

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

“There is no Religion higher than Truth”

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

VOL. XXXV. No. 9

17th July 1965

FROM BLIND BELIEF TO ENLIGHTENED FAITH

“With faith all things are possible.” The sceptical laugh at faith and pride themselves on its absence from their own minds. The truth is that faith is a great engine, an enormous power, which in fact can accomplish all things. For it is the covenant or engagement between man’s divine part and his lesser self.

—*Light on the Path*

Man is more important than any organization or belief and is responsible for any use he makes of either. “Believe nothing unless it conforms with reason and common sense,” is one of the most important teachings ever given. It throws the whole responsibility on man, and it destroys all idea of infallibility.

Exclusive claims made by individuals and bodies of individuals, on their own behalf or on behalf of others, all arise from — belief. No real Sage ever claimed a unique position for himself, for his knowledge and insight tell him that Nature is uniform and universal and that there are no unique, solitary phenomena in any of her kingdoms. If a claim is made on behalf of any religion that its prophet or its position is unique, that claim carries its condemnation within itself. Any calm thinker cannot but come to this conclusion, as also see the absurdity of the belief held and the claim made by many that, for example, their own race, or political ideology, or social customs and way of life are the best. These and other beliefs are held because men do not use the light of their intelligence in examining them. Beliefs are blind, and the blind have no breadth of vision, no liberality of view.

The progress of human consciousness takes this course — blind belief, reasoned knowledge, enlightened faith. When a person applies the light of his mind to his own beliefs he finds out which among them are false and which can be justified at the bar of reason and knowledge. If anyone says

that to matters of belief the test of reason and the light of knowledge should not be applied, then he falsifies the entire experience of history.

Blind belief is not to be mistaken for faith, and the latter is superior to reason. Faith may be defined as the instinct of the Soul; it is born of intuition and the latter is the power of the Soul, direct perception, which impresses the consciousness from above, beyond or within and which brings into manifestation some expression of one or more innate ideas native to the Soul. But unless instinctive faith or intuition receives the support of reason the faith remains unenlightened. Unenlightened faith is akin to blind belief. Loss of faith occurs through faulty reasoning and false knowledge. Enlightened faith arises in the mind freed from passions and prejudices and engaged in the consideration of true, ennobling ideas. When the mind is impressed with sense-data, and desires and passions press it into their service, it lends them its own power of reasoning. In our scientific civilization which takes sense-data as the foundation for all knowledge and regards the soul as the ephemeral product of brain-processes, logic and reason are enthroned in the highest seats of judgment. It is well known that when faith remains unenlightened, it is likely to fall prey to the machinations of reason.

In these days when head-learning is so much in demand and soul-wisdom at a discount, it is necessary for each to take precautions to distinguish between blind belief and faith and take measures to enlighten his faith. Men and women need some study of great ideas which widen the mental horizon and deepen human insight. Mental food is as necessary as bread and milk for the body, if not more so. There is a great deal of false knowledge abroad, in the domain of sciences as of religions, and some of it is highly dangerous.

Two difficulties beset men and women in the acquiring of knowledge. The first arises from their own mental laziness: how many would willingly take the trouble to question their own beliefs, to gather evidence, *pro* and *con*; to sit like an impartial judge and not to plead like a barrister for the side he is defending?

The second difficulty arises because we do not persist in pursuing our enquiry into our beliefs. Again and again man has freed himself from one set of beliefs, from one organization or another, only to find himself in the grip of others. Although in many countries the individual has freed himself greatly from the power of the organized Church, has also freed himself to a certain extent in the realm of politics, he is becoming fast bound by the idea of the infallibility of science. He is

giving his life over to science as his forefathers gave theirs over to the witch doctor or the Church or the State. Many an individual has abandoned reason and failed to apply the test of intelligence to so-called scientific facts.

Dogmatism about scientific theories is as great an evil as the dogmatism of religious beliefs. For instance, the evolution of man from the animals and the negation of soul scientifically put forward form the basis of the ordinary man's understanding of life and make him live rather like an evolving animal than as an unfolding god. That aspect of science which affects man most today is the medical, and how many use the results of scientific methods without studying the common-sense attitude towards body and disease! How many young men and women have been fooled by their own blindness about, for example, the abomination of contraceptives and artificial birth prevention! They may have freed themselves from religious superstitions, but only to be caught in the trap of scientific ones!

Blind belief passing through the fire of reason emerges as enlightened faith, casting off the ashes of exclusiveness, fanaticism and bigotry. If a man of religious belief passed from blind belief to real knowledge and practised the ethics of his own creed he would soon be forced to discard the exclusiveness of that creed and to embody its universal aspects. Thus enlightened faith comes to birth. In the words of Robert Crosbie:

If one places his faith on any *externality*, whatever it may be — gods or men, religions or systems of thought — he has placed it upon a broken reed; he has limited the very power of his own spirit to expand itself beyond the limitations of his ideal. When, for instance, we accept the idea that nothing is real but that which we can see or hear or taste or smell or touch, we have placed our faith on a very low basis. There is some reason for our falsity of thought and action, when we have assumed the present moment to be the only moment, the outward terrestrial world and this one existence to be the only life, from which we go, we know not where, nor to what purpose it all has been. To look on all beings according to one's own limitation of mind and range of perception, and to see only their externalities of speech or action in accordance, is not seeing them as they really are. An outside God, or an outside devil, an outside Law, an outside atonement for sins, the idea of sin being other than a denial of our own spiritual nature (the unpardonable sin), are all external faiths of the nature of *tamas*, or ignorance. Ignorance always leads to superstition. Superstition

leads to false belief, and false belief to false faith.

We are all in constant conflict with each other because of false bases of faith, for the very reason that faith fixed on *anything* will bring results, and men are blinded to real and true faith by the results of even false faith. Yet so long as we have a false faith shall we continue to create for ourselves lives of misery. The results flowing from a false faith in a selfish ideal must bring us bad effects in wrong conditions. They are the very limitations we have imposed upon ourselves by external faiths in other lives, and we must come again and again into bodies until we have rid ourselves of the defects in our nature which those external faiths have engendered. We have to get a better basis for thought and action than the false faith of the likes and dislikes we have obtained by heredity. We have produced the effects we see, but we need not go on repeating the same mistakes life after life, if we will but change our ideals. We have to find a true basis of faith. We have to place our faith upon that which is not external, but *internal*. (*The Friendly Philosopher*, pp. 354-55)

Let each one look at himself and determine his own place on the ladder of evolution: Is he sunk in the mire of disbelief, acting for his own sense-pleasure according to what he calls his own principles, devoid of virtue — a blind man yet too conceited to follow anyone or anything? Is he standing on the rung of blind belief, acting without knowledge, groping in the dark after his own blind leader and yet satisfied with himself? Is he using his reason by obtaining knowledge, going so far and no further, or is he forging ahead, slowly but steadily, purifying his mind, practising virtue, controlling his senses and organs, developing the spirit in the cave of his own heart? Is he one who has found peace and contentment born of conviction and enlightened faith? Does he know why he should not have angry thoughts but should possess a gentle mind and thus be capable of exercising that mind, why he should have a pure heart free from the complexities which egotism brings in its train and so be able to exercise the simplicity of that heart? Does he understand that generosity in the small, plain duties of life will surely kill all selfishness, and is he therefore performing those duties in the right way?

How very, very few are the men of enlightened faith in our midst! No wonder there is so much of strife and unrest in the world today! The man of true faith, who is of gracious mind and pure heart, is on his way to the haven of Peace that passeth understanding, of Bliss beyond compare.

DIAGNOSES AND PALLIATIVES

[Few dangers at the present time more justly merit denunciation than sex impurity which corrupts marriage and thus undermines and wrecks the institution of the home. In the absence of true knowledge and soulful idealism, sex has come to be looked upon, spoken about and debased in a way that makes man lower than the beasts. The evil has taken many shapes, of which the sin of adultery and open prostitution are not the most objectionable.

For the benefit of those who would know how Madame Blavatsky felt about "the *immorality* of marriage relations" in her day, before the present vogue of artificial birth control, we reprint here her article "Diagnoses and Palliatives," first published in *Lucifer* for July 1890. That the family-planning agitation, with its connotation of unbridled lust, has since contributed considerably to the increase of impurity and laxity in sex relations can hardly be gainsaid.

H.P.B.'s article was reprinted earlier in THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT for April 1944, but we are repeating it as the evil of family planning by artificial means has today taken the form of a mass campaign in this country. The ancient Aryan ideal of purity has few upholders, and indulgence is considered to be a necessity of life. Theosophy, like Gandhiji, vigorously denies this, and advocates self-control, both for the married and the unmarried.

—Eds.]

That the world is in such a bad condition morally, is conclusive evidence that none of its religions and philosophies, those of the civilized races less than any other, have ever possessed the truth. The right and logical explanations on the subject of the problems of the great dual principles—right and wrong, good and evil, liberty and despotism, pain and pleasure, egotism and altruism—are as impossible to them now as they were 1881 years ago: they are as far from the solution as they ever were. . . .
(From an *Unpublished Letter*, well known to Theosophists)¹

One need not belong to the Theosophical Society to be forcibly struck with the correctness of the above remarks. The accepted creeds of the civilized nations have lost their restraining influence on almost every class of society; nor have they ever had any other restraint save that of physical fear: the dread of theocratic thumb-screws, and hell-tortures. The noble love of virtue, for virtue's own sake, of which some ancient

¹ Now published in *U. L. T. Pamphlet No. 33*.—Eds.

Pagan nations were such prominent exemplars has never blossomed in the Christian heart at large, nor have any of the numerous post-Christian philosophies answered the needs of humanity, except in isolated instances. Hence, the moral condition of the civilized portions of mankind has never been *worse* than it is now — not even, we believe, during the period of Roman decadence. Indeed, if our greatest masters in human nature and the best writers of Europe, such acute psychologists — true vivisectioners of moral man — as Count Tolstoi in Russia, Zola in France, and as Thackeray and Dickens in England before them, have not exaggerated facts — and against such an optimistic view we have the record of the criminal and divorce courts in addition to Mrs. Grundy's private sessions "with closed doors" — then the inner rottenness of our Western morality surpasses anything the old Pagans have ever been accused of. Search carefully, search far and wide throughout the ancient classics, and even in the writings of the Church Fathers breathing such hatred to Pagans — and every vice and crime fathered upon the latter will find its modern imitator in the archives of the European tribunals. Yea, "gentle reader," we Europeans have servilely imitated every iniquity of the Pagan world, while stubbornly refusing to accept and follow any one of its grand virtues.

Withal, we moderns have undeniably surpassed the ancients in one thing — namely, in the art of whitewashing our moral sepulchres; of strewing with fresh and blooming roses the outside walls of our dwellings, to hide the better the contents thereof, the dead men's bones and all uncleanness, and making them, "indeed, appear beautiful without." What matters it that the "cup and platter" of our heart remain unclean if they "outwardly appear righteous unto men"? To achieve this object, we have become past-masters in the art of blowing trumpets before us, that we "may have glory of men." The fact, in truth, that we deceive thereby neither neighbour nor kinsman is a matter of small concern to our present generations of hypocrites, who live and breathe on mere appearances, caring only for outward propriety and prestige. These will moralize to their neighbours, but have not themselves even the moral courage of that cynical but frank preacher who kept saying to his congregation: "Do as I bid you, but do not do *as I do*."

Cant, cant, and always cant; in politics and religion, in Society, commerce, and even literature. A tree is known by its fruits; an Age has to be judged by its most prominent authors. The intrinsic moral value of every particular period of history has generally to be inferred from what its best and most observant writers had to say of the habits, customs,

and ethics of their contemporaries and the classes of Society they have observed or been living in. And what now do these writers say of our Age, and how are they themselves treated?

Zola's works are finally exiled in their English translations; and though we have not much to say against the ostracism to which his *Nana* and *La Terre* have been subjected, his last — *La Bête Humaine* — might have been read in English with some profit. With "Jack the Ripper" in the near past, and the hypnotic rage in the present, this fine psychological study of the modern male neurotic and "hysteric" might have done good work by way of suggestion. It appears, however, that prudish England is determined to ignore the truth and will never allow a diagnosis of the true state of its diseased morals to be made — not by a foreign writer at all events. First, then, have departed Zola's works, forcibly exiled. At this many applauded, as such fictions, though vividly pointing out some of the most hidden ulcers in social life, were told really too cynically and too indecently to do much good. But now comes the turn of Count Leo Tolstoi. His last work, if not yet exiled from the bookstalls, is being rabidly denounced by the English and American press. In the words of *Kate Field's Washington*, why? Does the *Kreutzer Sonata* defy Christianity? No. Does it advocate lax morals? No. Does it make the reader in love with that "intelligent beast" Pozdnisheff? On the contrary. . . . Why, then, is the *Kreutzer Sonata* so abused? The answer comes: "Because Tolstoi has told the truth," not as averred "very brutally," but very frankly, and "about a very brutal condition of things" certainly; and we, of the 19th century, have always preferred to keep our social skeletons securely locked in our closets and hidden far away from sight. We dare not deny the terribly realistic truths vomited upon the immorality of the day and modern society by Pozdnisheff; but — we may call the creator of Pozdnisheff names. Did he not indeed dare to present a mirror to modern society in which it sees its own ugly face? Withal, he offers no possible cure for our social sores. Hence, with eyes lifted heavenward and foaming mouths, his critics maintain that, all its characteristic realism notwithstanding, the "*Kreutzer Sonata* is a prurient book, likely to effect more harm than good, *portraying vividly the great immorality of life*, and offering no possible remedy for it" (*Vanity Fair*). Worse still. "It is simply *repulsive*. It is daring beyond measure and without excuse; . . . the work of a mind . . . not only morbid, but . . . far gone in disease through unwholesome reflection" (*New York Herald*).

Thus the author of *Anna Karenina* and of the *Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, the greatest psychologist of this century, stands accused of *ignoring* "human nature" by one critic, of being "the most conspicuous case out of Bedlam," and by another (*Scot's Observer*) called "the *ex-great* artist." "He tilts," we are told, "against the strongest human instincts" because, forsooth, the author — an orthodox Russian born — tells us that far better no marriage at all than such a desecration of what his church regards as one of the holy Sacraments. But in the opinion of the Protestant *Vanity Fair*, Tolstoi is "an extremist," because "with all its evils, the present marriage system, *taken even as the vile thing for which he gives it us* (italics are ours) is a surely less evil than the monasticism — with its effects — which he preaches." This shows the ideas of the reviewer on *morality*!

Tolstoi, however, "preaches" nothing of the sort; nor does his Pozdnisheff say so, though the critics misunderstand him from A to Z, as they do also the wise statement that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth," or a vile man's heart and imagination. It is not "monasticism" but *the law of continence* as taught by Jesus (and Occultism) in its esoteric meaning — which most Christians are unable to perceive — that he preaches. Nothing can be more moral or more conducive to human happiness and perfectibility than the application of this law. It is one ordained by Nature herself. Animals follow it instinctively, as do also the savage tribes. Once pregnant, to the last day of the nursing of her babe, *i.e.*, for eighteen or twenty months, the savage squaw *is sacred to her husband*; the civilized and semi-civilized man alone breaking this beneficent law. Therefore, speaking of the *immorality* of marriage relations as at present practised, and of unions performed on commercial bases, or, what is worse, on mere sensual love, Pozdnisheff elaborates the idea by uttering the greatest and the holiest truths, namely, that:

For morality to exist between men and women in their daily life, *they must make perfect chastity their law.*² In progressing towards this end, man subdues himself. When he has arrived at the last degree of subjection we shall have moral marriages. But if a man as in our society advances only towards physical love, even though he surrounds it with deception and with the shallow formality of marriage, *he obtains nothing but licensed vice.*

A good proof that it is not "monasticism" and *utter celibacy* which

² All the italics throughout the article are ours. [ED., *Lucifer*]

are preached, but only *continence*, is found on page 84 where the fellow-traveller of Pozdnisheff is made to remark that the result of the theory of the latter would be "that a man would have to keep away from his wife except once every year or two." Then again there is this sentence:

I did not at that time understand that the words of the Gospel as to looking upon a woman with the eyes of desire did not refer only to the wives of others, but especially and above all to one's own wife.

"Monastics" have no wives, nor do they get married if they would remain chaste on the physical plane. Tolstoi, however, seems to have answered in anticipation of British criticism and objections on these lines, by making the hero of his "grimy and revolting book" (*Scot's Observer*) say:

Think what a perversity of ideas there must be, when the happiest, the freest condition of the human being, that of (*mental*) chastity, is looked upon as something miserable and ridiculous. The highest ideal, the most perfect condition to be attained by woman, that of a pure being, a vestal, a virgin, provokes, in our society, fear and laughter.

Tolstoi might have added — and when moral continence and chastity, mistaken for "monasticism," are pronounced far more evil than "the marriage system *taken even* as the vile thing for which he (Tolstoi) gives it us." Has the virtuous critic of *Vanity Fair* or the *Scot's Observer* never met with a woman who, although the mother of a numerous family, had withal remained all her life mentally and morally a pure virgin, or with a *vestal* (in vulgar talk, a *spinster*) who although physically undefiled, yet surpassed in *mental*, unnatural depravity the lowest of the fallen women? If he has not — we have.

We maintain that to call *Kreutzer Sonata* "pointless," and "a vain book," is to miss most egregiously the noblest as well as the most important points in it. It is nothing less than wilful blindness, or what is still worse — that moral cowardice which will sanction every growing immorality rather than allow its mention, let alone its discussion, in public. It is on such fruitful soil that our moral leprosy thrives and prospers instead of being checked by timely palliatives. It is blindness to one of her greatest social evils of this kind that led France to issue her unrighteous law, prohibiting the so-called "search of paternity." And is it not again the ferocious selfishness of the male, in which species legislators are of course included, which is responsible for the many iniquitous

laws with which the country of old disgraced itself — *e.g.*, the right of every brute of a husband to sell his wife in a market-place with a rope around her neck; the right of every beggar-husband over his rich wife's fortune, rights now happily abrogated? But does not law protect man to this day, granting him means for legal impunity in almost all his dealings with woman?

Has it never occurred to any grave judge or critic either — any more than to Pozdnisheff — “that *immorality does not consist in physical acts alone, but, on the contrary, in liberating one's self from all moral obligations, which such acts impose*”? (*Kreutzer Sonata*, p. 32.) And as a direct result of such legal “*liberation* from any moral obligations,” we have the present marriage system in every civilized nation, *viz.*, men “steeped in corruption” seeking “at the same time for a virgin whose purity might be worthy” of them (p. 39); men, out of a thousand of whom “hardly one could be found who had not been married before at least a dozen times” (p. 41)!

Aye, gentlemen of the press, and humble slaves to public opinion, too many terrible, vital truths, to be sure, are uttered by Pozdnisheff to make the *Kreutzer Sonata* ever palatable to you. The male portion of mankind — book reviewers as others — does not like to have a too faithful mirror presented to it. It does not like to see itself *as it is*, but only as it would like to make itself *appear*. Had the book been directed against your slave and creature, woman, Tolstoi's popularity would have, no doubt, increased proportionately. But for almost the first time in literature, a work shows *male kind* collectively in all the artificial ugliness of the final fruits of civilization, which make every vicious man believe himself, like Pozdnisheff, “a thoroughly moral man.” And it points out as plainly that female dissimulation, worldliness and vice, are but the handiwork of generations of men, whose brutal sensuality and selfishness have led woman to seek reprisals. Hear the fine and truthful description of most society men:

Women know well enough that the most noble, the most poetic love is inspired, not by moral qualities, but by physical intimacy. . . . Ask an experienced coquette . . . which she would prefer, to be convicted in the presence of the man she wishes to subjugate, of falsehood, perversity, and cruelty, or to appear before him in a dress ill-made. . . . She would choose the first alternative. She knows very well that we only lie when we speak of our lofty senti-

ments; that what we are seeking is the woman herself, and that for that we are ready to forgive all her ignominies, while we would not forgive her a costume badly cut. . . . Hence those abominable jerseys, those artificial protrusions behind, those naked arms, shoulders and bosoms.

Create no demand and there will be no supply. But such demand being established by men, it

explains this extraordinary phenomenon: that on the one hand woman is reduced to the lowest degree of humiliation, while on the other she reigns above everything. . . . "Ah, you wish us to be merely objects of pleasure? Very well, by that very means we will bend you beneath our yoke," say the women, [who] like absolute queens, keep as prisoners of war and at hard labour nine-tenths of the human race; and all because they have been humiliated, because they have been deprived of the rights enjoyed by man. They avenge themselves on our voluptuousness, they catch us in their nets. . . . [Why? Because] the great majority look upon the journey to the church as a necessary condition for the possession of a certain woman. So you may say what you will, we live in such an abyss of falsehood, that unless some event comes down upon our head . . . we cannot wake up to the truth. . . .

The most terrible accusation, however, is an implied parallel between two classes of women. Pozdnisheff denies that the ladies in good society live with any other aims than those of fallen women, and reasons in this wise:

If human beings differ from one another by their internal life, that ought to show itself externally; and externally, also, they will be different. Now compare women of the most unhappy, the most despised class, with women of the highest society; you see the same dresses, the same manners, the same perfumes, the same passion for jewellery, for brilliant and costly objects; the same amusements, the same dances, music, and songs. The former attract by all possible means; the latter do the same. There is no difference, none whatever.

And would you know why? It is an old truism, a fact pointed out by Ouida, as by twenty other novelists. Because the husbands of the "ladies in good society" — we speak only of the fashionable majority, of course — would most likely gradually desert their legitimate wives were these to offer them too strong a contrast with the *demi-mondaines* whom they all adore. For certain men who for long years have constantly en-

joyed the intoxicating atmosphere of certain places of amusement, the late suppers in *cabinets particuliers* in the company of enamelled females artificial from top to foot, the correct demeanour of *a lady*, presiding over their dinner table, with her cheeks paintless, her hair, complexion and eyes as nature made them — becomes very soon *a bore*. A legitimate wife who imitates in dress, and mimics the *désinvolture* of her husband's mistresses has perhaps been driven at the beginning to effect such a change out of sheer despair, as the only means of preserving some of her husband's affection, once she is unable to have it undivided. Here, again, the abnormal fact of enamelled, straw-haired, painted and almost undressed wives and girls in good society, is the handiwork of men — of fathers, husbands, brothers. Had the *animal* demands of the latter never created that class which Baudelaire calls so poetically *les fleurs du mal*, and who end by destroying every household and family whose male members have once fallen victims to their hypnotism — no wife and mother, still less a daughter or a sister, would have ever thought of emulating the modern *hetaira*. But now they have. The act of despair of the first wife abandoned for a *demi-mondaine* has borne its fruit. Other wives have followed suit, then the transformation has gradually become a fashion, a necessity. How true then these remarks:

The absence of women's rights does not consist in being deprived of the right of voting; or of administering law; but in the fact that with regard to matters of affection she is not the equal of man, that *she has not the right to choose instead of being chosen*. That would be quite abnormal, you think. Then let men also be without their rights. . . . At bottom her slavery lies in the fact of her being regarded as a source of enjoyment. You excite her, you give her all kinds of rights equal to those of man; but she is still looked upon as an instrument of pleasure, and she is brought up in that character from her childhood. . . . She is always the slave, humiliated and corrupted, and man remains still her pleasure-seeking master. Yes, to abolish slavery, it is first of all necessary that public opinion should admit that it is shameful to profit by the labour of one's neighbour; and to emancipate woman it is necessary that public opinion should admit that it is shameful to regard her as an instrument of pleasure.

Such is *man*, who is shown in all the hideous nakedness of his selfish nature, almost beneath the "animals" which "would seem to know that their descendants continue the species, and they accordingly follow a certain law." But "*man* alone does not, and will not, know. . . . The lord

of creation — man; who, in the name of his love, kills one half of the human race! Of woman, who ought to be his helpmate in the movement of Humanity towards freedom, he makes, for the sake of his pleasures, not a helpmate but an enemy. . . .”

And now it is made abundantly clear why the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* has suddenly become in the eyes of all *men* — “the most conspicuous case out of Bedlam.” Count Tolstoi who alone has dared to speak the truth in proclaiming the whole relation of the sexes to each other *as at present*, “a gross and vile abomination,” and who thus interferes with “man’s pleasures,” must, of course, expect to be proclaimed a madman. He preaches “Christian virtue,” and what men want now is *vice*, such as the old Romans themselves have never dreamed of. “Stone him to death” — gentlemen of the press. What you would like, no doubt, to see practically elaborated and preached from every housetop is such articles as Mr. Grant Allen’s “The Girl of the Future.” Fortunately, for that author’s admirers, the editor of the *Universal Review* has for once laid aside “that exquisite tact and that rare refinement of feeling which distinguish him from all his fellows” (if we have to believe the editor of the *Scot’s Observer*). Otherwise he would have never published such an uncalled-for insult to every woman, whether wife or mother. Having done with Tolstoi’s diagnosis, we may now turn to Grant Allen’s *palliative*.

But even Mr. Quilter hastens, while publishing this *scientific* effusion, to avoid identifying himself with the opinions expressed in it. So much more the pity that it has seen the light of publicity at all. Such as it is, however, it is an essay on the “problem of Paternity and Maternity” rather than that of sex; a highly philanthropic paper which substitutes “the vastly more important and essential point of view of the soundness and efficiency of the children to be begotten” to that “of the personal convenience of two adults involved” in the question of marriage. To call this problem of the age the “Sex Problem” is one error; the “Marriage Problem,” another, though “most people call it so with illogical glibness.” Therefore to avoid the latter Mr. Grant Allen “would call it rather the Child Problem, or if we want to be very Greek, out of respect to Girton, the Problem of Pædopoietics.”

After this fling at Girton, he has one at Lord Campbell’s Act, prohibiting certain too *décolleté* questions from being discussed in public: after which the author has a third one, at women in general. In fact his

opinion of the weaker sex is far worse than that of Pozdnisheff in the *Kreutzer Sonata*, as he denies them even the average intellect of man. For what he wants is "the opinions of men who have thought much upon these subjects and the *opinions of women (if any) who have thought a little.*" The author's chief concern being "the moulding of the future British nationality," and his chief quarrel with the higher education of women, "the broken-down product of the Oxford local examination system," he has a fourth and a fifth fling, as vicious as the rest, at "Mr. Podsnap and Mrs. Grundy" for their *pruderie*, and at the "university" ladies. What, then, he queries:

...rather than run the risk of suffusing for one moment the sensitive cheek of the young person, must we allow the process of peopling the world haphazard with hereditary idiots, hereditary drunkards, hereditary consumptives, hereditary madmen, hereditary weaklings and hereditary paupers to go on unchecked, in its existing casual and uncriticized fashion, for ever and ever? Let cancer beget cancer, and crime beget crime: but never for one moment suggest to the pure mind of our blushing English maiden that she has any duty at all to perform in life in her capacity as a woman, save that of gratifying a romantic and sentimental attachment to the first black moustache or the first Vandyke beard she may happen to fall in with....

Such weakness for *one* "black moustache" will never do. The author has a "nobler," a "higher" calling for the "blushing English maiden," to wit, to keep herself in readiness to become a happy and proud mother *for the good of the State*, by *several* "black" and fair moustaches, in sequence, as we shall see, if only handsome and healthy. Thence his quarrel with the "higher education" which debilitates woman. For—

...the question is, will our existing system provide us with mothers capable of producing sound and healthy children, in mind and body, or will it not? If it doesn't, then inevitably and infallibly it will go to the wall. Not all the Mona Cairds and Olive Schreiners that ever lisped Greek can fight against the force of natural selection. Survival of the fittest is stronger than Miss Buss, and Miss Pipe, and Miss Helen Gladstone, and the staff of the Girls' Public Day School Company, Limited, all put together. The race that lets its women fail in their maternal functions will sink to the nethermost abyss of limbo, though all its girls rejoice in logarithms, smoke Russian cigarettes, and act Æschylean tragedies in most æsthetic and archaic chitons. The race that keeps up the efficiency of its nursing mothers will win

in the long run, though none of its girls can read a line of Lucian or boast anything better than equally-developed and well-balanced minds and bodies.

Having done with his *entrée en matière*, he shows us forthwith whether he is driving, though he pretends to be able to say very little in that article; only "to approach by a lateral avenue one of the minor outworks of the fortress to be stormed." What this "fortress" is, we will now see and by the "lateral" small "avenue" judge of the magnitude of the whole. Mr. G. Allen, having diagnosed that which for him is the greatest evil of the day, now answers his own question. This is what he proposes for producing sound children out of sound — because *unmarried* — mothers, whom he urges to select for every new babe a fresh and well-chosen father. It is, you see—

... what Mr. Galton aptly terms "eugenics" — that is to say, a systematic endeavour towards the betterment of the race by the deliberate selection of the best possible sires, and their union for reproductive purposes with the best possible mothers. [The other] leaves the breeding of the human race entirely to chance, and it results too often in the perpetuation of disease, insanity, hysteria, folly, and every other conceivable form of weakness or vice in mind and body. Indeed, to see how foolish is our practice in the reproduction of the human race, we have only to contrast it with the method we pursue in the reproduction of those other animals, whose purity of blood, strength, and excellence has become of importance to us.

We have a fine sire of its kind, be it stallion, bull, or blood-hound, and we wish to perpetuate his best and most useful qualities in appropriate offspring. What do we do with him? Do we tie him up for life with a single dam, and rest content with such foals, or calves, or puppies, as chance may send us? Not a bit of it. We are not so silly. We try him freely all round a whole large field of choice, and endeavour by crossing his own qualities with the good qualities of various accredited mares or heifers to produce strains of diverse and well-mixed value, some of which will prove in the end more important than others. In this way we get the advantage of different mixtures of blood, and don't throw away all the fine characteristics of our sire upon a single set of characteristics in a single dam, which may or may not prove in the end the best and fullest complement of his particular nature.

Is the learned theorist talking here of men and women, or discussing the brute creation, or are the human and animal kinds so inseparably linked in his scientific imagination as to disable him from drawing a line of demarcation between the two? It would seem so, from the cool and easy way in which he mixes up the animal sires and dams with men and women, places them on the same level, and suggests "different mixtures of blood." We abandon him willingly his "sires," as, in anticipation of this scientific offer, men have already made animals of themselves ever since the dawn of civilization. They have even succeeded, while tying up their "dam" to a single "sire" under the threat of law and social ostracism, to secure for themselves full privileges from that law and Mrs. Grundy and have as great a choice of "dams" for each single "sire" as their means would permit them. But we protest against the same offer to women to become *nolens volens* "accredited mares and heifers." Nor are we prepared to say that even our modern loose morals would publicly approve of or grant Mr. Allen the "freedom" he longs for, "for such variety of experimentation," without which, he says, it is quite "impossible to turn out the best results in the end *for humanity*." *Animal* humanity would be more correct, though he explains that it is "not merely a question of prize sheep and fat oxen, but a question of begetting the highest, finest, purest, strongest, sanest, healthiest, handsomest, and *morally noblest citizens*." We wonder the author does not add to these laudatory epithets two more, *viz.*, "the most respectful sons," and men "proudest of their virtuous mothers." The latter are not qualified by Mr. Grant Allen, because, perchance, he was anticipated on this point by the "Lord God" of Hosea (I. 2) who specializes the class from which the prophet is commanded to take a wife unto himself.

In a magazine whose editor has just been upholding the sacredness of marriage before the face of the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, by preceding the "Confession" of Count Tolstoi with an eulogy on Miss Tennant, "the Bride of the Season" — the insertion of "The Girl of the Future" is a direct slap in the face of that marriage. Moreover, Mr. G. Allen's idea is not new. It is as old as Plato, and as modern as Auguste Comte and the "Oneida Community" in the United States of America. And, as neither the Greek philosopher nor the French Positivist have approached the author in his unblushing and cynical *naturalism* — neither in the Vth Book of the *Republic*, nor "the Woman of the Future" in the *Catechism of the Religion of Positivism* — we come to the follow-

ing conclusion. As the name of Comte's "Woman of the Future" is the prototype of Mr. G. Allen's "Girl of the Future," so the daily rites of the "mystic coupling" performed in the *Oneida* must have been copied by our author and published, with only an additional peppering of still crasser materialism and naturalism. Plato suggests no more than a method for improving the human race by *the careful elimination of unhealthy and deformed children*, and by coupling the better specimens of both sexes; he contents himself with the "fine characteristics" of a "single sire" and "a single dam," and would have turned away in horror at the idea of "the advantage of different mixtures of blood." On the other hand the high-priest of Positivism, suggesting that the woman of the future "should cease to be the *female* of the man," and "submitting to artificial fecundation," thus become "the *Virgin Mother without a husband*," preaches only a kind of insane mysticism. Not so with Mr. Grant Allen. His noble ideal for woman is to make of her a regular *brood-mare*. He prompts her to follow out

... the *divine impulse of the moment, which is the voice of Nature within us, prompting us there and then (but not for a lifetime) to union with a predestined and appropriate complement of our being...* If there is anything sacred and divine in man surely it is the internal impetus which tells him at once, among a thousand of his kind, that this particular woman, and no other, is now and here the one best fitted to become with him the parent of a suitable offspring. If sexual selection among us (*men* only, if you please), is more discriminative, more specialized, more capricious, and more dainty than in any other species, is not that the very mark of our higher development, and does it not suggest to us that Nature herself, on these special occasions, is choosing for us anatomically the help most meet for us in our reproductive functions?

But why "divine"? And if so, why only *in man* when the stallion, the hog and the dog all share this "divine impulse" with him? In the author's view "such an occasional variation modifying and *heightening the general moral standard*" is ennobling; in our theosophical opinion, such casual union on momentary impulse is *essentially bestial*. It is no longer love but *lust*, leaving out of account every higher feeling and quality. By the way, how would Mr. Grant Allen like such a "divine impulse" in his mother, wife, sister or daughter? Finally, his arguments about "sexual selection" being "more capricious and dainty in man than in any other species of animal" are pitiable. Instead of proving this "selection" "sacred

and divine," he simply shows that *civilized man has descended lower than any brute* after all these long generations of unbridled immorality. The next thing we may be told is that epicureanism and gluttony are "divine impulses," and we shall be invited to see in Messalina the highest exemplar of a virtuous Roman matron.

This new "Catechism of Sexual Ethics" — shall we call it? — ends with the following eloquent appeal to the "Girls of the Future" to become the brood-mares of cultured society stallions:

This ideal of motherhood, I believe, under such conditions would soon crystallize into a religious duty. The free and educated woman, herself most often sound, sane, and handsome, would feel it incumbent upon her, if she brought forth children for the State at all, to bring them forth in her own image, and by union with a sympathetic and appropriate father. *Instead of yielding her freedom irrevocably to any one man, she would jealously guard it as in trust for the community, and would use her maternity as a precious gift to be sparingly employed for public purposes, though always in accordance with instinctive promptings, to the best advantage of the future offspring...* If conscious of possessing valuable and desirable maternal qualities she would employ them to the best advantage for the State and for her own offspring, *by freely commingling them in various directions with the noblest paternal qualities of the men who most attracted her higher nature.* And surely a woman who had reached *such an elevated ideal of the duties of sex as that* would feel she was acting far more right in becoming the mother of a child by this splendid athlete, by that profound thinker, by that nobly-moulded Adonis, by that high-souled poet, than tying herself down for life to this rich old dotard, to that feeble young lord, to this gouty invalid, to that wretched drunkard, to become the mother of a long family of scrofulous idiots.

And now, gentlemen of the Press, severe critics of Tolstoi's "immoral" *Sonata*, stern moralists who shudder at Zola's "filthy realism," what say you to this production of one of your own national prophets, who has evidently found honour in his own country? Such naturalistic articles as "The Girls of the Future," published in the hugest and reddest *Review* on the globe, are, methinks, more dangerous for the public morals than all the Tolstoi-Zola *fictions* put together. In it we see the outcome of materialistic science, which, looking on man only as a more

highly developed animal, treats therefore its female portion on its own animalistic principles. Steeped over the ears in dense matter and in the full conviction that mankind, along with its first cousins the monkeys, is directly descended of an ape father and a baboon mother of a now extinct species, Mr. Grant Allen must, of course, fail to see the fallacy of his own reasoning. *E.g.*, if it is an "honour for any woman to have been loved by Shelley . . . and to have brought into the world a son by a Newton," and another "by a Goethe," why should not the young ladies who resort to Regent Street at the small hours of night and who are soaked through and through with such "honours," why should not they, we ask, receive public recognition and a vote of thanks from the Nation? City squares ought to be adorned with their statues, and Phryne set up hereafter as an illustrious example to Hypatia.

No more cutting insult could be offered to the decent women and respectable girls of England. We wonder how the ladies interested in the social problems of the day will like Mr. Grant Allen's article!

—H.P.B.

Creative powers in man were the gift of divine wisdom, not the result of sin. . . . Nor was the curse of KARMA called down upon them for seeking *natural* union, as all the mindless animal-world does in its proper seasons; but, for abusing the creative power, for desecrating the divine gift, and wasting the life-essence for no purpose except bestial personal gratification. . . . In the beginning, conception was as easy for woman as it was for all animal creation. Nature had never intended that woman should bring forth her young ones "in sorrow." Since that period, however, during the evolution of the Fourth Race, there came enmity between its seed, and the "Serpent's" seed, the seed or product of *Karma* and divine wisdom. For the seed of woman or lust, *bruised the head* of the seed of *the fruit of wisdom and knowledge*, by turning the holy mystery of procreation into animal gratification; hence the law of Karma "*bruised the heel*" of the Atlantean race, by gradually changing physiologically, morally, physically, and mentally, the whole nature of the Fourth Race of mankind, until, from the healthy King of animal creation of the Third Race, man became in the Fifth, our race, a helpless, serofulous being, and has now become the wealthiest heir on the globe to constitutional and hereditary diseases, the most consciously and intelligently bestial of all animals!

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II. 410-11

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

What is this mysterious Dweller about whom many student-aspirants desire to know everything, half in fear of the terrible battle that has to ensue before he is conquered?

As usual, Mr. Judge, while describing this entity, relieves our fears because he shows us how it is formed and what it is. When we understand this we can shake off our fear. Naturally this knowledge is a growing knowledge, but that which makes it grow is our continued attempt to be one with our spiritual nature. Until we know enough about that spiritual nature, which is our real self, this thing that is known as the Dweller, an invisible thing of terror, is like what the "devil" is to a child—an unknown horror. It is lack of knowledge that evokes the deepest fear, and therefore the idea of the devil is more fearful to the child than the sight of the father with a cane, for the child knows the result of the beating; it is tangible, a thing of experience, and a thing that will pass, whereas fear of the devil never passes.

Let us therefore find out what the Dweller is, what gives it its form, and where it dwells, so that we may shed our fear.

In *Vernal Blooms*, page 189, Mr. Judge tells us that the Dweller is the combined evil influence that is the result of the wicked thoughts and acts of the age in which anyone may live. . . . It is specialized for each student and given its form by the tendencies and natural physical and psychical combinations that belong to his family and nation.

Here we have two aspects, one a natural one by which we cannot avoid being affected, namely, the total of evil thoughts of the age we are in, and for us today this age is *Kali Yuga*, the Dark Age. The second aspect is that the Dweller takes that form for each of us which is akin to the tendencies of the family or nation to which we belong.

We are further told that the Dweller "is not the product of the brain, but is an influence found in a plane that is extraneous to the student." This plane is one "in which his success or failure will be due to his own purity."

We are also told when this Dweller begins to be a power in our lives.

When the student has at last gotten hold of a real aspiration and some glimmer of the blazing goal of truth, where Masters stand, and has also aroused the determination to know and to be, the whole bent of his nature, day and night, is to reach out beyond

the limitations that hitherto had fettered his soul. No sooner does he begin thus to step a little forward, than he reaches the zone just beyond mere bodily and mental sensations.

Can we say that the student is now approaching the plane of the real Ego, and his aspirations are leading him across the Antaskaranic bridge to that other shore where personal Kamic traits and tendencies cannot live? This is brought out in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and also in *Light on the Path* where we are told that the eyes "must be incapable of tears," the ear "must have lost its sensitiveness" and "the voice . . . must have lost the power to wound"; that is, all personal ideas must have been conquered before we can pass to the other shore. In other words, only purity in all the senses of the word will enable us to reach that shore. This is because the Will, which alone will see us through, cannot be used if clogged with desires or feelings, for it has to unite with that Will of Nature which is ever on the side of universality and Compassion Absolute. All the desires, wrong feelings, etc., which we have not already overcome will accumulate at the threshold of our goal. That is, before we can pass to Liberation or Renunciation, or to the fulfilment of our task on earth, we must "clear up" our relationship with it and destroy any evil residue of our doings, any unpurged aspect of our character. Even the sense of personality must go, for we have to unite with the Universal.

This stage is not reached suddenly. Each step along the Path involves a struggle, for each initiation into further knowledge and power is possible only by the destruction of that which stands in its way. The fight, therefore, has to be encountered at different stages on the Path.

The importance of this subject for us lies in the fact that we are now forming our individual Dweller. At first our selfish, personal and unkind actions, feelings and thoughts do not seem to produce any effect on us. We generate thoughts, feelings or actions and then forget them. But we are taught that they are not wiped out when forgotten by us, and that they remain in that invisible astral sphere of life which surrounds us and which is like a photographic plate, coalescing with other thoughts, feelings and acts of a similar character. Thus in time is built up a form linked to us magnetically, which will take the shape of our particular antipathies. It may not at first reveal itself as a shape, but may assail the aspirant by infusing in him a sense of horror, a feeling of fear and impotence, and only later take definite shape; but in whatever manner it impresses itself, the point for us to remember is that it is but the

reflection of *our own* feelings, thoughts and actions, ensouled by life appropriate to its form. *As we created it, we can destroy it. We must destroy it.* For if we do not do so, it will destroy us. No one can help us at the last stage or even in the earlier stages. The Masters have said that they can only stand by and watch, for if They helped in its destruction then it would not be the fighter who had won, and the battle would have to be fought again. It is a contest of wills, in which Faith and Confidence come to our defence. It is a fight between one set of thoughts and aspirations against another — the one constructive and the other destructive. Once destroyed, it can never come to life again — unless we fall back from the very threshold of Divinity, and have to start the journey to perfection all over again.

In any fight weapons are necessary, and it is necessary for us to learn what these weapons are and how to use them. We begin to make and to use them right where we are, here and now, just as we are forming the Dweller here and now. Every duty left undone, every lapse of will, every moment of sloth, every feeling of fear, all go to form this Dweller. Every time we foster good aspirations, every time the will overcomes sloth, every time we, with faith, destroy fear, we are building the weapons which are eternal, and we are strengthening and sharpening them to make them of real use in the final battle.

Our Dweller, our *skandhas* of evil, are drawn to us every time we incarnate on earth, and all life is a battle against these. Fortunately we bring back also part of our Ego or Soul and have its assistance in fighting this battle. The higher aspect of our being does not function in us fully as yet, but we are linked to it by what is known to us as conscience. Every time we listen to our conscience, or call on it, we are using one of our weapons for the fight; but how often we ignore its message!

We can today look at our character and perhaps find in it a tendency to think uncharitable thoughts. We know this is not good, but we also know how terribly hard the fight will be before we can overcome this tendency. We know also how hard we have to fight to stick to our aspirations, or even to our resolutions, and not let them fade away through lack of will power. We know, too, how often we revert to the old grooves of our personal life even if we have, for a few years perhaps, sensed the exhilaration which results from helpfulness to humanity and the service of Those who work for it. Or we may begin to feel ourselves so important that we are full of criticism of others. (Criticism of others as *persons* is

different from criticism of their hurtful and undesirable *actions*. Only by analysing actions can we learn discrimination.) If we criticize others we have no time to look at our own weaknesses, and the result is that we begin to live under the delusion that we know all, and that others are all wrong! Thus we build the most harmful of all Dwellers, for this perverted sense of "I" is the hardest to overcome at the final battle!

Another practical idea to dwell upon is that if we find out what our own individual fear is we can destroy this handicap before it assumes too great proportions. Also, if we want to know our own character we must begin to watch the reactions caused by it on others. We must watch for the occasions when, in however small a degree, we let sloth overcome will. More important still, we must find out what desires predominate in us, for desires, more than any other thing, destroy the mental or spiritual will. Though the final battle looms very far ahead for all of us, the little battles of today give us that strength which will bring victory at the end. Let us beware especially of adding to the strength of the Dweller.

Light on the Path tells us that we are aided by the "warrior" within. We should not forget that if there is in us the "Man of Sin," there is also in us the "Man of Virtue," consisting of those powers which have already been developed in us through countless lives of effort. We must learn that there is that in us which uses those weapons, and "he is incapable of defeat." He is our guide for life and lives, and gives us confidence in Spirit, in the evolving Gods that we are, in what is Right. We are given a further hint as to what makes such confidence grow. It is pain — pain which is a concomitant of a life of struggle. *Through the Gates of Gold* also tells us of pain. All growth is through pain. If we listen to the message of pain we shall know the truth of *Light on the Path* and, "cool and awakened," shall use the hearing we have "acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain." Max Plowman, the English writer, in his *Bridge into the Future*, a collection of his letters to his friends, tells us that what he believes in is "to assimilate the whole of the suffering and then to know the spirit's triumph over it." That confidence we have to build up ourselves. It is the "spirit's triumph," not that of the personal ego who is different in every incarnation with his different desires and wishes. Our personality has indeed fettered the Soul. If we start breaking those fetters today, we gain the strength to fight the Dweller, and though that final battle may seem too far off for us to be concerned about it now, we can be confident of final victory by the smaller victories we gain today.

With regard to our responsibility for the national or racial traits and tendencies which give form to our own particular Dweller, we can watch for the traces of these tendencies in us, and by purifying them within our own character, lessen their cumulative strength. We helped to make those bad traits; we helped to make the good traits; therefore we cannot escape the bad and the good effects of both.

There is one other aspect of this question which, again, is not so vital to us today, but which is very vital at the end. We all know that there are two powers in the Universe: the one working towards the goal of evolution and harmony; the other, towards destruction and disharmony — the white and the black as they are called. When we are nearing the end of our journey we receive greater and greater opposition from the destructive side, and therefore our particular Dweller is strengthened by these dark forces. But we can sense by analogy that if we draw the attention of the black forces, we also draw the attention of the white and can derive strength and help from the latter, not so much as individuals, but as workers for and with the constructive powers of spirit. But it is *we* who put obstructions in the way of such help coming to us.

Hence we find that even in the Theosophical Movement of our age so many failed to withstand the dark side through personal pride, lack of discrimination, hatred, disloyalty, ambition and the wish to lead. If we train ourselves to see how we are building our own Dweller by our character, and use all difficulties in the line of our responsibility to the Movement as things to be overcome for the sake of the Movement, we shall again have courage and confidence to fight for that which is true.

Become one with Nature, and go easily upon her path. Do not resist or resent the circumstances of life any more than the plants resent the rain and the wind. Then suddenly, to your own amazement, you find you have time and strength to spare, to use in the great battle which it is inevitable every man must fight — that in himself, that which leads to his own conquest.

—*Through the Gates of Gold*

“PATH” CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT IS THE UDGITHA?

[Reprinted from the *The Path*, Vol. I, pp.61-62, for May 1886.—EDS.]

JAMESTOWN, April 16th, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER: — Will you kindly explain, through *The Path*, what is to be understood by the *Udgitha*, or hymn of praise to Brahm? With best wishes for the success of your enterprise, I remain,

Fraternally yours,
L.J.

This is a vital question. It may have arisen from the peculiarity of the word inquired about, or it may be that our brother really knows the importance of the point. We refer him to the article upon OM in the April number.¹ Om is the *Udgitha*, and OM has been explained in that article. Read between the lines; and read also the “Upanishad Notes” in this month’s *Path*.

In the *Maitrayana-Brahmana-Upanishad* (Pr. VI), it is said:

The *Udgitha*, called *Pranava*, the leader, the bright, the sleepless, free from old age and death, three footed (waking, dream, and deep sleep), consisting of three letters and likewise to be known as five-fold, is placed in the cave of the heart.

This is the Self. Not the mere body or the faculties of the brain, but the Highest Self. And that must be meditated on, or worshipped, with a constant meditation. *Hymn of praise*, then, means that we accept the existence of that Self and aspire to or adore Him. Therefore, it is said again, in the same *Upanishad*:

In the beginning Brahman was all this. He was one, and infinite. . . . The Highest Self is not to be fixed, he is unlimited, unborn, not to be reasoned about, not to be conceived. He is, like the ether, everywhere, and at the destruction of the Universe, he alone is awake. Thus from that ether he wakes all this world, which consists of (his) thought only, and by him alone is all this meditated on, and in him it is dissolved. His is that luminous form which shines in the sun, and the manifold light in the smokeless fire. He who is in the fire, and he who is in the heart, and he who is in the sun, they are one and the same. He who knows this becomes one with the One.

¹ Reprinted in THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT for September 1936.—EDS.

Now "to know" this, does not mean to merely apprehend the statement, but actually become personally acquainted with it by interior experience. And this is difficult. But it is to be sought after. And the first step to it is the attempt to realize universal brotherhood, for when one becomes identified with the One, who is all, he "participates in the souls of all creatures"; surely then the first step in the path is universal brotherhood.

The hymn of praise to Brahm (which is Brahman) is the real object of this magazine, and of our existence. The hymn is used, in the sacrifice, when verbally expressed, and we can offer it in our daily existence, in each act, whether eating, sleeping, waking, or in any state. A man can hardly incorporate this idea in his being and not be spiritually and morally benefited.

But we cannot fully explain here, as it is to be constantly referred to in this magazine. — [ED., *The Path*]

Have you ever thought how much of life can be expressed in terms of music? To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece you can hear nothing but the pipes; during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone. Then again whole events in history come down to me with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance; single lives sometimes like a great solo. As for the people I know or have known, some have to me the sound of brass, some the sound of wood, some the sound of strings. Only — so few, so very, very few, yield the perfect music of their kind. The brass is a little too loud; the wood a little too muffled; the strings — some of the strings are invariably broken. . . . Martin Luther — he was a cathedral organ, and so it goes. And so the whole past sounds to me: it is the music of the world: it is the vast choir of the ever-living dead. Plato! he is the music of the stars. The most we can do is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished.

—JAMES LANE ALLEN: *The Choir Invisible*

A FOUNDATIONAL QUALITY—DEPENDABILITY

A man's dependability depends to a considerable extent on his own sense of responsibility. Mr. Robert Crosbie has called the feeling of responsibility the first step towards selflessness.

The smooth working of any human relationship and of human society itself depends to a very great extent upon this sense of responsibility. Where a man's word is, as the saying goes, "as good as his bond," one of the primary conditions of the smooth functioning of society as well as of business relations is met.

Dependability is not always — and certainly not exclusively — to be found in the higher levels of society. Faithfulness to a trust is often movingly exhibited by the humblest. One such was the peasant woman of an old tale, who, carrying two small children and meeting some strange soldiers, tried to run away with the children. Finding them too heavy to permit speed, she set one down and ran on with the other. The soldiers picked up the child left crying in the field and gave chase. When they caught up with her they questioned why she had left that child behind and were told it was her own child; the one she had run on with was her sister's child, entrusted to her care, hence "a public trust." When the reconnaissance party returned with this report to their General, he gave up his project of a marauding invasion of that province. If a peasant woman there put her sense of responsibility even before her mother's instinct, what opposition might invaders not anticipate from her countrymen!

The motor driver's licence is a guarantee of his ability to drive carefully, and such is the common trust in his will to do so that few have qualms on entering a taxicab.

Another term for dependability is trustworthiness, than which, rightly, few qualities rank higher and which, under whatever name called, is a *sine qua non* for right service of one's fellows. Accuracy, punctuality and purity of motive all make their contributions to it. The attaining of trustworthiness is a matter of individual determination and the practice of the "remorseless self-discipline" which the great Leonardo da Vinci took as his motto. Another way of putting it was that of Bishop Wilson, one of whose maxims, quoted by Matthew Arnold in his Note-Books, was: "He can never be good that is not *obstinate* in doing what he knows he ought to do."

Becoming and remaining worthy of trust calls for exercise of the Will,

defined in *The Ocean of Theosophy* as "the force of Spirit in action," and listening for the promptings of the Real Self and faithfully obeying them.

The English poet and playwright John Drinkwater wrote:

Knowledge we ask not — knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

The will is there in each of us, but each has to call upon the will which is of the Spirit, looking for our strength not to an outside God but to the Higher Self, the God within ourselves.

No convinced student of Theosophy can in honesty to himself brush aside or evade the obligation which Madame Blavatsky laid, in the last weeks of her life, upon his predecessors in her Fourth Message to the 1891 Convention of the American Theosophists, or disclaim its application to himself on the plea that then he was not yet born. Is he not an heir to the Teachings also given out by her before his time, and has he not so immeasurably benefited from them that he could not conceive of returning to the narrow confines of his former ways of thinking?

In that Message she wrote of what the *practical* realization of Theosophy could mean to humanity and begged her students to strengthen the Cause by the triumph of which the True Light of which they had caught a glimpse, made still brighter and more glorious through their individual and collective efforts, would lighten the World.

In your hands, brothers, is placed in trust the welfare of the coming century; and great as is the trust, so great is also the responsibility.

If the Theosophical stress on universal brotherhood has made its contribution to the founding of the United Nations and its subsidiary organizations as well as to the greater tolerance among the followers of different religions, as seems indubitable, it must also sadly be confessed that the world has since 1891 gone through two World Wars and other dreadful conflicts between nations and is even today experiencing such and dreading others. It is not enough to say that many of our predecessors had betrayed their trust. We may have learned something from their mistakes, but what are we, the students of Theosophy of the present day, doing to convince humanity of the transformation which Theosophy can work in human lives and of the uttermost depen-

dability of Theosophists by nature and *in actu*, and not only in name?

Mr. W. Q. Judge's story, "A Curious Tale" (THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, February 1938), written under the pen-name "Bryan Kinnavan," contains a vivid illustration of the vital importance of dependability, dramatically showing, as it does, the dire results of a young disciple's momentary lapse from dependability, failing to keep alive the fire entrusted to his care when he allowed himself to be diverted from his trust at the crucial moment by news that fires on other watch-towers in ancient Ireland were going out. He rushed to the parapet to see for himself if this was true, and his own fire died.

That dependability is not to be measured by professions or promises but by performance can be seen from the questions put by Jesus to the chief priests and elders of the Jews who had come demanding the authority by which he acted:

A certain man had two sons: and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work today in my vineyard.

He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented and went.

And he came to the second and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not.

Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first.

Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people, and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer — is a Theosophist.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

REFLECTIONS ON "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

IX

The Sixth principle in Man (Buddhi, the Divine Soul) though a mere breath, in our conceptions, is still something material when compared with divine "Spirit" (Atma) of which it is the carrier or vehicle. Fohat, in his capacity of DIVINE LOVE (*Eros*), the electric Power of Affinity and sympathy, is shown allegorically as trying to bring the pure Spirit, the Ray inseparable from the ONE absolute, into union with the Soul, the two constituting in Man the MONAD, and in Nature the first link between the ever unconditioned and the manifested.

—*The Secret Doctrine*, I. 119

Our mind, left ungrasping and neutral in its devotion to *The Secret Doctrine*, might lead us to that path of thought which will purify the personal man of his passions and desires, thus raising the meditations of the heart into a love of life in general, a desire to see the environment flourish, and to work with that end in view. While the power of affinity, as passion, can consume our life, so this power can be made abstract, provided we convince the mind that such an effort is both necessary and possible. Here *The Secret Doctrine* enters, for it will subtly begin to weaken our mind's slavery to form and matter. Unexpecting devotion to it, not as a book, but as a talismanic body of ideas, will turn us inward, causing to arise an unflinching conviction that the Voice of Conscience speaks to us, and that it will rearrange and remake our entire life if we but try.

The Secret Doctrine takes us from the wilderness of the personality back to the road of the invisible abstract man that lives in the body like a breath. However, for the talismanic side of *The Secret Doctrine* to sink in, we may need to approach it as a child its parent, for if we are not hankering for results nor are spasmodic or partial in our approach, then the work and the rhythm will have a seed of their own — a convincing quality that arises spontaneously and is neither predicted nor preordained, but is of a nature peculiar to itself.

Yet, in justice to our predicament, we can admit to ourself that giving up the feeling of "being somebody" in relation to the environment and submerging our personal life in study and work is painful and mortifying to the personality, for it is ever grasping to be ahead or behind of someone else, to be succeeding or failing. But if we begin with the "Rajah of the senses," making our Voice of Duty or Conscience the

guide to its control, then the attitude we have toward what we are doing will change. Our battle for achievement and victory will not be between ourself and something external, but between ourself and whether we are ahead or behind of what we think ourselves capable of in serving the environment. Our sense of "being somebody" may well give way to a sense of oneness with the environment or with the Cause we are engaged in serving. Becoming immersed in a pattern of effort which we are convinced is both helpful to the race and coincident to our inner sense of duty, may cause a new life to arise inside the old — an incarnation of something other than what we formerly identified ourself as being.

One might say, perhaps, that H.P.B. was more of an incarnation of Theosophy than she was a Russian noblewoman. This is not to say that she was merely the Teacher of Theosophy, or the Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society, for this would be personal and specific, when what we are trying to convey is a sense of *Dharma*, which is relatively incorporeal and abstract, and which gradually incarnates into our personal life and transforms it, making it a clarified channel for something other than itself. If we were to say that it demanded of H.P.B. the sacrifice of herself to herself, then the latter might, in its objective aspect, have been the Theosophical Movement. She was the *single cell* which ceased its own life in order to give life to others and to the Movement, and to hold the *Matrix of Work* (or rather, from our point of view, the "Matrix of Opportunity") together.

And travelling in her line of work, we might learn the value of respecting the autonomy of others, the need to preserve their freedom, curbing the desire to lead.

While it is true that a Theosophist is enjoined to "help and teach others," still we may be the type that impresses upon another the need to search for truth within; to hold as a holy trust one's Higher Life by pouring out the lower life in service to it. As the effort to serve the environment gradually dominates and absorbs our personal life, we may begin to see the body more as a focus for consciousness, an instrument through which to fulfil our duty to the race.

When people say of such a one, "But he has no life of his own!" they are only indicating their blindness to the idea that absorption in a service seen and accepted from within is the most *natural* kind of life to have and it erases the need for *personal* rest and recreation.

The problem of escape simply does not exist when we are doing what we think we *ought* to be doing. The burden from which we must

escape is the tendency of sentient life to usurp the ruling function of the Soul. Being aimless and wandering, and by turns thirsty and satiated, it has no ennobling image to which to conform itself. But when the mind turns its eye toward union and service rather than separatism and autonomy, we begin to have a new order pour in — a universalizing paradigm by which our personal life is made bearable within and benevolent without.

If the drive to keep, say, the U.L.T. alive, as the vehicle of that Science of Life which can be proven by each for himself in a first-hand, subjective and, to some extent, incommunicable sort of way, left us no time to remember or hunger for a “life of our own,” would this be a loss? Would it not be an immeasurable gain?

In “Conversations on Occultism” there is a good description of those elementals that cling to the life of wavering and diffused purpose, and those attracted to a life bent upon a single line of thought:

As it (the elemental world) is automatic and like a photographic plate, all atoms continually arriving at and departing from the “human system” are constantly assuming the impression conveyed by the acts and thoughts of that person, and therefore, if he sets up a strong current of thought, he attracts elementals in greater numbers, and they all take on one prevailing tendency or colour, so that all new arrivals find a homogeneous colour or image which they instantly assume. On the other hand, a man who has many diversities of thought and meditation is not homogeneous, but, so to say, parti-coloured. . . .

. . . so long as mankind does not cultivate brotherly feeling and charity towards the whole of creation, just so long will the elementals be without the impulse to act for our benefit. But so soon and wherever man or men begin to cultivate brotherly feeling and love for the whole of creation, there and then the elementals begin to take on the new condition. (*Vernal Blooms*, pp. 124, 131-32)

If we were to feel an abstract love for all our field of experience, this might cause us to see ourselves as the total in any moment’s perception; and as the “I-ness” of location weakens, so our identity with a certain form and name might begin to dissolve.

What would such a new way of seeing ourself do, say, to the defence of our ideas and viewpoints? What would happen to the hunger to be understood? Reflecting for a moment, we can see that the need to be understood or the defence of our position (psychological or otherwise) is tied to the idea that there is someone outside to understand us, or

some position to be maintained in relation to other positions. But if our career, our meditation, our knotty problem were maintaining a state of mind that viewed the field of perception as ourselves, any act of the body would be incidental to this *state of mind*. Even speech would be a symbol of the state of mind, an outer ambassador for an inner condition.

With this view, our intentness to be understood might vanish, not because we were unconcerned with communication but precisely because we placed the key to communication in the condition *behind* the words and not the words themselves. Communication might thus become a problem in maintaining our inner sense of identity with the environment, so that whatever we say would arise from this singleness.

The Little Self does what it does because of an abstract effort of tion, etc. Thus, we might tentatively say that we draw what we are identity with the Big Self, *i.e.*, the environment, the sphere of perception from *Alaya*, and specific criticism, before it can be noticed, must travel beyond the personality and come back indirectly via the Universal.

This last consideration may not mean so much that we shut our ears to all and every critic, but that there is a special *way in which to listen*. For instance, let us assume we are at a lecture and make a comment, and another party remarks on the incorrectness or irrelevance of our comment. Then, within ourselves, we might dwell upon an intent question: "Is there anything to be done that will be useful to everyone here? Can any contribution which we make be useful to the meeting as a whole?" If our original comment was directed by an inner effort to aid the meeting's life as if it were a synthesis from which each drew nourishment in the way of his need, then to be consistent we have to accept criticism in the same light, do we not? Or maybe it would be more correct to say that anything additional we would do or say would be related to the "wholeness" of the group and not the criticism *per se*, which would be valuable only as an indirect feedback like the rain and the blossom.

This living by the "Unity of the Now" might make our idea of Brotherhood more compelling as a guiding centre for our life. In a way, we could almost say we take our universes with us — both of them: the subjective and the objective. So often, however, our lives look more like a series of efforts to escape, where moments of accepting responsibility for our Inner and Outer kingdom are the exception rather than the rule. By sacrificing the inner personal life to the Universal, and the outer physical life to the environment, we may avoid the urge to escape.

A repetitive study of *The Secret Doctrine* helps us in this direction. To the hungry mind it is like being given bread instead of a stone; and thus there is an aliveness which passes between it and the reader that defies the staleness of devotion to learning merely. For, with *The Secret Doctrine*, the major effect may be *catalytic* rather than accumulation or finesse. By transferring the fire of consciousness from the lower to the Higher Mind, we may see arise within our outer life a pattern of work that grows in usefulness as the Mind-life is reborn, for as H.P.B. said:

The doctrines of Theosophy, if seriously studied, call forth, by stimulating one's reasoning powers and awakening the *inner* in the animal man, every hitherto dormant power for good in us, and also the perception of the true and the real, as opposed to the false and the unreal. Tearing off with no uncertain hand the thick veil of dead-letter with which old religious scriptures were cloaked, scientific Theosophy, learned in the cunning symbolism of the ages, reveals to the scoffer at old wisdom the origin of the world's faiths and sciences. It opens new vistas beyond the old horizons of crystallized, motionless and despotic faiths; and turning blind belief into a reasoned knowledge founded on mathematical laws — the only *exact* science — it demonstrates to him under profounder and more philosophical aspects the existence of that which, repelled by the grossness of its dead-letter form, he had long since abandoned as a nursery tale.

Sons and kin can pay a father's debts, but none but a man's self can set him free.

Health is gained by the sick who follow the path of healing: health does not come through the acts of others.

The knowledge of the real by the eye of clear insight is to be gained by one's own sight and not by the teacher's.

By steady effort is gained the knowledge of those who know the Eternal, but not by desultory study.

—SHANKARACHARYA: *The Crest-Jewel of Wisdom*

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

The Buddhas are full of Bliss and Enjoyment now and here because of Their Sacrifice and Service. Are we not called upon to learn the lesson of experiencing *Ananda* as we study and apply and promulgate? In the very attempt not to look for the fruits of our *karmas* do we not develop the inner attitude that whatever is, is best? And does that not produce inner contentment in the ultimate analysis? Extend that idea to Those who know what They have renounced and why and how. They are Healers and Helpers, Instructors and Inspirers of thousands of mortals. Then, there is that state of which the *Gita* speaks — “My highest place.” *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas* do not disturb those who have reached that place.

I do not think that for Buddhas and Bodhisattvas there is Bliss mixed with suffering. The pity aspect of Compassion is devoid of suffering. A doctor may feel pity for his patient, but if he felt suffering he would not be able to prescribe or to perform an operation. Judge has written about this “Path of Woe.” Those who have chosen the Path of Liberation fall into incarnation “after an immensity of years”; they take up the thread of Evolution.

Of course the Blessed Ones feel, but not as we know feeling. It seems to me that it would be futile to try to fathom how or what They feel face to face with the darkness of evil and of ignorance. We cannot say that the “Exile” is as happy as if “at home”; but freedom from doubt and regret, sticking at the self-chosen post — these are joys in themselves.

In one state or another, the immortal Self, the Waters of Wisdom, and Those who know the Self of the Whole are alive, awake, labouring. You are bound to find, if you persevere, your own life flooded with the memory of Them. Memory and Meditation are a pair — we are always thinking one way or another (and when we are not vigilant we should bring the mind to Master), according to our thoughts, cogitations, speculations or by true repetition, and the last is the highest. May your ideation be always and ever of Them whose servant you aspire to become!

Impersonalizing our emotions does not mean doing away with affection. Devotion to Masters implies affection towards human beings. We

cannot serve without loving those we serve. There is love between the Guru and the chela; also between each chela and his several co-disciples.

We are disciples of one Teacher in more than one sense and at more than one level. "The Master-Soul is one, Alaya, the Universal Soul." That is the Logos — the Parent of the seven Dhyanis. Our own Triple Atma (see *Voice*, p. 21: "The three that dwell in glory and in bliss ineffable . . .") is the correspondence at the human psychological level. Secondly, "Fix thy soul's gaze upon the star whose ray thou art" refers to the original Dhyani-Buddha from which or whom our Atma-Buddhic Monad, the Eternal Pilgrim, has emanated. When the Duad becomes a Triad at the time of the lighting up of Manas, a new factor emerges — that Triadic Monad's kinship with the Kumara-Rishi who gives light. Finally, there is the Great Guru, the Mahatma difficult to find, who is a Chief and Instructor of the Great Lodge and Fraternity. H.P.B. is the Guru for us all, for the Lodge sent her, and in her message each one of us finds his own way or path. The Path is one, but each walks it differently in speed of concentration. I hope all this will prove useful.

The ties of the soul are: (1) to its own Higher Triad and through It to the Dhyani-Buddha to whom that Triad looks up as the "star"; (2) to the Master whom Karmic kinship of soul-spirit makes our Initiator in the unspoken Mysteries; He very often, almost always, belongs to the same Beam, Ray or School to which we in our Triadic higher aspect belong; (3) to our colleagues and companions who under Karma, past and present, are striving for perfection side by side on the plane of the personal. Such make our affinities which anon bless and anon damn, as Judge puts it. The *Guruparampara* chain extends from the Dhyani Buddha to our teacher-helper whom the Judge letter calls the "little guru." You need to *reflect* upon this *Guruparampara* chain and see the chief and important links. Judge's letter contains the clues. Then consider the footnote in the *Voice* about the Hall of Wisdom where alone we are asked to seek our Guru — the great Father. Read also *S.D.*, Vol. I, pp. 567-578. Do not remain ignorant about the subject of chelaship. It is a very important subject for real practical evolution along the lines of the Third Fundamental.

What Judge has said about the Guru and the "little guru" taken by itself is a puzzle. But when the philosophical basis of *Guruparampara* is understood much of the difficulty vanishes. Idealizing a living per-

sonality, without understanding, is wrong. "Idealizing," if based upon discernment and after checking up with the higher links of the chain as well as the teachings, and not on blind acceptance of everything said, is correct and beneficial. A safe test — does the "little guru" exploit the neophyte, interfere with his free will, order him about, tell him to sit down and get up, so to speak; or do there prevail love and trust which are mutual, brotherliness which is not sentimental and emotional but thoughtful, will-full and so on? Again, is it a steadily growing thing which aids the living of the spiritual life? Of course it is a matter which requires tact and discretion on the part of both the neophyte and his "little guru," and also silence and secrecy, without which such a relationship will prove a disaster. In this relationship there is a test and a trying out of both parties; the pure in motive and in heart will have due protection as well as guidance. Increase your faith and trust when you find your own condition fulfilled: reliable, capable of helping and guiding.

It feels good and helps to know that there are a few who recognize one's long efforts to hold grimly on and go forward with the Great Work. If one perseveres, one can feel Masters' Eye watching and Hands protecting and guiding. Blessed be Their Names and Immortal Forms! One knows how very unworthy one has been and is and yet what a solace it is to repeat — "Ingratitude is not one of our vices"! Of course They help all who serve Them, for there are not many instruments at Their disposal and everyone who is earnest, sincere and devoted receives Their help. They look at these virtues and leave our vices and weaknesses to us to get over. Our study, effort and sacrifices for the Work enable us to overcome our defects in a great measure.

The point of view from which we regard things determines the kind and quality of action. The keeping in mind that the Masters are not only Ideals, but *Facts*, and that all that H.P.B. and W.Q.J. have written about Them was for our help and encouragement in the struggles that must be ours, brings us closer to Them, and makes us strong with the power that flows from such reliance.

—ROBERT CROSBIE

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

The world of today is facing a morality crisis. In many directions one finds evidences of a lowering of standards, a stifling of all higher impulses, a callousness to any idealism. To have principles and to stand by them is dubbed "immature." Not to compromise for profit is to be out of step with the times, and to be out of step is to be alone.

Literature, arts and entertainments all reflect the state of our culture. An essay in the weekly newsmagazine *Time* (Asia Edition, April 16), entitled "The New Pornography," gives expression to the concern which many in the U.S.—as also in other parts of the "civilized" world—share over the present obsession with sex. The following extracts sum up the situation:

Just about anything is printable in the U.S. today. All the famed and once hard-to-get old volumes are on the paperback racks. . . . Unnecessary or unseemly, or just unpleasant, what young and old may now read or see is part of the anti-Puritan revolution in American morals. . . .

In their defence it is often said that the new immoralists merely seek to show the world as they see it, in all its horror and lovelessness; but that is simply the old error of confusing art with event, a propagation of the notion that a novel trying to convey dullness must be dull. Sheer nightmare does not redeem a book any more than sheer pollyannaism. . . . These writers have created a pornography of nausea. . . . Apart from making sex hideous and inhuman . . . much of the current writing on sex approaches the quality of mechanical repetition and unreality. . . .

The vast majority of writers, publishers and critics rejoice over the decline of censorship. While it permits the emergence of much trash, they feel that this is the necessary price for the occasional great work that might otherwise be taboo. But they concede that the new permissiveness paradoxically imposes a more difficult task on the writer; in a way it is harder to work without than within limits. Says Critic-Author Leslie Fiedler: "We've got our freedom. Now the question is what do we do with it." . . .

Many authors today treat sex the way Marxists treat economics: they see it at the root of everything, and daydream about sexual triumph the way revolutionary writers daydream about power. . . .

Organizations and committees for decent literature, by publicizing excerpts of outrageous passages in obscene books in order to arouse

public opinion against them, have in fact only helped to give them wider circulation. Those in a position to help and guide the people have failed to take a positive attitude. Psychiatrists take the attitude that no one is harmed by pornography who is not sick to begin with, and as no one wants to admit that he is sick, obscene literature is read with avidity. The young, it is widely conceded, are more vulnerable, but they do what they see the adults around them doing. What, then, is the remedy? The *Time* essay concludes with the suggestion: "In the long run a sense of humour may be far more effective against the new pornography than censorship ever could be. A return to ribaldry would be a very good thing."

On the role of literature and the moral responsibility of writers much can be said. In the words of Emerson, "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire." And Addison defined books as "the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn." What kind of legacy are we going to leave behind for future generations? What opinion will posterity form of our culture and civilization judging from our books?

The morality crisis is evident not only in the literature of today but also in the sphere of entertainments. *Newsweek* for April 19 brings out how too much freedom easily leads to misuse of that freedom, as is evident in the case of the motion-picture industry. While on the one hand Hollywood is producing films that are monuments to decency and that warm the heart, on the other hand there is a spate of immoral and obscene films. As *Newsweek* comments, "Gold stars for goodness don't outshine black ones for bawdiness. Hollywood is looking like a fallen woman and blaming the world for its demise."

Producers today try to top each other with shock, and in so doing, they argue, they are giving to the public what it wants. Film industry spokesmen insist that what has changed is the public's taste, which has broken through all previous boundaries. Frank Capra, a Hollywood director of more than 30 years' standing, feels that in the present climate "no one wants to be 'square.' Today having an affair is like going to the bathroom." If the films of today are unabashedly sexy, it is because sex sells. Author Eugene Burdick is quoted as saying that a recent review of his new novel "was so bad that it made it sound dirty

— so one Hollywood studio immediately doubled its bid.” Many parents, states *Newsweek*,

now confess to growing uneasiness over the degree to which today’s movies exploit sex. Seeing themselves as “enlightened” and anti-censorship in principle, they feel stumped for an effective solution. . . .

Is the responsibility for avoiding obscenity to be vested in America’s adults, America’s parents, or its censors? Is there a workable solution? “These questions get asked from time to time,” says producer-director John Houseman, “with impatience and exasperation, inside and outside the industry. And obviously there is no simple or conclusive answer.”

Filmmakers who try to justify themselves on the ground that they are but giving to the public what it wants are simply evading their responsibility. It is all a vicious circle: the films cater to popular taste (or lack of taste) and this leads to further debasement of tastes and lowering of standards. The sense stimulation and psychic excitation of which the films have become a source produce men and women who are weak in every way. Motion pictures, rightly used, could provide a hundred ways of educating the mass mind, of elevating men and women by infusing into them such lofty ideals and resolves as would be conducive to the growth of the soul. But before our films can enter the category of meaningful art — art that tells something of the story of the soul — they will have to undergo a vital rebirth.

“What Is Mental Health?” is the title of psychologist Harry Levinson’s article in the March-April *Think* (New York). In our contemporary age the question has gained much relevance and has in fact become “everybody’s business.” Most people are interested in bettering their own mental health, in finding peace and equilibrium of mind. Books purportedly on mental health, or more accurately, on how to be happy and to get the best out of life, are greatly in demand.

According to Sigmund Freud, mental health calls for two essentials: the ability to love and the ability to work. To understand how these two needs influence behaviour, writes Dr. Levinson, we have to know what motivates man, particularly his feelings, which arise from the interaction of four major forces: (1) The twin drives — one constructive and the other destructive, which form the basis for the feelings of love and hate and which operate in all our activities. The aggressive

energy has to be tempered and guided by the constructive energy and channeled into useful directions. To the extent that a person fails to do this, he is not mentally healthy. (2) The conscience. It must be strong if we are to conduct ourselves reasonably without constant outside control; but our conscience also gives us, to a greater or lesser extent, guilt feelings which make us feel inadequate and unworthy. Such feelings become more acute when we fail at something or when we seem to be unneeded. (3) The need to master ourselves and the forces that affect us. No one likes to feel helpless, buffeted about by forces which he cannot control. If a man feels he is not good for anything, or is a victim of circumstances, and that he cannot do anything about it, he stops trying and becomes apathetic. (4) The environment. All of us must learn to cope with it. From the people we contact to the non-human forces which go to make up our environment, from the air we breathe to the dust we become, we are a part of it and it is a part of us.

“Man is always trying to maintain his equilibrium by balancing all of these forces — all of the time,” says Dr. Levinson. “Now you know why you feel so tired even when you are not doing anything.” When a man does a good job of maintaining this equilibrium, he is mentally healthy, he has a healthy attitude towards himself, his circumstances and surroundings, and towards other people.

How can a person maintain his mental health? Dr. Levinson suggests that there can be as many prescriptions as there are people. But as an aid he outlines the findings of a study in which certain persons in responsible positions were asked to describe those they had known whom they considered to be mentally healthy. The 80 descriptions thus obtained were then analysed and it was found that these people behaved consistently in five important ways: (1) They had a wide variety of interests, so that if, for any reason, they lost some of their sources of gratification, they had others to turn to. (2) They were flexible under stress, which means that when faced with problems or difficulties, they did not feel completely frustrated but could find alternative solutions. (3) They recognized and accepted their own limitations and assets — not in the sense that they were self-complacent, but they did not depreciate their talents and skills nor did they try to hide their weak spots from themselves. (4) They treated other people as individuals, with careful attention, and were not self-centred. (5) They were active and productive — not frantically busy all the time, but they did what they did because they enjoyed doing it; they were in charge of their activi-

ties, not the activities in charge of them. People in whom these characteristics of mental health are in evidence have come to terms with themselves and the world around them.

How does one work toward these attitudes and behaviours which characterize a mentally healthy person? Among the steps in the "working-toward" process which Dr. Levinson outlines may be mentioned the taking of one's share of responsibility in all spheres of life, and the saving of a little time for doing something for others, especially for those who are in need of help. The least one can do is to offer others his sincere interest. Each one needs to remind himself that he can be important to his fellow men, regardless of his position, title, wealth or knowledge.

Life needs must be lived. He who has good mental health lives it well, and he who lives it well has good mental health. He who does not, hurts not only himself but also those around him.

An article reprinted from *The Saturday Review* (New York) in the April *Science Digest* attempts to uncover "The Undersea History of America." The writer, Malcolm C. McKenna, is Assistant Curator of Fossil Vertebrates, American Museum of Natural History.

The idea of deluges and of the emergence of land from the sea is an old one. The ancient traditions and literature of many lands, as also the writings of such men as Zenophanes of Colophon, Herodotus and Plato, all support this idea. In our era, when the age of the planet earth is measured by scientists in billions of years, one cannot but accept, Mr. McKenna writes, "the overwhelming evidence that not once but many times the seas have crossed where land lies now."

He furnishes evidence to show that there have been repeated ebbings and flowings of the sea in the continent of North America. The age of the continent is only a guess for scientists today. "Scientific estimates," he writes,

place the age of planet earth at about 4,500,000,000 years. The oldest rocks in the earth's crust have been radioisotopically dated at about 3,000,000,000 years. Some of these very old rocks are along the Great Lakes, some almost as old are along the Pacific coast.

One of the liveliest arguments in science today has to do with the possibility of drifting continents. A currently popular theory holds that there once was only one continent, which split into

parts, which went separate ways. If a single mother of all present continents did exist, where on the globe was it centred? Without knowing the answer to that question, we cannot suggest the northernmost limit of the original outline of what is now North America. For North America in the beginning may have been nothing more than a peninsula, as India is today....

There were tremendous upheavals within the earth, caused perhaps by convection cells moved by the opposing forces of heat and gravity. As these occurred, the ancient land mass rose and fell and rose again. The first clear picture we have of a separate American continent is in Ordovician time, a period named for a tribe that occupied a region in Wales where rocks characteristic of that period were first identified. This was 500,000,000 years ago....

America, called the "new world," is older than Europe, the "old world" (*S.D.*, II. 407 fn.). *The Secret Doctrine* (II. 327) reprints, from *Five Years of Theosophy*, the following passage, which, says H.P.B., "was written from the words of a MASTER":

... there was a time when the Indian peninsula at one end of the line, and South America at the other, were connected by a belt of islands and continents. The India of the pre-historic ages ... was doubly connected with the two Americas. The lands of the ancestors of those whom Ammianus Marcellinus calls the "Brahmans of Upper India" stretched from Kashmir far into the (now) deserts of Schamo. A pedestrian from the north might then have reached — hardly wetting his feet — the Alaskan peninsula, through Manchooria, across the *future* Gulf of Tartary, the Kurile and Aleutian islands; while another traveller, furnished with a canoe, and starting from the South, could have walked over from Siam, crossed the Polynesian Islands and trudged into any part of the continent of South America.

Is there any connection between the people of Chukchi (spelt Chukotski in recent maps) in the extreme north-east of Asia, bordering on the Bering Strait, the Eskimos of Arctic America and the Polynesians of the Pacific islands?

According to a report in the news columns of the magazine *Trend* for November 1964, Soviet ethnologist Julia Sorokin, who has spent four years recording the folk legends of the Chukchi peninsula, has found some similarities between these legends and those of Polynesia. For instance, the figure of a human raven is common to both the folk tradi-

tions. The discovery follows other evidence supporting the theory that the two groups had a common ethnic origin, and that America was settled from South-East Asia, via the Far North. Stone statues found on Iturup, one of the Kurile islands in the Pacific between Japan and Kamchatka, are not unlike those of Easter Island in the South Pacific. Further, there is similarity between the blood types of the Eskimos and the Polynesians. It is believed that thousands of years ago tribes of Eskimos were driven across the narrow neck of land which used to span the Bering Strait, and that subsequently they spread across the North American Arctic, as far as Greenland.

We invite the reader's attention to the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* (II. 327) given above, as also to the following passages culled from the same work, which point to an immense continent which once existed in the Pacific Ocean and explain many similarities between now widely separated peoples:

The impartial critic, who is not a specialist, will recognize the immense difficulty of explaining away the *cumulative* evidences — namely, the archæological, ethnological, geological, traditional, botanical, and even biological — in favour of former continents now submerged. . . . We have as evidences the most ancient traditions of various and wide-separated peoples — legends in India, in ancient Greece, Madagascar, Sumatra, Java and all the principal isles of Polynesia, as well as the legends of both Americas. Among savages, and in the traditions of the richest literature in the world — the Sanskrit literature of India — there is an agreement in saying that, ages ago, *there existed in the Pacific Ocean a large Continent, which by a geological cataclysm was engulfed by the sea* (Lemuria). And it is our firm belief . . . that most, if not all, of the islands from the Malayan archipelago to Polynesia, are fragments of that once immense submerged Continent. (II. 787-88)

Sweden and Norway had formed part and parcel of ancient Lemuria, and also of Atlantis on the European side, just as Eastern and Western Siberia and Kamschatka had belonged to it, on the Asiatic. Only, once more, when was it? We can find it out approximately only by studying the *Puranas*, if we will have nought to do with the Secret teachings. (II. 402)

Lemuria, or . . . that continent of which Asia was a kind of broken prolongation . . . stretched up to the Polar regions. (II. 769 fn.)
