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"There is no Religion higher than Truth"

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## CLOSE THE TEMPLE OF JANUS

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—EDS.]

THE ROMANS revered Janus as the God of Beginnings. He was the God of Gates and was worshipped even before Rome was built. In the Forum was his double-doored shrine which was closed only in time of absolute peace.

Janus had two faces, originally old bearded faces; later he was both bearded and unbearded — the old face representing the past, the other the future. He held a Key in one hand, a Staff in the other. The Key is a symbol of universal importance. It reminds the aspirant to Wisdom of the obligation of silence as to that which must be locked in the safe and sacred repository of his heart, and also of the opportunity that he has to unlock the door of the Adytum with the Key of Knowledge with which he is provided. The Staff is the symbol of support which enables the neophyte to march on, and also of protection against attacks of beast and reptile as he goes forward through the jungle of world-deception and of ignorance; therefore the Staff is the symbol of Knowledge by which sins of omission and commission are to be avoided.

Janus presided over the first hour of each day, on the calends of each month and over the first month after the Winter Solstice — hence over the month of January, "the gate that openeth the year." With his one face Janus looks at the coming hours of the day, the coming days of the month, and the 364 days of the year. He is looking at eternity to come and thinks not of the past and therefore not of the close of the cycle which he previously opened. With his other face he looks at the past which also stretches into a seemingly eternal night, but then he forgets the freshness of the dawn and, bound by the past, ignores

the glory of the New Day. Both the past and the future are symbols of mortality, for that which begins must have an end: however short the *ghadi* or however long the *kalpa*. The Present is the symbol of the Eternal Now, of Immortality, but it becomes so only when Time the Devourer is conquered by Man, the Creator and the Builder.

“Janus-faced” is not a term of approbation and is descriptive of a double-dealing, deceitful person. Interesting and even fanciful conjectures can be made to trace the fall of this God whose very name has become associated with disrepute, but whose priest was called *Rex Sacrorum* by Imperial Rome because he represented the ancient King in his capacity as religious head of the State. But even the term of opprobrium has a significance: each human entity has a dual nature and in each the divine and the demoniac are at war. *Punya-Purusha*, the man of merit, and *Papa-Purusha*, the man of sin, are in each and are wrestling for the victory. And so man is two-faced: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are a pronounced phenomenon and somewhat rare, but virtue and vice circle round and round in each man, each woman. The two forces are at work in human consciousness; out of them in the process of evolution Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde form themselves and then the real Great War takes place. Contradictions in human nature, compromises which man’s brain makes with his blood, and other psychological phenomena are traceable to the activity of these two forces of the dual man. Man is double-faced and will continue to deceive himself and others as long as the lower persists in its role of the separated self.

But let us turn to the higher aspect of this God who was in Rome even before Romulus:

Janus am I, oldest of potentates;  
Forward I look, and backward and below.  
I count as god of avenues and gates,  
The years that through my portals come and go.

In every incarnation we are born in a new body and the embodied one feels young and fresh, and hopefully looks to the future. The Inner Ego of which this is a new incarnation is hoary with experience, which the new-born entity inherits. Janus looks at the past, but what is the past? The new becoming the old. Moment passes after moment, coming from the future into the past, and as long as the future is remembered the yoke of old age must be carried. And the future — oh how long and vast it is! It makes one feel old to reflect upon it. To the growing child his tenth year makes him feel old. In his fancy the child anticipates

happiness in being grown up; the aged want to be young. Man is old in soul, however young he may be in body. The two faces looking in opposite directions tell us that life and death are still necessary, that the fight between the lower and higher natures is still going on, that the future and the past are yet separated in the present, that the old and the new continue to cast a glamour—one from the region of memory, the other from that of hope.

At every dawn man begins his life anew—and hopefully he looks forward to the pleasures of the day; how often does he come to the night with hopes frustrated, feeling old; and how dark things look on a sleepless bed! Hopes and fears, memories and anticipations keep human consciousness in a non-integrated state. Time produces birth, growth, decay, death—the old face of Janus has become older; time also produces the delights of *devachan* which exhaust themselves and bring to birth the new young face—for a day, for a month, for a year, for a cycle, with the weight of old age still there. The spirit of youth and the spirit of age coalesce in the man who has made his personal nature but a channel of the Impersonal Self. Then he is no more two-faced.

The Eternal Now is the soul of Time; it is neither past, present nor future. Immortality is that state of consciousness in which birth and death do not inhere, and therefore neither old age nor youth is experienced. The Temple of Janus is closed only when the duality of the divine and the demoniac is integrated into the Being of Eternal Youth. He is the embodiment of Peace Absolute.

Some of us are young and others of us are old; some look to the past, others dream of the future. Hope in affliction, fear in elation, keep us votaries of two-faced Janus, whose Temple we visit expectant at dawn, repentant at night; so it has to remain open.

The practitioner of Theosophy is ever the warrior-soul who undertakes to subdue his passionate mind and to know himself as the *Rex Lucis*, the Lord of Splendour and of Light. For him in this month of January it would be an appropriate resolve to seek the Path of the Eternal Now—it is very close to him.

In the "Mirror of Magic" it is written:

Look within, O disciple, at the man of sin. Of blood-shot evil eyes is he, which corrupt creatures they look at. His nails are claws that attack and destroy all fair things. His breath is poison-stench, his utterance pierces the ear-drum to deafness. Depraved in every part of his being, he lets off a power which tempts thee

to thy doom.

Look deeper within, O disciple, at the man of merit. Of smiling eyes is he, whose finger-tips drip the dew of health. He exhales fragrance that revives the drooping spirit, refreshes the tired psyche. He intones the Word of Power which purifies the ears, illumines the head. He carries a radiant bow and golden arrows and is ready to pierce the man of sin if thou wilt but resist that temptation.

Thou art destined to be the one without the other. Which one wilt thou be? Looking into the past ever mourning the future, or living in the Eternal Now, which is the Spirit-Soul of the present?

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WE ARE all Perceivers it is true, but there are two great classes of Perceivers, namely, those who are conscious of all changes, and those who are not. The Life of the Perceiver is continuous and is not dependent upon physical, astral or other expressions of it. While in the body he is occupied with the physical objective world; when he leaves the body, he is still occupied with the thoughts, feelings and desires of that physical world and continues to be so until the force of these dies out; he is continually surrounded by and occupied with a world of his own making, and in his conception he is still the same person as in life; he is still the same person when he enters the *Devachanic* condition. . . . Such are the states of all those who *while in a physical body* do not know, realize and express their real spiritual nature. . . . Quite different is the case of one who during any life has united the purified lower mind to the Divine Triad; he lives a conscious existence in Spirit, not in matter, even while occupying bodies of temporary duration; he knows the purpose and value of each terrestrial embodiment, and gladly leaves its limiting conditions when that purpose is fulfilled; what we call "death," to him is but a welcome relief, for he then can resume his spiritual life and activity unhampered. . . . For him there is no death nor sense of it, for he lives in full consciousness all the time.

—ROBERT CROSBIE

## DISCHARGING DEBTS

AS MAN ADVANCES IN YEARS, he finds that in his life he has to contend with things that are temporal as also with things that are spiritual. He is often told that he is expected to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; but there is hardly any stress laid on the other part of the same injunction which requires him to give unto God the things which are God's. In fact, the injunction points to two sets of functions — duties rather — which have to be undertaken, the one by the personality, the other by the individuality.

The discharging of debts due to Caesar is not all that easy. Loyalty, righteousness and correct living which are his due are at a discount in our troublous times. At every turn we encounter corrupt politicians, the violators of justice, tax-evaders and those who deliberately flout the law in order to seek their own aggrandizement at the expense of state and nation. This sliding away from the paths of rectitude is the harbinger of the nation's degeneration of character. With but few exceptions, our lawyers are no longer upholders of the law. They have now become adept at advising how a murderer or a traitor can escape conviction or how a wealthy man may successfully evade payment of taxes (his contribution towards the welfare of his state). Caesar is no longer respected. Caesar is feared and steps are being constantly devised to erode his sovereignty.

No student of the higher life can hope to progress unless he recognizes and discharges his dues to the temporal authority. Any cheating or shutting of eyes injures his inner make-up and stays his progress. The laws that govern the state must remain inviolate for him who chooses to stay in that state. He cannot be a rebel except in the case where he seeks by legitimate means to modify laws in a direction that could elevate the race. That state is the ideal one where each law and edict seeks to reflect on earth one or the other of the Eternal Verities that are the corollaries emanating from the Eternal LAW which has its roots in that which is Nameless and Formless. Unfortunately, men in the mass have departed from a close proximity to the spiritual. They have gravitated towards matter and their thoughts and ideas now run to material things with only rare and short-lived sorties into quasi-spiritual realms.

To discharge the debts due to Caesar, to offer unto God the things that are God's, knowledge is required for the due performance of the correct act and the true ritual — not ritual in the sense now prevailing,

but in that wider sense which embraces the man's mental posture, his mien and behaviour, his equipoise and the manner in which he approaches moments of darkness as of light. The knowledge of things earthly may be sufficient for paying homage to the Caesar of a day; but Caesars change and with them there is often a change in the laws conforming to the new outlook on life — social, political and economic. Knowledge which pertains to change is but short-lived and is found to be obsolete as one century follows another.

When the man first hears of the high Nirvana Way or the Heart Doctrine — be it through religion or literature — there is aroused in him an urge to which he is not accustomed. He is enthused by his first real contact with the abstract and the spiritual. It is during such moments that he is apt to forget his duties to the temporal side of his life. Such a lapse is bound to react upon his progress towards the spiritual; for spirit is universal harmony and failure in any duty causes a disturbance which like the ripple generated by a stone thrown in a lake moves in ever-expanding circles until it touches the shores.

The knowledge that makes the unrighteous triumph and which feeds and fattens the personality exists. That knowledge gives power and releases a force which becomes inimical to soul-life and has therefore to be avoided. One may remain ignorant of the dangers of this lower power at one's own peril. This force has the power to becloud the mind and leave the unwary an abandoned wreck. Like a derelict ship, the storm-tossed soul becomes dangerous to other souls and this potential danger can be avoided only by a studious adherence to the true.

*The Voice of the Silence* gives the following yardstick for conducting a self-appraisal. It can be used daily by the Soul for self-introspection and self-study. *The Golden Precepts* say that the Soul has not transcended the pull of matter (1) if it smiles while bathing in the sunlight of life; (2) if it thinks that joy can be found by it when wearing the vestures of flesh and matter that it inherits at birth; (3) if it weeps inside its castle of illusion; (4) if it struggles to break the link that binds it to the Master-Soul; (5) if it listens to the world's turmoil and responds to illusion; (6) if it flinches from the sight of the pain and distress of others and withdraws itself into isolation.

To walk along the paths of Soul and Spirit, the pupil is advised above all things to learn how to hear and comprehend the voice of *Nada* — the Soundless Sound — also called the Voice of the Silence because this voice speaks where there is none to speak. To come to the stage where this

hearing becomes possible, the pupil has to learn the nature of *Dharana*. This means that he has to achieve such an intense and perfect concentration of the mind as to make it impervious to the external world or the world of the senses. It is here that we part company with modern science which draws exclusively upon the senses for the gathering of its data. The student has to impress upon himself the truth that to gather the hidden knowledge, to grasp the kingly science, he *has* to become indifferent to objects of perception.

A knowledge that embraces all aspects of the seen and the unseen comes to the man of Spirit spontaneously. This knowledge is *sui generis*, *i.e.*, self-born. It is incommunicable from one person to another. The Teacher can but adjust his pupil and help him to remove the impediments which block the inner lines of communication between the aspirant and his starry soul beyond.

Misguided ones have advocated questionable means to obtain this knowledge. They have in their ignorance advocated a studied isolation from the world, which means that the aspirant has to cultivate indifference to all mankind, including parents, wife and child. They recommend inaction, and with it a retirement into dark forests with a life sustained on roots and plants. Torturing of the body, mere repression of desires, atrophying of limbs and encouraging or inhibiting of physical modes and actions may give certain powers over material nature, but they open no celestial doors and may lead the practitioner into a sliding back into materiality.

It is well to bear in mind that knowledge alone — however high — is ineffectual for the Soul unless it be transmuted into Wisdom. Says *The Voice of the Silence*: "True knowledge is the flour.... If thou would'st eat the bread of Wisdom, thy flour thou hast to knead with Amrita's clear waters." The steps by which these clear waters may be obtained are given in the later *shlokas* and in the divine Paramitas.

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THE PART can never be well unless the whole is well — for this is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body.

—PLATO

## KARMIC VISIONS

[This remarkable study of the workings of karmic law appeared in *Lucifer* for June 1888 over the signature "Sanjna" (meaning spiritual consciousness), a pen-name used by H.P.B. Though not explicitly so stated, it is clear that the personage involved was Frederick III of Prussia, who died the very month H.P.B. published this karmic biography. The death, caused by cancer of the throat, terminated his brief reign of 99 days. That he was a reincarnation of Clovis, King of the Franks, is also stated by W. Q. Judge in *The Ocean of Theosophy*. Frederick III was succeeded by his son, sometimes known as Kaiser Wilhelm of First World War infamy.

In the Appendix on Dreams in the *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, H.P.B. made the following remark in connection with the present narrative:

"Our 'dreams,' being simply the waking state and actions of the true Self, must be, of course, recorded somewhere. Read 'Karmic Visions' in *Lucifer*, and note the description of the real Ego, sitting as a spectator of the life of the hero, and perhaps something will strike you." —Eds.]

Oh, sad *No More!* Oh, sweet *No More!*

Oh, strange *No More!*

By a mossed brookbank on a stone

I smelt a wildweed-flower alone;

There was a ringing in my ears,

And both my eyes gushed out with tears.

Surely all pleasant things had gone before,

Lowburied fathomdeep beneath with thee, *NO MORE!*

—TENNYSON ("The Gem," 1831)

### I

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

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with pas

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

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

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

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

“Ha, ha, ha! . . . old hag of Hell!” chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous sneer. “Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!”

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

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

down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . .”

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

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

“ . . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . .”

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

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

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

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

## II

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

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present; for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

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

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

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

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

### III

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dreamland amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

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

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

## IV

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

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

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

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

## V

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

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

awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window:

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

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

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

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

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters—salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths. . . .

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

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

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

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . .

## VI

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the sea-shore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-

furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW....

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But —

When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,  
When all we love is fading fast — how terrible is night....

## VII

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

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

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly....

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the

haughty recognition of any valorous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

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

## VIII

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The nightmare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

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

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

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

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

‘The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .’

“I will not hear—

‘. . . robb’d mothers’ shrieks

While from men’s piteous wounds and horrid gashes

The lab’ring life flows faster than the blood!’ . . . .”

## IX

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense

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

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise"; whither he now speeds to reign and — speeds to die.

## X

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

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-

smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through aeons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Jotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## XI

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

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family.

They wear no longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know*, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity," chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

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

—SANJNA

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THE EDITORS would be shirking their responsibility if they did not remind the readers of the foregoing tales, that however entertaining and enthralling they may have seemed, neither H. P. Blavatsky nor W. Q. Judge wrote them with that as the end in view. H.P.B.'s purpose was that each of her stories illustrate "some one phase of that misconceived but important science, Psychology." It is our sincere belief that W.Q.J.'s tales may be considered in the same light with complete confidence. The development of man's intuitive perception has to be fostered in the present stage of the world's evolution. Earnest enquirers who are not already acquainted with the Ten Items of Oriental Psychology to be found in *Isis Unveiled* by H. P. Blavatsky, will be interested to compare them with the many points of occultism raised in these narratives.

—*The Tell-Tale Picture Gallery*, Appendix

## THE NEW ORDER

A NEW political and social order which would result in peace and brotherhood and harmonious progress is a dream envisioned by many today. But it will remain a dream as long as the philosophical and moral principles on which such an order can be reared are not taken note of and striven after. We are told by politicians that the cause of war and tension is fundamentally the difference of ideologies dividing nations. Economists will say that the ideological cause is only secondary; the real one is economic and financial. While there is some truth in such positions, they are only apparent and superficial causes. We must go behind and beyond and inquire as to what brought these causes to the front. For those familiar with the spiritual philosophy of the ancient Sages, this view of both politicians and economists is not satisfactory; it is incomplete, because superficial. An impartial study of historical events in the light of moral philosophy reveals to us a truth which should not be overlooked. That truth is that unless we work for a change in the *mind* of the race an era of lasting peace cannot and will not open.

What would be the basic principle for the creation of the new social order in which commercial rivalries and nationalistic ambitions would give way to co-operation on every plane which alone would mean lasting peace? Why has democracy failed? We must learn from the mistakes of democracy as well as from the blunders of dictatorship. A new concept of patriotism must arise which will perceive that the good and the progress of one's own country at the expense of any other country, however small or however weak, is false patriotism, a vicious patriotism.

Humanity has gone on labouring for peace without the guidance of a noble moral philosophy, and has failed. That moral philosophy says that individual liberty without self-discipline is bound to degenerate into license, and the check by legislatures is but the natural outcome of the effort to enjoy liberty by the individual. Discipline rooted in right knowledge teaches everyone what liberty is, and to what use it can be put. The motor-car driver enjoys the liberty to drive, yes, but why? Only because he is a license-holder, that is, he has passed the test of knowledge of motor driving and has proven himself fit to be given that freedom. Allow people to drive a car without a license and you will have the streets strewn with wrecks and damage. So liberty has to take into consideration the fact of discipline, rooted in knowledge and capa-

city, which will enable man not to interfere with the lives of others — his neighbours, his brothers.

Along the same line of reasoning we can say that any nation, great or small, whose foreign policy is not founded upon that self-discipline which takes cognizance of neighbouring and therefore of all nations does not deserve to enjoy its own liberty. Therefore the principle of fraternity should come first: a man who does not take into account the good of his neighbours becomes a bad citizen; and a nation which ignores the good of sister nations becomes a menace to peace. True democracy, therefore, begins with the concept of Fraternity. Humanity is one and the solidarity of man is a fact in Nature. People who have broken the Law of the Brotherhood of Humanity have gone against Nature and Nature's God. Karma, the Law by which the broken harmony of human brotherhood is restored, produces opportunities at every turn, and even if we erred yesterday we can work with the law in the restoration of harmony today.

Without a proper knowledge of fraternity we shall not have liberty, and without liberty there cannot be peace. Real peace cannot be realized by the individual or the nation which ignores the Law of Brotherhood. Unless we are prepared to let go every kind of distinction — of creed and caste, of race and religion, of colour and nationality, of sex and condition, there will be no liberty, no peace, no progress. Victory in war is not going to solve the problem. Unless we perceive and sincerely recognize that not by the sword but by the ploughshare, not by hatred but by love, not by competition of group against group, but by co-operation of each with all, can peace come, can liberty be enjoyed and progress achieved, we shall not gain anything at all.

Nothing has ever been gained through war. The world will be made safe only when the weapons of war and competition are put aside and the produce of the earth is shared by all the people living on it. Nature is bountiful, but we have to learn to make use of her bounty and must cease robbing her and robbing one another. That was taught in ancient India. A verse from the *Ishopanishad* says:

Whatever there is in this universe is pervaded by Deity.  
Renounce and enjoy. Covet not the wealth of another.

May the blessings of the great Sages be upon us all so that the spirit of Fraternity and of brotherhood may enter our hearts and envelop all mankind!

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## DESIRE

Once there is desire  
Beyond the act  
There is the desire to act.

In the beginning,  
This desire is compassion.  
An active force,  
It is desire for the whole,  
The result unseeable  
As it is unthinkable.

That which separates  
Is not desire  
But is the gratification  
Of desire. True desire  
Has no gratification.

To be desireless  
Is to be filled with desire.

To be without desire  
Is to be possessed of a vacuum.

To desire an object or a result  
Is to exalt illusion.

To be filled with desire without an object or  
a result

Is to be desireless within desire.

All is born of desire.  
That which is motive  
Selects the path of action.  
The will to choose  
Decides the power of life.

Desire that is proper  
Is without ending.  
It is that which is  
Needful to the soul.

The harmony of the action,  
Create in itself,  
Reaches towards that which is uncreate  
Out of which all things come.

This is the journey of the soul,  
 Downward and outward  
 And upward and inward.  
 The soul is searching  
 For its profit  
 From that which is life.

The world of desire  
 Is the world of form,  
 As action is form,  
 As thought is form,  
 As intent is form.

Recognize that which is  
 Necessary in desire  
 For desire has its necessity.  
 This is the action of life.  
 Do not confuse this necessity  
 With result.

The one is action  
 And the other is death.  
 Desire as a function  
 Is a continuous action.  
 Action that is continuous  
 Is without result.

The choice of desire  
 Directs the course of life,  
 Therefore, choose wisely.  
 Right action supports life,  
 Otherwise life is unconscious,  
 Based on objects that do not satisfy.

Desire is the fruit  
 As it is the sap  
 And the blossom,  
 A path to be used.

To limit desire is to corrupt it,  
 To turn it in upon itself,  
 Without issue.

To fulfil desire is to corrupt it,

To attach ending  
 To that which has no ending.  
 To arouse desire is to corrupt it,  
 For that which is aroused  
 Is not desire but appetite.

The personality wears many robes.

The identity is the body within.

Recognize the sheaths  
 For what they are  
 And what they are not  
 That they may be restricted  
 To that which is  
 Natural to the identity.

In this way  
 The level of desire  
 Is found.

There are many facets  
 But it is the gem  
 Which is unique.

Knowledge of one's own desire  
 Produces knowledge of self  
 Beyond which lies that greater knowing  
 That all men seek.

Even erroneous knowledge of one's self  
 Is better than not to seek such knowledge.  
 The one is action  
 And the other is inaction in action.

He who acts gains.  
 He who does not desire to act  
 Cannot gain.

Life remains a puzzle  
 Based on the attainment  
 Of visible result.

To fear desire  
 Or to confuse desire with fear  
 Does not cure the fear  
 But produces another desire  
 Based on that fear,

For the suppression of desire  
Is also desire.

To deny desire  
Is to reduce its energy  
And to weaken  
The force of life.

Desire is the will to live.  
One cannot live without desire.

The formation of desire  
Is the occupation of life.

It is the need to learn.

To go beyond that learning  
Is to go beyond desire

But desire is the motivation.

Of all desires, it is

The desire of non-involvement

That most restricts

The attaining force.

Given the vehicle to act,

Act with force.

As the drop removed from the ocean

Is the ocean,

Let the vehicle be as that drop.

Let the mind be

As a watcher, discriminate,

Without participation,

As water passes through a sieve

And is not changed,

Let the mind be as that sieve.

For that which begins in the mind

As desire for the body

Corrupts the use of the body,

Rendering the body gross,

That which is not gross,

And rendering the mind blind,

That which needs to see.

If the body relates itself

To the desires created by the mind

It absorbs that which is create in the mind,

Rendering the mind the vehicle of the body  
 And the mind, being not the vehicle of the body,  
 Loses its force of creation  
 Without which the body is indiscriminate.

Desire that is normal  
 Is not to be appeased  
 And is not to be satiated.  
 It is a force to be recognized and used.  
 It promotes right action  
 And action is life.

Desire that is abnormal  
 Cannot be appeased  
 And cannot be satiated.  
 By its grossness  
 It pollutes action  
 And deforms the path of life.

Desire to withdraw from the action of life  
 Is beyond appeasement  
 And is beyond satiation.  
 By its denial it multiplies illusion,  
 Limiting the ability to choose  
 And rendering life impotent.

Desire is either that which uses itself  
 Or that which can be used,  
 For all of desire is a force,  
 Either a force for creation  
 Or a force for annihilation.

Let the body desire  
 The things of the body  
 And let the intellect desire  
 The things of the intellect,  
 But let no thing of desire  
 Exceed its function.

For the spirit learns from the body  
 And the spirit learns from the mind.  
 This is the progress of the soul.  
 The body creates  
 And the mind creates

And the soul gathers  
That which is of the spirit.

Let the desire which is of the body  
Be of the body,  
Let the desire which is of the mind  
Be of the mind,  
That both may profit.  
The objects of the mind are not  
The objects of the body.

The mind unlocks  
The finer senses of the body  
That through this opening  
It can see.  
Without the body  
The mind cannot have its vision.  
Without the mind the finer senses  
Of the body do not develop,  
The vision of the body remains limited  
Even to itself.

Thus the body is the means  
Of expression for the mind  
And the mind is the means  
Of sense perception for the body.  
This is the magnetic tolerance  
Between the two.

The performance of desire  
In action is the approach  
To self-consciousness.  
Since desire has its own reason,  
To alter this reason  
Is to tarnish the point of contact  
Between the mind and the body.  
Communication is lost.

The mind is a luxury  
And the body is a luxury.  
To confuse these luxuries  
Is to lose them both.

There is no thing that is not action

And there is no thing that is not desire.  
 Will, the solidifying force,  
 Coheres desire,  
 By its penetration  
 Strengthening the form  
 Of that which is to come.  
 If desire is the search for happiness  
 It does well to know  
 That which is happiness.

The object of desire,  
 Is its own complication,  
 The determination to possess.  
 Know, then, that which is  
 Possible to possess  
 And that which is  
 Not possible to possess.

The basis of love  
 Is desire.  
 Consider, then, "I love"  
 Without object  
 Or desire of possession.  
 That which is the individuality  
 Dissolves the personal.  
 Being enters the condition of love  
 Which is everywhere,  
 Without limits.

The lower level of desire  
 Is the gratification  
 Of the personal,  
 Possessed of object  
 Or condition.

Productive of evil  
 Where no evil  
 Was intended,  
 It is an aggravation  
 To the mind.

Desire misplaced  
 Is the power to corrupt.

The desire to be corrupted  
Is the corruption.

No man shall have that  
Which is not his to have  
And no man can act  
Without desire.

He who is possessed of  
Hunger or cold  
Or fear or doubt  
Let him know his hunger or cold  
And fear or doubt  
Of which there are many kinds.

These are conditions to be used  
For the formation of desire  
But are not desire.  
To confuse condition with desire  
Is to cloud the ability to see and act.  
A man thus confused will limit his life  
And in so limiting it may lose  
That which is his to have.

Let each man desire that which  
Is his to possess  
That possessions, once gained,  
Can be used.

Each action of man has its own desire.  
Let the mind of man recognize that desire  
That it may be directed as a force.

Action is the expression of desire.  
Once formulated it is productive of either  
Separateness or unity, the separateness  
Being that which is unduly concerned  
With an object or a result and the  
Unity being that which is not unduly  
Concerned with an object or a result.

It is by the recognition of his wants  
That man can exceed the desire of object,  
For the object of desire does not exist  
Since that which is desired as object  
Does not exist.

What is thought to be the object of desire  
 Or its condition, once obtained,  
 Proves not to be that desire,  
 The searching for and the  
 Attainment being based upon a  
 False conception of that  
 Which is desire.

The world of objects is limited.  
 World without object is unlimited.

The secret of desire  
 Is in the understanding  
 Of object and non object.

Desire for anything  
 Less than the whole  
 Is not desire.

Consider the good of mankind  
 As an expression  
 Of that whole.

For what result  
 Can there be to desire  
 Except that of unity?

Original desire  
 Awakens worlds  
 Into being.

The reflection  
 Of that desire  
 Demands compensate action  
 Within these worlds.

One is the holding force  
 Of unity  
 And the other is the attaining force  
 Of desire.

That which is immaculate desire  
 Is beyond object  
 As all things by their nature  
 Are beyond object.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE PARAMITAS

IN our study and reflection on the Paramitas as given in *The Voice of the Silence*, it would be well to take careful note of the statements leading up to them and following their enumeration, for all these are of the nature of hints and aids for the pilgrim-soul.

It is clear that the mere acquiring of the ordinary virtues as attributes of the good but personal man is not enough. The Paramitas are called *divine* virtues, transcendental virtues, the virtues of perfection, and quite evidently have to become the very essence of the disciple's nature, making it impossible for him to act in any way opposed to them. This transforming of himself from the personally good or virtuous man into the spiritual disciple is so difficult an undertaking that it is said to require an "adamantine will" and a "dauntless heart." It is also hinted that the way to the knowledge is through "ever narrowing Portals." What can this mean, but that the Pilgrim must get more and more down to the essentials and necessities of his life and lessen his burden of personal thoughts, desires and possessions as he travels on?

Certainly it is indicated that the Path chosen by the Pilgrim is not to be travelled by him in any objective sense; the Path is an inner one, a process of transmutation of himself by himself. The Path is simply a metaphor to picture the stages and requirements of the spiritual life for the one determined to proceed toward the living of that life.

These transcendental Paramitas are designated as "keys" to the Portals that must be passed through on this metaphorical Path. We are told that the Adept *becomes*, he is not made. It is also written, "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself." So we see that our problem is to *become* embodiments of the Paramitas of perfection in order that we may, at last, meet the Masters face to face.

Knowledge is certainly necessary, but to *become* requires something more than the mere acquisition of knowledge, however profound. How, then, are we to accomplish the task? The following hint has been given:

If we arrange the seven Paramitas as H.P.B. did the seven Globes of the Planetary Chain, in a circle, we find that there are three on one side, the fourth at the lowest point, and three on the opposite side of the circle. This suggests a special relationship between the seven; that is, the first three stand in a special relationship to the last three on the other side of the circle, the middle one forming the pivot; and if we think of the circle as part of a spiral, it is even more significant. Let us then

make use of the implications of this arrangement.

DANA, universal and impersonal love for all beings, will surely engender the Compassionator, an embodiment of true charity and pity for the world of the ignorant and the deluded who suffer. Not the least being can be ignored, condemned, feared or scorned, if one practises this Virtue.

SHILA is that feeling-thought and ideation which discerns and understands the vast Harmony of the Whole; sees the perfect fitness of all things, how each attitude, thought, word and act causes its appropriate and natural effect, so that the whole is naturally and perfectly balanced.

KSHANTI is patience, which like the earth receives and accepts all things, ugly and beautiful, good and bad alike; rejects nothing, endures all, gives strength and calmness — the basic support of the world of change, growth and decay.

VIRAGA is dispassion, the pivot of the seven, the perception of Truth; illusion, prejudice, predilection conquered and no longer able to sway the heart or mind and distort the judgement; justice recognized as the truest mercy. Viraga is that upon which all the other Virtues rest and without which there are none at all.

VIRYA is the dauntless energy which will fight its way to the end against all foes.

DHYANA is the constant remembrance of the Real within the unreal, the True behind the untrue; it is therefore the perfect contemplation of the golden Heart of Truth.

And so we can understand how the dedicated, faithful practice of these Paramitas will lead in time to the creation of that strong, wise Soul-Being embodying PRAJNA — divine consciousness — a God, a “Bodhi-sattva,” son of the Dhyanis who stand at the far end of the Path. Thus does one awakened by Prajna at last join his Illustrious Predecessors, the Tathagatas, and become a true servant of Humanity in his turn.

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ANY piece of knowledge I acquire today has a value at this moment exactly proportioned to my skill to deal with it. Tomorrow, when I know more, I recall that piece of knowledge and use it better.

—EMERSON

## IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

Chronic air pollution over many of the world's industrial centres is not only endangering human health, it is also changing the weather, says an article by Thorn Bacon, reprinted from *International Wildlife* in the October 1974 *Span*. Meteorologists used to talk about modifying the weather. Now, confronted with evidence of how our cities are accidentally changing the weather, they are urging that worldwide action be taken to undo the havoc in the atmosphere that huge population centres — and the intra- and inter-city transportation modes they demand — are causing.

In the past century, more than 400 billion tons of carbon particles have been artificially introduced into the atmosphere, creating a hot-house effect that is altering the temperature of the globe. And there are also other forms of man-made pollution besides carbon. Scientists believe that if this contamination continues, the mean annual global temperature may rise as much as 3.6 degrees Centigrade in 50 years — enough to melt the Greenland ice cap, the Antarctic ice fields, raise the level of the oceans by about 60 metres, and swamp every port and seacoast in the world.

There are other more immediate problems like lead pollution in the atmosphere that prevents clouds from releasing rain or snow because of overseeding. Meteorologists agree that the decline of rain and snowfall is serious and that it is one more frightening example of man's power to destroy the equilibrium among earth, air and water.

The author, who is a member of the American Meteorological Society, sums up:

Air-pollution on a mind-boggling scale; cities whose own weather covers are making desert heat islands out of them; rings around the world composed of man's dirt and dust; and population expansion that threatens the equilibrium of weather — all are factors that have changed and are still changing the climate of the world as we know it.

Who owns the air, the winds, the rain, and seas and the land? Does possession of a deed give the owner the right to despoil his neighbour's backyard whether that neighbour lives across the street or on another continent?

Here are questions of a magnitude man has never had to answer before. Some of the solutions are already in the works; others

must be devised if the insidious changes already started in the ecosystem of our earth are not to become irreversible. . . .

In the final analysis, the weather today and tomorrow is what we make it. Any heedless encroachment by man through his civilization on his own environment leads, as the signs grimly tell us, to an abridgment of individual freedom.

Several years ago the English conservationist Lord Ritchie-Calder made a provocative statement about the condition of our earth when he said: "Today ours is a global civilization; it is not bounded by the Tigris and the Euphrates nor even the Hellespont and the Indus. . . . It is a community so interdependent that our mistakes are exaggerated on a world-wide scale." Anything that man puts into the atmosphere affects in the long run each part of our globe and all beings thereon. In this global civilization of ours, man cannot ignore the lesson of interdependence save at his own peril.

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The strange powers that animals and plants possess and that we humans lack have now become the subject of scientific investigation. What warns animals of disasters, such as earthquakes, long before they actually strike? Are they psychic? But even the powers of animals to predict events by a few hours pale in comparison with those of certain vegetables, like the potato. With the right apparatus it is now possible to use this vegetable to predict, with alarming accuracy, what the weather will be like in two days' time. The way a potato takes in certain juices and gives off certain gases has been found to be related not only to today's weather but also to that of the day after tomorrow.

Peter Watson writes in *The Illustrated London News* (May 1974) of two senses which animals possess and which human beings do not:

One of these two extra senses is the "electrical sense," and was first found in a small African freshwater fish known as *Gymnarchus niloticus*. This fish is slim, its eyes are tiny and poorly developed . . . so it has developed its electrical sense. As it swims through the water the fish surrounds itself entirely by a small electrical field. If anything distorts this field (which is rather like the pattern of iron filings around a magnet), the fish can tell from the change of the interference whether it has come across food, an enemy, a mate, or the kinds of things scientists put in its way, like magnets or electric wires. . . .

Though the electrical field surrounding *Gymnarchus* is interesting in its own right, it is also possible that the discovery may lead to practical advantages for man. . . . For the discovery of the electrical sense in *Gymnarchus* led to the finding that other sea creatures also have tiny electrical fields surrounding them. . . .

Human muscles also give off small electrical charges every time the fibres of which they are made up "fire" when we move. It may just prove possible in the future to adapt these charges to produce a "gas-layer" effect in divers, to give them a bubble inside which they can move, and which may be used as an insulation for the diver, protecting him from the pressure and temperature changes in the water that often hamper diving activities.

Electrical fields are the sixth sense of animals; the seventh is what has also been called the "third eye." For years scientists were puzzled by the discovery that the skulls of many fossil reptiles had a small hole in the top. No one could think why the hole was there, or what soft tissue might have stuck up through it when the animal was alive. In recent years, however, this puzzle has been answered. There is a rather odd structure which occurs at the top of the brains of many animals. In some cases no one knows what it does, in others it is a kind of gland, but in most it is a sort of eye—a third eye. It is assumed that it was this eye that used to stick up through the hole at the top of the fossil reptile skulls. . . . The structure is now known to exist in many animals—mammals, fish and birds, as well as that lizard. . . . We know that certain fish, when blindfold, can still find their way towards a light. It seems as if they can use their pineal eye to replace their normal eyes if and when necessary. . . .

Humans have a pineal cone, but whether it is sensitive to light no one seems able to say. It seems to be in some way related to our sexual chemistry. . . . In animals like rodents the pineal gland is both susceptible to light and exerts control over some sex hormones. In these animals at least this could be the way through which seasonal sexual behaviour is regulated. . . . Since the hormone responsible adjusts sexual behaviour on a seasonal basis it might be adapted to produce a method of human contraception with considerable advantages over ones in current use.

In the Second Volume of *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky has much to say of the pineal gland, identifying it as the well-nigh atrophied remnant of the Third Eye of ancient races; and it would seem from what she writes elsewhere that the revivifying of this organ is not so impossible as some may think. Consider the following passages:

It is asserted upon the authority of Science, and upon evidence, which is not merely a fiction of theoretical speculation this time, that many of the animals — especially among the lower orders of the vertebrata — have a *third* eye, now atrophied, but necessarily active in its origin. The *Hatteria* species, a lizard of the order *Lacertilia*, recently discovered in New Zealand (*a part of ancient Lemuria so called, mark well*), presents this peculiarity in a most extraordinary manner; and not only the *Hatteria punctata*, but the chameleon, certain reptiles, and even fishes. . . . There were and are palaeontologists who feel convinced to this day that this “third eye” has functioned in its origin, and they are certainly right. (*S.D.*, II. 296-97)

When we learn that the “third eye” was once a physiological organ, and that later on, owing to the gradual disappearance of spirituality and increase of materiality (Spiritual nature being extinguished by the physical), it became an atrophied organ, as little understood now by physiologists as the spleen is — when we learn this, the connection will become clear. During human life the greatest impediment in the way of spiritual development, and especially to the acquirement of *Yoga* powers, is the activity of our physiological senses. Sexual action being closely connected, by interaction, with the spinal cord and the grey matter of the brain, it is useless to give any longer explanation. . . . (*S.D.*, II. 295-96)

If the pineal gland is the very seat of the highest and divinest consciousness in man, and if the abnormal and self-indulgent action of the procreative function affects this centre, then may not this point to a leading cause for the neuroticism and general psychic disorders which are characteristic of modern civilization?

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The following from *Science Digest* for November 1974 will cause concern to all those who have the welfare of the youth at heart:

Alcohol may soon supplant other drugs in the teen and pre-teen groups of users according to a recent report from the National Centre on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism. *Behaviour Today* reports that the 1974 study shows the proportion of teenage drinkers increases steadily to the twelfth grade level where 93 per cent of the boys and 84 per cent of girls have had at least one drink and

14 per cent of them admitted to getting drunk at least once a week. It also said that by the time children got to the seventh grade, 63 per cent of the boys and 54 per cent of the girls have had at least one drink.

One is left wondering: Whither our youth? The psychic effects of alcohol are more serious than the physical, and the harm done is often irreversible. "It is well known," wrote H.P.B., "what an evil influence the evaporations of blood and alcohol have on the spiritual side of human nature, blowing the animal passions into a raging fire."

But what if an individual has fallen prey to the drink habit but honestly wishes to overcome it? What does Theosophy offer to strengthen him for his struggle? We quote from a letter from Mr. Judge published in the Semicentennial Edition of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, pp. 177-78:

Generally speaking, the habit of drinking intoxicants is due to a desire to get rid of what might be called the present personal consciousness. When people drink to try and drown sorrow, pain, worry, they clearly do it with that motive in view. But others drink without any such ostensible motive, though still with the same actual motive, for they long to get rid of what is to them an intolerable sense of identity, of monotony, of sameness. It is an effort to produce by extraneous aids what can only be done properly and lastingly by interior development. People read trashy novels, gamble and so forth with the same motive, that is to say, with the intention of getting rid of their personal identity for the time being. Ultimately the race will come to realize that this can only be achieved by identification of the ego with the higher instead of the lower nature. Meanwhile, and for the ordinary person, healthy and interesting occupation is the best cure for such a habit. If possible, he should be made to understand that the desire for drink is now a habit in certain lives in his body whose very existence depends upon their being fed with alcohol. The desire is not in himself unless he is foolish enough to identify himself with the desire. Once he ceases to so identify himself, the desire will lose more than half its power over him.

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