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Under the Auspices of THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ADYAR

WHEN THE LORD BUDDHA went out into the world and saw so much unhappiness and disease, His whole heart went out to suffering humanity. He left His palace, His kingdom, and all His riches to find illumination, that He might bring true wisdom into the lives of others; that He might solve the problem of sorrow. In like manner the World Mother loves the whole world and wishes to help it.

If we can really understand the unity of life and can come to the stage of development where we are responsible for the happiness of others, not only of human beings but of sub-human beings as well, and if we will make a point of bringing joy, not by weeping with those who weep, but by being happy, radiantly happy beings, we will far more quickly be able to comfort those who are in sorrow. Most people's idea of compassion is of being very unhappy themselves. If a woman comes to me and says, "Help me," I do not start to weep. One cannot then help. The Lord Buddha always appeared with a smile on His face.

The World Mother comes as a shining angel, radiating light and color, and shows you the joy of the world, the joy of conduct. If you want to have sunshine in a dark room you do not close the windows, you open them.

We should have greater joy, more light-ness, to shed upon the world around us, instead of concentrating upon the serious side of life. Instead of discovering all the sorrowful things of life, let us remember that light-ness is an angelic quality which the World Mother needs. Think of Her as brimming over with beauty and joy. She is extraordinary sweetness and quietness, tenderness and compassion, so that no sorrow, no grief, no depression, no clash in the world can occur without Her coming personally into touch with it.

As a foremost quality in the Theosophical life I would mention joy. Gloominess is a terrible thing. It is not a matter of talking about joy, one must radiate it. —

SHRIMATI RUKMINI DEVI

THE AMERICAN
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Love and Not-Love

BY MARIE POUTZ

FOR a number of years I had been sorely puzzled over the problem of right and wrong. Questions which I could not silence had been repeatedly forcing their way into my consciousness: Was there really anything like right and wrong? Had morality a place in the plan of the Logos for the universe?

The agony of the questioning was all the greater because it came when my thought turned to Those who had transcended humanity, for They seemed to condone what the Commandments given by some among Themselves forbid men to do; it seemed even in some cases as if those whom They chose to admit into Their ranks earned that privilege by apparent mistakes and wrong-doing. And we read of the Christ blessing Mary the sinner and rebuking Martha whose faithful work made it possible for Mary to sit at the feet of the Lord. Are then moral laws given to men solely for the purpose of keeping the little ones quiet? As my landmarks grew dim in the darkness, an overwhelming pity for the little ones filled my heart, and a grim determination to sacrifice all to help them, even my conscience, if necessary.

But one day, in meditation, Light came. I heard within myself these words: "When confronted by a moral problem, men still centered in the ego ask: *Is it Right?* Those who have transcended the ego consciousness ask: *Is it Love?*

As the meaning of these words began to unfold, I saw how the Higher Vision no longer deals with moral problems in terms of right or wrong, but in terms of *Love* and *Not-Love*. The human moral code makes a horizontal division: the clean above, the unclean below; but the divine moral code makes a vertical division: the clean *and* the unclean on the Love side, and the clean *and* the unclean on the Not-Love side. On the Love side, not only the beautiful spiritualized emotions that grace evolved humanity, but also the primitive and untransmuted stages of those emotions, debauchery, profligacy, rape, theft, the love of the drunkard for his liquor — all, in short, that has in itself the element of love for something or someone, the yearning of union with the self without.

On the Not-Love side, we find not only pride, anger, hatred, condemnation, self-love, murder, but also spotless purity, too white to suffer the proximity of mud, and perchance deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, unwarmed by love, done because it was right. Further than that the Not-Love may not go, and those who have reached that stage, have to be swept into the current of love which is the fulfilling of the Law; but who dare say how many ages it may take, and how many lives of suffering and agony?

Hence those who are already on the Love side, however soiled *their* manifestation of that love may be, are on the more direct road to the Highest, their possibilities of rapid transmutation are greater, and Those Who know how quickly the sinner may become the saint, have always blessed and absolved the Magdalen and the publican. In Their sight, the immoral man who lives a life of kindness toward his fellow-men is greater than the man of irreproachable conduct who looks down upon his brother with the cold eye of criticism and contempt — not because They condone immorality, but because They know what flower of great price will soon grow out of the mud and send forth the fragrance of God's very love.

And people whom I knew began to classify themselves. Men and women whom I had condemned were on the side of Love; others whom I had admired, were on the other side in spite of their splendid achievements, because of their lack of sympathy and understanding. Now I understand the parable of Mary and Martha and I am at peace, for I believe that I have caught a glimpse of the measuring standard of Those more than man. And when confronted by the moral problems of daily life, I am humbly learning to ask: *Is it Love?*

From the January, 1938, Bulletin of The Theosophical Society in Maryland.

H. P. B. on "What Is Theosophical?"

COMPILED BY MARY K. NEFF

(Presented at Summer School, 1937)

III

"THEOSOPHY is not *a* religion, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD." — *Lucifer*, November, 1888.

"It (the T. S.) is a brotherhood of humanity, established to make away with all and every dogmatic religion founded on dead-letter interpretation, and to teach people and every member to believe but in one impersonal God; to rely upon his (man's) own powers; to consider himself his only savior; to learn the infinitude of the occult psychological powers hidden within his own physical man; to develop these powers; and to give him the assurance of the immortality of his own divine spirit and the survival of his soul; to make him regard every man of whatever race, color, or creed, as a brother; finally, to demonstrate to him that there never were, will be, nor are, any miracles; that there can be nothing 'supernatural' in this universe, and that on earth at least the only God is man himself." —"Echoes of the Past," *The Theosophist*, September, 1907. From a letter dated November 29, 1878.

"It has been always held that a true Theosophist must have no personal ends to serve, no favorite hobby to propagate, no special doctrine to enforce or defend. For, to merit the honorable title of Theosophist one must be an altruist; above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak; and urge others to action, while never losing an opportunity to work himself. But, if no true Theosophist will ever dictate to his fellow or neighbor what this one should believe or disbelieve in, nor force him to act on lines which may be distasteful to him, however proper they may appear to himself, there are other duties which he has to attend to: (a) to warn his brother of any danger the latter may fail to see; (b) to share his knowledge — if he has acquired such — with those who have been less fortunate than himself in opportunities for acquiring it.

"Verily of philanthropical, political, and religious bodies we have many. Clubs, congresses, associations, unions, refuges, societies, each of these moved by its own party or sectarian spirit. But which of them is strictly *universal*, good for all and prejudicial to none? Which of them answers fully to the noble injunction of the Buddhist Arhats and also of King Asoka? 'When thou plantest trees along the roads, allow their shade to protect the wicked as the good. When thou buildest a rest-house, let its doors be thrown open to men of all religions, to the opponents of thine own creed, and to thy personal enemies, as well as to thy friends.' None, we say, none save our own Society, a purely unsectarian, unselfish body; the only one which has no party object in view, which is open to all men, the good and the bad, the lowly and the high, the foolish and the wise — and which calls them all "Brothers," regardless of their religion, race, or station in life. To all these we now say: As 'there is no religion higher than truth,' no deity greater than the latter, no duty nobler than self-sacrifice, and as the time for action is so short — shall not each of you put his shoulder to the wheel of the heavy car of our Society and help us to land it safely across the abyss of matter, on the safe side?" — First number, *The Vahan*, December 1, 1890.

"Men cannot all be occultists, but they can all be Theosophists — many who have never heard of the Society are Theosophists without knowing it themselves; for the essence of Theosophy is in the harmonizing of the divine with the human in man — the adjustment of his God-like qualities and aspirations, and their sway over the terrestrial and animal passions in him. Kindness, absence of every ill feeling or selfishness, charity, goodwill to all beings, and perfect justice to others as to oneself are its chief aims." — Message to the American Convention, 1888.

"Be he what he may, once that a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine, and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought — Godward — he is a Theosophist, an original thinker, a seeker after eternal truth with 'an inspiration of his own' to solve the universal problems. With every man who is earnestly searching in his own way after a knowledge of the Divine Principle, of man's relations to it, and Nature's manifestations of it, Theosophy is allied. It is likewise the ally of honest science . . . And

it is also the ally of every honest religion — to wit: a religion willing to be judged by the same tests as it applies to the others." — *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, No. 1.

"It is easy to become a Theosophist. Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the metaphysical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor 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." — *Practical Occultism*, pp. 1, 2.

"He who does not practice altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own — is not a Theosophist." — *Lucifer*, Vol. I, p. 169.

"Every wish and thought I can utter are summed up in this one sentence (the ever dormant wish of my heart): 'Be Theosophists, work for Theosophy!' Theosophy first and Theosophy last; for its practical realization alone can save the western world from that selfish and unbrotherly feeling which now divides race from race, one nation from the other; and from that hatred of class and social consideration that are the curse of so-called Christian peoples. Theosophy alone can keep it from sinking into that mere luxurious materialism in which it will decay and putrefy, as other civilizations have done. 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." — H. P. B's final message to American Theosophists, April 15, 1891.

A Poet Speaks

A TINY book, only forty-one pages, comes from India to show that in this time of doubt and dismay there still are poets who *see* and *trust* in the basic rightness of things temporal; who can discern in them only the distorted shadows of eternal verities, that ultimately shall reveal the high purposes of the Absolute from whom — if we can say "whom" in reference to It — we derive.

Dr. James H. Cousins is the poet, and Ganesh and Company of Madras, the publishers of the little volume whose title poem is *The Oracle*. Beginning with the reviewer's casual glance at its contents, I soon found myself really reading them. There seemed so much that gripped my interest. Poem after poem held exquisite thoughts expressed in beautiful language, and although the teachings of Theosophy were never stressed nor even mentioned, their spirit permeated every one.

It was natural that the poet, whose home is India, should find his imagery there, and the charm of his verse is enhanced by the constant references to India's birds and flowers, its mountains and streams that so evidently are an inherent part of his life. In reading, one becomes almost physically aware of the fragrance of those flowers, of the low music of those rippling streams, of the loveliness of color everywhere radiant.

One would like to quote many of the poems almost at length, but some phrases and sentiments simply demand quotation. Thus:

"This is the season when he raised his eyes
Unto the hills and the dim sholas sought
Where winging, singing meanings might be caught
And caged in lyrics beautiful and wise, . . .
A man who was a sonnet in disguise:
Body and brain the octave strongly wrought;
Soul the sestet that took his fledgling thought
And sent it singing somewhere in the skies."

It occurs in a sonnet sequence written in memory of Govinda Krishna Chettur, a poet who died young but left some memorable verse. Later in the sequence our poet says:

"Oh, ends not all in the untoward event
That gives rich Death the richer half of life.
With his, the hidden destinies are blent
Of all who shared his dreams with beauty rife,
Participants in calm accomplishment
Beyond the clamant borders of our strife. . . .
Then, surely, God, in unfulfilled desire
That dead young poets bear beyond death's hour,
Finds hints how heaven may be shaped entire
And life through lyric forms reach purer power,
And pours through earth-made moulds celestial fire —
And lo! a jacaranda breaks in flower."

In conclusion, the little book deserves attention from all lovers of true poetry and lofty sentiment. Such would gladly make place for it on their shelves. It may be purchased from The Theosophical Press, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois.

RENE PARKS MACKAY.

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On "Black Magic"

Mr. Robert R. Logan's article "Black Magic" appearing in this issue deals with a subject to which our pages have previously referred.

It is a strange theory that the animal kingdom, through which we have all evolved, was created by black magicians. Is all humanity, then, the product of black magic? Is it the responsibility of humanity to kill every living creature, to kill out the animal kingdom entirely from the earth, in order to free a future humanity from this so-called black magical influence? Does the animal kingdom serve no purpose in the scheme? Is man intended to proceed in evolution directly from the vegetable to the human? Are science and Theosophy all wrong in their understanding of the place of the animal kingdom in the evolutionary process? Should we by destroying all animal forms prepare for a better humanity? What would be its channel of evolution?

These and many other questions show how ridiculous is the theory that the animal kingdom does not belong in the divine scheme; that all mankind, with its magnificent attainment of intellect and of spiritual quality, has developed throughout the whole of the past through a series of forms produced and perpetuated by black magical processes.

To Charge?

THE perennial question, to charge or not to charge (at lectures), seems to be solving itself automatically, by experiment, which is after all the best method. Lodges which have tried charging a small fee for public lectures — 25 cents or 35 cents — have discovered that audiences do not fall off, the caliber of attendance is raised, and the exchequer benefits materially. Dora Kunz has recently been on a three weeks' tour of the Middle West, and all but one lodge charged for public lectures. The interesting thing is that not one lodge failed to meet expenses, and many made a comfortable profit.

A number of people, of course, rightly feel that Theosophy should be offered freely to the public, and that anyone who wishes to hear what we have to say should not be excluded for financial reasons. However, there are several ways of getting around this problem. One of the best is to have a free class in Theosophy (called, please, An Introduction to Theosophy, or Elements of Theosophy, or something — not a Beginners' Class, which is poor psychology). And then of course the public can be invited to use the library and so on. Whatever other free activities are possible should supplement the public lecture work. In New York, for instance, one of the most successful features is a regular Friday afternoon tea, where there is an hour's discussion with questions and answers, which is free of charge and open to the public. (Tea and cakes, 10 cents, but with no requirement to partake thereof.) If one manages to have enough free activities for the public, one's conscience need not prick about charging for lectures, which after all must be financed in one way or another. And really cannot almost everyone afford 25 cents for a Theosophical lecture, when the movies are filled to the doors at 35 cents or more a head! And finally, the American scene being of the peculiar consistency that it is, the fact of the matter is that the general public feels a thing must be worth more if they have to pay for it. When there is no charge there is always a slight suspicion that there must be a catch in it somewhere — perhaps they are going to have to subscribe to a magazine or pay for a chair or sign a paper or something. Silly or not, there it is. So we might as well charge and be done with it.

(From the Bulletin of the Northeast Federation, March, 1938.)

Each religion is a jewel with its own color; each religion is a gem with its own hue; and all are taken up by the mighty Jeweler in order to form the crown which He will place on the brow of humanity. — ANNIE BESANT.

Literature and the Sense of Wonder

BY LILLIAN BOXELL

(Talk given at Summer School, 1937.)

THERE was an evening last summer that I remember, when it stormed just before sunset, and the world was completely hidden in rain. Then quickly the storm ended; the clouds drew off to the west, massing around the setting sun in gradual ranks so that the reflected light sprang from edge to edge, and the whole sky was an echoing cavern of color. The sun sank, the crimson and purple died, and my soul that had been shaken with the wild movement of the storm quieted upon the dying shades and became still and poised as a raindrop clinging to a blade of grass. After an interval, a crescent moon hung whitely in the clear green pallor of the sky, empty now except for a cloud of indigo blue laid horizontally against the mountainous icewhiteness of a farther cloud. From the dusk of our street the long perspective of houses rose in a solid wall with thick clumsy chimneys fingering the sky. But the sky above all these was lonely, as if the moon and the clouds and the chimneys were accidental things that could not satisfy its eternal longing. It was as lonely as the soul of man.

I had a feeling then that I could go into this night to ask some strange, forgotten thing, and anyone whom I asked must give it to me — thing beyond all I knew of living, deeper, more terrible, more beautiful and strange — but all these words are not enough. I was suffocated with the sense of unknown life around me, in the streets and houses over the city, all the secret meanings that are locked in people's lives, and it seemed to me that in the darkness and mystery of the dusk it might be possible to stop those unknown people who go hurrying by to their unknown destinations, and knocking upon the inner portals of their being ask of each, "What is the secret, what is the meaning of your life?" Asking this like a beggar asking for bread, with the same breathless urgency of starvation. And I thought it possible that there might be this secret gift from their startled lips and undefended minds, and that I would go my way richer and fuller in the knowledge of other lives.

But who could answer such a question? No one at all, I suppose. We have not the power, we have not the simplicity, to communicate ourselves in a moment's revelation. The impulse to conceal bred in us by accepted social forms is stronger than the impulse to reveal. We create a surface for our lives beneath which the deeps may flow unchallenged, unknown even to ourselves.

But was it only curiosity I felt, or was it a more urgent need whose source I did not comprehend — too great and too impersonal in its beginnings for my small personal comprehension? A sense of wonder that I could not name had touched me with a deep compulsion, and I was powerless. I remembered a sentence from a poet: "My thoughts are clinging as to a lost learning slipped down out of the minds of men, laboring to bring it back into my soul."

I remembered, also, a letter that the poet Baudelaire had written to his mother, and a portion of it I had copied in a notebook: "And now when I feel deep down in me something which lifts me up, something which I do not understand, a longing to embrace everything, a terror that perhaps I may never be able to acquire any education, an insane fear of life, or else merely when I gaze at a beautiful sunset out of my window, there is no one to whom I can talk of it, since you are not here."

Finding in these words written by the poets — one in the eleventh century, the other in the nineteenth — the same sense of loneliness that I had found in the night sky, and the sense of wonder that was in myself striving to break down the walls of life with a question, I thought how our desires are so much greater than ourselves, that we must grow into gods before we reach the stature of their fulfillment. And this desire to live all lives in one, to enclose all meanings, to understand all experience — perhaps this was the origin of everything, the motivation even of God.

Whenever we share our life in some creative expression there is a sense of release as if another door has been opened. The delight that we feel in the creations of the great artists must be not only that we are sharing their vision but also their release. Life seeks expression of all lives and all meanings, and this is the compulsion which we feel in Nature, in beauty.

But what is the compulsion which makes the writer eager to communicate his experience to the world? For most of us it is imperative that one person only shall understand; we count ourselves lucky if we have one perfect friend to whom we may be self-published, self-exploited. All the rest of the world may knock in vain — our altars

are not free, our table is not set for more than one.

In general, men have an instinctive fear of publicity about anything which is deeply personal to themselves. They hesitate to lay bare the intimate meanings that are locked in their lives; they cover them with a uniform of conventional expressions which tend to make everyone uniformly dull. They are most trivial when most polite. It would not matter so much, except that these conventional modes of expression graft themselves on to the thoughts and the personality, so that men think in certain limited channels and the impact of life is never felt as a fresh alien force demanding constantly new interpretations from their minds. They receive the priceless newness of experience with irreverent complacencies, putting new wine in old bottles, unwilling to be, or seem, surprised. They form concepts of life which they are reluctant to destroy, or accept those already formed by others and give to these a strangely unswerving fidelity of belief, so that moored to something unchanging they feel a sense of security beneath the dissolving foam of events. They question the habits of the body and destroy them so that they shall not be enslaved, but they do not question the stately ceremonial of the mind. Chained in the narrowness of an intellect that is unyielding in its concepts, man receives nothing from life which is not dwindled to its measure. Then there comes a feeling of the sameness and futility of all experience, which seems to justify the commonplaceness of his thoughts. Then he has nothing to communicate except such things as can be said in dead, useless phrases and parroting cliché, from which life takes no new luster of eternal meaning.

The artist of whatever type is freer than most men of the barriers produced by the limiting concepts of life. At some point in his evolution, life has struck him into such quivering response that the fibers of his being were forever changed, forever sensitized. He was forced beyond the barriers that surrounded his knowledge to make some new knowledge of his own. And afterward he is humble, having this true humility which will not try to fit life into the pattern of his thought, but always widens his thought more nearly to fit life, knowing that nothing is said or known finally, and that in the simplest experience there may be a door opening on infinity.

The creative person differs from other men, not in the multiplicity of his experiences, but in the capacity to entertain experience with a depth and intensity in which there is a surrender of the personal self. He is more completely invaded and possessed by experience than other men. It may be that this defenseless and vulnerable nature is necessary to artistic creation — that the artist must be able to lose himself in order to find the universal truth of experience and to speak with a comprehension that is more than personal. Having been subjugated in a sense to experience, he rises out of the subjugation in a glorious way by creating. An essential meaning is crystallized out of the clouded solution of his life, leaving it clear, ready to be used again. That is the rhythm of creation.

Ernest Wood has this advice for students in general, that one must never read a book with the idea that he is trying to master the subject. I do not recall whether the warning is explained, but its psychological basis I think must be this: If you have the idea that you are going to master a subject, you are unconsciously setting this idea up as a barrier limiting your perceptions. You are therefore not receptive to the ideas of the subject; you do not permit them to invade and in a sense conquer you. If you are living life with the idea that you must conquer it and take something from it without yielding anything of your own personality, the same kind of psychological limitation occurs. If your chief concern is self-preservation and conquest you will not be able to enter into experience completely. It is always fear that makes one so concerned about coming out on top that one never really goes below the surface — fear that is produced by the sense of being separate from life. You must be interested in the subject for its own sake, not for the sake of your mastery of it, and in the same way you must be interested in life for its own sake.

Some very subtle and penetrating distinction ought to be made here, because when we speak of people as being possessed by anything we think of weak people who are unable to keep from being dominated and overshadowed. But the sense in which the creative person is possessed by experience is simply that he is using all the means of knowledge at his disposal. Since he has recognized intuitively that his whole being is a complicated instrument through which to gather the data of life, he has detached himself from the purely personal relationship. C. Jinarajadasa describes this difference between the ordinary vision of man and the vision of the poet. The ordinary man looks on everything that is different from himself with resentment; he does not like to have his feelings and thoughts challenged, and therefore he is full of criticism for others, and without real sympathy. But the poet, and especially the great poets, have this larger vision in which there is no antipathy, no resentment, toward what is different nor even toward what is evil in men. "The poet observes men as they are." In this sense the creative person is more completely possessed by experience, because he does not have these separating personal reactions.

There is a kind of scientific honesty in the way in which he approaches life, seeking to know the truth unmitigated by the small defenses of the mind. For clarity is essential to the creative person — clarity of perception first, and clarity of representation afterward. He is always forced to put aside the things which obscure the truth, even the things that are deeply rooted in his personality. Because he is willing to entertain new truths, his temperament is at odds with the world which clings to prejudice and tradition, and makes a religion of anything that has happened. The creative person accepts the movement and change that is a condition of existence, moving forward into new and unexplored avenues of life experience. The sense of wonder which is in everyone who looks at life in a creative way is a faith in life itself. In every faith which is binding there is complete distrust of life.

When reverence is conscripted into the service of tradition and into the worship of small, unyielding gods, there is stagnation and a sense of the futility of life. And since this has been the religious history of the world, it is not strange that creative spirits have always seemed to stand apart from the age they lived in, and, straining against its bounds, seemed always in revolt. Not content with binding the free aspirations of men in religious dogma, the world placed the same limitation upon art. The attitude so prevalent that everything in the realm of art has already been said with a finality of perfection is the most limiting and sterile one possible, because it is choking that creative artistic impulse. It is making a kind of snobbish estheticism out of a vast disinclination to move. If we have no great modern art it is because of this inertia, against which the poet struggles, asking the world to believe that "when half-gods go, the gods arrive." So in literature there is often found a spirit of prophecy and a hope of some future conversion. Keats wrote in this hope:

"And other spirits there are, standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come.
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? Listen awhile, ye
nations, and be dumb!"

The nations are inconceivably careless, and the world is a long while about acquiring another heart. But wherever the vision is seen and realized in the poetic or artistic creation and in the living philosophies it becomes a possibility toward which the world does move. There will come a time when man realizes at last that he creates life with his thoughts, his desires and aspirations, that Time brings forth nothing that is not planted and cultivated and brought to flower and fruit by him, Creator. Then he will know another law, that life does not increase in beauty and power except by his willing and desiring and doing. He will then cease to live in spiritual poverty, receiving as if by chance the good things of life, and as if by mischance, the bad. He will cease to speak of Fate or God or Destiny as if these mete out to him the measure of his life. He will then be the master artist who creates life.

But first he must learn to feel deeply and think greatly, to receive his life with hands that are reverent and eager, and to have this sense of wonder which is a longing to know life in a larger meaning than the personal. For when you have once looked at life with this sense of wonder, when you have once felt life with a kind of freshness and momentous surprise, you do not feel cynical or futile — you have found conviction of the worthwhileness of life and experience. Not only experience in general, but your particular experience, your particular life, and all the relationships that occur between you and life. Then you become creative, because of this conviction which makes it seem worth while to create, to bring out of yourself a meaning that can be shared by others. You do not create with the sense that you are giving something to the world but as if life itself is finding in you the words through which it may speak: I am the house where Beauty lived for a little space — These are the words that whisper around her remembered face.

We call it detachment, but in reality it is not detachment. It is the identification of your life with the larger life. And the intellectual and emotional clarity which we call detachment comes through setting aside the personality. Your personality is detached, not you. Then you have the curious experience of seeming to touch and draw down a knowledge that is beyond you, so that it seems a greater power than your own creates through you. All poets and writers and artists are acquainted with this; it is not extraordinary and yet it is not commonplace. Perhaps if one lived always in that supremely close relationship of identification which is necessary in artistic creation, the power which is available to the artist would be available to everyone. If you keep only a little of this closeness which you achieve in artistic creation, everything that happens in your life seems to belong to you. You are identified with your experience, and everything has a message for you because you are listening all the time. There is an order which you perceive then, and a delight in life itself. You find this mystical sense of the world and of the way in which life speaks to you often expressed in literature. There are these verses from an old Sanskrit poem:

"Upon a day
I saw strange eyes and hands like butterflies,
For me at morning larks flew from the thyme
And children came to bathe in little streams."

* * *

"I mind that I went round with men and women
And underneath their brows, deep in their eyes,
I saw their souls which go slipping aside
In swarms before the pleasure of my mind;
The world was like a flight of birds,
shadow or flame
Which I saw pass above the engraven hills."

In contrast to this receptive joy in life there is a very significant portrait of two women in the novel by Arnold Bennett, *An Old Wives' Tale.* These two women had lived dull, unromantic lives, but when they were old it seemed to both that they had lived too much. And yet they had not really lived, had garnered nothing of value from experience—they were apparently no richer, only very tired. To them life had become as tedious as an old wives' tale full of unnecessary repetitions and labored articulation.

If they had been able to create, to integrate their experience, the sense of all this living which weighed so heavily upon them would not have been oppressive — there would have been a ripening sweetness with the deep increase of life, and an eternal youngness at the core of being.

On the flyleaf of Santyana's novel, *The Last Puritan*, there is a French quotation which says that old men write best, but what they write best about is the remembrance of youth. And this seemed true to me, but I wondered why it is so. Youth is a time when we meet life as a stranger; it is a long while before we really know how to live. It would seem that maturity and old age should bring increasing awareness of life, and that the rich experience of these later years should crowd from memory the kindergarten of youth. But it is true that with so many people there is a defensive hardening that comes with the advent of maturity — living becomes a self-protective gesture. In youth they feel pity and joy and grief keenly; they have sharp anger against injustice and oppression. Later on, they become indifferent because it is uncomfortable to feel so much — they become reconciled to life, instead of reconciling life to themselves. And this process of hardening shuts them away from experience so that it is inevitable that they begin to look upon youth as the only time they have really lived. Youth is a quality of life that has escaped them, a newness that was spent like a bright coin.

But the creative person remains young in his sensitivities, his feelings and perceptions, because he reconciles life to himself through expression. It is a curious and magical thing that the more you express life, the sharper your perceptions become, and the deeper your capacity for experience. The creative spirit need not grow inwardly old nor ever bend beneath the weight of too much living. There is always the profound reconciliation of art, in which you see the meaning and value of all these things in your life and are freed of their weight. The philosopher, too, reconciles life to himself in his acceptance of its meanings. Art and philosophy are the same in this integrating power. But there is a difference in the tendency which philosophy has to be more abstract, to withdraw from the kind of existence which is material into the kind of existence which is spiritual. The artist does not make this distinction. He is dealing always with the concrete symbols of the material world. Even in literature, or perhaps especially in literature, the appeal must be made to the senses and the emotions as well as to the spirit. Philosophy speaks to the intellect on its own plane, and through the intellect to the higher regions of consciousness. Art speaks through all the planes of knowledge, sensual, emotional and intellectual. Art is therefore a materialized philosophy, which refines sense and emotion and thought as they are carried upward into the realms of eternal meaning.

I have always thought it unnecessary to translate the work of any poet into its abstract significations. To say something true about life and to say it with simplicity and beauty and power in the language of life itself is enough. If one does not experience through reading the poetry of Shakespeare that subtle reorganization of the emotional life and liberation of the spirit which comes through sharing in the poet's catharsis, there can be no comparable gain in reading a tortured and diluted version, in which the characters become abstractions of virtue and vice. "The stature of every great artist," a critic said, "is indeed to be measured not so much by the height to which he can soar as by the wealth of purely human elements that he has strength to carry with him in his flight."

Art, like life, requires a participation, and the more completely it engages the participant in sensual, emotional, and intellectual appreciation the more completely is its object attained in the communication of experience. The greatness of the poet Shakespeare is that he is like life itself — universal in deep significance, but rich in variety and concreteness of material symbols which contain that significance, pouring eternal meanings into the transitory forms of life.

Santyana in *The Sense of Beauty* says that there is nothing in the intellect or imagination which has not first been felt in the sense. So that what you sense and what you feel is the food

of your intellect. If you have a sensuous perception of life, if you are sensuously perceptive for the sake of the knowledge that is in sense, and emotionally perceptive for the sake of the knowledge that is in emotion, your imagination is richly fed from these two sources, and you need not doubt the purity of its knowledge. You need doubt only when there is an exploitation of the sense perceptions for their own sake rather than for the sake of their meaning, and then it becomes sensuality, or when there is an exploitation of emotion for its own sake. Whenever there is a tendency to stay in one mode of perception rather than to use it as an opening door to a higher consciousness of life, there is impurity which is like the scum on stagnant waters. Mankind as a whole is stayed in its intellect at the present time. That is just as impure as to be stayed in the sense or the emotions. There is a purity of sense, a purity of emotion, a purity of intellect, and great art is composed of these purities. The message of art, however abstract in meaning, is couched in the symbols which are the language of life rather than in the words which intellectually convey abstract meanings. Artistic creation is a re-creation of the artist's sense and feeling and thought of the world. Being a re-creation, it must have all the attributes of life; it must appeal to all the perceptive faculties of man to have the wholeness which is like life itself. The re-creation occurs in the indivduial who is the artist's audience. It must occur with all the original force, it must re-create with all the original impulse of sensation, feeling, and perception, what the artist has sensed and felt and perceived, and in that way only does it become a direct communication of experience.

Each perceptive quality has its own world and its own expressions — the physical world has the expressions of form and color and sound and smell, the emotional world has its expressions of love and hate, anger and joy, the intellectual world has thoughts, judgments, ideals and aspirations. The evolving consciousness of life does not leave one world to enter the next; in the blending and interpenetration of these worlds life consists. To live completely in the world of thought one must live completely in all the worlds — they must all be open to you in your exploration of life. As we approach another world of consciousness which we call intuition, that too will interpenetrate these others and will intensify our awareness in all the worlds.

For the higher consciousness vivifies the lower. Emotional perceptions vivify sense perceptions, and pour their meanings into the world of sense. You will realize this when you think of any emotion you have had which was expansive — when you were in love with someone, or had a rush of tender feeling or great compassion, then it seemed that the world was more alive, and vibrant, and you yourself more alive in the sense of its wonder and beauty. Krishnamurti tells us to be in love with ourselves and then we shall be in love with the world.

But the negative emotion of anger or hatred blinds you and dulls your perception and closes you within yourself. You can express love poetically with the symbols of Nature, but hatred has no symbol in Nature; it is something antagonistic and separative. Great and beautiful thoughts vivify the emotional and sensual perceptions; small, ugly thoughts close you within yourself. Anyone who is selfish does not have intense spiritual experience of life. He may have intense personal experiences, but the intensity is selfishness and therefore separative and unspiritual. In Racine's great tragic drama, *Andromaque*, there is a most penetrating portrait of a selfish man held in the grip of a selfish emotion. There was no compassion of love in Pyrrhus — only the selfish aspect of desiring to possess. So he is pictured as absolutely deaf to the things that are said to him, blind to the world around him; nothing can enter his mind because it is closed with this blinding desire. It is a very powerful delineation of a selfish passion.

It is in this way, rather than by the creation of literary Utopias, that literature exercises its most potent moral force. Literature is a moral force without being didactic, without seeming deliberately to reform or inspire. When the writer reveals us to ourselves so that we see portrayed our own struggles, our own problems, our own responses to life, we find these things weighted with a significance that we had not perceived before. It is as if we were asleep in all the deeper awareness of experience, till in the light of the poet's clairvoyance we awake, and remember, and understand. Then we find knowledge of ourselves that leads us to higher levels of the conscious spirit; we are given a heightened sense of the meaning of existence. We find interpretations for our lives — and most of all, discover our need for interpretations. Because when you live sluggishly and are half awake you do not have any need to interpret; nothing matters enough then in your life to require understanding. But if you are made to live keenly, you find that you must interpret life, you must establish relationships and find meanings. So literature must speak through your emotions. You cannot read tragedies with an intellectual comprehension only; you feel separate from the characters and you are inclined to say, "Thank goodness, I am not like that!" But emotionally, intuitively, you know that we are

all like that — any greatly real character in literature has its counterpart in some way in ourselves. So you are quickened in self-knowledge and made to live more really in all the worlds of your being through this identification with the lives of others.

The ordinary individual who has never attempted to express himself in artistic ways is always afraid because he thinks he must create something very wonderful or else he had better be silent. He thinks it requires a special genius to create, or perhaps he is not aware of any meaning in his life that is great and real enough to share with the world. But there are flowers that bloom for a single day, unintimidated and unprevented in their bloom by the lasting qualities of the great, ancient trees. Art is a search for the meaning of life, and anyone can be an artist in that sense, anyone can write his thought of the world. If you have lived enough, if you have been awake in your life, that is all that is necessary. Claude Bragdon expresses it in this very beautiful and mystical way:

> "The sleeping beauty awakens only with the shining of some inward light — a flame kindled sometimes by the heat of suffering, sometimes by the warmth of love. Either we have not suffered enough or we have not loved enough; that is, we have not lived with sufficient inner intensity to burn with that hard and gem-like flame."

If you will live very completely even for an hour there will be enough experience in that hour to impel an expression. If you try to write about it, you will find that you are searching for a link between yourself and the things that you are experiencing. You cannot do this simply by trying very hard to put thoughts around the experience; you must let it suggest its own thoughts. You may not create anything of artistic value but it will have a kind of symbolic value. If you do not write anything, the experience will perhaps be completely forgotten if it is not important, and even an important experience will lose the color and freshness and all the details that enclose it. But if you make a notation which is detailed, just as if you were making a sketch for a painting with all the colors and nuances indicated in the margin, you have created a symbol in which you can live again and out of which you can evoke new meanings.

This notation illustrates what I mean by experience, which is not a matter of events happening to us as we tend to think of it, but merely a receptive way of living. This was written in front of a rather high window looking out on a scene in late afternoon, after a spring storm:

Now the air is fresh and lovely after the violent gusts of rain forced down all the windows and bottled us up in the hot vacuum of the house. Now the sun shines again low in the sky and the air is fresh and lovely as it blows in the window; it smells and feels the way it used to feel when I was very young. The plowed field is purplish brown; it is rough against the low beams of the sun like a nubby material, and the small green potato plants stand up like little tufts of wool tied in a quilt. The pieplant looks like huge lettuce leaves — you cannot see its red stems that I eat every day cooked up with sugar, the grass is much too long and covers the stems. It is rank and green in the orchard lying loosely as the wind and rain have left it, and it gives one a lazy feeling. The apple trees have curiously naked limbs flushed with the sunlight to a pinkish grey. The peonies that were so proud in white bloom now lean to one side of their crate, and below them on the ground are crushed white petals. It does not do to be a flower in a world of sudden storms. How far one can see — those hills against the river with trees and barns and little rolling swells, and the river beyond, and across the river a town dimly wrapped in bluish mist. Now for a moment the screen of the window intercedes before my vision — I imagine that the scene is a huge sampler worked out in squares in the mesh of the screen. That brings it very close and makes it seem minute and charming. One of the apple trees is like an Egyptian goddess with arms lifted in stiff-angled supplication to the sky, or perhaps in offering of her green foliage.

What is this feeling, this stir of delight in the visible earth? What can it matter in another hour that I have watched the wind run with a shadowy footprint in the grass? The sun is gone except for the faintest patina caught and jealously kept on the rough bark of the little plum tree; the glitter of the whole world is gone, and what is there to keep except a momentary thrill shaded with melancholy? But I lean forward, my nostrils still hungrily eat up the smell of this wind, my flesh receives it. And now the light comes again, for it must have been only a cloud that drowned it, now our neighbor's house and yard stand out like a stereoscopic view against the flat hills where the sun does not touch. I do not covet my neighbor's house, but his barn is a joy forever, of so warm and sweet a red, a perfect foil for the green around it, and a pale concrete silo with a lumpily curved top like the lumpy buildings in some paintings of Nicholas Roerich's. Now the shadows are more purple, the light more mellow, dying, everything is subdued to the light, its tender glowing. The limbs and body of the Egyptian goddess are in shadow, only her gift of foliage holds the benediction of the light. —

But why have I not spoken of the long pale red brick building of the State Penitentiary that looms importantly against the slate-blue hills? It belongs too in the scene, it is not anything that one can leave out, as long as it remains. And anyway I do not think they are so much more imprisoned than all the rest of the world — I do not think they can be any more surprised that life could become this strange imprisonment. But now the sun is really gone. I do not understand how that little plum tree with its rough black bark manages to hold a gleam long after it is faded from the smooth arms of the apple trees.

If this were a complete artistic thing it would not need explanation of its meaning, but at best, you see, it contains only the suggestion of meanings, and does not clearly convey any one of them. It retains the original impact of the experience with its scattered impressions, and a number of suggested meanings which arise out of the unconscious effort to identify oneself with that which is being experienced. What it suggests most strongly and most completely is the natural beauty of the world violated by the building which is a symbol of the imprisonment of unhappiness that is in the world — and this arouses a sadness which is in conflict with the beauty and peace of the scene. But there is a hint of reconciliation of the conflict in the wonder that the ugly bark of the plum tree holds the light longer than the smooth bark of the apple trees, a kind of spiritual answer that humanity which suffers in ugliness will from suffering create a power to catch and hold the gleam. None of these meanings were preconceived or premeditated but arose out of the experience, and became apparent only after it had been written. The questioning wonder at the beauty and pain of life evoked a necessity to reconcile beauty and pain to each other, effecting the reconciliation by the symbol of a spiritual truth. When you form a habit of expressing life even in these little and unimportant ways, you are always questioning it for its meanings and listening to the message that is in every experience.

The creation of literature is an inter-action between the writer and his experience. The history of literature is an inter-action between literature and life. You will find action and reaction as a quality of life peculiar to its time and place gives rise to certain expressions in art, and these expressions in turn exert a modifying influence upon life. In eighteenth century England the quality of life was neither kind nor tender; there was unspeakable brutality to children, poverty and debtor's prisons made a vicious circle. Then Dickens of the tender heart wrote his long, important novels, and if today we find him too much inclined to weep and sentimentalize over life's unfortunates, in his own time these qualities needed to be evoked; the world needed, as Keats said, another heart. Defoe, besides writing Robinson Crusoe, wrote many pamphlets of protest against social abuses; Steele, most ardent sentimentalist of them all, twisted his reader's hearts with tearful narratives in the *Spectator*. We find them naive now, but then they did a great deal to change the hard superficiality of attitude into something like a social conscience. In general, you will find in literature this relationship to its time, although it may enclose eternal meanings in the temporal, and its message may have to be repeated over and over in an unregenerate world.

In our own time, in the literature of the post-war period, there is dominant the sense of betrayal and futility which is a protest against war. There is the famous passage in Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* in which he talks about words, about not wanting to use the words "glory" and "honor" and "courage" any more, because they had been used to cover a horror that the soul protested against, so that finally only names of places had any dignity. Literature became a sort of inquisition, a tribunal of judgment on our civilization. Then, because you could no longer write of the outside world without bitterness, there was an extraordinary plunge into the subconscious meanings and experiences, and literature became introvert. Parallel to this was a tendency to what someone has called the "breadthwise slice" of life, cutting across many lives at once instead of using one or two main characters only. There was altogether an attempt to see and portray life in many different and interesting ways. A tremendous concern with biography followed, and now fiction has the flavor of biography. It is no longer the telling of an intricate plot with maneuvered suspense and traditional denouements — the best sellers now are long and painstakingly detailed representations of life, a natural outgrowth of that post-war attempt at uncompromising honesty.

In literature as in all the arts there are two major ways of approach to life — the romantic and the classic. They are two aspects of the sense of wonder. The romanticist is seeking for something more, something better, beneath the shabby surface of things as they are, convinced that there must be a more glowing reality to meet his high desire. The romantic heritage is discontent. It is the revengeful gift of the wicked fairy who comes uninvited to the christening. It spoils all the good things of life with its contagion. To the romanticist the sense of wonder comes with a hunger and a seeking. He

(Concluded on page 158)

Convention Program

1938

SATURDAY, JULY 2

Arrival and Registration of Delegates.

11:00 a.m. Press Conference.

8:00 p.m. Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Arundale

SUNDAY, JULY 3

9:15 a.m. E.S. Meeting
North Ball Room, Third Floor.

11:00 a.m. Meeting of the National Board of Directors.

2:00 p.m. First Convention Session
Address of Welcome — Dr. Henry A. Smith, *President*, Chicago Theosophical Federation.
Response for the Delegates — Henry Hotchener.
Opening of Convention — The National President.
Greetings of Delegates.
Appointment of Committees.
Introduction of Resolutions.

2:45 p.m. Convention Photograph (in the Grand Ball Room).

3:00 p.m. Dr. George S. Arundale, *President of The Theosophical Society.*

3:30 p.m. Adjournment.

3:45 p.m. Symposium — "The Dharma of America"
Charles E. Luntz
Henry Hotchener
Sidney A. Cook

8:00 p.m. Public Lecture — "From Man to Superman: A Practice in Symbolic Yoga"
I. "The Eternal in the World Today" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

MONDAY, JULY 4

9:15 a.m. Community Singing.

9:30 a.m. Business Session
Annual Report of the National President.
Reports of Committees.

10:45 a.m. Intermission

11:00 a.m. Reports of Committees — *Continued*
(The National Committees).

12:00 n. Adjournment.

1:00 p.m. Annual Convention of The Young Theosophists.

2:30 p.m. Adjournment.

2:00 p.m. Meeting of the National Board of Directors.

3:30 p.m. Address to Members — Dr. George S. Arundale.

8:00 p.m. Public Lecture — "The Soul of India" — Shrimati Rukmini Devi.

TUESDAY, JULY 5

9:15 a.m. Community Singing.

9:30 a.m. The Young Theosophists — Frank Durand, *President.*

10:30 a.m. Intermission.

10:45 a.m. The Arundale Lecture.

2:00 p.m. The Theosophical Order of Service — Robert R. Logan, *Chief Brother.*

3:30 p.m. Intermission.

3:45 p.m. The Olcott Lecture— "The Ugly Duckling" — Roy Rush.

8:00 p.m. Public Lecture — "From Man to Superman: A Practice in Symbolic Yoga"
II. "The Ascent of Man" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

9:15 a.m. Community Singing.

9:30 a.m. Final Convention Session.

Afternoon — A Visit to Olcott and the Burning of the Bonds

2:00 p.m. Buses Leave for Olcott.

3:30 p.m. Ceremonial of Bond Burning.

5:00 p.m. Buses Leave for Hotel.

7:00 p.m. Banquet.
Closing Addresses.

Summer School Program

1938

THURSDAY, July 7

Registration.

3:30 P.M. Opening of Summer School — Dr. George S. Arundale.

7:30 P.M. Address — Shrimati Rukmini Devi.

FRIDAY, July 8

7:45 A.M. Meditation.

10:00 A.M. "Symbolic Yoga" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

4:00 P.M. Address — Shrimati Rukmini Devi.

7:30 P.M. "The Essentials of Theosophy" — *The Secret Doctrine* — William J. Ross.

SATURDAY, July 9

7:45 A.M. Meditation.

10:00 A.M. "Symbolic Yoga" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

3:30 P.M. "The Dharma of America" — Young Theosophists.

7:30 P.M. "The Essentials of Theosophy" — Miss Mary K. Neff.

SUNDAY, July 10

7:45 A.M. Meditation.

10:00 A.M. "Symbolic Yoga" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

3:00 P.M. Public Lecture — "Theosophy: The Practical Wisdom of Daily Life" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

7:30 P.M. "The Essentials of Theosophy" — *The Secret Doctrine* — William J. Ross.

MONDAY, July 11

7:45 A.M. Meditation.

10:00 A.M. "Symbolic Yoga" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

4:00 P.M. Address — Shrimati Rukmini Devi.

7:30 P.M. "The Essentials of Theosophy" — Warren Watters.

TUESDAY, July 12

7:45 A.M. Meditation.

10:00 A.M. "Symbolic Yoga" — Dr. George S. Arundale.

4:00 P.M. Address — Shrimati Rukmini Devi.

7:30 P.M. Closing Summer School.

What Is Theosophy?

BY C. JINARAJADASA

THREE WOMEN, who were Theosophists, were discussing with great animation various Theosophical matters. There happened to be a little girl in the room. She was old enough to understand some things.

In a pause in the conversation, the little girl said: "What is Theosophy?"

The three women had of course to reply; they could scarcely say: "Run away, little girl, you can't understand." So, the first woman said to her:

"You know who God is, don't you?"

"Yes," said the child gravely. Of course it was a fib, but then everybody said the same fib.

"Well, you are God. That is Theosophy."

The child's face did not change.

It was the second woman's turn. She went to a table where there were some flowers, took one, and went to the child. Then, bending, gave it to her, and said:

"This, dear, is Theosophy."

The child's face lit up with interest, but was still grave.

Then the third woman rose, and knelt before the child, and putting her arms around the child said:

"Darling, Theosophy is this," and kissed her.

This time, for an instant, the child's eyes were startled; and then, as comprehension came, the soul looked out from her eyes.

Which of these three women understood Theosophy?

LITERATURE AND THE SENSE OF WONDER

(*Continued from page 155*)

is unhappy, but happiest in this unhappiness because he knows its torment is divine. The thwarted idealism of his nature turns Narcissine, and he looks within himself to find the mystic refreshment which the world has failed to bring. So that when he creates, it is a deeply personal creation — it is the beauty of the part and not the beauty of the whole, which has not yet been perceived. But if he finds within himself the thing that he is seeking with his unhappiness, he is awakened to the knowledge that all reality is a symbol of that inner attainment, and then he is made whole. Then he becomes the classicist in whom the sense of wonder is felt in the aspect of realization, which brings calm and order into the perception of life — which is universal rather than personal in its meaning. The romantic and classic are two aspects of the same thing — the seeking which is romantic and the realization which is classic — but they occur on all the levels so that you cannot say that all classicism is finer than all romanticism in the artistic sense. There is great romantic literature as well as great classic literature; there is the lesser classicism as well as the lesser romanticism. There is longing and attainment on all levels.

In a class dealing with the technique of the novel, we were trying to determine the basis of comparison in the works of the individual authors we had studied, and we came to the conclusion that there was only one possible basis for comparison — that was the author's sense of the importance of life. At present, everyone is aware of the struggle that is being made toward peace, toward security and opportunity for life, and literature is expressing that struggle because literature is inevitably propaganda in the cause of life. There is a young playwright who at the present time is writing plays of social significance — Clifford Odets is his name. One of the characters in one of his plays speaks this line which I think sums up everything that art has always insisted upon, everything that art implies: "Life should have some dignity." What a marvelously simple utterance! Think of the colossal statues of Rameses in ancient Egypt — what else do they express with their massive permanence of form but this need of life to know its own dignity? And the same in the art of ancient Greece, the idealized, godlike forms, the classic dignity of temples — and, as C. Jinarajadasa says, "that indescribable feeling that life is a noble thing, a joyous experience, and that in spite of all man's weakness and sin he is a descendant of the gods of Olympus."

And religion and philosophy are other expressions of this need, attempting to bring into our lives this dignity of having an aim, a purpose, a permanence beyond the permanence of Egypt's pyramids, and a beauty beyond the beauty of the gods of Greece. That thought, that need to ennoble and dignify human life, is behind all literature, implicit in all artistic creation.

The Answer Is: Live Theosophy

BY WILFRED H. SIGERSON

UNDER the title "What Is the Answer?", Mr. Charles A. Berst, president of the Seattle Lodge of the Inner Light, in his article in THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST for December opened wide the door leading to the birth of a new design for Theosophists and Theosophical living. The question calls for an answer.

Let me say, at the outset, that I agree heartily with Mr. Berst in his statement: "We go on talking, very beautifully, very convincingly — to ourselves." Every question he has set is pertinent to the most important question: whither The Theosophical Society? The answer to Mr. Berst's question will cover the broader one. My answer is given in a spirit of the higher criticism — a frank and fearless statement of the deep-seated weaknesses, as I see them, and the presentation of the fundamental principles and practices underlying a constructive program calculated to solve the problem.

Criticism which is not based upon a firm foundation of experience is useless. Likewise, preaching unsupported by practice is abhorrent. But in making my opening and perhaps challenging statement that *Theosophists are not living Theosophy*, I depend upon an intimate knowledge not only of Theosophists but also of Theosophical service and of its relative and apparent significance.

In the past thirteen years I have personally distributed by daily mailings over thirty thousand copies of C. W. Leadbeater's booklet *To Those Who Mourn* with an accompanying pamphlet on Reincarnation. During this time I have repeatedly attempted, over the nom de plume of Sagittarius, to stimulate to similar, though not necessarily the same, activity the many Theosophists in this country. As the result, a small "handful" of faithful workers in a few large cities have been gathered together in the group known as the To-Those-Who-Mourn Club.

It is with great reticence that I take credit for this movement and refer to the extent of my own participation, for heretofore all work has been done anonymously, both in the national planning and in the distribution of the booklets. But one who speaks as frankly as I shall must establish beyond peradventure his justification for being critical.

I have said that Theosophists are not living Theosophy. This broad and sweeping criticism is capable of proof, not only by logic but also by unmistakable words of the Masters and other great leaders of the Society. Naturally I exclude those who are doing work of great quality and quantity; I do not exclude myself, for I know that I, too, am only "scratching the surface" of great potentiality and possibility.

"Faith without works is dead" is as true today as it was nineteen centuries ago. Theosophists believe in karma, and yet of the approximately one hundred letters received from members of the Society inquiring about the aforementioned Club, and with but one exception acknowledging that the work would serve humanity and the Masters, only a small group enrolled for service. All had an excuse, the usual reason being financial, although sometimes, sadly enough, it was lack of time.

All these reasons are akin to those given throughout the centuries: "I must go and bury my father," "I must do this and that," but very seldom, "I must be about my Father's business." Believers in, and great expounders of, the "wonderful and glorious" laws of karma! Yet fearful of trusting to its operation by spending even a few pennies a day to give a "cup of cold water" to a thirsting brother, with the unquestionable knowledge that it will return in due season, as bread cast upon the waters. Abstainers from animal food and intoxicating liquors! Yet, abstaining also from doing good. Glib talkers of "universal brotherhood"! But withholding from their brothers the wine of life — the Ancient Wisdom.

These are perhaps "hard words." But let us look our weaknesses squarely in the face — if, of course, we are convinced of the power of Theosophy to help the world. Let us recognize now, that whereas we think we are sowing by continuing our membership in the Society and our lodges, we are in reality only reaping — and reaping cannot go on forever. To me, the most pathetic fact in our lodge situation is the failure of the vast majority of members to found their Theosophical houses on the rocks of service. Failing to do this, their interest decreases with the passing of time; they become inactive and finally withdraw entirely. Or, because of this absence of firm grounding in the Masters' work, they become so steeped in Theosophical orthodoxy that a minor, temporary storm on the Theosophical sea washes them overboard.

The foregoing are only a few of the many negative criticisms that could be advanced. There are, similarly, positive actions and movements within the Society which are evidences of failure to live Theosophy. I refer to astrology, numerology, and other sciences (I am willing to view them as such) which are being unwisely presented on our lodge platforms, with innocent intentions but,

nevertheless, with detriment to the Society. I have studied astrology for fifteen years and know it to be an exact science — in the hands of an exact scientist. Likewise, I have enough of a working knowledge of numerology to justify the conclusion that there is a science of numbers. My quarrel is not, therefore, with astrology and numerology, but to their discussion on the lodge platform and to their consideration as important elements in lodge work, and generally to their use for any other purpose than character analysis and improvement. The tendency of the vast majority of "dabblers" in astrology is to view it as a fortune-teller. I speak from the experience of my own earlier viewpoint and also from contacts with hundreds of others with whom I have discussed the subject.

It should be self-evident to all Theosophists that dependence upon any other agency or force than that of the higher self is not Theosophical living. Our literature, the sayings of the "great ones," is replete with mandates regarding self-reliance. "Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. Take his orders for battle and obey him. Obey him not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself . . . for he is thyself." (*Light on the Path*). It is within the province and it is the duty of the Society to encourage and develop self-reliance. But until such time as the rightful place of astrology and numerology shall have become definitely established, they will be used as crutches, detrimental to growth toward that wisdom which the Masters contemplated for man when They gave Theosophy to the world.

Constructively, the answer is: live Theosophy. "Out of the Silence that is peace a resonant voice shall arise. And this voice will say, it is not well; thou hast reaped, now thou must sow. And knowing this voice to be the Silence itself thou wilt obey." (*Light on the Path*). "Do good works in His name and for the love of mankind." . . . "Men can help God only by self-sacrifice and service." . . . "Self-sacrifice is the law of evolution for men." . . . "No man has served his fellow-men, in any department of human endeavor, who was not observed by the Masters of Wisdom and helped by Them." . . . "If you desire to be accepted by Them, you must learn to bear the burden of others. There is no other way." . . . "From the small circle of loved ones you shall widen out, till some day you at-one through joy all humanity." (*In His Name*).

My constructive program is based upon the belief, which never fails me, that the Masters' primary interest is humanity and its evolution, and their secondary concern The Theosophical Society, as the means of stimulating that evolution; also, the conviction that The Theosophical Society and its constituent lodges will prosper in direct proportion to the quantity and quality of karma created by its members. Hence, the essence of my program is mass or quantity service, giving to mankind, wherever it can be found, the opportunity to learn of the Ancient Wisdom, doing good works "in His name."

What the Society requires, if it is to go forward, is consecration to service by the thousands of members who are now doing nothing except attending meetings. The inspiration which came to Bulwer Lytton's neophyte, when he said: "Fiercer and fiercer it burns within me, the desire to achieve, to create," must become the guiding force behind the action of these thousands. They must believe as implicitly in the karma of service, at least in the interest of the Society, as the farmer believes that the seed which he plants will bring forth the harvest. Then will come to them the opportunities and inspirations to serve specifically, and they will have found their true dharma. A mere handful of earnest workers can do wonders. But what of the thousands?

Let us no longer be forced to say: "The harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few." The death rate in cities in which members of The Theosophical Society live, in this country alone exceeds one and one-half millions annually. Think of the neglected opportunity for extending service to humanity, the Masters, and the Society, when our present annual rate of mailings of the To-Those-Who-Mourn Club is under thirty thousand! Special literature to meet the requirements of another group or club which would serve those who rejoice (the parents of newly born babes) has been on the shelves at Wheaton for years — growing brown with age, because of lack of workers with vision to see the possibilities in reaching another million and a half parents with the Ancient Wisdom regarding birth and rebirth, at an ideally psychological time. Likewise, there is work to be done in the prisons, libraries, schools, and in fact everywhere "under the sun" where man is to be found. Who will do it?

So much for the work of promulgation. As to the activities within the lodge, in general there is much room for constructive development and improvement. Others know so much more than I about this phase of our problem of making the Society a recognized force in the world that I hesitate to recommend. However, some of my program is, I confidently believe, practical and essential.

Finally, let us bring back the Masters to those lodges from which even mention of their names has been excluded. Their existence is so easy to explain on a logical, evolutionary basis. Let us not forget Those to Whom we owe the Society and the truth which it was founded to spread.

The answer is: live Theosophy actively.

The Secret Doctrine: Its Early History

BY JOSEPHINE RANSOM

THE GREAT importance of the information about the early history of *The Secret Doctrine* given by Mr. Jinarajadasa in *The Theosophist*, March, 1925, pp. 781-3, has not been fully realized.

He gives a summary of the material which composed the *original* draft of *The Secret Doctrine*. Some of this original material was published in the *Third Volume*, 1897; the remainder must have been written between 1885 and 1891. Therefore, the *Third Volume* is, in parts, that which formed the earliest extant rough draft of *The Secret Doctrine*.

Mr. Jinarajadasa describes the plan of this "original draft," treasured in the Headquarters Archives, written in a book purchased in Wurzburg, and most of it in the handwriting of Countess Wachtmeister. The plan followed is different from that which was finally decided upon, and the draft itself does not follow the earliest plan of all, which was to make *The Secret Doctrine* a revised and annotated version of *Isis Unveiled*, to be brought out in monthly parts.

The later idea of bringing out the material in four volumes was part of H.P.B.'s early scheme, but in a different sequence from that suggested to her by Archibald and Bertram Keightley after they had examined the mass of manuscript which she had given them to consider. She adopted their suggestion. That the other two volumes were not published in her lifetime was indeed unfortunate, especially as the fourth volume was to deal with the lives of great occultists of the past. Only very little of this was done before H.P.B. passed away. Some of it appears in the Third Volume of 1897, and in her posthumous *Theosophical Glossary*, in which appear indications of what she might have given.

In the "Publisher's Preface" to the edition of *The Secret Doctrine* published by The Theosophy Company, Los Angeles, California, January, 1925, statements are made which are not borne out by the facts. These will be dealt with more fully in a longer article in *The Theosophist*, and by as complete an account of the making of *The Secret Doctrine* as can be put together from the Society's records, which will be published in the forthcoming "Adyar Edition."

In that "Preface" the Third Volume of 1897 is wrongly described as "spurious," whereas it includes, as seen above, *a considerable portion* of the early draft. It is inaccurate and unjustifiable to say that it "forms no part of the genuine *Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky." It is time members of The Theosophical Society fully realized this, and readers of *The Theosophical World* would do well to correct this misstatement whenever they encounter it and advise other members to do so who do not as yet subscribe to this journal.

Further, not all the material of the early draft went into *The Secret Doctrine*. One section called "Star Angel Worship" was published by H.P.B. with annotations by herself, in *Lucifer*, June, 1888.

The remainder of the original draft is the material for much of the First Volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, but in a somewhat different form from that in which H.P.B. finally published it. Much criticism has been made of the many alterations introduced by the editors of the 1893 edition, compared with that of 1888. They are indeed numerous, and it is to be regretted that, with some exceptions, they were not made in time for the 1888 edition, for the great majority are improvements in grammar, punctuation, etc., and only very rarely any serious alteration in the text. When this revised edition was being prepared, 1891-93, because the Second Edition was exhausted, the editors, chiefly Mr. Mead, frankly and openly declared through all the Theosophical magazines of those days, that every effort was being made thoroughly to revise the new edition. They appealed to all students to send in as many errata as possible. They would thankfully receive "Verification of references and quotations, misspellings, indication of obscure passages, etc., etc. . . . "

In the new Adyar Edition of *The Secret Doctrine*, which the President is about to publish, he has taken all these and many other factors into consideration, and has decided to follow the 1893 edition, though where any word in the 1888 edition seems better, it will be used. He has also arranged to add a glossary of Sanskrit and other terms, and a new and more adequate Index to the Third Volume. The excellent Index of 1893 for Volumes I and II will be used, with additions, instead of the very inadequate one of 1888. This new edition will be in every way designed to appeal to the student who is anxious to have an authoritative, beautiful, practical, and at the same time inexpensive edition of this magnificent occult work.

(From *The Theosophical World*, February, 1938).

Black Magic

BY ROBERT R. LOGAN

HUMANITARIANS throughout the country are greatly exercised over the pronouncements of a certain religious cult of recent growth which has decreed that its votaries must destroy their pet animals.

The reason given is that animals are not a part of the divine scheme of evolution but are the special creation of "Black Magicians" and are therefore tainted with "involutionary" or "separative" "magnetism" incompatible with spiritual attainment and salvation.

We are not ourselves experts in occult or spiritual magnetism but as humanitarians interested in the development of kindness and sympathy in men toward other creatures whether human or animal we cannot help being puzzled and mystified by this anathema launched against our winged and four-footed friends.

St. Francis of Assisi, who has worn a false halo of popularity for his inclusion of bird and beast in the circle of his friends, must in reality have been a trusted emissary of the Evil One. Abraham Lincoln could not have been a really good man for all his liberation of the slaves for it is related of him that on innumerable occasions he released animals from traps and kept human beings waiting while he saved pigs caught in fences or fledgling robins tumbled from their nests. Mahomet and Cardinal Richelieu must have been far afield in their spiritual life when they cut off the sleeves of their coats rather than disturb a sleeping kitten and Frances Power Cobb, Henry Bergh, George T. Angell and our own Caroline Earle White could have been little else than servants and acolytes of the Dark Forces of spiritual destruction.

It seems so necessary for man to develop within himself tenderness, sympathy, justice and self-sacrifice in order to fulfill himself and be of service to his fellow-man that it is hard to realize that he must develop those qualities under such rigid control that they shall never be allowed to flow upon the animal kingdom. We have too often thought of love as a sort of spiritual sunshine or radiance blessing all within its aura without reference to its own advancement. Now it seems we must look to it with some care lest it fall upon some unclean object and so contaminate its source.

It may be hard too to put aside our prejudices in favor of the affection, loyalty, unselfish devotion and self-sacrifice of that old companion of man, the dog, and to realize that the St. Bernard who brings assistance to the Alpine traveler, the Newfoundland who leaps into the surf to drag out a drowning child, the little terrier who at the risk of his life rouses the family to the alarm of fire, are but hollow shams and painted sepulchers created by the occult power of cruel and maleficent beings intent upon deceiving and destroying the human race.

Now of course, the monument to Byron's dog "Boatswain" will have to be pulled down and that to "Greyfriars Bobby" who lived and died upon his master's grave in Edinburgh and our school books and our fairy tales will have to be expurgated of all false tributes to the animal creation. Some twenty years ago, we say it with shame, we awarded a collar and a medal to a Newfoundland dog who swam with a life line through a pounding surf off the coast of Labrador to rescue a whole ship's crew. We did not know then that the dog deserved no credit and no sympathy or that he was a mere mirage, a glamorous creation to lure us from the path of spiritual life.

There is another thing that worries us also in the light of this new spiritual guidance and that is just what to think of the vivisectors, trappers, slaughterers and other torturers of animals whom we had formerly condemned as unevolved or spiritually hardened people. Shall we now exalt them as noble representatives of regenerate humanity worthily asserting their divine prerogative, or shall we put them in the same class as the exploiters of humanity, the petty tyrants, the enslavers, the bullies, the religious persecutors, the war lords, the inventors of bombs and poison gas?

How shall we honor cruelty, cunning, brutality, selfishness when directed against the animal creation and yet condemn them when they continue to manifest themselves against mankind? It so often appears that the child is father to the man and that the cruelty developed in him in regard to his dog or cat or horse grows into a habit of mind, a coarsening of character, that it is indeed a problem to know how to foster these characteristics without danger to both child and man.

On the other hand, if these Black Magicians could implant such noble qualities in the denizens of the kennel and the stable, would it not perhaps be the mark of wisdom to pray to them or to some still blacker powers to turn their skill upon those human vampires who make life

(*Concluded on page 165*)

Theosophy in the Field

Besant Lodge (Hollywood) enjoyed a month of unusually interesting activities during May. Mrs. Raquel Sulerzyski presented another of her fascinating lectures, and Mr. John Stienstra gave an excellent talk on "Spinoza." White Lotus Day was celebrated with a beautiful and impressive program, in which the lodge was fortunate to have Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchener participate. Mrs. Gladys Goudey spoke to the lodge on "One Life — One Law," which talk the members found most inspiring. The play "Susan and God," presented by the Federation Drama Guild, was very successful and was played to an appreciative audience. The month's program included also a forceful talk on "Confirmations of Life After Death" by Mr. Hotchener; a talk on "Release" by Mr. Walter Hassel, formerly of the "Manor"; and one by the Rev. W. S. Howard on "Theosophy in the New Testament," which was very illuminating. A joint meeting with the Glendale Lodge on May 20 was a delightful social event.

Besant Lodge (Tulsa) reports that its name has been changed to "The Theosophical Society in Tulsa," conforming to the name of the National Society. The lodge recently held a White Elephant party for the benefit of the Burn the Bonds Fund. In summarizing the year's work, the lodge reporter states that with the exception of a short series on *When the Sun Moves Northward*, and one or two special programs, including one celebrating White Lotus Day and the Wesak Festival, the lodge lessons since the first of the year have been based on the Campaign for Understanding. The committee on public meetings has sponsored classes in Fundamental Theosophy for the entire season, punctuated by several public lectures. An interesting class started early in May is entitled "How to Apply Theosophy to Daily Life."

Detroit Lodge writes: "We have had three different type lecturers during the past month. Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn, a student of the Bible, presented the religious side; Mr. Fritz Kunz gave three illustrated lectures on occultism; and Mr. Nilakanta Sastry presented the philosophical viewpoint, completing the series. In Mr. Sastry's talk the Hindu view of life and its vibrant expression in the present day of India was stressed. Mr. Samuel H. Wylie, the president, is attracting large audiences in his public classes on Thursday evenings. During the month of June his subject was "The Seven Rays."

Milwaukee Lodge celebrated White Lotus Day with an unusually beautiful program. Following readings and a talk on Madame Blavatsky, a series of tableaux was presented depicting scenes from "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Readings from the poem and music accompanied the tableaux. Dr. Alvin B. Kuhn gave a series of public lectures on May 15, 18, and 19, which was received with great interest.

Pacific Lodge (San Francisco) reports briefly on its work for the year. A lecture course was conducted by Mr. Alexander Horne on "The Science of Life," using Fritz Kunz's Visual Education material. The lectures prepared by Mr. Horne consisted of intensive research not only into the subjects dealt with in the films, but into other material relative to the root races, the evolutionary plan, and the trend of modern science toward our Theosophical understanding of life and form. The members feel that this work has been of great value to the lodge. It has drawn a group of keenly enthusiastic and interested students. The other public meetings were held on Sunday evenings under the auspices of the Theosophical Order of Service, ably directed by Mr. Mads P. Christensen. This group, too, has grown in number through the past months, and has established a regular means of contact with the public.

Spokane Lodge closes a busy season with another visit from John Toren. Mr. Toren began the spring work of the lodge in February, and since that time Dr. Roest and Bishop Hampton also have visited the lodge. Seven members plan to attend the Camp at Orcas Island, and throughout the spring months the lodge has enjoyed many occasions on which money was made to help defray the expenses of the trip. Style shows, book reviews, a White Elephant sale, and a musical program and play for this purpose have all been very successful.

St. Louis Lodge presented a special lecture by Mr. Charles E. Luntz June 13 on "Unseen Forces That You Use and That Use You," correlating science and occultism. The lodge is eagerly looking forward to the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Arundale to St. Louis, and is actively preparing for that event.

Florida Federation

Daytona Beach Lodge: On June 6 the lodge was privileged to have a lecture by Mr. Alexander Henderson Morgan of London Lodge, who spoke on "World Peace" and who also described the last International Convention at Adyar, which he had attended.

Gainesville Lodge: The very successful Foundation Class in Elementary Theosophy, which has carried through the year without interruption, came to its scheduled close on May 25 with a lesson on "The Path to the Masters."

Jacksonville Lodge has just completed its study of *The Ancient Wisdom*, and its public classes were concluded for the year on May 27 with a talk by Mr. Rawdon Sharpe on "The Men Beyond Mankind." The program committee plans an interesting elementary class in the fall, with illustrated lectures.

Miami Lodge: The June program was varied and interesting, and included "The Meaning of Lodge Membership," by Mr. Park H. Campbell"; "Self-Development," by Mr. Albert Bare, "The Bhagavad-Gita," by Mrs. Bennie A. Bare"; and "Adept Influence in America," by Mrs. Goldie Heyer.

Orlando Lodge: A special feature of the past month was a beautifully illustrated lecture by Dr. John J. Heitz on "The Inner Meaning of Color."

St. Petersburg Lodge celebrated White Lotus Day with appropriate exercises, and the occasion was used also to explain to several new members the meaning and purpose of The Theosophical Society.

The Michigan Federation

It was the good fortune of the Michigan Theosophical Federation to hold a two-day regular quarterly meeting on June 4 and 5 at White Lake, near Montague, Michigan, the historical summer camp of Mr. and Mrs. Max Lau, which is so rich in scenic beauty and Indian lore.

Also, it was most delightful to have Anita Henkel, Ann Kerr, and Marie Mequillet from Olcott with us, as well as twelve members of the Chicago Federation. All of Michigan was represented, with the exception of Port Huron. There were forty-five registrations in all.

Saturday night's program included community singing and informal discussion around the beautiful fireplace in the spacious living room of the Lau's residence.

After the E. S. Meeting on Sunday morning, the general meeting was called to order. Mr. and Mrs. Lau welcomed their guests most heartily.

Mrs. Golda Stretch, president of the Federation, on behalf of the Michigan members, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Lau for the privilege and joy of having a meeting at their camp. Mrs. Stretch's opening talk stressed unity of purpose as an essential in accomplishing the expansion work which is the goal of the Federation, and she set as the keynote for the year: Friendliness — Mutual Appreciation — Cooperation.

Mr. E. Norman Pearson, in his cordial letter of greeting, brought out the point that the work of The Theosophical Society is to disseminate the priceless teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, and that the three essentials to the success of our teaching are: To Learn—To Organize—To Work. Miss Mequillet brought greetings and most sincere affection from Mr. Cook and Miss Snodgrass, with deep regret for their inability to attend.

Samuel H. Wylie, president of The Theosophical Society in Detroit, was chairman for the morning meeting. The first subject on the program, "Our Opportunities," was covered by Anita Henkel. In this talk Miss Henkel briefly outlined the work of the various National Committees and described some of the activities carried on by Headquarters for the assistance of the lodges.

In presenting the second subject, "Elementary Class Work in Lodges," Adeline Lennon dealt with the very successful experiments in class work which had been carried on by Detroit Lodge during the past year.

In the concluding talk of the morning program, "Local Public Work in Lodges," Ann Kerr gave many helpful ideas about lodge public lectures, and spoke of the efforts which The Theosophical Press is making to aid lodge librarians and book purchasing agents.

Considerable discussion, together with various questions and answers, followed each subject. During this period the Michigan Federation Board Members withdrew to the "Cottage in the Woods" for their business meeting.

At the conclusion of the morning program, a delicious dinner was served in the garden.

The printed circulars and advertising in the surrounding country newspapers for Dr. Alvin Boyd Kuhn's public lecture, "Theosophy in the Bible," brought sixty visitors.

This lecture concluded the two-day meeting — a most successful and joyous occasion, with glorious sunshine for good measure.

Ohio Federation

The tenth annual convention of the Ohio Federation was held in Columbus, Ohio, May 21 and 22. It was an especially happy occasion, for the Federation had the valued privilege of entertaining as guests, our National President and Secretary.

The convention was opened by Mr. James S. Perkins, president of the Federation, with a review of the work of the year. This was elaborated upon by Mr. Herbert Staggs, whose lusty infant, the Extension Committee, is up and coming.

Mrs. Perkins made a very gracious and beautiful Mistress of the evening's ceremonies at the vegetarian banquet, the horseshoe tables being banked high with lovely shell pink peonies. It

was a fit setting for the occasion of welcoming the assembled guests.

Mr. Cook and Miss Snodgrass, being unable to attend the opening day, arrived Sunday morning, bringing to the members' meeting in their talks, the note of friendship and understanding which characterized this convention.

In the following meeting it was decided that since Columbus is by this time thoroughly "Federation conscious," having been gracious hosts to ten conventions, the next one be held, or at least started, in Cincinnati; for it was suggested that a steamboat be chartered for the occasion (in which case the convention would be held somewhere between Cincinnati and Louisville, Kentucky).

Mr. Cook gave a splendid public lecture on Sunday afternoon, "The Appeal of the Magnificent," which was decidedly well attended. Mr. Perkins officially closed the convention — having been unanimously elected to the office of president of the Federation.

Texas Federation

The Texas Federation met in Houston, as guests of Besant Lodge, over the week-end of May 28, 29, and 30, with twenty delegates present. On Saturday evening a reception was held and the members enjoyed a delightful entertainment and musical program. After the business meeting on Sunday morning the delegates drove to Galveston for a picnic lunch and a swim. Those who did not have to return home immediately, spent the night at "Kemah," the summer home of one of the members. The week-end proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable one for all who attended.

BLACK MAGIC

(*Continued from page 162*)

a hell not only for the animals but for humanity itself?

If the vivisector's victim strapped into his trough of death and torture and yet ready to lick the hand of his destroyer is the creation of something unspiritual and evil it is difficult to adjust oneself to the idea that the vivisector himself is the expression of a divine and cosmic glory.

Perhaps after all the only real magic is that people should believe such things.

Reprinted from *The Starry Cross*, May, 1938.

The Life of Discipleship

WHAT a glorious thing about our Work it is, that through it we, the humblest of us, may advance towards Discipleship; aye, and in this or some future life, reach that goal; become chelas of a Master of Wisdom, and meet our Teacher face to face; thus becoming the greatest thing a man can be: an effective Servant of Humanity.

It is by the progressive elimination of self that this goal is to be reached; and here is where The Theosophical Society points out to you, and places right at your feet, the road you shall travel and every step you shall take on it. This is Masters' Work; love it more than yourself! Regard your duty to it as the most sacred thing in your life! Every meeting lifts an infinitesimal fraction of the world's burden. Every member's presence at that meeting lifts his share of that fraction. What in life is worth so much to you, as to know that you have lifted your share? What reproach is so terrible as your Higher Self's reproach to your lower self, when the latter's pleasures and conveniences have kept you from lifting your share? All our lodge activities are carried on for the one purpose of bettering the spiritual condition of humanity. When you exist for no other purpose, then you are on the Road towards Discipleship. When you let opportunities of service go by untaken, you are going backwards over that Road. To be a Disciple, one must have all humanity in one's heart always, so that there can be no room for self. To know that one is working for the Masters, and to do it, is the happiest possession a man can have. There is no room in this Work for the ache of self. "Ask, and you shall receive," means, really, "Give, and you shall receive." Unless you give, you can't receive anything. When you have given all of your self, you receive the Universe. And you are a Disciple.

The Theosophical Forum, June, 1938.

Theosophical News and Notes

The Olcott Lecture — Congratulations to Mr. Roy Rush!

The Olcott Lecture Committee has just completed its appraisal of the sixteen lectures submitted for the Olcott award. Mr. Roy Rush, of Santa Barbara, California, receives our congratulations for having submitted the winning lecture, which carries the title "The Ugly Duckling." Mr. Rush has been invited to give this lecture at the Convention, the cost of his stay at the Convention hotel being paid by the Society in accordance with the terms of the Olcott Lectureship rules.

Several other excellent lectures were submitted, and they will appear in future issues of this magazine. The Committee congratulates the Society on the amount of excellent material submitted, as indicative of the quality (intellectually) of its membership. All in all, this has been by far the most successful Olcott Lecture year, both as to the number of lectures submitted and as to their generally outstanding quality.

Publicity Leaflets — New Edition

We have recently reprinted our publicity leaflets and a large supply is on hand, even more attractively produced than before. These include one on "Telepathy" and one on "Clairvoyance," both entirely new, and revisions in some others.

They are intended for free distribution at lectures, for presenting to inquirers, etc., and are offered to lodges at the following attractive prices:

All leaflets 1 cent each (should be purchased in lots of 25 or more).

600 leaflets (46 of each) for $4.00.

300 leaflets (23 of each) for $2.25.

(Postage extra: 300—25 cents; 600—45 cents.)

The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.

Theosophy Subject of a Newspaper Interview

Heartiest congratulations are due to our artist member, Mrs. Sallie Weis of Cincinnati, and our newspaper member, Mrs. Mary Catherine Wersel, who has a responsible position on the staff of the *Cincinnati Post*, for the half page interview with Mrs. Weis, presented under the title "Scientific Philosophy Unifies Religion and Science, With Universal Brotherhood as Goal."

The article contains an admirable statement of Theosophy, in terms which will generally appeal, and we are happy with these two members, as with the Cincinnati Lodge, in this achievement.

Three More New Lodges

All the Section will rejoice, and extend a hearty welcome to our three newest lodges, The Theosophical Society in Los Angeles (Chela Lodge), inspired by Mr. Rogers; The Theosophical Society in Atlanta (Youth Lodge); The Theosophical Society in Forest Grove, Oregon.

The first of these three is the result of Mr. Rogers' faithful and inspiring year of classes and public lectures; the second one is derived from the enthusiasm of several young people who have been members of The Theosophical Society in Atlanta, plus the helpfulness of our member there, Miss Annette Applewhite; and the third has grown out of the very fine and understanding devotion of a member of Portland Lodge, Mrs. Rona Workman, who has drawn about her, friends and acquaintances whose interest in Theosophy has deepened and grown into membership, and the consecrated willingness to serve the Society.

Thus our work grows and extends, and new members pick up the torch to carry it still farther.

A Braille Lodge To Be Formed

There is the probability that under the kind direction of Mr. F. A. Baker, members of our Society who are blind will be able to unite as a lodge, even though they may be scattered geographically. In all probability all such members are already in touch with Mr. Baker, and familiar with the Braille magazine, but should there be any blind member not familiar with these opportunities, perhaps you would like to write to Mr. Baker, establish your connection, and have the joy of this united activity.

Mr. F. A. Baker, Manager,
The Theosophical Book Association for the Blind,
184 So. Oxford Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Congratulations!

The local newspaper of Paducah, Kentucky, *The Paducah Sun*, of June 9, 1938, carries a column giving an account of a very beautiful painting of the Christ by a Paducah artist, who is also a member of our Theosophical Society, Mr. W. G. McFadden.

The painting is evidently very impressive indeed, and is a fresh and original conception of the divine qualities and power of the great Teacher.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. McFadden on his achievement.

Miss Netta E. Weeks

Miss Netta E. Weeks, for many years a member of Besant Lodge, Hollywood, California, passed to the higher life on June 13 after a short illness. Born in 1865 as the daughter of the well-known Theosophical lecturer and writer, Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, Miss Weeks joined The Theosophical Society in 1894, became secretary of Chicago Lodge in 1895-96 and helped in the reorganization of the American Society at that time. She went to Adyar in December, 1899, and became secretary to Colonel Olcott, President of the Society, who in presenting her with a copy of Volume I of his *Old Diary Leaves* wrote, "To Miss Netta Weeks, for five years my Private Secretary and always my valued friend." Miss Weeks rendered continuous and invaluable service to the cause of Theosophy and also to the Co-Masonic Order, of which she was an old and faithful member. From the last Convention at Adyar she received a cabled greeting as one of the stalwarts of the Society. She will be greatly missed by her many friends and associates, who will long cherish her in loving memory.

A Member Finds a Way

"Dear Miss Snodgrass:

Am enclosing money order for $6.00 for membership dues. You can have no idea what a joy and satisfaction it is to me to be able to pay my dues after all these years of not being able to do so. And I would never have seen the way to do it if it had not been for those envelopes that Mr. Cook sends out. Somehow it has seemed possible to slip in ten cents a week, and that accomplished it.

With thanks for all your kindness, and all good wishes for you personally and for our glorious Theosophical Society, I am

Sincerely yours,
A MEMBER"

Certificate of Honor to Melbourne Lodge

Our International President, Dr. Arundale, presented to the Melbourne Lodge in Australia, upon the completion of its beautiful new building, a certificate stating:

"This Certificate of Honor is awarded to The Melbourne Theosophical Society for their great services to Theosophy and to The Theosophical Society in 1937 by the completion of The Melbourne Theosophical Society Building."

If through the Hall of Wisdom thou wouldst reach the Vale of Bliss, Disciple, close fast thy senses against the great dire heresy of separateness that weans thee from the rest.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Our Wild Flower Garden

Is your state represented at Olcott?

Through the kindness of several of our members we have gathered lovely little flowers and plants native to the states of

Arkansas
Indiana
Iowa
Michigan
Missouri
Wisconsin

Perhaps there are others which might be represented. Have you a flower indigenous to your state which would be happy to have a place in the wild flower garden at Olcott? If so, you will know how welcome such flowers will be.

We Apologize

We are so sorry that in the May issue, in the section "Theosophy in the Field," Covington Lodge was given as in Kentucky, whereas it is actually located in Louisiana. We are very regretful to have made this mistake, and hope that our Covington members will be forgiving.

Miss Ada Ruso

The notice in last month's issue of the passing of Miss Ada Ruso, member and former president of Albany Lodge, was read with sincere regret. I met Miss Ruso only once, but during the early days of her entry into the "To-Those-Who-Mourn" Club we corresponded regularly in reference to this activity, and I thereby became thoroughly familiar with her philosophy and the extent and nature of her devotion to the Masters' work in Albany and vicinity. In one of her letters to me about this service to the bereaved she referred to it as "a work for the infinite." This appraisal of the work controlled her devotion to it as long as she was physically able to "carry on." It was she who placed the largest single order for the Club's literature: 2,500 sets.

Miss Ruso lived Theosophy: she served humanity, she bore the burdens of others, without their knowing the bearer, evidencing, therefore, her magnificent faith in the workings of karma. She cast her "bread" upon the "waters" of Albany and the surrounding country. And so, she has well deserved to "join the choir invisible of those immortal dead, who live again in minds made better by their presence."

I close this brief and wholly inadequate tribute to a great soul with the question: who will take Miss Ruso's place in doing this valuable work in Albany?

WILFRED H. SIGERSON, Sponsor,
"To-Those-Who-Mourn" Club

James H. Talbot

With the passing of James H. Talbot on June 11 one of the unique characters of the Theosophical movement has disappeared. He was one of the pioneers in the socialist Burley experiment in the State of Washington almost a half century ago, and later joined the Los Angeles Lodge, T.S., about the beginning of this century. He was a cigar maker by trade but decided, upon coming into a knowledge of Theosophy, to devote his energies thereafter only to Theosophical work — a resolution he sternly adhered to despite the great difficulty of earning one's living in that way. He lived in extreme simplicity, selling Theosophical literature wherever he could find a buyer. He was my first advance agent. We began lecturing to the public at San Bernardino, California, in the spring of 1905, with an audience of about sixty or seventy people — an audience that he had secured by distributing programs to residences and business offices. In our many years of work together I do not remember that he ever once failed to get an audience. Some of them were quite small and some were very large, but he always succeeded under the most adverse circumstances.

Mr. Talbot's greatest service to Theosophy, however, was placing Theosophical books in public libraries. He was led into that activity, I believe, by an address of C. W. Leadbeater in Los Angeles in 1903. Mr. Leadbeater, as we then called him, had spoken strongly of the importance of giving Theosophy to the public by such methods. "We can have no better missionaries than our books," he said. Talbot was quick to catch the vital importance of such work. He saw that while a lecture could start a person in Theosophy, a book could both start him and carry him on until he was settled in the philosophy. Such work had tremendous possibilities, for one book would reach many people and would continue in service for many years. He began placing books in the libraries of Southern California. They were bought by money contributed by a few members of the Los Angeles Lodge. The work grew as more people became interested, and Mr. Talbot put in a number of years placing books from one end of the nation to the other. It is quite certain, I believe, that he not only placed more Theosophical books in libraries than any other person, living or dead, but that very probably he placed more than all others combined.

A few years ago he was stricken and lost the use of a leg. Only when he could no longer walk did he give up his useful work. His remaining years were passed in and near Los Angeles, cheerfully waiting for the end of the incarnation, which came in his eighty-third year. — L. W. ROGERS.

Statistics

May 15 to June 15

Burn the Bonds Fund

Previously reported	$16,636.95	
To June 15	2,443.77	$19,080.72

American Theosophical Fund

Previously reported	4,741.58	
To June 15	174.52	4,916.10

White Lotus Day Contributions

Previously reported	47.60	
To June 15	9.40	57.00

Building Fund

Previously reported	421.96	
To June 15	9.00	430.96

Greater America Plan Fund

Previously reported	1,637.42	
To June 15	39.87	1,677.29

Easy Savings Plan Fund

Previously reported	3,141.41	
To June 15	367.80	3,509.21

Births

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid J. Jackson, a daughter, March 29, 1938. Mrs. Jackson is a member of Buffalo Lodge.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cyrenius A. Newcomb, III, National Members, a son, Ethan Andrew, June 7.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sellon, New York Lodge, a son, Michael B., May 29.

Deaths

Mrs. Cora S. Beck, Columbus Lodge, May 29.
Miss Osina Cleveland, National Member, recently.
Mr. J. David Houser, New York Lodge, May 11.
Mr. Otto Krueger, National Member, March 31.
Miss Marie Schnelle, National Member, May 19.
Mr. James Talbot, Los Angeles Lodge, June 11.
Mrs. Beatrice B. Thomas, Dayton Lodge, June 7.
Miss Netta E. Weeks, Besant Lodge of Hollywood, June 13.

Marriages

Miss Rosamond I. Harry, Chicago Lodge, and Mr. Ernst Gumpert of Oak Park Lodge, May 4.

Miss Augusta F. Piatt and Mr. Grover C. Shepard, June 4. Mr. Shepard is a member of Syracuse Lodge.

"Theosophy and Hebraism"

Mr. Henry C. Samuels, publisher of "Theosophy and Hebraism," informs us that he still has a number of copies of his publication on hand, and that he will gladly send free copies to those requesting them.

Address: Henry C. Samuels,
P.O. Box 323,
Seattle, Washington.

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Book Reviews

Psychology and Religion, by Carl Gustav Jung. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. $2.00.

Dr. Jung is Professor of Analytic Psychology at the Ecole Polytechnique Federale in Zurich, Switzerland, and ranks possibly first in the list of authorities in that line of research. His work is of especial interest because he approaches the problems treated from a viewpoint wholly opposed to the Freudian theories that were for some time accepted as the last word on the subject of dreams and their symbolism.

In Dr. Jung's readings of the complex and perplexing dream symbols, he assumes an underlying aspect of religious consciousness, whereas Freud discards emphatically such a possibility and traces practically all dream symbolism to mere physical bases and those seldom of the higher order. Certainly Jung's approach to the subject is more in consonance with the higher tendencies of the race.

In the space of a few paragraphs it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the scope and profundity of the book, and the best that can be done is to assure the seeker after truth that it will repay its perusal. But it is almost imperative to point out that some of the statements made therein are strangely suggestive of the teachings of the ancient wisdom regarding reincarnation. — RENE PARKS MACKAY.

Saundary a Lahari, The Ocean of Beauty, by Pandit S. Subrahmanya Sastri and T. R. Srinivasa Ayyangar. The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Cloth $1.55.

An erudite volume of undoubted value to the student is this English translation with commentary and transliteration from the Sanskrit by two well-known scholars of India. — E. S.

The Golden Rules of Buddhism, by H. S. Olcott. The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Paper $ .15.

This reprint of a pamphlet first published in 1887 is a booklet consisting of selections of moral precepts from the Buddhist Scriptures.

Colonel Olcott recommended in his preface to the pamphlet that these selections be committed to memory and practiced by parents and taught to their children so that even the Buddhists might be no longer ignorant of the sublime ethical code of their religion.

In the present age of ethical indecisions, this might well serve as a valuable handbook for parents and teachers. — HANNAH B. CORBETT.

An Outline of Understanding, by Bhupatrey Mehta and Rohit Mehta. The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. $1.25.

In this book, which the reviewer finds difficult to appraise, the authors examine, in outline form, many aspects of Theosophy, religion, sociology, and economics. These outlines are based upon their recognition, as Theosophists, of the sevenfold nature of life. They feel that every subject has its septenary divisions and an individual, depending upon his level in evolution, may understand from any one of these seven viewpoints. There may be doubt as to whether every topic outlined has seven aspects, but a careful study of the preface of the book will give one a sympathetic understanding of the aims. The format is not of a high standard. — L.V.M.

Skeptic's Quest by Hornell Hart, The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. $2.00.

This is a down-to-the-minute treatment of the ever moot problem of formulating a philosophy of life. The book is as fresh and readable as sparkling dialogue.

Dr. Hart presents the subject through an actual conversational discussion of such topics as the patternful universe, freewill, reality of the inner and outer worlds, life after death, the personality and its place in the universe, and the universality of all life. He makes it clear that by understanding the laws of Nature we may be able to fit into the world as it really is and become free forever by becoming masters of ourselves. — HANNAH B. CORBETT.

The Choice Before Us, by E. Stanley Jones. The Abingdon Press, New York, N. Y. $1.50.

The author compares Communism, Nazi-ism, Fascism and Christianity as the field wherein to choose the basis for our new social and economic order. He offers "the Kingdom of God on Earth" as a still better goal, working toward which would help to achieve unity and eliminate competition, which he considers basically un-Christian.

The disputatious and assertive style of this book made tiresome reading for the reviewer. — M.S.C.

Star Dust, by C. Hilda Pagan. The Theosophical Publishing House, London. Cloth $1.25.

A charming introduction to astrology, describing clearly and simply the twelve zodiacal types of human beings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Peace and War — in the Light of Theosophy. By George S. Arundale, Quotations from the author's writings and addresses. $ .35

The Warrior Theosophist. By George S. Arundale. A booklet dealing with types of Theosophists needed in the present world situation. $ .35

Education for Happiness. By George S. Arundale. A booklet on fundamental principles in education, with special reference to India. $ .35

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India's Living Traditions. India Through the Ages, Traditions of Nationality, Kingship, Village Life, City Life, Education, Art, Womanhood, Marriage, The Family, Government. Introduction by G. S. Arundale. $ .35

Food Wise. By Wm. L. Abt. Contains information about foods and their proper combinations, and includes an explanation of the functions of the body, human nutrition, and food chemistry. $1.50

NEW EDITIONS

Music: Its Secret Influence Throughout the Ages. By Cyril Scott. $2.00

Angels and the New Race. By Geoffrey Hodson. $ .25

The Golden Rules of Buddhism. By H. S. Olcott. $ .15

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