrave of Anspach during his stay at Nuremberg.

After all, who was he?—the son of a Portuguese king, or of a Portuguese Jew? Or did he, in his old age, tell the truth to his protector and enthusiastic admirer, Prince Charles of Hesse-Cassel? According to the story told his last friend, he was the son of a Prince Rakoczy, of Transylvania, and his first wife a Tékély. He was placed, when an infant, under the protection of the last of the Medici. When he grew up, and heard that his two brothers, sons of the Princess Hesse-Rheinfels, or Rothenburg, had received the names of Saint-Charles and Saint-Elizabeth, he determined to take the name of their holy brother, Sanctus Germanus.

What was the truth? One thing alone is certain, that he was a protégé of the last Medici. Prince Charles, who appears to have regretted his death, which happened in 1783, very sincerely, tells us that he fell sick, while pursuing his experiments in colours, at Eckernförde, and died shortly after, despite the innumerable

medicaments prepared by his own private apothecary. Frederick the Great, who, despite his scepticism, took a queer interest in astrologers, said of him, "This is a man who does not die." Mirabeau adds, epigrammatically, "He was always a careless fellow, and at last, unlike his predecessors, forgot not to die."

And now we ask what shadow of proof is herein afforded either that Saint-Germain was an "adventurer," that he meant to "play the part of a prodigy," or that he sought to make money out of dupes? Not one single sign is there of his being other than what he seemed, viz., a gentleman of magnificent talents and education, and the possessor of ample means to honestly support his standing in society. He claimed to know how to fuse small diamonds into large ones, and to transmute metals, and backed his assertions "by the possession of apparently unbounded wealth, and a collection of jewels of rare size and beauty." Are "adventurers" like this? Do charlatans enjoy the confidence and admiration of the cleverest statesmen and nobles of Europe for long years and not even at their deaths show in one thing that they were undeserving?

Some encyclopedists¹ say:—"He is supposed to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy at the courts at which he resided!" But upon what evidence is this supposition based? Has any one found it in any of the state papers in the secret archives of either of these courts? Not one word, not one fraction or shred of fact to build this base calumny upon, has ever been found. It is simply a malicious lie. The treatment that the memory of this great man, this pupil of Indian and Egyptian hierophants, this proficient in the secret wisdom of the East, has had from Western writers is a stigma upon human nature. And so has the stupid world behaved towards every other person who like Saint-Germain, has revisited it after long seclusion devoted to study, with his stores of accumulated esoteric wisdom, in the hope of bettering it and making it wiser and happier.

One other point should be noticed. The above account gives no particulars of the last hours of the mysterious Count or of his funeral. Is it not absurd to suppose that if he really died at

the time and place mentioned, he would have been laid in the ground without the pomp and ceremony, the official supervision, the police registration which attend the funerals of men of his rank and notoriety? Where are these data?

He passed out of public sight more than a century ago, yet no memoir contains them. A man who so lived in the full blaze of publicity could not have vanished, if he really died then and there, and left no trace behind. Moreover, to this negative we have the alleged positive proof that he was living several years after 1784. He is said to have had a most important private conference with the Empress of Russia in 1785 or 1786, and to have appeared to the Princesse de Lamballe when she stood before the tribunal, a few moments before she was struck down with a bullet, and a butcher-boy cut off her head; and to Jeanne du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV, as she waited on her scaffold at Paris the stroke of the guillotine in the Days of Terror, of 1793.

A respected member of our Society, residing in Russia, possesses some highly important documents about the Count de Saint-Germain, and for the vindication of the memory of one of the grandest characters of modern times, it is hoped that the long-needed but missing links in the chain of his chequered history, may speedily be given to the world through these columns.

(The Theosophist, Vol. II, No. 8, May, 1881, pp. 168-170)

(After reading the above, the student should consult the Bio-Bibliographical Appendix in the present Volume (*HPB's Collected Works*), s.v. SAINT-GERMAIN, for pertinent information concerning this remarkable personage, the correction of some errors and a selective bibliography of the subject.— Compiler.)

The "Guardian Wall"

There is a Wall of Protection that "the accumulated efforts of long generations of Yogis, Saints and Adepts, especially of the Nirmanakayas -- have created... around mankind, which wall shields mankind invisibly from still worse evils."

The Voice of the Silence – Fragment III

¹ See New Amer. Cyclop., Vol. XIV, p. 267

PRONUNCIATION KEY

for reading Sanskrit (part 3)

THE pronunciation of Sanskrit words is simple when the principles governing the alphabet are known, and when the system of transliterating the Devanâgarî characters is understood, *because there are no 'silent' letters as in English.* (from last month; concludes...)

Pronunciation is given using the order of the letters of the English alphabet:

SANSKRIT PRONUNCIATION CHART

as in:	English	Sanskrit
a	sofa	nara
â	arm	mâyâ
ai	aisle	airâvata
au	out	draupađî
b	bar	buddhi
bh	abhor	bhagavat
ch	chart	chakra
chh	witch-hazel	chhâyâ
d	day	deva
dh	adhere	dharma
e	prey	devachan
g	agate	gîtâ
gh	leghorn	sughosha
h	home	hari

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PRONUNCIATION KEY

	PRONOUNCED AS IN:	SANSKRIT WORD
ḥ	loch	br̥ḥ
i	bin	vishṇu
î	machine	gâyatrî
j	june	arjuna
k	key	kṛishṇa
kh	inkhorn	śikhaṇḍin
l	lake	lakshmî
m	man	manu
n	not	nara
ñ	onion	sañjaya
ng	linger	gaṅgâ
o	so	soma
p	part	pâṇḍu
ph	upheaval	phala
r	rub	rajas
ṛi	fibre	pṛithâ
s	sun	sañjaya
ś	assure	śarîra
sh	shun	kṛishṇa
t	ton	tamas
th	right-handed	jayadratha
u	full	buddha
û	fool	bhûta
v	varnish	nirvâṇa
v (after consonants often like w)		sattwa
y	you	yuga

from 'Gods & Heroes of the Gita' (Barbaroka)

"Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result is untouched by sin."

favorite quotations from the Gita, selected by
Barbaroka, page 39-40

CORRESPONDENCE

Contributions from a new reader, **poetry from the Hindi sage, Kabir**¹.

Don't harass the downtrodden
Because their curses are very potent

Just as the dead cow's hide of the bellows
Makes the iron melt.

Why are you shouting your prayers?
Do you think God is deaf?

God hears even the little anklets
on the ant's feet.

¹ Six hundred years ago Kabir was born in India in 1398 AD. He lived for 120 years and is said to have relinquished his body in 1518. This period is also said to be the beginning of Bhakti Movement in India.

A weaver by profession, Kabir ranks among the world's greatest poets. Back home in India, he is perhaps the most quoted author. The Holy Guru Granth Sahib contains over 500 verses by Kabir. The Sikh community in particular and others who follow the Holy Granth, hold Kabir in the same reverence as the other ten Gurus.

Kabir openly criticized all sects and gave a new direction to the Indian philosophy. This is due to his straight forward approach that has a universal appeal. It is for this reason that Kabir is held in high esteem all over the world. To call Kabir a universal Guru is not an over exaggeration. To me personally, the very name Kabir means Guru's Grace.

(We add another with an interpretation. Ed)

Says Kabir

By my doing
nothing happens

What I don't do
comes to pass

If anything happens as if my doing

Then truly it is done by someone else.

Understanding

In this Doha, Kabir shows the supremacy of the divine will. According to this Doha, Kabir implies that everything happens according to God's will. Man is limited, both in his abilities and his resources. One cannot do anything without being interdependent upon others.

If a successful person claims his success to be his singular achievement, then it would boil down to be an arrogant statement. It is the contribution of others at various levels that makes any noteworthy action to be accomplished.

Take for example the simple aspect of life - our food. We all eat food. However, the food that we eat passes through various stages. First the farmer sows the seed, then he nurses the crop before harvesting it. The food as raw material goes through the distribution channels. Then it comes home. Then it is cooked. And only then it is eaten.

Kabir, thus emphatically asserts that it is the will of God that all actions get accomplished. And God here would be seen in his "Virat" form which is the entire universe.

In this doha, Kabir also implies that one should develop humility and shed the attitude of pride and boastfulness.

– Rajender Krishan
<http://www.boloji.com/kabir/dohas/kd21.htm>

WISDOM IN ACTION

The center of consciousness

No one who strives to tread the path is left unhelped; the Great Ones see his "light," and he is given what is needed for his better development. ***That light is not mere poetical imagery, but is actual, and its character denotes one's spiritual condition;*** there are no veils on that plane of seeing.

The help must be of that nature which leaves perfect freedom of thought and action; otherwise, the lessons would not be learned. Mistakes will occur, perhaps many of them, but, as is said, "twenty failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward."

The help will come for the most part in ordinary ways and from one or another of the companions with whom you were possibly connected in other lives, and whom your soul will recognize.

The Great White Lodge exists for the service of humanity; They need and welcome workers in the world.

Is it strange, then, that the light of souls attracted toward the path of unselfishness should receive Their cognition, and when deserved—when needed such succor as Karma permits?

They, Themselves, have written, "Ingratitude is not one of our vices"; and while we may not claim gratitude from Them, yet we may be sure that compassion absolute is there, and with it the understanding of the nature and needs of each aspirant. There may, and there often does come a time when one feels, as you say, like "standing on nothing, in nothing and about to topple over."

The center of consciousness has been changed; old landmarks are slipping away, and sometimes black doubt ensues. Doubt and fear

belong only to the— personal consciousness; the real Perceiver, the Higher Ego has neither.

The Gita says, "cast aside all doubt and fight on." You may remember what Judge says in one of the "Letters," likening such condition to the case of one on a strange path and suddenly surrounded by a fog; the way is obscured, danger may lie in any direction; the thing to do is to stand still and wait, for it is only a fog—and fogs always lift. And never for one moment think that you are not going on with your "journey."

It is well for us if we can always have deep down in our heart of hearts the consciousness of the nearness of Masters; by Their very nature They must be near to every true aspirant.

May I add one word to you, as a friend and brother: make clean and clear, first, the mental conceptions and perceptions; the rest will follow naturally; there will be no destruction—the Undesirable will die a natural death. "Grow as the flowers grow," from within outwards.

As ever,

R. C.

from The Spirit In The Body, Letter 2 by Robert Crosbie

Next month:

"Dana"

The moment of choice exists *all the time*
for every individual.

R.Crosbie, daily quotations, December 15th