

CTPT
JAN 13 '20

5-6
1920-
Aug. 6, 1921

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 3, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE DAY OF DOOM.

So the day of doom passed over, be it observed, and nothing happened. The world was not destroyed. There were no earthquakes and no flood. Not even a seasonal storm put in an appearance to justify the prophets of disaster. And now every one is laughing at the astrologers.

But it is distinctly unfair to laugh at the astrologers. It was not they who made the prediction. Indeed the astrologers were notably silent for the most part. The prediction came from Professor Porta, who has a reputation for scientific orthodoxy and who based his warnings on the usual calculations of gravitational stress. The astrologers have doubtless much to answer for, but here they were innocent.

It is not easy to see why Professor Porta should thus commit himself. He should have been more heedful of the sage advice of Josh Billings—never to prophesy till you know. It is true that he did not predict the end of the world. He left that to the Seventh Day Adventists and others of a like ilk. But as a matter of fact nothing whatsoever happened. There was no probability that anything would happen as a result of a planetary grouping that was in no way exceptional.

If we remember aright there was a much more remarkable configuration in 1898, at the close of the five-thousand-year Kali Yuga cycle. It was nearly the

same configuration as the one that ushered in that cycle. But there were no physical convulsions.

It seems hardly necessary to look for signs and portents in the skies while so many grim presages are visible around us. The war seems to have done little or nothing to stimulate the moral sense of the world, although we may perhaps find some consolation in the fact that the forces of evil are always so much more noisy than the forces of good. From every part of the world come the strident voices of greed, avarice, and ambition. The volcanic fires are breaking through the crust of our social system at a hundred points, quick to avail themselves of the opportunities that war has given to them. The conventional sanctities have been shattered and we are amazed at their revealed frigidities.

As we sow we reap. It is a hard lesson, and one that it is painful to learn, but it has to be learned. For a century or more we have been teaching men to look upon the possession of things as the only worthy ambition of life. We carefully destroyed the human soul and invited to the elaborate worship of the human body. Materialistic science abolished the soul, careless of the fact that at the same time it abolished also honor and truth and virtue and duty. Now we are being hoist with our own petard. Small wonder that there should be a maddened search for the pleasures and the possessions that are the only pleas-

ures and possessions that we can ever know if the science of Haeckel be the true one. What alternative have we to offer to those who would now rob and plunder? What right have we to appeal to the honor and the justice that we decreed as non-existent, that must be non-existent if man is no more than a piece of material mechanism, wound up to run like an eight-day clock? How can we invite to patience or self-restraint, still less to self-sacrifice, while every university in the world has written over its gates, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature?" Having taught our children that they are no more than glorified tigers, that they must sharpen their teeth and claws for the struggle of life, that extinction awaits the end of the threescore years and ten, what right have we now to complain when we discover that the teeth and claws are veritably sharp, and that the law of the jungle that we so loudly proclaimed has been invoked against us?

There is no hope for humanity except in a repudiation of materialism. Laws will not help us all, nor leagues of nations, nor treaties. The evils from which we are sufferings are the evils of the human heart, of the determination to profit at the cost of another, of the concentration upon the possession of things. There is no short cut to the Kingdom of Heaven. Only fools believe it.

SUFISM.

I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less
by dying?

Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
With angels blest; but even from angel-
hood

I must pass on: all except God doth
perish.

When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind ere con-
ceived.

Oh, let me not exist! For non-existence
Proclaims in organ tones, "To him we
shall return."

—*Jalalu'd-Din-Rumi.*

Goodness does not more certainly
make men happy than happiness makes
them good.—*Landor.*

MICHAEL FORTH.

Among the many mystical stories called forth by current speculative thought, the palm for delicacy and insight must be given to "Michael Forth," by Miss Mary Johnston. It need not be said that Miss Johnston won her laurels as a novelist long ago. She stands on the top rung of the American literary ladder. That she should now show such powers in a relatively new direction is, therefore, a gratification rather than a surprise.

"Michael Forth" is a story of reconstruction days in Virginia. Michael himself is born within the sound of the guns, and we have a pathetic picture of ruin and desolation, but one that gradually fades before the brighter colors of renewed hopes and energies. Michael shows early traces of the lofty mysticism which is never to solidify into a creed or a system, but that none the less illuminates his life. He has glimpses of a higher and a larger self, indeed, a universal self, that brings all souls into communion. He finds a kindred spirit in his cousin Miriam, whom he eventually marries. Just as their own thoughts have merged under the solvent of their mutual love, so all human thought would be held in common if the barriers of the brain mind were removed. The limitations of time and space would then disappear also. Here is one of the visions that come to Michael while he is visiting York in England:

The old life of this place and of many another such place beat in me strongly. The rhythm grew marked, powerful—a great pendulum—a great piston rod—a mill turning—a dusky, stilly moving fervor, wide under the arched sky, beginning to emit sparks. I put down the pen, and sat motionless, aiding the widening and deepening. Sometimes I could do this to an extraordinary extent. There was nothing supernatural about it. How can there be anything supernatural? All that can be said is that there is much of the natural that is not yet perceived or lived by us, and that certain energy-complexes know a little more of the natural than do others. Take a thinker, take an artist—let him somehow find out how to prepare, concentrate, intensify, in a high degree—take memory, imagination, knowledge, power of inference, power of synthesis—make all more mighty by ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred per cent.—and that complex will know more of reality than it did. If all is within the mind then the athlete mind, in its periods of highest, skillfullest exercise, will meet its own phenomena in a kingly garb. Sensation and emotion may find themselves oceanic. But where is the unnaturalness?

Not here—so long as the control increases with the rest.

I went consciously, with volition, in and in. And there I met a self that was larger than the traveling, penetrative edge usually called myself. I was Michael Forth, sitting at the inn table, but there was in presence—I of it, and it of me—a far larger, permeative, recollecting, moving power. There were the background and the thickness of things. Then out of the generalness, the universality, one sector struck into light. It was as if a Titan mind did as does the mind of the average man—remembered a past strain of things.

The inn was gone, the table, Michael Forth sitting there. Town and country held, but they were changed. The minster rose, but smaller; the walls were there, but warded. There spread over river flats, over a shaggy forest, and over a wold, red light from a red and sinking sun, red and great. Here the rover ran pale and gleaming like vellum held before a candle, and here it ran red like missal paint. Far and near and in and out made little difference when the Titan was remembering. Black boats crept over the sea; black boats rode in the river's mouth—many of them. The rowers and those who rode left them. We were Northmen with shields and spears and knives. . . . Wold and forest, but also grain fields, meadows with kine feeding, rough roads, timber homesteads with ruder, smaller houses clustering around, with fence and ditch. Taken far and wide, many of these might be named; also there were larger clusters, hamlets, villages. And in all men were arming. We were mostly tall men, fair, strong. The wold cut the sun in the middle, then the wold ate the sun. Dark!

We poured from homestead, hamlet, village, and we joined the Northmen. (They were common to me, in me: I was them all.) We of the boats, we of the land, Saxon-English and Danes, we moved like the rivers of spring, bent on cleansing York.

We were asleep in York—we, Northmen also, by way of Normandy. Many and many we were asleep, in the castle, in stone houses that we held. We slept also, citizens of York, Saxon-English and women and children, sleeping, sleeping, dreaming. Castle sentinels waked, and warders of the wall. Normans all were these. Certain of the citizens waked, men and women with arms in hand, but hidden yet, with beating hearts, with whispering speech.

My life—my life and Miriam's—poured along roads with the oncoming, watched with the watching, slept with the sleeping. . . . Knowledge did not descend to detail; small, sharp, inclosed events remained unentered upon. But there was massive, beating perception, long, deep, and wide—perception and emotion.

Michael has another vision. He is a monk doing penance in a cell. There is music and chanting, and the Awareness that flickers through everything—"I was the monk Eadwine in his cell."

Michael joins an African exploring party. They are captured by hostile savages and expect to die:

By the light passage we were but ten

minutes from the sun. The universal draw of attraction took no time at all. Ethereal—perfectly penetrative and penetrable. . . . Learn to use the ether!

My mother spoke to me. "Michael, they are coming through the forest—men to help. They will be here in an hour."

I said to the others: "The Bangala that we left are coming through the forest. Zurti persuaded them. They will be here in an hour."

It happened so. . . . Sir Charles spoke to me, aside, the next day. "How did you know that, Michael?"

"How do we know anything? It's all of a piece that can be unrolled, which is to say, understood, further and further. . . . My mother told me."

"Within you? You said on the mountain that all that was within you."

"Yes. But 'within you' opens into a great land. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' It isn't a small kingdom."

"Tell me plainly," he said. "Do you think that your mother lives?"

"I do."

"But conscious—remembering—able to act?"

"Yes. Able to grow—that is, to increase in consciousness and power."

"And you expect to meet her?"

"I do meet her. I expect to meet her more completely. Far more completely."

"I wish that I knew!" he said. "There are persons with whom I wish to live again."

Michael and Miriam travel in Europe. They see visions of ancient Ireland that seem linked up with that other vision in York and with the monk Eadwine in his cell. Michael meets an old friend and they converse, and the conversation turns on the true self and its identity:

We were lying by the temple, above the sea. That which happened was that forthwith we looked. We looked at ourself as Man. And we were the Hottentot in the bush, and we were what seers there have been and are. We were our neighbors whom we loved, and were our neighbors with whom we were at war. We cheated ourself, sold ourself, and redeemed ourself. We slew ourself, and we rose from battlefields, grew bodies again, and slew ourself again. We put out our own lights, and then with long pain relumed them. With pangs and pangs again we gave birth to ourself, and all the while feverishly we dug graves for ourself that we had birthed. We said, "You die—ha, ha! You go under—ha, ha!" and we died and went under, and still we stayed not there. We were a welter, a brew in a caldron, a chaos.

One further extract may be permitted. Michael travels slowly homeward toward Virginia and spends a week in Rome:

All countries were now homes—all cities my cities—all peoples myself. . . . Over and over again the interesting energy slackened, weakened—there was instantaneous descent just to Michael Forth. Over and over again! But there were times when the deep past and the wide present seemed to stand in one form in some tremendous light and warmth that were

the future. . . . And all the myriad shades, degrees, varieties, so rich each one, of experience!

Once here, walking at night, I was suddenly at one with an alchemist who had lived I know not when.

Another time I knew that I, and Miriam with me, and, I thought, my mother, had been martyred here in Rome nearly two thousand years ago. . . . I looked from a cross, and I saw over a space of sand, lifted and pierced in the same way, Gamaliel.

The monk Eadwines connected here. . . .

Miss Johnston has written a singularly powerful story, one that will not soon be forgotten by those who read it understandingly.

MICHAEL FORTH. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

(James H. Hyslop in the North American Review.)

In regard to the absence of knowledge about a future life, it can only be said that there is no lack of communications about it. They are probably as plentiful as the messages in proof of personal identity, and, so far as the persons are honest who furnish the communications, the mass of them is perhaps larger than that of the evidence for survival. The fundamental obstacle to their acceptance is the want of verification. Science can never attach any value to unverified communications from any world, spiritual or physical. What is alleged in any field of inquiry is subject to the law of evidence and we have not yet been allowed the means of even trying to verify statements about a spiritual world. There are so many contradictory assertions and communications about it that we have to reconcile these or remove the erroneous ones before we have any right to form a conception of that world.

The real problem for the intelligent man, after obtaining evidence of survival, is to understand the confusions and errors in the communications, and especially the difficulty about transmitting proper names. The explanation of these involves some knowledge of the process of communicating with spirits, or between the dead and the living. Now it is this process which we have not yet ascertained with any degree of clearness or entirety, but we have some hints of what it is in certain types of communication, and further investigation may reveal more of it.

In certain types of mediumship it has been characteristic to represent the communications in the form of a reality like the living. Apparitions are the type of it when spirits purport to be objects of perception and similar representations are given of other objects. The ordinary Philistine, assuming that such alleged messages represent a spiritual world as identical with a material one, is able to cast suspicion on the phenomena, and the conjurer has no difficulty in imitating alleged communications, reproducing the manner of psychics to perfection. But careful records of the personal experiences of private people, who have no professional interest, and experiments with accredited private mediums show the same kinds of phenomena. The mediums apparently see apparitions of persons and objects alike. Everything appears in phantasm, whether symbolically or otherwise, and in so many cases are representative of evidence for the supernatural that there is no mistaking the fact that the messages or communications are pictographic visions. Voices are only an auditory form of the same phenomena.

Now it has been remarked in the phenomena of both spontaneous and experimental telepathy that the thoughts of A transmitted to B appear to be in the form of apparitions or mental pictures; not always, but frequently enough to suggest what the general process of transmission is. Comparison with mediumistic phenomena shows that the process is the same as in pictographic communications with the dead. But the process, whether between living persons or between the dead and the living, means, in untechnical terms, that the thought of A appears as realities to B. Or, to state the same fact technically, the thoughts of the agent, A, are transmitted telepathically to the percipient, B, in whom they appear as veridical hallucinations. The thoughts or mental pictures of A become the thoughts or mental pictures of B, to whom they are apparent realities.

It is evident that this fact explains at least most apparitions of both the living and the dead. It may not explain all of them, but it certainly explains most of them, and the whole problem of "spirit clothes" becomes a perfectly simple one. The perplexity of the layman and, more especially, of the scientific man, to whom it is absolutely incredible that we should

duplicate our old clothes after death, is greatly modified, and, in so far as the miracle of it is concerned, is entirely removed.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

(By Lafcadio Hearn.)

We have nothing to do with souls, but with facts. The metempsychosis is only the philosophic symbol of a vast natural fact, grotesque only to those who understand it not; just as the most hideous Indian idol, diamond-eyed and skull-chapleted, represents to the Brahmin a hidden truth incomprehensible to the people. Conscious of the eternity of Matter and Force;—knowing that the substances of whirling universes, like clay in the hand of the potter, has been and is being and will be forever fashioned into myriad shifting forms;—knowing that shapes alone are evanescent, and that each atom of our living bodies has been from the beginning and will always be, even after the mountains have melted like wax in the heat of a world's dissolution;—it is impossible to regard the theory of transmigration as a mere fantasy. Each particle of our flesh has lived before our birth through millions of transmigrations more wonderful than any poet has dared to dream of; and the life-force that throbs in the heart of each one of us has throbbed for all time in the eternal metempsychosis of the universe. Each atom of our blood has doubtless circulated, before our very civilization commenced, through the veins of millions of living creatures—soaring, crawling, or dwelling in the depths of the sea; and each molecule that floats in a sunbeam has, perhaps, vibrated to the thrill of human passion. The soil under my foot has lived and loved; and Nature, refashioning the paste in her awful laboratory into new forms of being, shall make this clay to live and hope and suffer again. Dare I even whisper to you of the past transformations of the substance of the rosiest lips you have kissed, or the brightest eyes which have mirrored your look? We have lived innumerable lives in the past; we have lived in the flowers, in the birds, in the emerald abysses of the ocean;—we have slept in the silence of solid rocks, and moved in the swells of the thunder-chanting sea;—we have changed our sex a thousand times like the angels of the Talmud; and we shall continue the everlasting trans-

migration long after the present universe has passed away and the fires of the stars have burned themselves out. Can one know these things and laugh at the theories of the East?

SPIRITUALISM AND WAR.

One of the results of the war to which attention has been repeatedly called is the revival of Spiritualism. In England especially, the "new revelation" propounded by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and by Sir Oliver Lodge has won hundreds of converts. The movement is based on the overwhelming eagerness of the relatives of men killed in the war to hear from their dead, and may be said to have entered a new phase at a recent congress of the Church of England, held at Leicester.

On that occasion the entire subject of Spiritualism was discussed. Churchmen who followed Lodge and Doyle wanted their church to join forces with the new cult. Dean Welldon of Durham said: "Spiritualism has come to fill a void in church practice because of the coldness of the old services." He said further:

It is too late to dismiss Spiritualism as a fraud. Spiritualistic phenomena have won the assent not only of trained investigators, like Myers and Hodgson, but also of men of science, like Sir W. Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge, in England, Camille Flammarion, in France, and Lombroso, in Italy. The modern psychic investigator is not in the least like the African witch doctor, so there is really no need for inflicting the capital punishment on Sir Oliver Lodge.

Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, led the opposition to Spiritualism at the same congress. He is reported as follows:

If this kind of after-life were true—that portrayed in the pitiable revival of necromancy in which many desolate hearts have sought spurious satisfaction—it would indeed be a melancholy postponement or negation of all we hope and believe about our dead.

Speaking on the same side of the question, the Rev. G. A. Magee said:

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is moving from city to city, ministering to a popular craze. I challenge Sir Arthur to deny that Spiritualism is perilous to the mental, moral, and physical health. Every second or third young lady one meets now imagines herself a modern Saint Theresa.

Clearly, the issue raised is one of universal interest. Even in this country newspaper comment is widespread. "If discussion does not appear on this side of

the Atlantic in an urgent form," the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks, "that is because our war losses were so small in comparison with those of England." The New York *Evening Sun* declares:

In this and more to like purpose we note the dismay of an orthodox church outdone by spiritual innovators in the task of supplying to millions of the war-bereaved the ghostly comfort that their desolate hearts crave. Wars usually make worshippers: widows and orphans seek the church. But in the present case Spiritualism has taken an alarming lead over the old forms of devotion in extending its empire over the forlorn.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* points out that "in thus making Spiritualism respectable in England and giving it a high place in social and church life at a time that it has practically ceased to receive any but the most scant attention over here, it is plain that the England of to-day that goes in for this sort of thing is not the England of Browning's 'Sludge the Medium.'" The same paper continues:

When Browning wrote this dramatic monologue, over a generation or more ago, the poet, feeling that Spiritualism was a vulgar American importation and that Home and Slade and the medium of the day were impostors, did not hesitate to make his medium, Sludge, all that was sordid and low and common, to the general delight of his readers of the time and to his own satisfaction in thinking that he, moreover, had put the proper stigma on the breed and the proper blot on Spiritualism's escutcheon.

But fashions in mediums change; Spiritualism will not down in England or elsewhere, and while Browning's "Sludge" may be as dead as a door nail, the mediums that Sir Oliver and Sir Conan and the churchly consort with in England are not only respectable but highly connected. So it comes that the world again faces the issue which was raised by the Witch of Endor. . . . But that the dilemma is not settled by abuse or misrepresentation is about the only feature of Dean Welldon's defense that will meet with general acceptance.

—Current Opinion.

FRUIT-GATHERING.

"Sire," announced the servant to the king, "the saint Narottam has never deigned to enter your royal temple.

"He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of worshippers.

"They flock round him like bees round the white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded."

The king, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass.

He asked him, "Father, why leave thy

temple of the golden dome and sit on the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The king frowned and said, "Do you know, twenty millions of gold went to the making of that marvel of art, and it was consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Narottam. "It was in that year when thousands of your people whose houses had been burned stood vainly asking for help at your door.

"And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would build my house!'

"And he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road.

"And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapour of pride."

The king cried in anger, "Leave my land."

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

BUDDHIST IDEAS.

If a man holds himself dear, let him watch himself carefully; during one at least out of the three watches a wise man should be watchful.

Let each man direct himself first to what is proper, then let him teach others: thus a wise man will not suffer.

If a man makes himself as he teaches others to be, then, being himself well subdued, he may subdue (others); one's own self is indeed difficult to subdue.

Self is the lord of self, who else should be the lord? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find.

The evil done by oneself, self-begotten, self-bred, crushes the foolish, as a diamond breaks a precious stone.

He whose wickedness is very great brings himself down to that state where his enemy wishes him to be, as a creeper does with the tree which it surrounds.

Bad deeds, and deeds hurtful to ourselves, are easy to do; what is beneficial and good, that is very difficult to do.

The foolish man who scorns the rule of the venerable (Arhat), of the elect (Ariya), of the virtuous, and follows false doctrine, he bears fruit to his own destruction, like the fruits of the Kathaka reed.

By oneself is evil done, by oneself one

suffers; by oneself one is purified.
Purity and impurity belong to oneself, no
one can purify another.

Let no one forget his own duty for the
sake of another's, however great; let a
man, after he has discerned his own
duty, be attentive to his duty.

THE APPLES.

*—The world is wasted with fire and sword
But the apples of gold hang over the sea.—*

When the wounded seaman heard the
ocean daughters
With their dreamy call
Lull the stormy demon of the waters,
He remembered all.

He remembered knowing of an island
charted,
"Past a flying fire,"
Where a fruit was growing, wincy-
hearted,
Called "the mind's desire."

Near him broke the stealing rollers into
jewels
Round a tree, and there
Sorrow's end and healing, peace, renewals
Ripened in the air.

So he knew he'd found it and he watched
the glory
Burning on the tree
With the dancers round it—like the
story—
In the swinging sea.

Lovely round the honey-colored fruit, the
motion
Made a leafy stir,
Songs were in that sunny tree of ocean
Where the apples were.

First the ocean sung them, then the
daughters after,
Dancing to the word.
Beauty danced among them with low
laughter
And the harp was heard.

In that sea's immeasurable music
sounded
Songs of peace, and still
From the bough the treasure hung down
rounded
To the seaman's will.

Redder than the jewel-seeded beach and
sharper
Were the wounds he bore,
Hearing, past the cruel dark, a harper
Lulling on the shore.

Long he watched the wonders, ringed
with lovely perils,
Watched the apples gleam
In the sleepy thunders on the beryls,
Then he breathed his dream:

"Bloody lands and flaming seas and
cloudy slaughter,
Hateful fogs unfurled,
Steely horror, shaming sky and water,
These have wreathed the world.

"Give me fruit for freighting, till my an-
chor grapples
Home beyond the vast.
Earth shall end her hating through the
apples
And be healed at last."

Then the sea-girls, lifting up their lovely
voices
With the secret word,
Sang it through the drifting ocean noises
And the sailor heard;

Ocean-old the answers reached his fail-
ing sinew,
Touched, unveiled his eyes:
"Beach and bough and dancers are with-
in you,
There the island lies.

"Though the heavens harden, though the
thunders hover,
Though our song be mute,
Burning in our garden for the lover
Still unfolds the fruit."

Outward from that shore the happy
sailor, turning,
Passed the fleets of sleep,
Passed his pain and bore the secret,
burning,
Homeward to the deep.
—*Ridgely Torrence, in the Nation.*

Save not thy life at the expense of
another's, as he will take two of thy
lives in future births.

The true tragedy is a conflict of right
with right, not of right with wrong.—
Hegel.

Blood for blood, and blow for blow;
Thou shalt reap as thou didst sow.
—*Æschylus.*

Living for ages in the night-realm, we
dream that our darkness is full day.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

JAN 29 3

OF THE
UNIVERSITY

OF

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 10, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE MYSTERY OF SPACE.

The Theosophical philosophy has proved a veritable gold mine for ambitious authors eager for recognition as pioneers in the regions of the occult, but without either the knowledge or the capacity to earn that position for themselves. New Thought, Rosicrucianism, and a dozen other systems of the kind have borrowed liberally from the authoritative Theosophical writings without return or even an acknowledgment of their debt. Perhaps there would be no objection to such a procedure, except on the score of honesty, if the borrowings were but transmitted accurately. But usually they are not. They are mutilated, distorted, and diluted. And there is no remedy except at the hand of time.

But in this substantial volume by Mr. Robert T. Browne we seem to see a reticence that springs from a commendable motive. One may almost say that his book is an interpretation of the *Secret Doctrine*, at least of its metaphysical portions, but the *Secret Doctrine* is not mentioned, nor is any Theosophical writer included in its index or vocabulary. But it is evident that the suppression is not an illicit one. It is due rather to the desire to present some vital Theosophical considerations without incurring the prejudice and antagonism that extravagance and superstition have invoked against whatever bears the label of Theosophy. It is a highly interesting experiment and we may wish it all success.

Mr. Browne ostensibly writes on the nature of space, but there is very little that he finds irrelevant to that discussion. He regards space, not as totality, but as that part of totality that has been reduced to geometrical order. Outside of space lies Chaos. Space may be likened to a cultivated garden in the midst of a desert:

The totality of kosmic order is space. It is circumscribed by an orderless envelope of chaos just as the germ of an egg is surrounded by the egg-plasm. The organized kosmos is the germ, kernel or central, nucleated mass, enduring in a state of becoming. Involuntary kathekos or primordial chaos is the egg-plasm which nourishes the germ or the kosmos and is that out of which the germ evolves. Kathekos or chaos is the unmanifest, unorganized, unconditioned, unlimited, and undifferentiated plasm. Space is the manifest, limited, finite, organized germ that, feeding upon the enveloping chaos, exists in a perpetual state of alternate manifestation and non-manifestation — appearing, disappearing, and reappearing indefinitely.

Chaos, explains the author, must not be thought of as space. Space is order, organization, geometricity. Chaos is the lack of spatiality.

The author will have no dealings with a fourth dimension. The mind, he tells us, is consubstantial with space. They are essentially the same, and the mind is three-dimensional. In whatever way the mind views space, that is the normal way:

The alphabet of space-genius consists of five characters, namely, the point, the line, the triangle, the square, and the circle. These are the pentagrammaton of space, of intel-

lectuality, materiality, and of spirituality. They constitute the basis of kosmic geometricism. With these all geometrical figures may be constructed; with them all magnitudes may be delineated and projected. They describe every conceivable activity of the Creative Logos and designate the bounds of the entire scope of milky of kosmogensis.

Hyperspatiality, says the author, is a toy, albeit an instructive toy. It does not belong to the domain of reality.

Especially illuminating are the author's discussions of the Thinker and the Ego, terms that may be roughly translated as the Higher and Lower Manas. The Ego or intellect is by no means the highest sovereign power in the state of manhood. It is an evolutionary product, an agent, or an emanation. The Thinker is the true spiritual intelligence and is responsible for the acts of its agent, the intellect or Ego:

It very frequently happens that the ego transmits reports which, for one reason or another, give very imperfect knowledge of the matter which his reports are designed to cover. Often it is necessary that additional and supplemental reports be made about the same thing, and even then it is well-nigh impossible, if not quite so, for him fully to cover every detail of the matter under consideration and in no case is it possible for him to do more than report on the superficialities of the question under scrutiny. If the ego, in his operations, be imagined to be hampered by similar circumstances and difficulties as those which would ordinarily beset a commercial attaché it will then be clear that his reports must ever be fragmentary because of the inaccessibility of much of the data which would be necessary for a full report, and further, because of the inadequacy of his methods and means of gathering data due to the inherent limitations of his capabilities, endurance, and perspicacity, and innumerable other limitations and difficulties which must be faced in all search for the real. So that, while the sufficiency of the means which the ego enjoys at this stage for all practical purposes is granted no hesitancy is entertained when it comes to a discovery of the reals of knowledge in declaring their sufficiency.

Then, too, when it is remembered that these egoic reports are in the nature of neuro-graphical communications which are similar to telegraphic dispatches and must pass through several stations, as ganglia, etc., often being relayed from one to another, it will be quite apparent that much, even of the original quality of the missives forwarded, will have been lost or radically changed in some way before it is finally delivered for the inspection of the Thinker himself. It not infrequently happens, even in perfectly normal beings, that the ego in filing, recording, transcribing, interpreting, translating, and otherwise preparing these data for the Thinker's use, lets a cog slip, misplaces some of the data, loses or destroys fragments of it and so is unable to maintain a complete portfolio of his materials.

The author uses a wealth of illustration to explain the relationship between the Higher Self, or Thinker, or Intuition and the Lower Self, or Intellect or Ego. Taken separately, each may seem to be inadequate, but collectively they are sufficient, so far as words can be sufficient. By way of summary we find the following:

The Thinker being himself a pure spiritual intelligence, living upon the plane of spirit and therefore unhampered by the difficulties which the ego meets in his operations in the objective sensorium, and possessed of far greater knowledge, is correspondingly freed from the limitations of the ego and very naturally closer to kosmic realities. Hence, he is better situated for the procurement of correct notions of relations, essentialities, and the like. It is believed, therefore, that in the proportion that these two processes, the intellectual and the intuitional, are brought, in the course of evolution, to a closer and more rigid agreement, in the proportion that the Thinker is able to transmit the intuitograms in the shape of concepts or that the intuition is made more and more conceptual, in just that proportion is humanity becoming perfect and its evolution complete. The difficulty found to inhere in the conceptualization of intuitions so that they may be propagated from man to man seems not to lie in the Thinker himself, but more essentially in the ego, in the intellectuality and its complicate schematism or plan of action. It would appear, therefore, that the only way of escaping or transcending this difficulty is for the ego so to refine his vehicles as to facilitate his plan of action by eliminating the numerous relays or sub-stations intervening between the consciousness of the Thinker and that which may be said to be his own that the transmission of his intuitograms may be accomplished with the greatest ease and clearness. While no attempt will be made to indicate the probable line of action which the ego or objective man will adopt for this purpose, it is believed that it may be said without pedanticism that the only true method of attaining unto this much-desired state of things is, first of all, by assuming a sympathetic attitude, not only towards the question of the intuition itself, but to all phenomena which are an outgrowth of, or incident to, the manifestations of the intuitive faculty through the intellectuality, and second, by the practice of prolonged abstract thought, this latter procedure effecting a suspension of the intellectuality temporarily at the same time allowing it to experience an undisturbed contact, with the intuitional consciousness, thereby laying the basis for future recognition of its nature and quality. It would seem that these two conditions are absolutely necessary in order that a more congruent relationship may be promoted between these two cognitive faculties.

The author touches lightly upon occult physiology, including a survey of what is known of the functions of the pineal gland and the pituitary body:

We have noted how subtle is the physical

connection between these two bodies, the *pineal gland* and the *pituitary body*; we have seen how profound is the effect which the latter has been demonstrated, in a measure, to have over the entire bodily economy; but there is even other testimony to the effect that those gifted with the inner vision can perceive the "pulsating aura" in each body, a movement which is not unlike the pulsations of the heart and which never ceases throughout life. In the development of clairvoyance it is known that this motion becomes intensified, the auric vibrations becoming stronger and more pronounced. The *pituitary body* is the *energizer* of the *pineal gland*, and, as its pulsating arc rises more and more until it contacts with the *pineal gland*, it awakens and arouses it into a renewed activity in much the same manner as current electricity excites nervous tissue. When the *pineal gland* is thus aroused clairvoyant perception is said to become possible. These are facts which can not be proved by the materialistic man of science, nor can they be demonstrated to the layman who has to depend alone upon sense-deliveries for his knowledge. This is true for the reason that, in the first place, it is necessary that he shall either feel in his own mid-brain the energizing activity of these two organs and have his entire nerve-body shaken from crown to toe by the down rushing currents of that subtle energy with which the *pituitary body* floods it or be himself the perceiver of its activities. Nevertheless attention is here drawn to these phenomena and the conclusions drawn therefrom are offered as a means of denoting the probable line of investigation which will establish the directions which we should pursue and the source whence we shall find outcropping the new faculties and their organs of expression.

It would be hard to speak too much in admiration of a work so well calculated to introduce Theosophy to the philosophical mind as well as to clarify some of its metaphysical aspects for the student.

THE MYSTERY OF SPACE. By Robert T. Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

MUSIC OF THE DEVIL.

(By Carl Van Vechten.)

Music of hell is usually associated with his kaisership the devil. Once even, it is related, on the authority of a composer, the devil himself wrote a tune; this is Tartini's *Devil's Trill Sonata*, which violinist often play to this day. M. Lalande, in his "Voyage d'un François en Italie," tells the story, which he says he had directly from Tartini, and Dr. Burney repeats it. Michael Kelly informs us, in memoirs which are not entirely to be relied on in other respects, that Nardini, a pupil of Tartini, assured him that the tale was correct in every detail. One night in the year 1713, it seems, Tartini

dreamed that he had made a contract with the devil who promised to be at his service on all occasions; indeed, in the dream the musician's new servant anticipated all his wishes and fully satisfied his desires. Ultimately the two became so familiar that Tartini presented the fiend with his violin in order to ascertain what kind of musician he was; when, to Tartini's astonishment, he heard him play an air, so beautiful in itself and performed with such taste and skill that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard in his life. Tartini awoke in a state of feverish excitement and delight, and seized his fiddle in the hope of repeating the music he had just heard, but the arch enemy had gone, and his music with him! Nevertheless Tartini took pen and music-paper and immediately composed the sonata which bears the devil's name. It is the best of Tartini's works, but so far inferior has its composer declared it to be to the music which he heard in his dream that he said he would have smashed his instrument and abandoned music for the rest of his life could he have subsisted by any other means.—From "In the Garret." Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

TO THE SEVEN WATCHMEN.

Seven watchmen sitting in a tower,

Watching what had come upon mankind,

Showed the Man the Glory and the Power,

And bade him shape the Kingdom to his mind.

"All things on earth your will shall win you."

("Twas so their counsel ran.)

"But the Kingdom—the Kingdom is within you."

Said the Man's own mind to the Man.

For time, and some time—

As it was in the bitter years before

So it shall be in the over-sweetened hour—

That a man's mind is wont to tell him more

Than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower.

—Rudyard Kipling.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE RABBI'S SONG.

(II Samuel XIV, 14.)

If Thought can reach to Heaven,
 On Heaven let it dwell,
 For fear thy Thought be given
 Like power to reach to Hell.
 For fear the desolation
 And darkness of thy mind
 Perplex an habitation
 Which thou hast left behind.

Let nothing linger after—
 No whimpering ghost remain,
 In wall, or beam, or rafters,
 Of any hate or pain.
 Cleanse and call home thy spirit,
 Deny her leave to cast,
 On aught thy heirs inherit,
 The shadow of her past.

For think, in all thy sadness,
 What road our griefs may take;
 Whose brain reflect our madness,
 Or whom our terrors shake:
 For think, lest any languish
 By cause of thy distress—
 The arrows of our anguish
 Fly farther than we guess.

Our lives, our tears, as water,
 Are spilled upon the ground;
 God giveth no man quarter,
 Yet God a means hath found,
 Though faith and hope have vanished,
 And even love grows dim—
 A means whereby his banished
 Be not expelled from him.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

REVELATION.

Revelation is the most profoundly mystical of all the biblical books. Never has it been interpreted as a whole, nor rarely even in part. This is not strange when we discover that its seemingly plainest statements are those which hide deepest whatever should be concealed until the appointed time. Hence the failure of all who attempt the book through Western methods of interpretation, those which often favor an absurd literalness.

Revelation is no illogical rhapsody. Its seeming lack of order is deliberate and wholly outward. Its import can not be overestimated. Its times and seasons are as yet unaccomplished, for they have been fulfilled only in type. Falling Rome is but a hint of things to come; hence the difficulties and final failure of the con-

temporary historical method of interpretation, one which at first thought seems warranted. That certain of the prophecies of Revelation have been accomplished in types proves the seership of the author, and hints that upon most of the book the present century, begun with wonderful and crowding events, will set the seal of truth fulfilled to the letter.

If the would-be interpreter is unable at the outset to perceive the peculiar astrological and zodiacal symbolism of Revelation, or if he fail to understand the mystery language which, like a shell, hides the kernal truth, it were well that he abandon at once an effort sure to lead him far afield, and result only in another of those many falsifications of the book which the centuries have been guilty of.

On the other hand, if he be possessed of that special information which should qualify the interpreter for his office, another snare is waiting to trap him as we shall see. Study of Eastern religions and philosophies has revealed to many investigators that the pure, and noble, and uplifting is not the sole property of Christianity. This discovery has sometimes resulted in a belittling of Jesus the Christ, whereas he is the chief cornerstone of that Temple of Truth into which many great and dedicated lives have been builded. This being so, let the qualified interpreter refrain from substituting for the name of Jesus Christ that of another, however exalted. If to such an interpreter the book of Revelation seem only a series of chapters taken from the initiatory rites of the Ancient Mysteries, it must be admitted that, for reasons to be explained presently, his ingenuity and special knowledge can make the book conform in a way to his theory, but it should be said that his meanings, however plausible, will be only secondary and, at a time like the present, his giving will be but a stone to those who cry for bread. Revelation deals with world-happenings, in fact with the renovation of the human race and the earth itself, and not with that merely personal development for which the Mysteries existed, and which is only a type, the little likeness of the large.

The founders of the Ancient Mysteries were men who, aided by the accumulated knowledge of long centuries of research behind them, had come to know that the past, present, and future of the earth are

indicated in the Zodiac, but not in a definite way for, evidently, such determination would mean for man absolute fatalism. In the Divine plan, human free will was considered; hence an element of ambiguity in all zodiacal readings. The founders of the Mysteries discovered also that the development of the individual corresponds with that of the human race; that man the unit must undergo whatsoever is necessary to the race as a whole. So the Mystery teachings were intended to point out a path shorter than the circuitous road leading to the goal of human evolution. Evidently the mystery teachings epitomized the destiny of the race to which man belonged, and of the world from whose womb he in a way had been born. Hence while Revelation is in a sense a series of chapters from the initiatory rites, the book is valuable to the world chiefly because these chapters have been remodeled by the Master himself into definite statements of times and events.

Beneath a thin disguise of days and months, Revelation deals with periods comprising thousands of years. To be as explicit as possible, it deals with the zodiacal time between the entrance of Pisces-Virgo and that of Capricornus-Cancer in the great equinoctial procession. Revelation treats of two judgments; the first and lesser of which was typified by the fall of Rome, and is now due at the coming in of Aquarius-Leo, for, as the Ancient Wise well knew, all foretellable times and events move as moves the great zodiacal wheel.

The second and greater judgment will occur at the entrance of the zodiacal Goat contemporaneous with the end of the millennial period over two thousand years hence. Even the second judgment is not the end of the world, but rather the culmination of the second great age, at which time a sifting, more thorough than that of the first judgment, will occur. Concerning the happenings due at the culmination of the third great age, Revelation only forecasts a condition of humanity and of the planet almost unbelievable today, because the new Jerusalem then shall have been for long that city of the world toward which all eyes are to be turned, and to which all pilgrim feet are to be directed.

As for John, he, like Paul, proves himself deeply versed both in the mystery

teaching and the mystery language. Besides, his method of concealing his revelation from the profane is that of the Initiates. John was a true seer, and of the same order as Daniel, certain of whose prophecies dovetail into his own, but, because Daniel was of the Jewish period, he treats of three judgments, the first of which would descend upon his own home city, that Jerusalem which, before the writing of Revelation, had fallen as Jesus also had prophesied, but which in its glorious days was the type of the one beheld of John descending from the new heaven upon the new earth.

Let us now examine, verse by verse, the twenty-two chapters of Revelation and, though not lifting every veil, let us make plain as the times will warrant, the predicted events of these culminating years to which the last nineteen centuries have been leading.—*From "The Revelation of John," by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. Published by Smith & Salt, Portland, Maine.*

FROM A LETTER.

—and as to that peculiar personal attitude that they saw fit to maintain toward you: what does it matter, and why should you give it a second thought?

I am afraid that there are many people, who because they are more or less interested in studies that are (again more or less!) Theosophical, are rather inclined to fall into the silly error of exaggerating their personal antipathies and overestimating their personal sympathies toward people in general. As if, in becoming aware of their unsuspected Ego, they immediately become conscious of their ego-isms (to make a rude play on words) and are like painfully to confuse the two.

I am willing to make a guess that that very condition has been at the bottom of many a ruction that has discredited the cause to which we protest allegiance.

Why should we lay so much stress on the matter of being smoothly harmonious as mere personalities? Why do we allow ourselves to suppose that there can be no unity of chording on another and an infinitely more desirable plane because our merely mental or physical divergences are such as incline us to backyard-fence-and-cat reversions?

Indeed, I can imagine a definite danger might lie in close association with those

with whom we are too easily in sympathy. That we would be inclined to cling to them for support and excuse for our weaknesses, and perhaps would find in that relation so much of interest that we would confuse those ideals and aspirations for which it stands with the personalities in which those high qualities show themselves to our delight and admiration.

Perhaps my reasoning is as faulty as is my inadequate statement of it. Yet I am disposed to hold to the idea that we have to be very, very far along before we can use, and never abuse, a perfect relation with another—or any number—of human souls. Over-idealisms and extreme depreciation: these are a veritable plague and a sadness to the soul.

To stand alone, through a desert of ages, if necessary, *but to stand!* To deliberately and completely cut one's self off from the temptation of easing that long vigil by reaching out toward a meditator of any nature whatsoever. To refuse to respond to swirling, magnetic waves of any kind. To insulate one's self from them. To answer but to one pole, and that the positive and immortal power of the still veiled "personal god," who is the Christ self: that, so it seems to me, is at once the hardest and the best way. It is the stern bringing of the personality to its Gethsemane, its Calvary. But the victory shall spell the release of the god from his vicarious atonement. Or so it seems to me. For whatever the thought is worth, I pass it on to you. I can not see how any other path is likely to lead out of the dilettante stage where psychism runs riot, and notion is piled on notion *ad nauseam*.

Dear me, how I have run on! And I suppose that the truth of the matter is this: That I sympathize from the bottom of my heart with you in the seeming loneliness that Karma has just now thrust upon you. A particularly *good* Karma, I call it. Though, for the matter of that, all Karma is necessarily "good" in that it is the exact expression of the needs of the evolving soul. But I do believe that only to the soul that is somewhat ready for the forging fire, does there come the trial of finding satisfying companionship only to be separated from it almost immediately and removed to some far corner of the earth, there to be left—alone!

For, as of course, it is the soul that de-

mands so to stand. And the personal self has nothing to say about it, much less the power to rebel. The soul is acting according to its inherent virtue. It has grown strong. No longer does it wage battle with the personal self, rather does it quietly compel, as the truly strong ever compel the weak, "not by might, and not by power, but by My word."

But you will, one day, come back to us. Happy for us if we have had courage and strength willingly, and of our own volition, to withdraw ourselves into that inner place, that sanctuary where we shall be alone with the god, that we may commune with him. And this though we be "present in the flesh," as Paul has it. For, surely, if that shall have come about we shall mean much more to each other when next we meet, since personalities shall have given place somewhat to that larger Self within whose becoming body we are "many members, but one body, and that body the Lord Christ."

As ever, ———.

(The editor of the *Outlook* does not know to whom this letter was addressed.)

BLIND.

The Spring blew trumpets of color;
Her Green sang in my brain.
I heard a blind man groping
"Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitied him his blindness:
But can I boast "see"?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by, who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping
The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories
That I am worse than blind.

—Harry Kemp.

We wake and find ourselves on a stair.
There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson*.

Better keep yourself clean and bright:
you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw*.

We must ourselves learn the ways of
Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Marie Corelli*.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIMENT.

(Special to the New York Times.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—A supposed visitation from his wife after her death, whether in a dream or as a spirit, related by the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, is causing much interest among members of the Grace Baptist Temple.

Dr. Conwell, who is founder and president of Temple University, related his experience at a recent Sunday morning service in the Baptist Temple, in which he told of the strange visitation. His wife died thirty years ago.

"I received three strange visits from my wife," he said. "On three successive nights she seemed to come and sit on the side of the bed which I occupied.

"While sitting there she gave me valuable information relating to several important papers which I knew were in the house, but which I could not locate.

"It may have been a dream, but I got out of bed immediately after receiving the instructions and found the papers just where she said they were."

Dr. Conwell said he did not know what to believe about the visitation.

"It may have been thought transference," he added. "I have never been able to decide what it was, but I do know that I was unable to locate those papers until I received the messages from my wife."

Members of Dr. Conwell's household explained that Dr. Conwell would not care to be known as a spiritualist, but that he had frequently expressed the idea that there was ever a guiding spirit hovering over the life of individuals and that frequently this guiding spirit took the form of a departed loved one. It was stated that Dr. Conwell would deplore an obsessing interest in the spirit world, but that he felt that the visitation of spirits was a well-proved phenomenon.

Dr. Joseph Leidy, Jr., an eminent physician of this city, was interested in Dr. Conwell's experience, but attributed it to a psychological condition and to "unconscious cerebration."

little talk, by public recital of a dream or vision he recently had. It seemed to him that a figure recognized as his dead wife came and sat on the side of his bed and told him where were certain important papers that he knew were in his house, but had been unable to find. He rose, looked in the designated place, and there the papers were!

"So remarkable does the clergyman consider this occurrence that, though he does not say so, he evidently thinks it not impossible his dream was something more than a dream, and the apparition not subjective, but objective—in short, a visitor from another world, come to render a service. The reason he assigns for doubting the dream explanation is that he certainly did not know where the papers were, as was shown by his failure to find them till knowledge possessed by his wife alone had been given to him.

"Psychologists of the modern school would see no mystery at all in the episode, and of the clergyman's conclusion they would say that it was false because, without knowing it, he did know where the papers were. His conscious ego, they would insist, had forgotten, but the unconscious ego, which never forgets anything, had used one of its queer but now familiar and fairly well understood devices for getting its brother out of its trouble.

"This, of course, is an explanation sure to displease all of the people—unusually numerous, just now—who gladly turn to the mystical and the supernatural for the solution of their problems and the consolation of their griefs. Were they to read, however, the new psychologies with care and open minds, few of them would be able to deny that this explanation of such visions as the clergyman had is—well, simpler and therefore more plausible than some others."

(The writings of the *Times* as it swallows the pill are distinctly amusing. Will the *Times* now explain what is an "unconscious ego which never forgets anything"?)

Listen within yourselves and look into the infinitude of Space and Time. There can be heard the songs of the Constellations, the voices of the Numbers, and the harmony of the Spheres.—*Hermes*.

All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

The New York Times comments editorially as follows under the heading of "Perhaps Not At All Mysterious":

"A Philadelphia clergyman has created something of a sensation among his parishioners, and throughout his city no

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 17, 1920.

Price Five Cents

TELERGY.

Mr. Frank Constable, M. A., has written a small book on the subject of Telergy, and he quotes Sir William Barrett's definition of a term that will be new to many readers. Telergy, says Sir William Barrett, "differs from telepathy, as it is not merely an unknown mode of communication from one mind to another, but implies the direct influence of an extraneous spirit."

But let us be careful here. Sir William Barrett is not referring to any of those processes associated with a supposed communion with the dead. He seems to mean something much more than that. Certainly the author does.

The meaning becomes clear as we read a remarkable book and one containing speculations that come close to the Theosophic frontier.

For Mr. Constable seems to postulate a duality in the human mind, a higher and a lower aspect of the human consciousness.

The soul of man, he says, is non-physical. It is psychic or spiritual. It is transcendental. But when it touches the human brain and is conditioned and limited by the brain, it becomes thought, which is therefore always material. But it is only a portion of consciousness which becomes thus immured in the brain, and to that extent separated from its transcendental source and deprived of its transcendental powers. It is as though a few drops from a volume of water were

captured and held in the spores of a sponge. The captured drops would then be shaped and conditioned by the sponge that held them. But essentially and potentially they would be identical with the source from which they came. Here we have an almost exact statement of the relation between the Higher and Lower Manas.

Now if the brain mind be used for purposes of telepathy it is evident that success will depend upon the structure and the synchronism of the brains employed, just as the illumination of a room will depend not so much on the quality of the sunlight as on the transparency of the windows. If Brown is a mathematician and tries to impress his wife, who is not a mathematician, with a mathematical idea, he will fail, because the untrained brain of his wife refuses to receive it. She will receive only what comes within the range of her brain conditions. Wireless stations must be synchronized or the messages will not be received. Telepathic messages must always be filtered through the brain of the recipient. But the brain will reject them unless it has been attuned by training and education.

But there is no such censorship for the transcendental mind, which is not subject to brain conditions and which has imagination and memory. Being unconditioned and unlimited, it follows that all transcendental selves are in full communion, even though we are unaware of

it. The only "awareness" that we have is that of the brain mind, or thought, which is actually the same as the transcendental mind, but in temporary obscurity as a result of the brain. This higher mind is aware of the lower mind, and indeed tries to reach it, but the lower mind is not ordinarily aware of the higher. Moreover, all experiences of the lower mind are eventually received by the higher.

The author quotes from eminent psychologists in support of his view. Thus, Gerald Balfour, asking why telepathy is not universal, replies: "The answer I am disposed to give to this question would be that taken in its widest sense telepathy probably is universal, and that what is rare and exceptional is only our realization of it."

F. W. H. Myers says: "No one supposes that the few emergent cases which happen to have become accessible to our view comprise the whole range of what must by its very nature be a great fundamental law. . . . There is reason to suppose that our normal consciousness represents no more than a *slice* of our whole being. . . . I will repeat what has already been suggested, namely, that the right way of regarding these startling incidents is not as isolated psychical operations, but rather as emergent manifestations of psychical operations which are continuous though latent, and which belong not so much to the self of which we are habitually conscious as to a hidden chain of mentation, which, for aught we know, may comprise a continuity of supernormal precipience or activity." Mrs. Henry Sidgwick says: "Increased knowledge about the subliminal self, by giving glimpses of extension of human faculty and showing that there is more of us than we are normally aware of, similarly suggests that the limitation imposed by our bodies and our material surroundings are temporary limitations."

TELERGY. By Frank C. Constable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The knowledge of this nether world—

Say, friend, what is it, false or true?

The false, what mortal cares to know?

The true, what mortal never knew?

A man there was, tho' some did count him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.

—Bunyan.

MAETERLINCK THE SCIENTIST.

(From the Argonaut.)

The name of Maurice Maeterlinck always arrests the eye. This has been particularly true since the beginning of the war, because Maeterlinck is a Belgian, and he was quick to put to his lips the trumpet of his country. But the figure of Maeterlinck was always an attractive one. In an age given over wholly to materialism and to the worship of the golden calf he alone of all the writers of the day seemed to have imagination. And by imagination I do not mean fancy. Fancy is something quite different. Imagination is one of our means of knowing things and is therefore allied to intuition. It is one of the dawning human faculties, and it may one day take the place of the intellect, which will then work automatically just as our digestive processes do now. Imagination is the power that supplies us—that is to say the wise among us—with the explanation of things, and it may be observed that all our greatest scientists have been imaginative. So are our great generals—Foch, for example. That is why they are great. Imagination, carried to its ultimate, is genius. It is the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. It is God-given and it is the wisdom of God. But the imagination must be tested by the intellect. Untested, it is likely to become insanity. The really great man places imagination first with intellect as its censor. The merely clever man uses the intellect only. There you have the difference between Napoleon and Wellington, between Newton and Haeckel. Maeterlinck has the imagination highly developed, and with the intellect just a shade too far in the rear. But this is a thousand times better than if the positions were reversed. Maeterlinck is not a scientist, but I would accept his explanation of some intellectually unknowable phenomenon, such as the nature of the concealed side of the moon, much more readily than I would that of Haeckel. The "guesses" of his imagination would be much more reliable to me than the learned speculations of all the scientists in the world. It is always the dreamers and the mystics who have been right. They have always been the pioneers, the banner-bearers.

Maeterlinck is now in America. It is said that he will come to San Francisco. We have been reading about him day by

day in the newspapers and of his brave but unavailing efforts to speak English. His method was a quite simple one. He wrote out his speech in English, and with every word spelled phonetically as it was pronounced, or as he thought it was pronounced. For a few minutes his audience listened in perplexity. Not a single word could be identified as either French or English. Then came the protests, and a compromise. It was decided that the speech should be in French, and that it should be interpreted sentence by sentence, which was done. But Maeterlinck is said still to have faith in his English. He does not understand how it is that we do not know our own language. He wants to give us another chance.

Our newspapers do not know what to make of Mr. Maeterlinck. He is so intellectually unconventional. He believes in so many things that we have tacitly agreed not to believe in, and therefore not to mention, and we all know that when a thing is not mentioned it can not be true. It was said by a wise man that there are three stages in the popular acceptance of a new truth, or rather of some old and forgotten truth, because actually there are no new truths. First we laugh at it. Then we deny it. Then we say we always knew it. Not long ago we were laughing at telepathy, and mesmerism, and psychic phenomena, and the subliminal self. Now these things have reached the stage where we always knew them. One may mention any of these problems in almost any society and "get away with it." When we are confronted with some stupendous and mysterious phenomenon of the human mind, such as remembering a language in old age that had been heard only in infancy, we wave an airy hand and say, "Ah! the subliminal self," or the "subconscious mind," and we actually believe that we have explained something, whereas we might just as intelligently say, "Ah! Abracadabra." Bergson talked about these things and lots of big men are doing so. They have become popular. They have emerged from the realm of superstition into that of respectability.

But Maeterlinck is not satisfied with these things. If he would only confine himself to them it would be all right. The newspapers could report him and comment upon him without fear of infringing the canons of orthodoxy. But

what can they say to a man who persists in talking of the preëxistence of the soul, of its continuity, a man who will swallow a whole system of Hindu philosophy at a gulp and then assert sturdily that he believes every word of it? It is most disconcerting. It is not playing the game. It is hitting below the belt. When Maeterlinck advanced his outrageous ideas in "The Blue Bird," when he showed us a world of babies all waiting to be born, of course we could talk enthusiastically about his poetic fancies, and his lovely ideas, and his exuberant imagination—well, we all know how we do talk when we have nothing to say and ought not to talk at all, but will. One can overlook anything in a poetic drama, even though it "make us think," as the ladies say when they have seen something improper and want to explain how they came to be there. But here is Maeterlinck writing books about such things, and delivering lectures, and solemnly asserting that he believes every word of it. Moreover, he is making other people believe it, which is distinctly unfair. He says: "I don't come as a seer, or a prophet; I detest the charlatan and abhor tricks and delusions. I wish to tell simply what I have seen and to declare seriously what I know to be true." Now the worst of it is that most of the things that Maeterlinck says he has seen and knows to be true are just the very things that we have agreed not to talk about and that therefore he can not have seen nor know to be true. So what can a poor newspaper man do but describe how Maeterlinck does his hair, how much he weighs, and tell us that he believes in the survival of the soul, which is fairly safe because clergymen profess to believe that, and some of them have even placed themselves on record to that effect.

Just look at some of the things that Maeterlinck says in his lectures and his books. Here, for example, is a little volume called "Mountain Paths," lately published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Passing over the fact that Maeterlinck tells us in plain black and white that we were alive, very much alive, before we were born, he says that we are not isolated, hermetically sealed beings, but "a porous vase dripping into the infinite," that our bodies are made up of innumerable conscious lives that have lived eternally and that remember all their past experiences. He says:

"We believe ourselves dead when they leave the inn; and we fancy that they, too, have perished. It is more likely that this is not so at all. They are merely quitting the ruined hostel to install themselves in a new and more habitable house. They carry with them their debts and their obligations; they remove to their new abode their instincts, their habits, their ideals, their passions, also their merits and their faults, their acquisitions and their memories. The house is different, but the guests are the same; and the old life will resume its course in the new dwelling and will perhaps be a little nobler, perhaps a little fairer, perhaps filled with a little brighter light." Now it is all very well to have this sort of thing in a poetic drama like "The Blue Bird." But to say it in cold prose, to say it in lectures, to profess to know it—what is a poor devil of a newspaper reporter to do? Obviously he can not print it. It is not done in polite newspaper life.

Let me explain what I mean when I say that Maeterlinck has the creative imagination, the imagination that looks straight at a single fact and forthwith fashions a universe from it. In the book from which I have already quoted he comments on the researches of Dr. H lan Jaworski to the effect that—in Maeterlinck's words—"the biologists tell us that the human embryo repeats, very rapidly during the early months of its development and more slowly during the later months, all the forms of life which preceded man upon this earth."

Now this is no new discovery. I do not know when Jaworski wrote the book from which Maeterlinck quotes, but I remember reading this little bit of science and marveling at it over twenty years ago. Embryologists have known it well for at least that time, and perhaps much longer. But what have they made of it? Nothing at all. That was left for such as Maeterlinck. In a moment he grasps the great law that nature always begins at the ancient beginning whenever she is about to give to any one of her works a new push forward along the evolutionary path. If she is about to bring to birth a human being she insists that he pass in rapid miniature, in his embryo life, through every stage of his incalculable career, that he begin that embryo life as a mineral, that he go on to the vegetable,

and thence to the animal before he may emerge as a man. It is as though a boy at school, as a preliminary to his promotion to a new class, were always compelled rapidly to pass again through the curriculum of all lower classes from the kindergarten upward in order to impress their lessons more permanently upon him.

But Maeterlinck does not stop here. He has the creative imagination. If this be a fact, he says—and of course it is a fact—then we may learn the history of the universe from the embryo. Its every stage, though it be only a few days, must be a faithful reproduction in miniature of some vast period in the development of the universe. We have only to examine it with the microscopic vision, we have only to enlarge it, and we can dispense with our books on geology and witness for ourselves as in a moving picture those long past ages that have seemed to us almost like myths. Look, he says, at the enormous embryo head, almost as large as the rest of the body, which represents "the incoherent and monstrous period corresponding with the period of madness and gigantism when nature, as yet inexperienced, was blindly sketching uncertain creatures, formidable, unbalanced and anomalous, birds, crocodiles, elephants, and fish in one, as though she had not as yet decided what to do, not yet completed her classifications, disentangled her laws, or acquired the sense of proportion, of balance, or of conditions essential to the maintenance of the life which she was creating."

What an immeasurable panorama is this that Maeterlinck gives us. Not being a scientist, he must go to the scientist for his facts. Almost any fact will do. He puts his hand into the bag and draws forth whatever it touches, glances at it, waves a sort of magic wand, and in a moments shows us the earth and the fullness thereof, heaven and hell, displayed in unchallengeable accuracy before our eyes. Newton did that same sort of miracle, but Newton was also a scientist and discovered his own facts. Anything would do—an apple falling from a tree, for example, and then in a moment he sees a thousand solar systems passing on their awful way through immeasurable space and held like slaves to their task by the law of gravitation. Apples had always fallen from trees, but there was no New-

ton there to observe them and to imagine.

But Maeterlinck goes on and on like the divine fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread. The child, as it passes into life, experiences a glacial period. It passes from a temperature of 98 to one of 60 or 65, and it utters a cry of suffering. It is the photographic reproduction of the glacial period on earth, heralding or accompanying the advent of men. The newspaper men will call this, if they call it anything, the poetic dreams of the dramatist. They mean that it is something beyond that "sober common sense" which they mistakenly suppose to be a virtue instead of a disease, the disease called materialism, from which humanity is now dying and that can be cured only by the sort of philosophy brought by Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck himself does not wish to be regarded as a poet in such matters, and I may say here that I have done no more than pick a line or two almost at random from his latest book, which deals with everything under the sun, from gamblers' luck to universes. And so in speaking of the embryo and of Dr. Jaworski he says he does not wish to be considered as pointing out mere vague and accidental resemblances between the life of the embryo and the life of the world. He wants us to understand that it is a case of actual cause and effect, something comparable—although the analogy is mine and Maeterlinck must not be blamed for it—with the picture that one sees on the focus screen of a camera. The picture is only a few inches square, but it may represent many miles of landscape, and it is a precise picture in miniature of that landscape. In just the same way the embryo is a precise picture of the story of the world, its inception, its early vegetable and animal life, weird and monstrous, its early races of men, its dead and forgotten civilizations, the cataclysms that have overwhelmed it by fire and water, the titanic forces that have rebuilt it. And so, says Maeterlinck, "there is no question here of metaphors or of more or less approximate, elastic, and plausible correspondences, but of rigorously and meticulously established proofs."

The trouble with Maeterlinck is that he will persist in thinking, and thinking out loud, which is, of course, an aggravation of his offense. He says, "If this is

true, this fact of science, then this other thing is true, and still this other thing, and there you are, and what are you going to do about it?" Galileo did that, and he was voted down as a general pest and nuisance, as of course he was. There were no newspapers in those days or they would have referred to him cautiously and loftily as a poetic dreamer with a quite pleasing fancy about the motion of the earth, and then they would have hurried on to describe the color of his hair and the kind of coat that he wore. Because, you see, it would never do to take him seriously. For where should we all be if we began to think? Great is Diana of the Ephesians and the sacred trade of the silversmiths, likely to be endangered if men were taught to put two and two together and to arrive at the terrific conclusion that they made four. Whereas we all know that they make five. Let us talk about something else, something important. The prune crop.

Of course Maeterlinck has his faults. We all have. They stand out sometimes from his shining pages. But to me it always seems that his chief fault is a certain reluctance to give the fullest possible rein to his imagination. Sometimes he seems to pull himself up with a mental reminder that really this will not do, that the water is really too cold or likely to be too hot, and that one positively ought to regulate one's pace to that of the learned professors and the right reverends. But at least let us read Maeterlinck. He may "make us think"—a rather impossible result, it is to be feared, but at least we shall have gained something if we only think that we think.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

(Mr. Benjamin de Casseres writes as follows in the New York *Sun* regarding Rev. Samuel McComb's "The Future Life in the Light of Modern Enquiry," lately published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Rev. Samuel McComb is the latest Izaak to go a-angling in the waters of psychic phenomena. His book is called "The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry." Sorry to relate, he has not returned with a single catch—not even with a herring. The good doctor met a lot of deep sea fishermen returning from the Fishing Banks and bought their strings. He met Felix Adler, A. J. Balfour, Henri Bergson, Bossuet, Brown-

ing, Carlyle, Edward Clodd, Mrs. Piper, Plato, Lodge, Coleridge, Democritus, John Tyndall, Pascal, Karl Marx, Andrew Lang, John W. Karma, Lucretius Hyslop, William James, Stanley Hall, Camille Flammarion, F. W. H. Myers, the primordial W. E. Gladstone—a goodly crowd—all bound for the nearest Tongue Sovieteetera, and who sold their catches right readily to the good doctor.

The good doctor discourses on the soul at the getaway. His definition of "soul" is somewhat eclectic. Does the "soul" survive the body? Of course it does. The author of "Festus" says so. Exeunt objectors, left. Curtain. Here endeth the first act, children.

"Immortality and the Modern Man" is Chapter II. Now, what immortality has to do with the modern man I can not see. Was Huxley any more modern than Buddha? Is Hyslop any nearer the front in the Truth breadline than St. Augustine? Here the good doctor is on surer ground, for he says the universe is spiritual, not material. In other words, man is duller today than he was ten thousand years ago. The Hindu knew we were spirits long before the Occidental denied it. We are progressing toward the ancients. The good doctor is going along.

Then follow chapter after chapter to the extent of ten, in which the old "arguments" for the immortality of the soul are revamped—as though argument had anything to do with it. It is plentifully smug, and the ouija board gets in its loquacious work. Did it ever occur to the good doctor that the "next sphere" might be *lower* than this one? Perish the thought! A job's a job? These "ghosts" and "spirits" may be nothing but habit shells loafing around the places where the living "died." If you grasp Bishop Berkeley and Spinoza, you have no need of the Society for Psychical Research. If the Kingdom of God is within us—and I believe it is—why all these excursions to the Coney Island of mysticism to discover him? The good doctor hankers too much for miracles, methinks.

The appearance of a brand new genius makes the world believe that either it or the genius is an idiot. But the world and the good doctor are safe, so far as this book shows.

THE NEW FAIRYLAND.

(In the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 17th there is an article on "The New Fairyland," by Harry Leon Wilson. It is a humorous and yet withal a very serious survey of spiritualism and of the messages from "the other world" that are now being given to us in such extraordinary numbers. Mr. Wilson has nothing to say against the genuineness of the phenomena as such. But he has a great deal to say about the puerilities, the follies, the absurdities, and the contradictions of the messages. The article should be read in its entirety. It is eminently worth reading, as will be seen from the following summary with which Mr. Wilson concludes his article.)

And perhaps you would like me to play over a few of the epigrams culled here and there from the sayings of our spirit friends:

Brotherhood is made beautiful by unity, not by schism.

No man is free who commands not himself.

He who is not for progress is against it.

Growth is always struggle.

There are many phases of development, each looking onward to the next.

When material things are left behind purposes continue to progress.

Force is what moves things.

Sincerity is the crowning virtue.

Faith is a positive force; doubt, being negative, hampers us.

And perhaps it was these profound and striking truths that the evil forces wished to prevent the author of *The Seven Purposes* from disclosing. At least I have been unable to find any others in the book that any fair-minded evil force could possibly object to. In fact, these are about the only sentences in the book that have any meaning to the ordinary human mind as at present constituted.

So here, by one set of spirits is a world beset with evil forces and a grand battle waging forever against them. And that pretentious purling old fluff, Henry Talbot, says there are no evil spirits. Here is one spirit world where all our pets and domestic animals survive, though another set of spirits declare that animals do not pass over, except one dog who will presently become a most adorable baby. Sometimes it almost seems confusing, does it not? And they will disagree, even in the same book.

Mary Kendall says they see much further into the future than we do, but that

they are not allowed to tell us many things. On the other hand, Frederick says they do not see much further than we do.

Mary Kendall mentions her new scientific vocabulary with some pride, but Henry Talbot uses a great many words to assure us that none of the real set over there descends to language, since they have thought exchange. And one of the spirits in *The Seven Purposes* says they have no hands, but Dr. Doyle's friends indulge in athletic sports and piano playing. And forever they all talk of the big work they are doing, of the "tremendous but fine task." But never can we get an inkling of what they do.

I think if a band of explorers came back from some remote region of this present earth, flatly contradicting each other as to its most obvious aspects and features and people and customs, that even Sir Oliver Lodge and his fellow-scientists would hesitate to yield any of them explicit belief, especially if they pierced out their observations of fact with such bits as that a lot of idle force gathered together and began envying and coveting and backbiting. I think if these reports from the other plane had come by any less dubious channels than the medium's darkened room, the voice from a floating trumpet or the automatic pencil, that our scientists would have submitted them to a more drastic analysis. I do not believe they would then have heralded the reports as a new revelation.

"It begins to look like a gospel, doesn't it?" says one of the thrilled listeners in *The Seven Purposes*. But surely, if so, a gospel for the lazy-minded and the morally irresponsible. For I beg the readers of this literature to note that the new gospel, so called, demands nothing of its devotees but the fullest yielding to impulse. "No living thing is obliged to do anything against its will." I would like also to point out that though the words "spiritual" and "spirituality" are constantly in the mouths of these spirits and their mediums they are all, nevertheless, a grossly and inveterately material lot. Their talk—and I have lately plowed through a couple of hundred thousand words of it—is invariably of material things. They insist that they have only spiritual bodies, but garments are needed to cover these, and they rest, sleep, and eat; nor have I found a single utterance

from any of them that by any stretching of the word could be called spiritual. Further, they are a vain, windy, lying, bombastic lot, with their shoppy patter and their ecstasies of flubdub and yap-whoodle. A gospel, indeed! The old-fashioned meeting-house gospel has something in it you can bite on, but searching for substance in this windy, wordy mistiness of the Conan Doyles and the Sir Oliver Lodges is like trying to find the bones in a cup custard. And no matter what impressive physical phenomena attend the manifestations of these spirits, no matter how definitely they seem to set aside the known laws of matter, their very contradictions show that they can not be those they pretend to be.

Sir Arthur was right. To much attention has been paid to the telephone bell and not enough to the message.

THE MYSTIC BIRTH.

The eternal manifestation of the divine light is called the kingdom of heaven and the habitation of holy angels and souls. . . .

But the soul sinketh down in the hope of divine grace and standeth like a fair rose in the midst of thorns, until the kingdom of this world falleth off from it in the death of the body; and then doth it become first truly and really manifest in the love of God having nothing more to hinder or molest it. . . .

And though indeed the bestial body must putrify and rot, yet its power and virtue liveth and in the meanwhile there grow out of its power in its Mother, fair beautiful Roses, blossoms and flowers; though it were quite burned up and consumed in the Fire, yet its power and virtue standeth in the four elements in the word and the soul qualifieth, mixeth and uniteth therewith; for the Soul is in Heaven and the same Heaven is everywhere even in the midst or centre of the Earth.—*Jacob Boehme*.

The soul can never be corrupted with the corruption of the body, but is in the body as it were the air which causes the sound of the organ, where, when a pipe bursts, the wind would cease to have any good effect.—*Leonardi da Vinci*.

A being in whom the thought of immortality can arise can not be mortal.—*J. P. Richter*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 24, 1920.

Price Five Cents

REVELATION.

There have been many interpretations of the Book of Revelations, most of them so narrow as to be absurd. The celebrated "Beast" is usually found to be identical with the pet antipathy—political or religious—of the writer, and the prophecies in general to be concerned chiefly with the writer's particular sect or church. The unraveling of the mystery has become something of a joke.

None the less there must be a solution somewhere. The writer of the Revelations certainly did not intend to construct a lock to which there was no key. And the most promising of all the keys is the one furnished by Theosophy.

It is the key employed by Edward Clarence Farnsworth in his book, "The Revelation of John." He does not mention Theosophy—perhaps a wise omission—but the source of his speculations is unmistakable. Those speculations may often be mistaken. They must necessarily be incomplete. But at least they are so intelligent and so sincere as to be worthy of attention.

Mr. Farnsworth asks, for example, why John wrote only to the churches in Asia. There were other churches in Europe, in Rome, in Corinth, and elsewhere, but they are not mentioned:

If on the map the position of the seven Asian churches be noted, it is easily seen that they form a figure much resembling the Pleiadic group of seven stars. Also, in its configuration, the island of Patmos—mentioned in verse 9—resembles both the Pleiades and the Asian group. Again, the mount of

Patmos, generally conceded to be the place of the writing of Revelation, is central and compares to the position of Sardis on the map, and of the star Alcyone in the Pleiades.

This is ingenious and it may be right. Defending his conjecture, the author cites an "ancient teaching" not hard to identify. He says:

In respect to the Pleiades, an ancient secret teaching is that they are the Divine Centre of the visible universe, while their own central orb is the Christ star, which in fact is the highest visible throne of the universe. This much is what, in his mystery-speech, John is telling us. Then, with the sweet influence of the Pleiades in mind, he continues: "Grace be unto you, and peace from which is, and which was, and which is to come." This Pleiadic influence is to continue during the æons included in the three times—the present, the past, and the future—just indicated; the æons which measure the entire life period of the earth. That life-period, typified by the seven days of Genesis, is divided into seven great ages over each of which one star of the Supreme Seven has or will have dominion. The rulers of these stars, or thrones, those whose names are unknown and whose attributes are beyond man's comprehension and so are not mentioned by John, are the seven spirits of God before his invisible throne.

The author returns again and again to the Pleiadic theory, and always acceptably:

"The isle that is called Patmos." These words are an example of the mystery language used throughout Revelation. Patmos signifies the earth considered as the centre of things, or it signifies the centre, whether of the island of that name, or of the Pleiadic group, or indeed of man himself. The last meaning is the one that we shall first explain. The central star of the Pleiades is that

of Divine Love and Wisdom, and the spiritual centre in man corresponds with it. That John was in Patmos signifies that he was in that calm centre of his being which is comparable to an island amidst the troubled seas.

In still another reference we have an entirely new theory—that the seven Pleiades are connected with the seven sacred planets, and, of course, with the seven human principles and with all other septenaries:

"And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength." The stars are the Pleiadic seven whose sweet influence is over the seven planets which in turn influence the earth in its seven-fold being, and also seven-fold man, both singly and collectively.

The correspondences between the planets and the human principles are suggestively given, but we do not know why the author assigns the Moon to the personal will, which would make of the Moon the counterpart of Jupiter. But we must hardly expect much precision in regard to the Moon:

"Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write: These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." As already shown, the symbology of Revelation makes the seven stars the angels of the seven pseudo-churches which here are the seven principles of man as follows: The Saturn principle, that of material mind; the Jupiter principle, that of spiritual will; the Martian principle, that of desire in its lowest and passionate aspect; the Solar principle, that of life; the Benesian principle, that of the spiritualized mind; the Mercurian principle, that of spiritualized love; and lastly the Lunar principle, that of will in its personal aspect. Each of these principles is in process of development, and that element in each which makes for progress—that exerts an upward pull on the residue—is now to be considered as its angel.

Later on we find a suggestion not hitherto stated in print so clearly as it is here. At the expiration of each 2000-year cycle a certain number of entities that have failed to qualify for the new era are excluded. They go out never to return, or, being out, they can no more enter the world through the gates of rebirth:

In early ages, when little was required of normal man, perhaps none of these self-doomed beings existed, but, as the standard of true civilization advanced, the unfit appeared here and there, and more and more frequently. At the beginning of the Christian era, or thereabouts, the new cycle overtook many of these delinquents. At the dawn of the twentieth century a separation of the now numerous goats began, and it should continue for about

twenty-one years. Revelation also deals with a later and more general weeding out of those unprofitable servants who shall have sinned against every opportunity offered by the modern world. This second death is not actual annihilation, but in fact a descent of the evolutionary ladder to some low rung, from whence, ages hence, the entity may rise with the evolution of a new planet.

The dawn of the new century was presumably in 1898. The twenty-one years would bring us to about the present time. The "more general weeding out" would come with the passage of the Sun into Capricornus in about 2000 years time. But more definite interpretations are found later on in the book.

The denunciations of Jezebel, says the author, have reference to the illicit practices of Hatha Yoga, a rendering that may seem to us somewhat dubious:

In this verse John also adopts the exoteric classification, and attributes to the heart the evils which he condemns. The stern words against the pseudo-seeress Jezebel are really directed against what in the East is known as Hatha Yoga practices, which, without detail, may be said to be a concentration of the material mind upon the solar plexus for the purpose of developing certain psychical faculties which really are inimical to man's spiritual well-being. Fornication is the word here used to distinguish this practice from another whose object is to develop higher powers. This other is known in the East as Raja Yoga, or kindly union of the higher with the purified lower faculties.

Another ingenious and perhaps correct interpretation is to be found in the author's reference to the pineal gland:

"Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God." The seat of the higher wisdom is in the brain, or, to speak definitely, in the pineal gland; that which is called the eye of Shiva; its outward correspondent is the left eye. The internal or third eye is almost atrophied in the vast majority of the human race; hence it is here said to be ready to die.

The author's references to the Zodiac are particularly illuminating. Probably they might be much more so but for the necessity of writing for popular consumption. He explains the differences between the 10 and the 12, the union of Virgo and Scorpio and the inclusion of Libra. The "sealing" of the 144,000 means giving to each one the number concealed in 144, which is 9, and 9 is the perfect number "since it is the heavenly ten when cramped into material conditions." Moreover, 9 is the concealed number in 2160, which, in human years, is one-twelfth part of the Zodiacal year

of 25,920 human years, or, in other words, one "sign."

The signs and portents of the latter days are of course enumerated over and over again in the New Testament, and not only in Revelations. Such cataclysms are induced by man himself. "Man acts with violence, and the earth reacts in like way." A single example of the author's elucidatory method in this respect may be cited and he seems unmistakably to connect it with the present time:

"The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of the trees were burned up, and all green grass was burned up." See Ezek. 38:22. The angel is the representative of Michael. He is the angel of the first seal and of the bow. What his seed arrows produced when shot into the earth is now revealed as hail and fire and blood. Hail and lightning together are not infrequent, but the word blood indicates a result of volcanic action, namely: quantities of descending lava or ashes of a dull red hue destroying vegetation over a large tract; not one-third of the earth, but one-third of a certain area.

"And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood." The second angel is Raguel, he of the red horse and the great sword. Evidently the cataclysm here described is to occur in the region where the sword of battle is red with slaughter. "As it were a great mountain, burning with fire, was cast into the sea:" may mean that the bulk of some huge volcano is hurled into the water, or it may signify a volcanic mountain rising from the sea. A burning mountain in the midst of the sea would be reflected as blood upon the waters around it.

"And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed." Because of the sea-volcano, a third part of the fish are scalded, and the third part of the ships burned in an area of water perhaps as large as the Mediterranean Sea.

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." To make evident the nature of this star we shall paraphrase a page from the Mystery Teachings: Aries and Libra are the axial ends of the Zodiac. Because in the equinoctial procession the north pole of the earth describes a circle, the immovable Zodiac seems to turn westward like a great wheel. So Aries and Libra never are seen as stationary signs. Aries the Lamb symbolizes Divine Love, and Libra the Balance symbolizes Divine Justice. Now Divine Love and Justice change not, however much their heavenly signs may seem so to do. Therefore when Aries-Libra gives way to Pisces-Virgo, the earth still experiences love and justice, but modified, though still expressed by this doublet; and then by Capricornus-Cancer and the doublets which

follow. Thus Aries-Libra is an all-inclusive and ever-present sign, and hence the honor accorded to the Lamb throughout Revelation.

The great star whose influence has fallen from heaven is the planet sacred to Gabriel, and also to Libra. This planet is the now invisible one known to the ancient Wise, and for which modern Astrology has substituted the dead and fallible Moon. Gabriel's planet is indicated by the number 10, and its movements, together with those of the visible moon whose number is 9, reveal the correct time of earthly events. Lastly, Gabriel's planet is the one composed of that finer than terrestrial substance through which the sun pours a pure violet light. This planet becomes visible from time to time in the world's history, but then only because of certain psychical conditions which great happenings cast upon the human race. It is the star of the Magi and of the Cradle; and the star of generation which must have shone upon Abraham what time the Lord promised that from him should spring a mighty nation. If in Aries-Libra the star meant generation, and in Pisces-Virgo it signified promise, so in Aquarius-Leo it will foretell judgment upon the wicked.

Lemuria and Atlantis, says the author, were successively destroyed and will reappear in the order of their submergence. But the rebirth of Lemuria means the disappearance of one of the historic continents. When John said "there was no more sea" he meant that some large body of water had been displaced by dry land.

Mr. Farnsworth's book must speak for itself and it must be judged by the intuition of the reader as well as of the author. At least it may be applauded for the conscientious care of its compilation.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN. By Edward Clarence Farnsworth, 106 Emery Street, Portland, Maine.

MEXICAN PYRAMIDS.

Discovery at Teotihuacan of a third pyramid, larger than those of the Sun and the Moon, which have long puzzled archaeologists and rival those of Egypt, is announced from Mexico City. Experts believe that in the new pyramid may be found relics which will be invaluable in the study of the age of the Toltecs.

Archæologists have for many decades been interested in the two great pyramids located at Teotihuacan, a town twenty-seven miles northeast of Mexico City, the name of which means "City of the Gods" in the Aztec tongue. Their origin is buried in the remote past, and confused legends and traditions concerning them throw little light on their history. They were used as burial places, and in many ways resemble the pyramids of Egypt in their geometric lines.

ANCIENT SORCERY.

As to the subject on which M. Maeterlinck has chosen to lecture, it is one newly and differently interesting to many people just now, and from a not unimportant standpoint it therefore can be called well selected. Of course, nothing he has to say on that subject can convince anybody not already convinced, and even those who hear his "evidences" with a sympathetic ear must be—well, call it startled, when he speaks in apparent seriousness of "odic effluvia" that explain why witches, by burning or sticking pins in a waxen image, can cause similar annoyance to the person represented by the maltreated doll. This is indeed a venerable belief, if age and wideness of acceptance in the past earn veneration, but its presentation now by a man known to be educated and supposed to be sane is just a little trying to those who found such a haunting charm in the plays that first gave M. Maeterlinck his international fame and still are remembered gratefully by all appreciators of the delicate and the precious.

There are limits to the credulity and to the patience even of those who see something of the mystical in the evolutions of the ouija board, and to pass those limits, as do the admissions contained in our visitor's "explanation" of the blackest of black magic, has in it an element of danger. It might, for the first time, cause people to laugh at him—the cruelest of all fates for a man of his eminence. If he doesn't know why the burning or stabbing of waxen images sometimes served the witch's malignant ends, an hour's reading in almost any good library will give him a much better theory of the phenomenon than that of "odic effluvia."—*New York Times*.

(The *Times* need give itself no anxiety. The public, it is true, will laugh, but it will laugh, not at Mr. Maeterlinck, but at the *Times*, whose convulsive writhings in the presence of psychic phenomena are among the curiosities of modern journalism. Not long ago the *Times* was pouring out the vials of its contempt on any one who believed that the ouija board moved at all, except by trickery. Now its contempt is reserved for those who see "something of the mystical" in the movements that it once derided. But that Mr. Maeterlinck should be recom-

mended to base his opinions on the speculations to be found "in almost any good library" is certainly the *pièce de résistance*. Our journalistic Rip Van Winkle should assuredly wake up, or at least secure an editorial writer hailing from some geological epoch less remote than the Paleolithic.—Ed.)

ROSMINI THE MYSTIC.

(The following account of Rosmini is extracted from an article by Miss Hardcastle in the *Theosophical Review*.)

There is of course in the bare theory of these ideals nothing that is not in every contemplative order, but the rare learning which Rosmini used in laying his foundations has attracted and held many not of his church, who only regretted that his field of speculation should have been to some extent limited by the dogmas of his faith; while the depth of his researches into psychology, the power that he places within the reach of the individual by opening to him the doors of his own intuitions, have made his bitterest enemies to be those of his own church, who, holding as they do that the masses of humanity are to be governed and mistrusted rather than liberated and enlightened, have charged him with heresy after heresy, and still continue to throw the odium theologicum on his order, although it has been fully examined and his whole philosophy exonerated and pronounced free from censure by the Congregation of the Index in 1854. His answer when asked as to the best disposition for discovering truth is his vindication, if a vindication is considered necessary to deep and original research:

"To have received a beautifully moulded soul appears to me to be undoubtedly the best of all dispositions. Next to this is elevation of mind and an unswerving consistency of thought. Then comes the deep knowledge of the Christian religion, which the more it is understood, the more it expands the wings of the spirit and enables it to reach the loftiest heights of metaphysical science. Then must be added perfect freedom from all those fetters by which the littleness of man impedes the flight of genius. The mind must be accustomed to gaze on the ideas themselves, stripped of all the trappings of words, schemata and methods. It must be made to recognize truth under all forms and colors, to

love it under all, to abhor every school or system that would impose limits to these forms of truth, and to study profoundly the meanings of words. . . . Abuse has been made of almost all philosophical and political terms."

Rosmini consequently began his plan of campaign by fixing a careful vocabulary for his use, to which he adheres consistently. He next proceeded to choose a method on which to write his synthetic philosophy, which was to be the *rationale* of the internal and spiritual science of the soul and of consciousness; and with this object he studied the history of modern science and determined to adopt its methods, and instead of beginning his philosophy by scholastic "forms" and the "faculties of the soul," he established his criterion of certainty on an analytical basis in his theory of "cognitions." Thence he proceeded cautiously, step by step, to the highest ontological speculations; which were to culminate in Theosophy. Theosophy, he says, is the theory of being, justifying all the previous sciences, by which a man can arrive at the contemplation of the last reason of things. This work remains a colossal fragment, it has never been translated, and is not even published in a complete form. The first three volumes contain his Ontology, his theory of Being and of the Essence of God.

The essence of God has three aspects, the ideal, the real (*i. e.*, the felt), and the moral (*i. e.*, the willed), yet each aspect implies the other two. His theory of creation is the perfect self-love of a perfect being. "Being infinitely loves being. It conceives the modes of being as essences, it realizes them as objects, it therefore creates for itself through the expansion of love a lovable object, and this is the world." He refers frequently to Plato and to Plotinus, with whose theory of beauty he agrees.

In the fourth volume he gives his Ideology, "the science of the intellectual light," which is said to be his most important contribution to the history of modern thought. In the fifth he gives the Science of the Soul—its unity of essence and multiplicity of powers.

In order to lead up to his Theosophy, he made a chart of all the sciences in a sort of two-faced medal—this bi-unity or Janus-aspect of things being the keynote both of his philosophy and of his rule.

One face is Being—the real, the subjective, and the positive—the other face is Philosophy, the attempt to know absolute Being. The centre point where knowledge made perfect meets the entirety of Being is Theosophy. This bi-unity also holds good in the individual; the subjective self or soul he calls the "direct" man—the objective self or that portion of the self which is conscious in the external world, is the ego or "reflex" man. Yet the direct man and the reflex man are one self in two aspects—the passive and the active aspect. The "direct" man is passive because representing the entirety of all activity, the preëstablished peace—the "reflex" man, the self-conscious ego, is active through its giving itself up as agent to the direct man, and the closer the interaction between the two faces the more complex and perfect is the self-expressive activity of the ego, and the more the soul approaches to a perfected self-conscious existence.

This is the key to Rosmini's rule—of which the characteristic is "passivity," absolute self-surrender of the personality to the soul that receives "the moulding of God." This is effected by perfect mental repose, so that the reflex side may be harmonized with the direct life of the mind, and self-knowledge is attained, which is the highest state a man can reach in this life. In this state thought is seen by its own light, "a singular light which is what ennobles the wisdom of the wise."

When this higher state is maintained it is ecstasy, and this with sleep and trance forms the proof of the "direct" life of man. For it is the soul which wills and deliberately effects the extinction of the reflex man in sleep. "I have known," he says, "men who preferred the pleasure of a placid sleep to the keenest enjoyments of life. Two selves therefore operate, the one *in the presence* of the other, and man is now the one, now the other; but the one, the direct man, operates silently, and, so to speak, *in the shade*; the other is loquacious, and runs freely through an open and luminous field." But whereas there is nothing to show that the face in the shade is not always conscious of the day-man (or earth-face of Carl du Prel), the day-man has never seen the night-face, because he is canceled, so to speak, by the other, the greater, appears. Rosmini

asks the reader to try the experiment of thinking, while in the act of falling asleep, of what is just going to happen to him; that is to say, let him think of the cessation of his reflex thought, and of that very thought with which he is observing by what steps sleep comes about; he will feel a kind of horror at it. "I have several times tried this experiment, and I have always seemed to dread the approach of sleep as the approach of a kind of death. It was the reflex principle that felt this horror, because it foresaw the annihilation of its action. The pleasure of sleep, therefore, does not belong to the reflex but to the direct principle. The former shrinks from it; the latter enjoys it." The direct man is therefore unknown to the external man. As to ecstasy, he says: "Man can not desire anything that gives him greater satisfaction than this kind of sleep of the intellect and of the spirit absorbed in the object of ecstatic contemplation, and thus rapt from itself and sunk in full oblivion, in a kind of most delicious death, exuberantly full of life!" "Who does not know that this degree of intense contemplation and complete love is the most delightful thing possible for man, in fact, a delight exceeding all delights. And yet ecstasy necessarily causes the suppression of all reflex acts and of consciousness."

The proof that the direct man is the greater of the two and the most continuous, while the reflex man is a flickering appearance, changing and superficial like the illumined crescent which appears to us to be the whole moon at times, is shortly this: All thoughts are in a series, in chains of ideas. This series must be a limited one in the reflex field. It follows therefore that the last reflection has none above it to cognize it, hence it remains unknown, outside of consciousness, and therefore it belongs to the direct life. There is thus something always in man on which he has not reflected, something therefore unknown to him, but into which all the chains of ideas are eventually sunk, and upon which they all necessarily hang. This unknown is the direct life, the life of the innate light. "Thus may every man by self-study reach perfect certainty with regard to the immortality of his own soul." For the idea is the light of the mind, it is present as a pure fact. "It may be known without any assent or dis-

sent on our part. It does not affirm or deny, it constitutes in us the possibility of affirming or denying."

There is then no difficulty in clearing up the problem of the interaction of the soul and the body, since the body is in the soul. He quotes Plotinus (Enn. iv. 18) as the most considerable attempt that has been made to interpret this correctly.

By means of this inner light an ideal is formed in the soul towards which it grows by philosophic meditation which brings us to his order and the aim of his rule, which was moral perfection. The essential part of the life of the brothers is contemplative, but this only prepares them for the active part, whose aim is the well-being of others, which they are bound to undertake, without any regard to their own preferences. The principle of all action is to be charity, material, moral, intellectual, "the love of the good, of all the good."

THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

Space, inter-stellary, inter-planetary, inter-material, inter-organic, is not a vacuum, but is filled with a subtle fluid or gas, which for want of a better term we may still call, as the ancients did, Aith-ur—Solar Fire. Æther. This fluid, unchangeable in composition, indestructible, invisible, pervades everything and all matter, the pebble in the running brook, the tree overhanging, the man looking on, is charged with the ether in varying degrees; the pebble less than the tree, the tree less than the man. All in the planet is in like manner so charged. A world is built up in ethereal fluid, and moving through a sea of it.

The ether, whatever its name, is from the sun and from the suns; the suns are the generators of it, the storehouse of it, the diffusers of it.

Without the ether there could be no motion; without it particles of ponderable matter could not glide over each other; without it there could be no impulse to excite those particles into action.

Æther determines the constitution of bodies. Were there no ether there could be no change of constitution in substance; water, for instance, could only exist as a substance, compact and insoluble beyond any conception we could form of it. It could never even be ice, never fluid, never vapor, except for ether.

Æther connects sun with planet, planet

with planet, man with planet, man with man. Without ether there could be no communication in the universe; no light, no heat, no phenomenon of motion.—*Sir Benjamin Richardson.*

THE MYSTIC BIRTH.

Some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: . . . it is sown in weakness: it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual. . . . As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall he brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?—*Paul.*

THE SHEPHERDESS.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Tho gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

—*Alice Meyneil.*

Then spake he of that answer all must give

For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that

The fixed arithmetic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good, ill for ill,
Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts,

Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
—*Light of Asia.*

There is no storme but this
Of your own cowardise

That braves you out;
You are the storme that mocks
Your selves; you are the rocks

Of your owne doubt;
Besides this feare of danger, there's no danger here;

And he that feares danger does deserve his feare. —*Crashaw.*

Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time, and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is only my dwelling place. Birth is not birth: there is a soul already existent when the body comes to it. Death is not death: the soul merely departs and the body falls. It is because men see only their bodies that they love life and hate death.—*Buddhist Scriptures.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

CTPT
MAR 6 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 31, 1920.

Price Five Cents

ATLANTIS.

Was there, as some have believed, an Atlantis—a continent or archipelago of large islands occupying the area of the North Atlantic? There is, perhaps, nothing unphilosophical in the hypothesis. For since, as geologists state, "the Alps have acquired 4000 and even in some places more than 10,000 feet of their present altitude since the commencement of the Eocene epoch"—a Post-Miocene depression might have carried the hypothetical Atlantis into almost abysmal depths."—*W. Pengelly, F. R. S., F. G. S.*

There is nothing, so far as I am aware, in the biological or geological evidence at present accessible, to render untenable the hypothesis that an area of the Mid-Atlantic or Pacific sea-bed as big as Europe, should have been upheaved as high as Mont Blanc, and have subsided again any time since the Palaeozoic epoch, if there were any grounds for entertaining it.—*Huxley.*

Is it probable that land could have existed where now the broad Atlantic rolls? All tradition says so: old Egyptian records of Atlantis, as Strabo and others have told us. The Sahara itself is the sand of an ancient sea, and the shells which are found upon its surface prove that, no longer ago than the Miocene period, a sea rolled over what is now desert. The voyage of the *Challenger* has proved the existenc of three long ridges in the Atlantic Ocean, one extending for more than three thousand

miles, and lateral spurs may, by connecting these ridges, account for the marvelous similarity of the fauna of the Atlantic islands.

The submerged continent of Lemuria, in what is now the Indian Ocean, is considered to afford an explanation of many difficulties in the distribution of organic life, and, I think, the existence of a Miocene Atlantis will be found to have a strong elucidative bearing on subjects of greater interest than the migration of the lemming. At all events, if it can be shown that land existed in former ages where the North Atlantic now rolls, not only is a motive found for these apparently suicidal migrations, but also a strong collateral proof that what we call instincts are but the blind and sometimes even the prejudicial inheritance of previously acquired experience.—*W. Dupper Crotch, M. A., F. I. S.*

Respecting the cosmogony of the Egyptian priests, we gather much information from writers of the Grecian sects, who borrowed almost all their tenets from Egypt, and amongst others that of the former successive destruction and renovation of the world. We learn from Plutarch that this was the theme of one of the hymns of Orpheus, so celebrated in the fabulous ages of Greece. It was brought by him from the banks of the Nile; and we even find in his verses, as in the Indian systems, a definite period assigned for the duration of every successive world. The returns of great catastrophes were determined by the period

of the *Annus Magnus*, or great year, a cycle composed of the revolutions of the sun, moon, and planets, and terminating when these return together to the same sign whence they were supposed at some remote epoch to have set out. . . . We learn particularly from the *Timæus* of Plato that the Egyptians believed the world to be subject to occasional conflagrations and deluges. The sect of Stoics adopted most fully the system of catastrophes destined at certain intervals to destroy the world. These, they taught, were of two kinds—the cataclysm, or destruction by deluge, which sweeps away the whole human race, and annihilates all the animal and vegetable productions of nature, and the ecpyrosis, or conflagration, which destroys the globe itself. From the Egyptians they derived the doctrine of the gradual debasement of man from a state of innocence. Towards the termination of each era the gods could no longer bear with the wickedness of men, and a shock of the elements, or a deluge, overwhelmed them; after which calamity, Astræa again descended on the earth to renew the golden age.—*Sir Charles Lyell*.

Whatever there may be in these traditions (of submerged continents) and whatever may have been the place where a civilization more ancient than that of Rome, of Greece, of Egypt, and of India, was developed, it is certain that this civilization did exist, and it is highly important for science to recover its traces, however feeble and fugitive they may be.—*Jaccoliot*.

LAOTZU.

Sze Ma-Ch'ien (136-85 B. C.) wrote that Laotzu was born of the Li family of Ch'u-jen Village, Li County, K'u Province, Ch'u State. His proper name was Err, his official name was Poh-yang, his posthumous title was Yueh-tan. He held the position of custodian of the secret archives of the State of Cheu.

Confucius went to Cheu to consult Laotzu about certain ceremonials; Laotzu told him: "The bones of these sages, concerning whom you inquire, have long since decayed, only their teachings remain. If a superior man is understood by his age, he rises to honor, but not being understood, his name is like a vagrant seed blown about by the wind. I have heard it said that a good merchant conceals his treasures, as though his ware-

houses were empty. The sage of highest worth assumes a countenance and outward mien as though he were stupid. Put aside your haughty airs, your many needs, affected robes, and exaggerated importance. These add no real value to your person. That is my advice to you, and it is all I have to offer."

Confucius departed and when he later described to his students his visit to Laotzu, he said: "I understand about the habits of birds, how they can fly; how fish can swim; and animals run. For the running we can make snares, for the swimming we can make nets, for the flying we can make arrows. But for the dragon, I can not know how he ascends on the winds and clouds to heaven. I have just seen Laotzu. Can it be said he is as difficult to understand as the dragon? He teaches the vitality of Tao. His doctrine appears to lead one to aspire after self-effacement and obscurity."

Laotzu lived in Cheu for a long time; he prophesied the decay of that state and in consequence was obliged to depart, and went to the frontier. The officer at the border post was Yin-hi, who said to Laotzu, "If you are going to leave us, will you not write a book by which we may remember you?" Thereupon Laotzu wrote a book of sonnets in two parts, comprising in all about five thousand characters. In this book he discussed his conception of the Vitality of the Tao. He left this book with the soldier, and departed, no one knows whither.—*From "Laotzu's Tao and Wu Wei," by Dwight Goddard and Henri Borel. Published by Brentano's.*

Sir Oliver Lodge, who is now visiting this country, in a recent article in the *Hibbert Journal*, a leading English philosophical quarterly, calls on the church to "cast off its hard shell of doctrine" and investigate "spiritualistic phenomena." Rev. Samuel McComb, a leading Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore, co-author of "Religion and Medicine," which created a furor some ten or twelve years ago, evidently believes in the same principles. He has just published through Dodd, Mead & Co. a book entitled "The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry." In this book he goes fully into the subject "Does death end all?" discussing it from the scientific and religious points of view.

A MAN MUST LIVE.

A man must live, we justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold
To a whole Senate bought and sold.
By that self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
A man must live?

There are times when a man must die,
Imagine for a battle-cry,
From soldiers, with a sword to hold—
From soldiers with the flag unrolled—
This coward's whine, this liar's lie—
A man must live.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

MAETERLINCK AND THEOSOPHY.

In the days before the war, Maurice Maeterlinck preached an optimistic gospel based on his conviction that wisdom, rather than chance, governs human affairs, and that happiness lurks at every corner of the road for almost all of us. His new book of essays, "Mountain Paths" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), shows a different spirit. He is occupied now with the countless ills that have followed in the wake of war. He is thinking, especially, of the heroic young dead, and he tries to justify his faith that they still live and move among us and continue to guide the nations by their example.

Maeterlinck has practically become a Theosophist. His inspiration comes from the East. He speaks of Buddha as "the most wonderful mind, the greatest sage that humanity has ever known." He characterizes the Hindu Scripture, the "Bhagavad-Gita," as "perhaps the most beautiful, that is to say the most exalted, book known up to the present time," and the "Mahabharata," from which it sprang, as "the greatest epic on earth." The religions of India, he foretells us, "foresaw all the truths which we are gradually recovering"; and "man once knew more than he now knows." He writes that perhaps "humanity never underwent a disaster to be compared with the disappearance of Atlantis," for the inhabitants of this lost island, mentioned by Plato, may have possessed a higher revelation than ours. He continues:

It is in the sacred books of India that we find the surest and most plentiful traces of this cosmogony or of this revelation. Less

than a century ago men were almost wholly unaware of the existence of these sacred books. Their interpreters have taken two different paths. On the one hand, scholars whom we may describe as official have supplied translations of a certain number of texts, which might also be called official, texts which they do not always understand and which their readers understand even less. On the other hand, initiates, genuine or pretended, with the assistance of adepts of an occult fraternity, have suggested a new and more impressive interpretation of these same texts or of others still more secret. They still, rightly or wrongly, inspire a certain distrust. We are obliged to admit the authenticity and the antiquity of certain traditions, of certain primitive and essential writings, though it is impossible to assign an approximate date to them, so completely are they merged in the mists of the prehistoric ages.

Two of the pillars of Theosophy are Reincarnation and Karma, and Maeterlinck has something to say of both doctrines. There is no proof of reincarnation, he admits, but embryology, on the physical plane, and psychology, on the mental plane, seem to indicate something of the kind. Biologists tell us that the human embryo repeats, very rapidly during the early months of its development and more slowly during the later months, all the forms of life which preceded man upon this earth. There is in us all something of "multiple personality." We have powers of which we can give no account. It happens fairly often that a man who finds himself in an unfamiliar country, in a city, a palace, a church, a house, or a garden, which he is visiting for the first time, is conscious of a strange and very definite impression that he "has seen it before." Since "heredity is incontestable," Maeterlinck argues that "preexistence is necessary," and that "Christianity, with its doctrine of original sin, is but an imperfect echo" of older and wiser religions. "We are a prehistoric colony, immense and numerous, a living agglomeration of all that lives, has lived, and probably will live on earth." The argument proceeds:

If we do not accept reincarnation, Karma none the less exists: a mutilated Karma, it is true; a diminished Karma, devoid of spaciousness, with an horizon limited by death. . . .

Karma rewards goodness and punishes evil in the infinite sequence of our lives. . . .

Karma does not inflict punishment, properly speaking; it simply places us, after our successive existences and slumbers, on the plane on which our intelligence left us, surrounded by our actions and our thoughts. It keeps a check and record. It takes us such as we have made ourselves and gives us the opportunity to make ourselves anew to ac-

quire what we lack, and to raise ourselves to the level of the highest. We are bound to raise ourselves, but the slowness or rapidity of our ascent depends only upon ourselves.

On all of this a writer in the *Christian Register* (Boston) comments:

Neither Christianity nor Buddhism offers satisfactory proof that memory and personality are retained by the individual in a future life. But Christianity, with its bold declaration that men are "sons of God," emphasizes personality here, and implies personality hereafter. This is more than can be said for the idea of an endless stream of reincarnated life, or for the description of man as a "prehistoric colony." Perhaps the larger truth is to be found in neither doctrine taken alone, but in some new combination of the idea of the just and unending training and education of reincarnated men with the Christian idea of eternal worth of human personality.

—Current Opinion.

ANIMALS.

No adequate report has come within our notice of M. Maeterlinck's address at Mrs. Speyer's for the benefit of animal lovers the other afternoon. Yet it contained some of the most significant statements that the great Belgian has uttered since his arrival in this country. It was not an address calculated to please those who think according to Hoyle—the old-timers shocked at anything not already stated 100 times before at least. In it M. Maeterlinck made clear his belief of the spiritual relation between man and animals, and as he illumines everything he touches his position was very clear indeed. The exquisite little essay, "Our Friend, the Dog," has many of the texts amplified in the talk. He showed himself one with Darwin as to "The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals." Did you ever, by the way, try reading the latter to a child? Few fairy tales have the fascination it exerts upon the growing mind.—*New York Evening Post*.

An interesting announcement is made by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, of their intention to publish a new magazine, the *Psychical Review*. It will be edited by Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., long an expert in the field of psychical research. It will have as contributors a number of men and women of international repute. Dodd, Mead & Co. will be glad to send a specimen copy of the first issue to any interested reader upon request.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

(Condensed from the *New York Times*.)

Sir Oliver Lodge, before a New York audience that included a large number of women in mourning, and occupied all the seats and the standing room at Carnegie Hall has delivered the first of his lectures in America.

He laid the foundation for proof of life after death which he will offer in later lectures, giving elaborate illustrations to prove that the human senses give only a faint conception of the realities of the universe, and that the first discoveries by science in the invisible world are comparable to well-known discoveries of science which reverse the apparent evidence of the eyes and other faculties, such as the discovery that the earth is round, whirling through space at unbelievable speed and that the bright lights in the sky are great bodies revolving at inconceivable distances.

He discussed the preëxistence of those now living, the present existence of those now dead, whom he believed to be near at hand, around and among us, and of the existence, elsewhere and in the future, of former humans who have attained an excellence, which places them above us, as we are above the black beetle.

"Now in these topics I do not wish to dogmatize," he said. "I am here to tell you what has been the result of my lifelong study of these things, and no one will suppose for a moment that I have any infallibility. Every statement of this kind must be judged on its merits."

Sir Oliver said that young children had a faint glimmering of recollection of a past life, but that this died out of their minds early in life.

"It was not this individual John Smith that began with birth," he said. "That is what has been acquired by this life. We have acquired possession of our own soul and our own personalities and our own identities. We begin with a dream of life, of preëxisting life, whose previous experiences we do not know."

"My message," he continued a little later, "and the evidence which I shall try to give on another occasion, is that those who have gone beyond the body, through the veil, are all one family. The partition is not a real partition. It

is an appearance, not a reality, a veil of sense.

"There is an apparent chasm, but love bridges the chasm. The other life is screened from us, and yet, as I think, is not far from us. I think it is all around us and we are screened. Why, it is held that the brain is the screening organ, the organ which shuts off the whole realm of existence, other than that on this planet, and that it mercifully shuts off so much from us in order that we may attend to our work here and do our job here for some sixty or seventy years.

"During that period we have practice work to do, and if our minds are opened, as the minds of some mystics, some visionaries are, to the magnitude of the universe, we could hardly attend to our work. But let us remember that we are screened, and don't let us think of that appearance as a reality. We are not really isolated. We are guided and helped from the unseen and many a prophet and saint have been aware of this. The Highest communicates with us at time through agents. 'God, who at sundry times and manners hath in these latest days spoken unto us by his son.' What if that be true? I believe it is true, that the saints and the prophets have not been befooled. It is not a little universe. There are not half-truths. If true at all, it is wholly true.

"There are grades of existence far away beyond us. We trace the existence of men down to the black beetle and the amoeba. We don't trace the grades of existences higher and higher until we come to infinity, to God Himself.

"We ought not to allow ourselves to be limited always to what enables us to do our daily work, but take a larger view also. Seers have taught us this. Now it has become the humble property of men of sciences to begin to establish this in an ordinary workday manner. Sciences, the sciences of the future, will have a message to humanity whereby the results which have been attained by the few can be made accessible to the many. The peak whence these things are visible has been reached by people who don't need to climb, who can ascend by balloons or some other method, by intuition and inspiration. We workers in science must construct the staircase, the road by which we slowly grope our way.

"We are going up the other side of the

mountain. Gradually working our way toward the summit, we begin to perceive sometimes that we shall find people who have got there before, by the paths of religion and anxiety and inspiration. We shall arrive at the same result by other channels—we shall, if we follow trust.

"The communion of saints has been taught us. We are finding that it is a reality. That which we call in science telepathy, the action of mind on mind, has been called also inspiration and prayer. These things are real. Mind, affection, aspiration, and love are not parts of the body. They are parts of the permanent reality. Eternity is now. The Kingdom of Heaven might be on earth.

"Don't think of the future as something toward which we shall go and at which we shall enter. Wherever we are it will always be the present, it will always be the now and here. The present is the opportunity for action and it always will be.

"But let us hold to the faith that we are helped, helped in our struggles by those who have gone before us. They are not removed out of our ken, save to this appearance of sense. They know what we are doing. They strive to do what they can to help humanity. They have, as I believe, been active through all our terrible struggles, and the youth that we have lost has gone before us, bright-eyed, brave youth, keenly desirous that we shall not lament them overmuch, but realizing that they, too, have their job and are doing their works as we are trying to do ours, servants of the most high God. Think of them as with us still, screened only from our senses, not screened from us in reality."

The speaker said that leaders in discovery in anatomy and physiology, though commonly materialists, were to be trusted absolutely in their positive statements. When they deny, however, that there is anything which they and their instruments can not perceive, he said, they were merely denying what they could not understand.

"In general," he continued, "positive statements are worth hearing, but a negative statement, denying something, too probably is not worth hearing."

Even though the mind could be seen functioning, each molecule doing its part, he said that the soul, the life and

thought, could not be understood any more than a spectator who could see through a small hole an orchestra leader waving his baton would see how the music was produced.

"If you were watching the orchestra of the brain molecules," he continued, "they are only incarnating or putting into thought something which is beyond matter, which lies in the realm of the unseen of mind and thought.

"The soul constructed the body, the soul uses the body, the soul dominated the body, and the soul will survive the body, for it is of a different kind altogether. The body wears out. There is no reason why a soul should wear out. The body grows old. Some souls seem to grow old, but not necessarily. We understand the wearing-out of the body, but the main reality is not going out of existence. Things don't go out of existence. If the thing is real, it persists. All real things persist."

In his illustrations of the limitations of the human senses, which screened the invisible world and which made an understanding of visible things depend on the slow progress of sciences through centuries, he mentioned the recent study of the constellation of Orion, saying:

"What the reality of that constellation may be I can not say. I can imagine it must be something supernal, that it should be so bright to us at the distance. Light, which travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, has taken 600 years to come. That is to say, when you look at the constellation Orion, you see light which has been traveling ever since the time of the Plantagenets, starting on its journey before this country was discovered and only now arriving, and there are many stars and nebulae enormously further off than that."

The speaker pointed out, incidentally, that we were able to study the heavens and make some beginnings at the comprehension of the vastness of the universe, because our planet was surrounded by a clear atmosphere. Were we cut off from the rest of the solar system by a cloudy or foggy atmosphere, such as surrounds Venus, he said that our views would be "miserably constricted," a further proof of the mistake of depending on the senses for information.

"Remember," he said, "what our senses are and how they arise. They arise in

the process of evolution to enable us to get our food and to escape our enemies. They rise from low down in the scale."

He asserted that our senses were not given for the purposes of philosophy, that they were strained when used for such purposes, so that it was natural that progress was slow and mistakes were many. Another illustration, which he gave of the supposed deception of our senses, was that of pounding the table with one hand and beating the air with the other. The wood, he asserted, was a sketchy and unsubstantial thing, with little reality to it, while the air was the solid and substantial thing. Space was generally regarded as emptiness, he said, as he continued:

"To my mind the ether of space is a substantial reality with extraordinarily perfect properties, with an immense amount of energy stored up in it, with a constitution which we must discover, but a substantial reality far more impressive than that of matter. Empty space, as we call it, is full of ether, but it makes no appeal to our senses. The appearance is as if it were nothing. It is the most important thing in the material universe. I believe that matter is a modification of ether, a very porous substance, a thing more analogous to a cobweb or the Milky Way or something very slight and unsubstantial, as compared to ether."

He said that Einstein and his associates did not deny ether, but ignored it, because it was not subject to experimentation. He predicted that in twenty years they would find that scientifically speaking, they could not do without ether.

WRITINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY.

An encouraging sign is the greatly increased demand during the past few months for the writings of H. P. Blavatsky. "The Secret Doctrine" (\$16) has been reprinted and is in great demand, as is likewise the "Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine," by Katherine Hillard (\$2). An unsuspected stock of the last edition of "Isis Unveiled" (\$7) has turned up and is helping to bridge over the period until the proposed reprint of this classic is ready. H. P. B.'s famous "Theosophical Glossary" has been reprinted (\$5). Her "Key to Theosophy" is being reprinted and it is to be hoped that this sane and conservative text-book at a moderate price (probably \$2) will

largely take the place of the current sensational and skyrocket literature for elementary class work.—*The O. E. Library Critic.*

ALCHEMY.

(Special Cable to the N. Y. Times.)

LONDON, Jan. 26.—Some remarkable predictions are contained in a volume which is published today by Frederick Soddy, who is Lee Professor of Physical Chemistry at Oxford, and famous for his research into the nature of elements and particularly into radium and its cognates. He says:

"Discoveries in radioactivity have shown that in the smallest atoms of matter all around us there exists stores of energy a million times greater than any so far harnessed. Limitless physical power awaits humanity as soon as knowledge that shall lead to its control and application has been obtained. How many unrecorded ages elapsed before the energy of fuel was controlled, and in how short a space of subsequent time has it altered the whole mode of life of the world. Given a clear course, and that most rare of national qualities, common sense, physical science can abolish the struggle for existence so far as concerns food and fuel."

He holds, too, that the moon "can not be really dead. It is, in the present state of physics, impossible to conceive of a physically dead world; that is to say, a world without any available source of energy."

Professor Soddy has much to say of queer elements and strange atoms of alchemists' dreams of turning base metal into gold. There was nothing extravagant in them, he says. The elements can be transmuted into one another, or could be if the atoms in them could be varied slightly. "To get gold from mercury," he says, "expel from the atom of mercury one betaparticle which will make thallium, then one alphaparticle which will turn thallium into gold, or to get gold from lead expel from one atom of lead one alphaparticle, which will turn into mercury and proceed as before."

(Science, having swallowed mesmerism, is now preparing to swallow alchemy. Base metals, it seems, can be transmuted into gold, although we have not yet the precise mechanism of the

process. Material nature is a unity, and the atoms differ one from another only in the number of the contained electrons. Control the movements of the electrons, imitate nature, and the secrets of transmutation are ours. But let us hope that they will not be discovered. Chaos would result. Better to seek the higher alchemy, the only true alchemy, which is the transmutation of the "base metals" of the lower nature, the turning of the water into wine.)

AFTER EGYPT.

Ye search amain, to probe and win
My secret and my origin.

Caught in the mesh of time and space,
Ye pass me, and see not my face.

To phantom shapes ye cleave, that range
Along the rifts of chance and change.

Ye feign, the signs to comprehend
Of a beginning and an end.

Know, that each drop of crystal dew,
Which, to its mission born anew

And from inept admixture freed,
My farthest fountains helps to feed,

The same once mantled in the grape,
Or swell'd the millet or the rape,

Or clove the Delta, and, wave-tost,
In gray infinitude was lost.

Son of unworthy Athens, lo,
Thus, darkly, to thy thoughts I show

What mysteries through thee, in turn,
Men of the Western world shall learn,

When, in thy magic name, they pledge
The wise soul's heavenly privilege,

Turning from that which *seems* to be,
The fleeting show, the vanity,

To penetrate, clear-eyed, beneath
These cerements of life and death,

And the *ideal* truth compel
From its gross perishable shell.

—From "*Hylethen*," by Isaac Flagg.
Published by the Stratford Company.

For if we should see things and ourselves as they are, we would see ourselves in a world of spiritual natures with which our entire real relation neither began at birth nor ended with the body's death.—*Kant.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

MA 5 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 7, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

It seems almost like blasphemy to laugh at the New York *Times*, so ponderous in its homniscience, so disdainful of anything suggestive of scientific heresy. One almost expects to be interned or deported for a lack of reverence.

But what can one do? A week or so ago the *Times* was printing a nearly daily editorial to warn us all from the dangers of psychic research. Indeed there was no such thing as psychic research, said the *Times*. There used to be such a thing, but it had now all been researched—if the word may be permitted. No doubt there was a subconsciousness, but it had been fully explored. There was nothing left to learn. Those who were interested could find maps, charts, and blue prints in any public library. But why bother about it? What did it matter? And so forth, and so on.

But the *Times* has seen a light, not a very bright light, but none the less a light. Here is Sir Oliver Lodge lecturing to large audiences on such trivialities as the human soul and reincarnation. Now no newspaper can afford to seem ignorant, still less to sneer at facts. So the *Times* makes a valiant effort to get abreast of the day by printing the editorial on "Dr. Hyslop's Laboratory" that has been reproduced in another column.

It must be admitted that it is poor stuff, even silly stuff. The *Times* talks about the subconsciousness as though it were the liver. One almost expects to

find some in a bottle, or to see its activities on the "movie" screen. A year ago, a month ago, the *Times* would have hooted in derision at any mention of the subconscious. But now the subconscious has become respectable. It moves in good society. It has been "recognized," as the diplomats say.

But what is the subconscious? Will the *Times* condescend to tell us? And why is it *sub*-conscious? Why not *super*-conscious? It is all very well to adopt the "we always knew it" attitude, but the fact is that so far from always knowing it, we do not know it now. We do not explain a thing by giving it a name, still less when the name is such an idiotic name as the subconscious.

Let us observe what the *Times* has to say about the subconscious that has now been so fully explored. Here is a "young man who developed a power to paint in the manner of Robert Swain Gifford." It is the example chosen by the *Times* itself. The young man had never been a painter, knew nothing about painting. And suddenly this capacity comes to him—out of a blue sky, so to speak. Where did it come from? We want an explanation of the miracle.

The *Times* is willing to oblige. It seems that our ordinary mind is only a portion of the whole mentality. "Under the stress of living we organize only those regions of the mind which are requisite from day to day, leaving vast potentialities of art and literature to sink into abeyance in the subconsciousness.

A blow on the head or an emotional crisis that shatters the nervous system, even the trance produced under hypnotism, releases the subconscious mind and enables it to practice the long-submerged talent." We fear that an emotional crisis is hardly likely to overtake the *Times* writer, and our well-known pacifist disposition prevents us from wishing that some one would give him a blow on the head. Perhaps there may be some other way to arouse the subconscious.

Consider the facts. Here is a young man who becomes a painter overnight, so to speak. Presumably he might have become a sculptor, or a poet, or an orator with equal ease. We are asked to believe that the mind contains a sort of lumber room into which are dropped all the unconsidered trifles with which we have no time to bother in a practical world. But this lumber room has the curious faculty of sorting out all these trifles, arranging them in heaps, so to say, and then delivering them under the requisite conditions as finished mental products, as the genius of the artist, the poet or the sculptor. And all this is done mechanically, automatically, a sort of glorified nickel-in-the-slot business. It is as though a householder were in the habit of throwing all his rubbish into his back yard, only to discover that the back yard itself had arranged it all into an automobile. And then the scientist would come along, or the *Times* writer, and after denying for forty years that there was, or could be, any automobile there, he would airily explain that the capacity of back yards to make automobiles was well understood, and was so much of a commonplace that no attention need be paid to it. Back yards always made automobiles. Why discuss truisms? To maintain that some intelligence must have been at work was to confess to a disordered mind. Let us talk about something important.

Now it must be evident even to a *Times* writer that a hidden faculty that can turn a commonplace young man into an artist, without experience or training, must be a wonderful faculty, far more wonderful than anything we now have. We wish sincerely that the *Times* writer would search for it, even though it should be necessary to hit his head quite hard but harmlessly. Why, then, call it the *sub-conscious*? Indeed it must be a

sort of god. Its operations seem, in a way, to be divine. No intellect that the world has ever known can do what this can do. It dwarfs all the normal capacities of which we have ever heard.

But here we will leave it. Let us hope that we can get to press before the *Times* makes a further wild rush into mysticism.

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years,
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

—W. E. Henley.

DR. HYSLOP'S LABORATORY.

(Editorial in New York Times.)

Dr. Hyslop's plea for a laboratory of research into the "supernatural," along the lines of the Rockefeller Institute, would probably command a more general respect if, provisionally at least, the proposal were for a laboratory in abnormal psychology. No one who has read the literature of the subject can doubt that phenomena are frequent, and have been since the dawn of history, which seems strongly to substantiate the spiritualistic hypothesis, and which, though the mere psychiatrist has recorded most or all of them, have never been wholly explained in the terms of science. There is, in short, a borderland of classified knowledge, a twilight zone of marvelous and alluring phenomena, which certainly tell us of some "unknown world," but whether this is the "other world" of the spiritualist, or only an uncharted and as yet vaguely guessed region of the wholly human mind, is as yet uncertain. The paths of true science lead from the known to the unknown; so that, until the psy-

chologic hypothesis is definitely excluded, it offers the more logical base of operations.

The cases which Dr. Hyslop summarizes in his interview in yesterday's *Times* have all been closely paralleled in the records of practicing physicians, and without pretense of spirit intervention. "Doris Fisher" is a close counterpart of the "Miss Beauchamp" whose case was recorded by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston in "The Dissociation of a Personality"—a record which is thrilling and absorbing as few novels have ever been. The four "personalities" which "Miss Beauchamp" developed vied with one another to win the attention and the favor of the physician, practicing a hundred clever shifts and devices and contributing psychologic data by the ream. If Dr. Prince had been a spiritualist, instead of a psychologist, there can be little doubt that the personalities would have been equally prolific in "spiritualistic" manifestations. Vanity and the most astounding trickery are the badge of all their tribe, and the range of their exploits is, as it seems, vastly extended by the fact that they have the power to read, not only the conscious, but the subconscious minds of those about them. Thus, "Doris Fisher" might easily have evolved Dr. Richard Hodgson, the noted psychical researcher of Boston, out of Dr. Hyslop's own consciousness, quite as the Beauchamp personalities astounded Dr. Prince with psychological researches.

There is also abundant precedent for Dr. Hyslop's young man who developed a power to paint in the manner of Robert Swain Gifford. The religious and philosophic ecstasies of "Julia," as published by W. T. Stead, and the books of "Patience Worth" are among the more familiar instances. The fact seems to be that in all of us the conscious mind, the mind we use in our daily life and work, is only a portion of our potential mentality. Under the stress of living we organize only those regions of the mind which are requisite from day to day, leaving vast potentialities of art and literature to sink into abeyance in the subconsciousness. A blow on the head or an emotional crisis that shatters the nervous system, even the trance produced under hypnotism, releases the subconscious mind and enables it to practice the long submerged talent. As the late William James pointed out,

the human body contains reserves of physical energy of which one is quite unaware until they are developed under some extraordinary stress. In a similar manner there seem to be vast reservoirs of mental power which also are developed only in a crisis.

Manifestly, we have here a most fruitful region for research. For the present it seems probable that the spiritual hypothesis will give way to the psychologic, as astrology gave way to astronomy and alchemy chemistry. Whatever the outcome, the present need is for thoroughly controlled research. All scientists worthy of the name would welcome a laboratory such as Dr. Hyslop proposes.

RADIO-ACTIVITY.

Why do the authorities believe in the transmutation of all matter? asks Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge in his "Philosophy of Radio-Activity," lately published by the William R. Jenkins Company of New York. Because, he says, of the mystery of radium. Here we can actually watch a process that is operative throughout nature. The transmutation goes on before our eyes.

Dr. Savidge has stumbled upon an occult law not without significance to the student. Matter unwinding itself to lower densities moves always under the government of the number four. Winding to a higher velocity, it is governed by the number seven. Take, for example, the atomic weights of the Uranium series:

Uranium	238
Uranium X	234
Ionium	230
Radium	226
Emanation	222
Radium A	218
" B	214
" C	214
" D	210

Transmutation is occasioned by the explosive escape of the *a* particles. If we knew the *explosion secret* we could transmute instantly. We could change any element into any other element. We know the methods, but not the *how*.

Dr. Savidge goes on to a consideration of sound and color. Here we have the rule of the number seven. Sound and color are etheric vibrations. They merge into one another, but there is a vast domain between audibility and visibility into which we can not enter. It is a dark world. Sixteen vibrations per second

make the lowest note we can hear. Broadly stated, forty thousand vibrations per second limit our upper range of hearing:

The vibrations go on from one per second to infinity. Discerned first as movement, at sixteen per second we begin to perceive quality. The quality changes in rapidity as we climb; but beneath the change is the thing that changes and marks a new quality at each progress in rapidity. High C contains nothing more than was found in the first note except velocity; and the tendency to increased velocity was in the first note.

Between the last audible and the first visible—between forty thousand per second and the 400 millions of millions per second—there is a rising succession of qualities which our ears, our eyes, our instruments of precision, neither perceive nor record. In this unmapped, undesignated portion of infinity—a yet definitely enclosed fragment of infinity—it is probable that many of the secrets of life are held. We are much concerned with this well-cornered portion of infinity.

Tyndall records that the chirping of certain insects on the Wengern Alp, though so shrill as to be almost intolerable to him, was yet inaudible to a friend walking by his side. Attuned one quality higher, syntonie one grade more than his friend, Tyndall attested what danger would be involved were the sytonic receivers of living beings over-extended. For the pain of the intolerable shrillness, a further step higher, may have the power of wrecking the apparatus.

Though the smallest entrance into the realms of FENCED INFINITY involves the intolerable pain, well across the upper border thereof begins the pleasurable sense of color. For between 400 and 800 millions of vibrations per second lies the visible range of colors. In the definition of elementary physics "that portion of radiant energy lying between these limits is called Light."

From the ultra-violet we touch the threshold of unfenced, immeasurable infinity, where vibratory quality rises in steady velocity, until in the supreme vibratory expression of heat, in the spiral finality of motion, imagination beholds its disappearance towards the centre of the sun.

The term "fenced infinity" is a good one. How reluctantly we realize that our fine senses exclude us from a vastly greater range of nature than they disclose, that they are attuned only to the most limited scales of etheric vibrations. What lies in those "fenced infinities" into which we may not trespass? And is there a way? We are "much concerned," says the author, with this region. It contains "many of the secrets of life."

But to chart the processes of nature is not to understand them. Always we are confronted with the external Why. Why the number four on the descending scale? Why the number seven on the ascending scale? Why the regularity, the precision,

the Law? What is the indwelling force? What is the Unknown Order? To that the author can give us no definite answer. Wisely he refrains from the attempt. But he tells us that: "At the core of the electron, at the core of the atom, at the core of the molecule, there is a force which associates electrons into atoms, atoms into molecules, molecules into cells, cells into organisms, and organisms into communities and communities into states." It is the ultra-material, says Dr. Savidge, that is the cause which orders the Associative Force and marks the Eternal Constants, and then we are reminded that "it is an overpowering thought that the identical matter which our non-materiality gathers to indwell—to pass across—pre-existed and will survive the organization; it has been used and re-used many million times before."

No attempt has been made here to review a most illuminating and suggestive work. It covers a much wider field than is here indicated, and a field that is extraordinarily fertile.

"EVIDENCE FOR SURVIVAL."

(From the New York Times.)

Such "Evidence for Survival" as he had to offer, Sir Oliver Lodge presented in Carnegie Hall last night. The second of his series of lectures on the supernatural proved to be a painstaking and conservative exposition of the reasons for his own belief in life after death, rather than any effort to convert such non-believers as heard him.

Sir Oliver started by reminding his hearers of the vital nature of the question before them, said the case for survival had been proved to him, but he preferred to offer the "cold-blooded scientific facts" which had brought about his conversion as evidence rather than proof.

He defined life as something which interacts with matter and moves matter, a kind of animating soul principle. Life, he said, was the rudiment of mind and mind might be the rudiment of spirit, he didn't wish to dogmatize.

The speaker told how life, consciously or unconsciously, arranges matter into patterns and thus constructs things. He regarded his body as such a construction, a machine his soul could use, an instrument which he could employ as the musician does his organ, to communicate with those who sat before him.

Sir Oliver talked of the nature of phantasms, apparitions, appearances which, he said, were not mere superstitions. He said they were real cases of telepathy, but the mind interprets them as coming through ordinary channels, the brain cells are stimulated and think they see and hear, hence they supply the illusion of voice, body, dripping clothes, and the like. Thus the apparition is a sort of dream-constructed vision from a real impact of mind on mind. There could be survival without communication, he said, but communication without survival was impossible.

"If we can get communications," he continued, "which show that the discarnate have passed into angels or demons, according to the old, ignorant, mediæval superstition, but that their memories have survived the shock, that their character has lasted, for better or for worse, and that their affection endures, then we have proved our case for survival."

The lecturer went on to talk of mediums and warned against danger of contamination from the mind of the medium, even though his or her personality is supposed to be in abeyance, and said the trance state was the best for communication. He dwelt upon the severe tests to which messages should be put, denied that most messages were trivial, and repeated his explanation of a few days ago that trivialities often served best for purposes of proof of identity. As a mundane example of this he told how Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thompson, once when testing Bell's invention of the telephone, said into the receiver no words of world import, but "hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle" and danced with transports of joy when the reply came back, "the cow jumped over the moon."

"There is Sir William Barrett's most curious case," he continued, "which could not have been telepathy because it was not in anybody's mind. A soldier killed in the war came through and said among his effects would be found a tie pin for Miss Jane Summers. They found there was such a girl, and she had been engaged to the soldier, and when they hunted through his effects they found the tie pin which they did not know he had."

The lecturer then read a description of

the case of a man whose son, nineteen years old, died after being wounded on the battlefield. Some one persuaded his mother to consult a medium. The boy's given names were Leslie Stewart, but he had been called Rodger. When the medium attempted to write "Rodger" the boy broke in and said, "No, Podger." "Podger" was his mother's affectionate name for him. The spirit identified himself as "Podger" and told many remarkable things, all of which might have been telepathic communications from their own minds acting upon the medium's.

Finally the son told his mother if she would look under a certain flap in his luggage she would find all her letters to him. She had hunted for these letters and had not discovered the flap before. She looked under it and found all her letters. Once this boy described to his mother a bronze object that looked like a coin and wasn't and suggested something about putting a hole in it and wearing it as a memento. The mother searched his effects once more and found a penny, but nearly double by the impact of a bullet.

The lad appeared in a vision to his mother one morning at 8 o'clock. Without telling any one, she hurried to a medium, who said: "The boy wants me to tell you it was not a dream, the veil was allowed to be lifted for a second; Joan saw it, too." Joan was a friend who was found to have had a vision of the boy at about the same time.

Sir Oliver talked at length about persons believing in spirit communication, depositing in safe places sealed messages which they proposed to repeat after death and which then were to be opened for verification. He said such a message left by "Mr. Meyers" which said "love bridges a chasm" proved to be a failure and was so published to the world, but that later he and others were not so sure something of the sense of it did not come through, though they stood by their admission. He warned that such a letter might not be conclusive, since the writer might communicate it telepathically while still living.

Sir Oliver told of Sir Hugh Lane, drowned on the *Lusitania*, sending a message about that catastrophe just as the extras were on the street, and predicting that the sinking of the vessel would have a powerful effect on the course of the war,

SPIRITISM.

(Edmund Lester Pearson in the Review.)

The word "Spiritism" seems almost to have displaced the older one, "Spiritualism," but if it ordinarily indicates bias either towards or against the belief, it is not so used here. Persons who work in libraries and bookshops can not doubt the extraordinary interest in the subject, and the lectures of M. Maeterlinck and Sir Oliver Lodge are increasing that interest.

Books about it are mostly written by convinced believers, who seem, to skeptics or agnostics, pathetically credulous; or by disbelievers, whose skepticism appears to the convert to be a resolute refusal to open their minds to the truth. If there is in the world a person absolutely without prejudice upon this subject, he will seek long to discover any book reflecting his state of mind. The most determined opponents are those who find the belief disturbing to orthodox religion.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a believer, says that as a course of reading "for an intelligent agnostic who knew nothing about psychic science," he would suggest the writings of J. Arthur Hill. Two of these are "Spiritualism; Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine" (Doran, 1919) and "Psychical Investigations" (Cassell, 1917). Sir A. C. Doyle's own writings are: "The New Revelation" and "The Vital Message" (Doran, 1918-19). It is hardly necessary to name Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" (Doran, 1916) and "The Survival of Man" (Moffat, 1909). James H. Hyslop's "Contact with the Other World" (Century) is a compilation from his years of experience, his studies and conclusions. Hereward Carrington's "Modern Psychical Phenomena" (Dodd, 1919) is one of many books by this author; its evidence about "spirit photography" must be overwhelming if it convinces any who have known the mischances of the amateur photographer and the surprises of the developing room. Basil King's "Abolishing of Death" (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 1919) and Sir W. T. Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen" (Dutton, 1917) are friendly to the investigations.

Two important studies from, it is said, a scientific point of view are W. J. Crawford's "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" (Watkins, 1916) and his "Experiments in Psychical Science" (Dutton, 1919).

An extensive and extremely interesting historical work is Frank Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism; a History and a Criticism" (2 vols., Scribner, 1902). Theodore Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology" (Harper, 1911), Emile Boirac's "The Psychology of the Future" (Stokes, 1918), Hamlin Garland's "The Shadow World" (Harper, 1908), and Samuel McComb's "The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry" (Dodd, 1919) offer a variety of treatments of the topic.

Johan Liljencrants in "Spiritism and Religion" (Devin, 1918) and D. I. Lanslots in "Spiritism Unveiled" (Herder, 1913) pay the compliments of the Church of Rome to the whole subject, while J. G. Raupert's "The New Black Magic" (Devin), from much the same point of view, admits the manifestations and seems to class them with devil-worship.

"Some Revelations as to 'Raymond'" (Dutton, 1918), by "A Plain Citizen," is discriminating and by no means entirely hostile. It should be read with Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond." For an out-and-out opponent of spiritism, try Edward Clodd's "The Question" (Richards, 1917).

ENGLAND'S NEW WORRY.

(From the New York Times.)

England has run into a new worry, but it is not one in which the government or establish institutions are concerned, but it is of the people, for the people, and by the people, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is largely responsible. As we all know, ever since the war began England has been passing through a zone of acute spiritualism. Captained by Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Doyle, with petty officers among other prominent personalities—Kipling not even having escaped—the believers in communication with the beyond have waged a war against those who "refused to believe," or "declined to admit," until any man felt sheepishly self-conscious who could not plead guilty to having communed with a willing spirit on the other side of the grave.

At first those who believed were cheered by the thought of associating, even by means of raps, with the ghosts of the good, but lately there has grown up a horrible suspicion, which some de-

clare to be a certainty, that all is not good that is spiritual. So now when we get into communication with a disembodied essence we have no more assurance that we are connected up with a good soul than we have of guessing the color of the girl's hair who says "hello" to us over the telephone wire.

In other words, the spiritualists themselves are growing alarmed over the odd contradictions that appear to arrive, via the medium route, from over yonder, and are suspecting that the time-honored belief in dark as well as light spirits, in devils as well as angels, may have had a foundation in fact. There no longer seems to be any positive reason why, if a pleasant and well-meaning soul can rap three times in the darkness and then whisper sweet nothings by means of a gagged and bound medium, the spirit of an unreconstructed, evil-minded, pestiferous personality may not take advantage of the same mediumistic communication to cause trouble and carry on its evil work which was left incompleted on the intervention of death.

PERIODICITY.

(Special to the New York Times.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Under the caption, "Influenza Prediction Fulfilled," the Census Bureau issued the following statement today:

"In the November 8th issue of the London *Lancet* appeared a prediction by Dr. John Brownlee, D. Sc., based on a careful study of past influenza epidemics, that a recurrence of the 1918 influenza epidemic would occur in January or February, 1920.

"Dr. Brownlee found that influenza epidemics recurred at intervals of thirty-three weeks, providing the thirty-third week did not fall between June and December, in which case the recurrence would be expected at the end of sixty-six or ninety weeks, and therefore he regards the fall epidemic of 1918 as an exception to the rule. In the United States we are now having a recurrence after sixty-six weeks.

"It is now exactly sixty-six weeks since the mortality peak of the 1918 epidemic in Chicago. The same is true for New York City and Washington. In all three of these places influenza is now epidemic.

"The periodicity suggests that we may be dealing with infecting organisms which not only have the power to reproduce themselves in a virulent form continually for a long period if susceptible persons are exposed, but which also have the power of developing in cycles of thirty-three or sixty-six weeks.

"The recurrence might be explained on the hypothesis that immunity has lasted sixty-six weeks, though this hypothesis does not explain the fact, already noticed in some families, that those attacked in 1918 are now immune, while those not attacked in 1918 are now contracting the disease. The more reasonable explanation seems to be that the present epidemic is due to a definite cyclical regrowth of the infecting organisms from the seed of the former epidemic.

"Definite cycles of development are common in the known vegetable and animal world. Some plants flower annually, some biennially; the malarial organism may complete its cycle in two or more days; the locust requires in some cases seventeen years.

"Similarly, the organism responsible for our recent pandemic may complete its cycle in thirty-three weeks, or perhaps sixty-six weeks. This recurrence of the epidemic after sixty-six weeks certainly strengthens the view that the epidemics of 1889, 1890, 1918, and 1920 all have a common aetiology."

Men are disturbed, not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things; for example, death is not terrible, for if it were it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death that it is terrible is the terrible thing. When, then, we are impeded, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves—that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed to lay blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed neither to blame another nor himself.—*Epictetus*.

The ether which is around us is the same as the ether within us, and that is the ether within the heart.—*Upanishad*.

A life virtuously spent is a perpetual happiness.—*Cicero*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

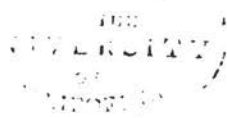
Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAR 8 1920



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 14, 1920.

Price Five Cents

BABYLON.

The article by Professor A. H. Sayce on Babylonian culture that is reproduced in another column may supply some corrective ideas that are seriously needed. Their author is the chief living authority on Babylon. He has no theories to support and no interests to serve. And he tells us that the culture of four thousand years ago was equal to our own. Babylon had its schools, its universities, its democracy, and its suffrage for women. In its government there were no sex barriers. It had its symptoms of post and of communications, of industries, and of trade. And it fell through its own decadence and the invasion of savage tribes.

And so another scientific obsession is fatally wounded by incontestable fact. We have been asked to believe that human evolution has proceeded in an almost unbroken line from the earliest ages until now, and that the cultural status of a people is indicated by its antiquity. But here is Babylon of 4000 years ago with a cultural status equal to our own, and an adjacent savagery as barbarous as our own. History repeats itself, and there is no new thing under the sun.

The day of Babylon is but as yesterday, although here, too, we must join issue with our scientific friends. Babylon belonged to an advanced modernity in comparison with the civilizations that preceded it. Who were the people that

lived in the ruined cities of Mesopotamia, in those of the Gobi Desert, of South Africa and of South America. Certainly they were not savages, and they must have been immensely old when Babylon was young? Who carved the statues on Easter Island? Who built Stonehenge? Why do we find Egyptian statuary in Mexico? Who made the serpent mounds of North America?

So long as we look on the epochs of human history as contained, so to speak, in water-tight compartments, so long shall we wander in the mists of perplexity. Not until we look on all evolution as the accomplishment of a single will shall we find order where now seems chaos. But with that key we can open all the doors of archaeology. Then we shall see the rise, the culmination, and the fall of nation after nation as the successive efforts to bring men to the point where they shall be able to carry their intellectuality to the plane of spirit. We shall see the same groups appearing again and again, to be swept away under the tide of catastrophe as their failure is printed upon the imperishable records. They mount by the same steps. The steps can be traced age after age. They have the same temptations and the same saviors. And they have the same fall. Are not the wrecks within our sight?

We learn so slowly. The voice of the prophets falls upon unheeding ears. Always we are a chosen people, and the laws of eternity are to be set aside in

our favor. Babylon, Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, Rome, and Greece have no message for us. We imitate their abominations and believe that we shall escape their fate. Not for us is the message that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." And the gods are silent overhead and silent the graves beneath us while the moving finger writes the Mene, Mene.

THE "TIMES" AGAIN.

In our last issue we derived some amusement from an effort to trace the curves of the *New York Times* in its efforts to keep abreast of modern speculations about psychism without too serious a violation of its own conventions. Since then the process has been continued and even emphasized. It seems that a Mr. Rinn, otherwise unknown to fame—and there is always a Mr. Rinn in these matters—has offered \$5000 for the performance of some absurd test, and he now seems a little upset because Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Hyslop have derided him. But Mr. Rinn should feel complimented. Let him imagine his own state of mind if he had been ignored. Mr. Rinn may now congratulate himself that he was noticed by Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Hyslop. Better men than Mr. Rinn have gone further and fared worse.

But the *Times* in the following editorial comes to the defense of the Researchers:

Mr. Rinn's boisterous challenge to Sir Oliver Lodge will please the skeptical scientist no better than the convinced spiritualist. All psychological researchers worthy of the name know, and we have repeatedly declared, that professional mediums are mainly impostors and that the best of them, including Eusapia Paladino and Mrs. Piper, have been repeatedly detected in trickery. They all admit that psychic manifestations can not be produced at will, but must be patiently awaited. A challenge to produce the "spirit" of Dr. Hodgson or any other "spirit" is manifestly beside the point. Yet, in spite of all difficulty, phenomena are occasionally encountered which, whether "spiritual" or merely psychologic, have as yet received no adequate scientific explanation.

Camille Flammarion tells a story which well illustrates the futility of such blanket indictments of fraud. When Louis Daguerre was developing his process he was a scene painter at the Paris Opéra; and, in order to advertise the daguerreotype, he induced one of the patronesses of the Opéra to sit for him. Being past the meridian of her youth, she rebelled at facing the clear north light of the studio. She insisted that he come to her

drawing-room and take the picture in a half light beneath the pink shade of her lamp. On being informed that such conditions were impossible, she went about fashionable Paris denouncing Daguerre as a braggart and an impostor. She lived to regret an act by which she had proclaimed only her own vanity and waning youth. As photography is dependent upon light, so most mediumistic exhibitions whether "spiritual" or not, thrive best in a dim or darkened room. It is always insisted that they are dependent, moreover, upon a sympathetic mood on the part of those present. Such conditions are perfect for fraud, and all the marvelous tricks of legerdemain have been freely practiced. The mediums are mainly hysterics and, when in a state of trance, are controlled by subliminal "personalities" who are themselves Puck-like tricksters of the spirit. All this is tacitly confessed by Dr. Hyslop in his plea for an endowment which will enable the abnormal psychologist thoroughly to control his investigations.

Mr. Rinn's challenge ignores the order of phenomena which are most interesting to the abnormal psychologist and upon which Dr. Hyslop and Sir Oliver Lodge mainly base their spiritualistic belief. The real objection to spiritualism is on other ground than that taken by Mr. Rinn. Physically, the manifestations are dangerously exhausting, while the "messages," even if they are not fraudulent, are trivial. Those English clergymen were right who denounced such "spiritualism" as more materialistic than honest agnosticism. Most people will find it easier to believe in a future life when well-meaning folk cease their efforts to convince us of it by "evidences" that reflect, chiefly, their own credulity.

The main point advanced by the *Times* is well justified. There can be no material proof of a spiritual reality. Dancing tables, ouija boards, and planchettes have no spiritual significance whatever, and can not have. Even if their supposed communications were proved to come from the departed they would do no more than prove that the departed were not at that moment actually dead. They would have no bearing upon immortality. When one remembers the spiritual lore that is now accessible one can only marvel at the interest that is shown in phenomena that would be puerile if they were not so mischievous.

In the meantime we have a veritable sheaf of letters from those who are anxious to establish the *bona* or *mala fides* of the mediums. Thus "Observer" writes to the *Times* from Hartford as follows:

Joseph Rinn appears to be even more confident today than he was ten years ago that he understands the genus medium and all their varied phenomena. But can he or any other conjurer of today duplicate their tricks? How crude and clumsy was his performance with the slate compared with that of Slade. And the singular thing is that these mediums at the

age of fourteen or fifteen show this perfection of "juggling."

The first time Eusapia, a girl of fourteen, sat at the table with friends to test what was being talked of all over Europe, the table rose, chairs began to dance, glasses and bottles moved about, till her friends ran out of the room in fright.

Kate Fox was nine years old when she produced the raps which nearly drove her family crazy and started the circles of inquiry in Hydesville which spread around the world in a few years.

D. D. Howe began at thirteen his astonishing feats which made him famous at seventeen and brought him at twenty-three to the Emperor of France, the Czar of Russia, the King of Württemberg, and the Pope at Rome.

Miss Goligher at fifteen is able to make an untouched table rise in the air four feet and resist the united efforts of two strong men to push it down.

If Mr. Rinn could do this under the same circumstances he could easily make twice his \$5000, if he so desired. But it is safe to say that neither he nor any other conjurer will ever be able to perform these simple tricks, in the way these children of fifteen and sixteen performed them. And the difference is simply that between juggling and psychic phenomena.

In this connection we are reminded of an article by Mr. T. Subba Row which appeared in "Five Years of Theosophy." It will be remembered that Mr. Subba Row earned an enviable reputation for himself in the early days of the movement by his erudition and his eloquence. In the course of his article on "Brahmanism on the Sevenfold Principle in Man" he says:

By itself it can not evolve for itself a new set of objective experiences, or, to say the same thing in other words, it has no Punarpanmam. It is such an entity that can appear in séance rooms; but it is absurd to call it a disembodied spirit. It is merely a power or force retaining the impressions of the thoughts or ideas of the individual into whose composition it originally entered. It sometimes summons to its aid the Kama Rupa power, and creates for itself some particular ethereal form (not necessarily human).

Its tendencies of action will be similar to those of the individual's mind when he was living. This entity maintains its existence so long as the impressions on the power associated with the fifth principle remain intact. In course of time they are effaced, and the power in question is then mixed up in the current of its corresponding power in the Macrocosm, as the river loses itself in the sea. Entities like these may afford signs of there having been considerable intellectual power in the individual to which they belonged; because very high intellectual power may co-exist with utter absence of spiritual consciousness. But from this circumstance it can not be argued that either the spirits or the spiritual Egos of deceased individuals appear in séance rooms.

There are some people in India who have

thoroughly studied the nature of such entities (called Pishacham). I do not know much about them experimentally, as I have never meddled with this disgusting, profitless, and dangerous branch of investigation.

The Spiritualists do not know what they are really doing. Their investigations are likely to result in course of time either in wicked sorcery or in the utter spiritual ruin of thousands of men and women.

Madam Blavatsky adds a footnote with reference to Mr. Subba Row's concluding paragraph. She says, "We share entirely in this idea."

BABYLON.

(By Professor A. H. Sayce.)

The old Oriental world was wonderfully like our own. It was not acquainted with the mechanical contrivances of the twentieth century, with trains and steamers, telegraphs and telephones, but on the cultural side it was on a level with ourselves, and in some respects even in advance of us. Culture as opposed to mechanical civilization is always confined to the few, and what is still the high-water mark of the few had already been attained four thousand years ago.

We already knew that such was the case with the Greece and Rome of the classical age. Then came the revelation of ancient Egyptian culture, followed by that of the art and culture of early Crete, and it is now the turn of Babylonia. The strong points of Babylonian culture, however, were not artistic, as was the case with Egypt and Crete, but literary and commercial.

The latest discovery of Babylonian archaeology has an astonishingly modern ring. Some centuries before Abraham was born in Ur of the Chaldees, a dynasty of kings was reigning which had its capital in that city. Its rule or supremacy was acknowledged from Susa to the Mediterranean, from the Persian Gulf to the Taurus Mountains. In eastern Asia Minor, three miles from the present Kaisariyeh, there was a Babylonian colony, partly military, partly commercial, which held the highroad to the Northwest and was the centre of the metal trade. Babylonian firms worked the silver, copper, and lead mines of Asia Minor, and supplied Western Asia with their products.

They have left us their records inscribed in cuneiform characters on tablets of clay. Hundreds of them have

been recently discovered, all belonging to the same period, about 2400 B. C. Some of the tablets are letters, often on business matters; others of them relate to commercial or legal affairs. They come abruptly to an end; it is probable that when internal decay prevented the Babylonian government from defending any longer their distant possessions the Babylonian settlements in Asia Minor were destroyed by the wild tribes of the north. At all events, excavation has shown that the particular city where the tablets were found was suddenly overthrown and never inhabited again.

The larger number of colonists came from Assyria, which at that time was a Babylonian province. They had a republican, and not a monarchical, form of government, though acknowledging in a sort of shadowy way the nominal supremacy of the Babylonian kings. But they were actually governed by their own officers, a province or district being under the government of a "prince," and a city under that of a "prefect." Besides these officers there were also judges, as well as certain officials, who gave their names to the "weeks" of five days each into which the year was divided, and by means of which time was counted.

But by the side of the "prince" and the "prefect" there was also a "princess" and a "prefectess," and a curious fact that emerges from the tablets is that the "princess" and "prefectess" had equal powers and rights with the "prince" and "prefect." "Women's Rights" had already triumphed at Burus, as the city was called; the women could trade there like the men, could bequeath their property like the men, and possessed, it would seem, the same official authority as the men. It would appear that, after all, there was some truth in the classical story of the Amazons whose home was in the same part of the world.

Along with "Women's Rights," naturally, went women's education, and the latest discovery is the most modern touch of all. A tablet has turned up which refers to a woman's "college" or "university," in the neighborhood of Burus, where it gave the name of "The Women's Town" to the suburb in which it stood. The university was divided into the two faculties of "Literature" and "Arts," each of which was under a "Principal," who, however, was not a woman, but a

male professor. Surely "there is no new thing under the sun."

But the tablets have brought to light many other things which have their parallel in the modern world. We learn from the letters that there were roads throughout the country, along which the postman went regularly, though the letters and envelopes he carried were of clay, like the stamps, which had the form of discs. In one of the letters the writer expresses the hope that the postman will have a bright moon and a clear sky to light him on his way at night. In some of the correspondence reference is made to a species of check, the messenger being instructed to receive from the correspondent of the writer the equivalent in money of the sum named on the tablet presented to him.

Truly the Near East has a long past of civilization behind it.—*From the London Observer.*

PASSAGE TO INDIA.

O vast rondure, swimming in space!
Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty!
Alternate light and day, and the teeming spiritual darkness;
Unspeakable, high processions of sun and moon, and countless stars above;
Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees;
With inscrutable purpose—some hidden prophetic intention;
Now, first, it seems, my thought begins to span thee.

O we can wait no longer!
Joyous, we, too, launch out on trackless seas!
Fearless, for unknown shores, on waves of ecstasy to sail. . . .

Ah, more than any priest, O soul, we, too, believe in God;
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally.

O Thou transcendent!
Nameless—the fibre and the breath!
Light of the light—shedding forth universes—
Thou the centre of them!
Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving!
Thou moral, spiritual fountain! affection's source! thou reservoir!

(O pensive soul of me! O thirst unsatisfied!

Wailest not haply for us, somewhere, the Comrade perfect?)

Thou pulse! thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,

That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,

Athwart the shapeless vastness of space! How should I think—how breathe a single breath—how speak—if, out of myself,

I could not launch to those superior universes?

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,

At Nature and its wonders, Time, Space, and Death,

But that I, turning, call to thee, O soul, thou actual Me,

And lo! thou gently masterest the orbs, Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,

And fillest, swellest full, the vastness of Space.

What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours, O soul?

What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?

What cheerful willingness, for other's sake, to give up all?

For other's sake to suffer all?

Ah! Passage to more than India!

Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far flights?

Passage to you, your shores, ye fierce enigmas!

Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems!

You, strew'd with wrecks of skeletons that never reached you.

Passage to more than India!

O secret of earth and sky!

Of you, O waters of the sea!

Of you, O woods and fields and you, strong mountains of my native land!

O sun and moon, and all your stars! Sirius and Jupiter!

Passage to you!

Passage—immediate passage!

Away, O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!

Cut the hawsers—and haul out—shake out every sail!

Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?

Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking, like mere brutes?

Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough?

Sail forth! steer* for the deep waters only!

Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me;

For we are bound where mariner has yet not dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!

O farther, farther sail!

O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of God?

O farther, farther sail!

—From "*Leaves of Grass*," by Walt Whitman.

A VISION.

It is related that Joseph of Arimathœa was imprisoned by the Jews because he had begged the body of Jesus after the crucifixion. Joseph afterwards gave the following account of his release from prison:

"On the preparation, about the tenth hour, you locked me up, and I remained all the Sabbath. And at midnight, as I was standing and praying, the room where you locked me in was hung up by the four corners, and I saw a light like lightning in my eyes. And I was afraid, and fell to the ground. And some one took me by the hand, and removed me from the place where I had fallen; and moisture of water was poured from my head even to my feet, and a smell of perfumes came about my nostrils. And he wiped my face, and kissed me, and said to me, Fear not, Joseph; open thine eyes, and see who it is that speaks to thee. And looking up, I saw Jesus. And I trembled, and thought it was a phantom; and I said the commandments, and he said them with me. Even so you are not ignorant that a phantom, if it meet anybody, and hear the commandments, takes to flight. And seeing that he said them with me, I said to him, Rabbi Helias [Elijah]. And he said to me, I am not Helias. And I said to him, Who art thou, my lord? And he said to me, I am Jesus, whose body thou didst beg from Pilate; and thou didst clothe me with clean linen, and didst put a napkin on

my face, and didst lay me in thy new tomb, and didst roll a great stone to the door of the tomb. And I said to him that was speaking to me, Show me the place where I laid thee. And he carried me away, and showed me the place where I laid him; and the linen cloth was lying in it, and the napkin for his face. And I knew that it was Jesus. And he took me by the hand, and placed me, though the doors were locked, in the middle of my house, and led me away to my bed, and said to me, Peace to thee! And he kissed me, and said to me, For forty days go not forth out of thy house; for, behold, I go to my brethren into Galilee."—*The Gospel of Nicodemus (the Ante-Nicene Fathers, Vol. VIII).*

A "VITAL MESSAGE."

(From the Review.)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the "Vital Message" (Doran), makes much of the "etheric body." A second body is clearly a first need of spiritualism. The hardship of that cult has been the reconciling of its own craving for manifestations with the unruly fact that the source of those manifestations, the body, had been sealed up in a coffer underground or turned to ash and vapor in a crematory. Body was out of reach, and soul, however willing to speak, was a Helen Kellar before education. A secondary body is remedial on both points. It allows the grave or the urn its veils, yet it leaves an invaluable bodily residue which can be seen, heard, and even—so cunning is our epoch—photographed. What is this second body? Ether pervades the primary body much as, we may suppose, air pervades water. The second body, apparently, is a print of the normal body in ether. Inside a body, ether is known as "bound ether." One might surmise that on its release from the human frame at death this ether would disperse, like the unbound copy of Sir Arthur's book, already disintegrating, which his publishers have forwarded to the *Review*. One might go on, and paraphrase the "Merchant of Venice" in a tiny catechism for Sir Arthur. Hath an etheric body eyes? Hath it "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and

cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" To these questions Sir Arthur's answers are inadequate and curious. In the "Coming World" there are games and sports, which point to active, not merely phantasmic, muscles; there is no birth, but growth to maturity; there are no acts of sex, but there is sublimated marriage; there is no food and drink "in the grosser sense," but there "seem to be pleasures of tastes" (page 96); there is even a very meagre supply of inoffensive alcohol and tobacco (page 91). Indeed the whole future world is singularly inoffensive; it is Paradise for the maiden aunt.

Many men in our time believe that Christ raised Lazarus from the dead; many men believe that Christianity has "broken down": the man who believes in both these propositions is a rarity, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is that man. The reason is that both beliefs are profitable to spiritualism in a way, the one by confirming its possibility, the other by enduing it with a vocation, the curing of a stricken world, which grows worse and worse, as he thinks, under the senile leechcraft of institutional Christianity. His book is very curious in another point. In his spiritualism the "ism" seems often to have expelled the "spirit," as if the etheric body had made superfluities of the old body and the old soul alike. Yet in his first chapter on the "Two Needful Readjustments" he writes of the present world with a moral incisiveness and courageous fervor which make us tolerate even his tolerance for "exudations," and forgive him a picture of the blessed dead which seems almost modeled on the order, the quietness, and the tameness of a cemetery.

THE MOON AND MOODS.

Modern warfare has produced, as everybody is being told, revivals of ancient superstitions. After all, modern warfare is essentially only warfare—and warfare is as old as the race and as superstition itself. In the London *Daily Mail* a "psychologist" has been writing about superstitions connected with the moon. Professing to believe that the "bright regent of the heavens" is, in fact, an influence or factor in mental and physical states of men and animals, he says:

"Comment in the newspapers upon a victim of suicide was affected periodically

by the moon suggests an inquiry of great social importance.

"The theory of the influence of the moon upon the bodily organs and functions and the mind and emotions is very ancient and widespread. Scientific research has proved that the association is not simple conjecture. We are all liable to 'moonstroke' in a greater or less degree, a fact that promises more fascination in inquiry than all the alleged manifestations of 'spiritualists.'

"The Greeks regarded a full moon as favorable for great enterprises. This belief has a basis of physiological truth, because it is now known that the nervous system is influenced by the lunar cycle. Hence there are periods of vital energy when the physical and mental capacity is at its height, and it is then that success may reward our undertakings.

"The rhythmic law of nature merits much wider study. But we have collected enough evidence to show that body growth in children, body weight in adults, appetite for food, fitness for work, the recurrence of illness, periodic mental depression, tendency to crime, impulsion to suicide, rise and fall of blood temperature, and falling in love are all influenced by a mysterious revolution.

"These cycles have in many cases a startlingly steady recurrence. The influence may be noted weekly, fortnightly, monthly, in the different seasons of the year and annually. A more general recognition of this periodic law would spare many of us from the worst effects of recurrent disorders, and prevent us from attempting great tasks in the spells when vitality of body or mind is at its lowest.

"There is no doubt that the lunar influence is felt by many animals.

"In the old Anglo-Saxon speech the moon meant 'a measure of time.' The alternating changes in bodily chemistry are doubtless experienced by most animals, including mankind, and their changes are subject to law.

"Observation in my own case has made me practically assured of the periodicity of nervous depression. The moods are wont to occur every twenty-three to twenty-eight days. This knowledge is valuable in all instances of recurrent maladies, fatigue, irritability, and deficient energy. If we can time the attacks, we can prepare for them by hygienic preventive measures. In cases of

serious illness this forewarning might assist in warding off the periodic attack, or at least in diminishing its severity.

"The physical and mental alternations are well marked in chronic invalids and in the insane. In the case of a sufferer from heart disease, with asthmatic symptoms, a careful record was kept of the singularly regular lunar monthly attacks. The cyclic excitement of lunatics has also been studied by physicians, and in one of the investigations it was found that 40 per cent. men and 46 per cent. of women in 388 asylum patients had definite periods of relapse.

"The influence of the lunar cycle upon the prevalence of suicide has been observed by several investigators. More cheerful is the evidence that the phase of the moon affects the marriage rate. The rhythm of the aptitude for mental attention is a topic of great significance in the conduct of life."

MEMORY.

(By Thomas De Quincey.)

The dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil. But alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed whenever the obscuring daylight itself shall have withdrawn.

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done, and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly.—*Epictetus*.

Consider that everything that happens, happens justly; and if thou observest carefully thou wilt find it to be so.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 21, 1920.

Price Five Cents

LODGE VS. JASTROW.

The lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge have naturally produced something like a flurry among the scientific minnows, who foresee a disturbance of their prestige and a threat to the authority that they have sometimes misused. Psychic research, all research that is not blankly materialistic, has been in a state of suspended animation in America for about forty years. We have been allowed to know practically nothing of the great strides that have been made by European investigators. Crookes, Lodge, Lombroso, Flammarion have been names to us, and little more. The college classroom and the church have been in an unholy alliance of suppression. The mind of the people has been shepherded and convoyed past the dangerous rocks of a scientific and theological heresy.

No wonder that Professor Joseph Jastrow should be angry. Professor Jastrow belongs to the Department of Psychology of the University of Wisconsin, and therefore assumes the correct professional attitude of infallibility toward immature minds. He is accustomed to speak as from a scientific Sinai without fear of challenge or contradiction. And now comes Sir Oliver Lodge, a mere physicist, and attacks the very ark of the Jastrow covenant, talking out so loudly in meeting that the Jastrow pupils are almost sure to hear of it. There ought to be a law against it.

Now if Professor Jastrow wishes to

win against his great opponent, who probably never heard of him, he should at least try to avoid sheer naked silliness. When he says that all spiritist phenomena are due to trickery he simply displays himself as incompetent to discuss any question whatever or to weigh the value of any evidence whatever. He puts himself out of court and he might even have the unpleasant experience of being ridiculed by his own pupils. If there is a psychological museum in the University of Wisconsin its curators should at once find a niche for Professor Jastrow with a quotation from his speech by way of sufficient label. Practically the whole scientific world is now interested in psychic phenomena. The majority of scientists of the front rank are actively and practically studying them. Thousands of intelligent people know that they occur. We would suggest to Professor Jastrow that he study the incident of the immortal Mrs. Partington, who tried to sweep back the waters of the Atlantic with her broom. Mrs. Partington and Professor Jastrow belong to the same subdivision of the immortals.

It is of course a pity that Sir Oliver Lodge lays himself somewhat open to attacks of this sort by his acceptance of spiritist theories. He should content himself with the facts and then he would be invincible. By setting sail on the troubled and uncertain waters of identity he invites a damaging criticism, and unfortunately there are always minds who

suppose that when a theory is impugned, the facts upon which that theory is based are also impugned. It is fairly safe to predict that Sir Oliver Lodge will presently abandon many of the theories that he now holds. Indeed he seems already to be throwing a little cargo overboard. But the facts will remain, and if Professor Jastrow wishes to run his head against them he may find to his consternation that the facts will be quite unaware of the impact. But what will happen to the Jastrow head is quite another matter.

SUPERSTITIONS.

The New York *Times* is much exercised in mind by a revival of superstition and credulity. It seems that two Fifth Avenue merchants are known to have had the money in their cash drawer "blessed" by vagrant Gipsy women, presumably under the conviction that such a procedure would cause it to increase and multiply. Frankly, we do not believe that any such results would follow. Neither do we believe that the "blessing of the waters," much and piously followed in many parts of the world, can have any result upon the fisheries. But we do not remember that the *Times* has ever protested against this, or against any of the other and innumerable superstitions connected with popular religions. It would not dare.

The *Times* is further troubled by the fact that some general attention was paid to the concurrence of Friday and the 13th day of the month. Once more, very sad. Very unaccountable. And yet we seem to have heard of "holy" days in connection with all the world faiths. Why not "unholy" days, too? Friday is observed more or less as a fast day by a very large number of Christians who have nickels in their pockets wherewith to buy the *Times* and who are therefore exempt from the scourge. Why should it be a pious duty to observe Friday and an impious superstition to observe the 13th of the month? Its religious justification is just as good.

It will generally be found that a superstition is any unverifiable belief that does not happen to be ours. All religious beliefs are superstitions to the materialist, whose own superstitions are usually much more crude and inexcusable.

There is no particular reason why

superstitions, as such, should be condemned at all. The word is derived from the Latin *super* and *stare*—to stand over, or above, or beyond, reason. It includes anything in the domain of faith, anything that is unverifiable by the intellect. And it would be a dull and ugly world if we believed nothing that could not be demonstrated.

MR. BISPHAM TESTIFIES.

One turns almost instinctively to the memoirs of a distinguished man to discover if they include any experiences of the mysterious or the occult. Usually they do. There are few lives that have been wholly free from such extra-normal happenings and it would almost seem that celebrities have more than their share, perhaps because we know more about them.

David Bispham has just published his autobiography under the title of "A Quaker Singer's Recollections" (Macmillan). He tells us that on one occasion he visited a professional medium and heard the usual trumpet and zither performance, but he was not much impressed. Indeed he was rather repelled by the cheap and tawdry performance, but later on he had an opportunity to observe for himself, and under conditions that commanded attention and respect:

I used to visit a country house near London, where the daughter of the hostess, a woman socially distinguished, was one of the most remarkable psychic subjects ever known. The brothers of the young lady were officers in the Life Guards, and every one in that household of the greatest refinement would have frowned upon anything bordering on chicanery; yet no one could explain, and all stood in awe of the manifestations which quite unexpectedly might happen through the hand of their sister. Though not normally an artist, she would on a sudden paint pictures indistinguishable from those of Blake, write in foreign languages with which she was unacquainted, or extemporaneously compose poetry of great grandeur. In one instance, the poem thus produced afterward proved to be the translation of a papyrus found upon the body of an Egyptian mummy in the British museum.

This lady, who knew nothing of my private affairs, once seated herself in the large hall of their house with a crystal ball in her hand. As she looked into it she soon began to say the names of a number of the letters of the alphabet, in no apparent order or with any connection with each other. Her mother, herself writing down what was said, called hastily to another member of the family and to one of the brothers, "Note carefully what she says." For years the family had recorded

everything coming from her in this way. Presently the sensitive ceased speaking, and the three, after comparing notes and deciphering the message, presented a paper to me which I read with amazement. Let me say that I had been puzzled by the non-arrival of a sum of money due to me through the hands of an American agent, whose honesty had been questioned by an acquaintance. The message received from the crystal gazer read as follows: "You must not be concerned that you have not heard from your agent. He has been ill and unable to attend to your business, about which you have no fear whatever."

This was on a Sunday afternoon. Upon returning to my home in London, the first letter I opened in the mail Monday morning was from this man, enclosing the expected draft and apologizing for the delay, which was due to his ill-health.

Later on in the volume we find Mr. Bispham speaking of inspiration, a phenomenon that would naturally interest a vocalist, whose stock in trade, so to speak, is the musical inspiration of the great composers. He says:

I remember once hearing William Stoll Jr., a Philadelphia conductor of orchestra and an excellent violinist, declare that he had the gift of auralizing music; he knew the symphonies so well, he assured me, that if he desired to hear one of them as he was about to go to sleep, all he had to do was to start it in his mind and he would hear a perfect performance, as if played by master instrumentalists, from the first note to the closing bar.

This reminds me of what I have read of Goethe, who, if he wished to see again a statue or a picture from some gallery in Europe, would sit quietly facing a dark corner in his study, concentrate his thoughts upon the Venus de Milo or some other work of art, when it would immediately seem to form itself and to stand out, so that it appeared to his mind's eye as if he were looking at the actuality.

A Philadelphian named Walters has told me that he once had a distinct vision upon waking in the morning. As he lay looking into the room from his bed he saw a pair of hands playing upon a curved keyboard, unlike that of any piano or organ of which he knew. Years afterward such keyboards and organ appliances came into existence and are now used. The strangest part of my friend's narrative was that, at the time he had this prophetic vision of the new keyboard, he also heard from the instrument music of the most extraordinary kind, quite unlike anything he had ever listened to.

The subject is one of such interest that I may be pardoned if I quote here a letter written in 1874 by the late Frances Ridley Havergal, the English poetess and writer of hymns, to her mother, in which she says:

"In the train I had one of those curious musical visions, which only very rarely visit me. I heard strange and very beautiful chords, generally full, slow, and grand, succeeding each other in most interesting sequences. I do not invent them, I could not—they pass before my mind and I only listen.

Now and then my will seems aroused when I see ahead how some fine resolution might follow, and I seem to will that certain chords should come, and then they do come; but then my will seems suspended again, and they go on quite independently.

"It is so interesting: the chords seem to fold over each other and die away down into music of infinite softness, and then they unfold and open out, as if great curtains were being withdrawn one after another, widening the view till, with a gathering power and fullness, it seems as if the very skies were being opened out before one, and a sheet or great blaze and glory of music, such as my outward ears never heard, gradually swells out in perfectly sublime splendor.

"This time there was an added feature: I seemed to hear depths and heights of sound beyond the scale which human ears can receive, keen, far-up octaves, like vividly twinkling starlight of music, and mighty, slow vibrations of gigantic strings going down into grand thunders of depths, octaves below anything otherwise appreciable as musical notes.

"Then, all at once, it seemed as if my soul had got a new sense, and I could see this inner music as well as hear it; and then it was like gazing down into marvelous abysses of sound, and up into dazzling regions of what, to the eye, would have been light and color, but to the new sense was sound. It lasted perhaps half an hour."

One is compelled either to accept the statements of Mr. Stoll, Mr. Walters, and Miss Havergal, or to brand them as insane or mendacious, or both; yet, if men do not hear and see these visions, whence come the inspirations that lead to the productions of great works of art? We who perform what has been written and those who listen to our performances are the living witnesses of the fact that such inspiration has been vouchsafed to mankind.

Miss Havergal's experience is one of remarkable interest. We are reminded of the "Music of the Spheres" of which Pythagoras spoke, the harmonies emanating from planetary vibrations, attuned to the geometrical laws of mass and distance.

PALLADINO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: Professor Jastrow thinks to disprove of Palladino with a gesture, so to speak. Both he and Professor Munsterberg discovered that she did everything with her nimble feet. Then how did she do this? I stood up beside her and held an accordion against the curtain. The other end was seized and pulled out, causing music. I stood up on tiptoe and reached up as high as I could. It was again seized through the curtain. There was no one behind the curtain, for I had looked to see. I could detail a dozen other "tricks" beyond the reach of her feet, and the table levitations were a

very minor part of the phenomena. Professor Charles Richet of Paris, Professors Morselli and Lombroso, all psychologists of note, spent weeks in private investigations of Palladino. The American psychologists spent a few hours and discovered nothing except a freeing of one foot. Thereupon they both rushed into print with a whole magazine article, a very discreditable performance. Physiological psychology more than anything else took away the soul of man and reduced him to an automaton. Psychic research is bringing back the soul and accumulating proofs of survival of death which strengthen enormously faith in the life and miracles of the founder of Christianity.

—●— WITNESS.

LAOTZU.

There are three key words in the thought of Laotzu: Tao, Teh, and Wu Wei. They are all difficult to translate. The simple meaning of Tao is "way," but it also has a wide variety of other meanings. Dr. Paul Carus translates it, "Reason," but apologizes for so doing. If forced to offer a translation we would suggest Creative Principle, but much prefer to leave it untranslated.

The character, "Teh," is usually translated "virtue." This is correct as a mere translation of the character, but is in no sense adequate to the content of the thought in Laotzu's mind. To him, Teh meant precisely what is meant in the account of the healing of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' robe: "Jesus was conscious that *virtue* had passed for him." Teh includes the meaning of vitality, of virility, of beauty and the harmony that we think of as that part of life that is abounding and joyous. The third word is the negative expression, "Wu Wei." Translated, this means "not acting," or "non-assertion." When Laotzu urges men to "wu wei," he is not urging them to laziness or asceticism. He means that all men are to cherish that wise humility and diffidence and selflessness which comes from a consciousness that the Tao is infinitely wise and good, and that the part of human wisdom is to hold one's self in such a restrained and receptive manner that the Tao may find one a suitable and conforming channel for its purpose. The title of Laotzu's book, Tao Teh King, is carelessly trans-

lated, The Way of Virtue Classic, or The Way and Virtue Classic. This is very inadequate. The Vitality of the Tao is very much better.

Most commentators think that Laotzu's teachings fit in especially well with Buddhist philosophy. This conclusion is arrived at by the common interpretation of wu wei as submission that will logically end in absorption of the spirit in Tao as Nirvana. This understanding of wu wei, which Henri Borel shares in a measure, is, we believe, incorrect, inasmuch as Laotzu consistently teaches a *finding* of life rather than a losing of it. Laotzu's conception of Tao as the undervived Source of all things, finding expression through spiritual Teh in universal creative activity, is very close to Plato's doctrine of the good as the One ineffable Source of all things, whose Ideas and Forms of Goodness, Truth and Beauty radiated outward as spiritual logoi in creative activity through Spirit, Soul and Nature to the farthest confines of matter.

While it is true that Laotzu's teachings would find little in common with the Old Testament anthropomorphic autocracy, and would find almost nothing in common with the modern Ritschlean system of ethical idealism which has for its basis a naturalistic evolution of human society by means of philanthropy, laws, cultural civilizations, and human governments backed by force of arms, nevertheless his teachings are entirely in harmony with that Christian philosophy of the Logos, which is a heritage from the Greeks, through Plato, Philo, St. Paul, Plotinus, and Augustine, and which is the basis of the mystical faith of the Christian saints of all ages. While Laotzu would find little in common with the busy, impertinent activities of so-called Christian statesmen building by statecraft and war, he would find much in common with Apostolic Christianity which held itself aloof from current politics and refused to enter the army, content to live simply, quietly, full of faith and humble benevolence.

And most of all would he find himself in sympathy with the teacher of Nazareth. At almost every Sonnet, one thinks of some corresponding expression of Jesus, who had a very similar conception of God, but who recognized in Him that personal element of Love which made

God not only Creative Principle, but Heavenly Father.

Laotzu's vision of the virile harmony, goodness, and Spirituality of the Tao was what Jesus saw as the Fatherhood of God, self-expressing his love-nature endlessly in all creative effort, and, through universal intuition, endlessly drawing his creation back to himself in grateful and humble affection. Laotzu saw in a glass darkly what Jesus saw face to face in all his glory, the Divine Tao, God as creative and redemptive Love.—*From "Laotzu's Tao and Wu Wei," by Dwight Goddard and Henri Borel. Published by Brentano's.*

MEDIUMS LOSE WEIGHT IN TRANCES.

A great stir is being made in spiritualistic circles by a new book entitled "Ghosts I have Seen," just published by Stokes. The book is by Violet Tweedale, a life-long investigator in occult phenomena, whose experiences, vouched for by many prominent persons, have been startling.

"I remember a séance conducted by a South American medium," says Mrs. Tweedale, "where the 'controls' became very noisy and troublesome, and threatened to do serious damage. The medium could not be roused out of the trance she had fallen into, and it really became necessary to put an end to the performance. She was a very big, heavy woman and had sunk half off her chair on to the floor. I suggested to Lady Caithness that if we could drag or carry her into another room matters might then quiet down, but I added, dubiously, 'She must be a great weight.'

"Lady Caithness replied with a smile: 'Try. You'll probably find her very light indeed.'

"I did try, and this was the only time in my life that I had the opportunity of proving to myself how tremendously a medium loses weight whilst genuine manifestations are in progress. I found it quite easy to lift this woman, who in ordinary circumstances must have weighed at least twelve to thirteen stone (168 to 172 pounds)."

Experiments by Sir William Crookes have shown that a great decrease of weight takes place during materializations, showing the enormous drain on the strength of the medium.

EINSTEIN AND ETHER.

(From the New York Times.)

Discussing "The Ether of Space" at the Shubert Theatre last night, Sir Oliver Lodge took an audience, obviously not made up exclusively of learned mathematicians and physicists to what he termed was the "boundary of knowledge." Without using a single formula, the famous English scientist explained to his hearers, the majority of whom must hitherto have looked upon complicated theories as capable of explanation only by a bewildering jumble of equations, that ether, far from being beyond all conception, is the most substantial thing, perhaps the only substantial thing, in the universe.

"If this be true," Sir Oliver asked, "why have we been so long discovering it? I answer, just because it is so universal. Imagine a deep-sea fish at the bottom of the ocean. It is surrounded by water; it lives in water; it breathes water. Now, what is the last thing that fish would discover? I am inclined to believe the last thing the fish would be aware of would be water. And that is why we are so late discovering the ether of space.

"Experiment on the ether of space has failed because of a negative result, because all forces have passed through it unaffected and yield the same degree of force as was exerted in the beginning. Your own scientist, Michaelson, of Chicago, obtained this negative result, and here Einstein began with his relativity of space and time.

"I thought, then, that physicists were playing hanky-panky with space and time, but in 1915 Einstein brought gravitation into the scheme. Simon Newcombe found that the orbit of Mercury erred in its course forty-two seconds. Then the world woke up. Einstein no longer could be ignored, but he kept on working during the war. I don't know how he did, but I think he must have been a pacifist. At any rate, since he wrote from Zurich, we called Einstein by politeness a Swiss.

"Well, Einstein predicted that a ray of light passing through a field near a large body would be deflected. To prove this it was necessary to wait for an eclipse before photographs could be made of stars near the sun. Last May there

was an eclipse when the sun was known to be backed by numerous stars, and the British sent an expedition to Africa, and the United States sent astronomers to Brazil. Both expeditions took numerous photographs which took time to measure.

"Now, if light is deflected by a massive body, it looks as if it had weight; so, on that principle, deflection could be worked out by Newton's astronomy. But Einstein's prediction was a deflection twice that. The result, after the photographs of the eclipse of last May were measured, in the opinion of astronomers, justified Einstein. It was a dramatic triumph.

"What is the meaning of this triumph? Is the death knell of ether sounded? Is a fourth or even a fifth dimension necessary to explain this warp or curvature in space? Is ether bounded or unlimited? According to Einstein, there is a third alternative. If space has a curvature, not only a ray of light, but a straight line will be deflected, and you find yourself returning whence you came. You have completed the circuit without knowing it, although you thought that you went in a straight line.

"We are now reasoning out of our depth," remarked Sir Oliver, and his audience laughed with him. "But if it is not clear to us, we are in the same predicament as most mathematicians.

"It is possible that this disturbance in ether called light also has weight, but it is also probable that this disturbance in the ether of space will explain the electron as the unit from which matter is made. Einstein showing light deflected by gravity gives us a hint, but how that will be worked out I can not say, for we have now reached the boundary of knowledge."

Sir Oliver began his discourse on what lies between the atom and what fills empty space. "We became aware of space," he said, "by muscular exertion free." On the other hand, we become aware of matter by an obstruction which requires muscular effort to move.

"To our senses," he admitted, "space is empty, yet I like to think of the ether of space as a substance which fills it without a gap, and ether is to be found everywhere if it exists at all. Newton realized the need of an ether and called it by that name."

LODGE VS. JASTROW.

(From the New York Times.)

Attacking what he termed the shady methods of present-day Spiritualists, Professor Joseph Jastrow of the Department of Psychology of the University of Wisconsin criticized British scientists for spreading "unwise and unscientific" impressions among the American public, in an address at the Plaza Hotel yesterday.

Referring to Sir Oliver Lodge's lectures here, Professor Jastrow said:

"We are more than glad to welcome our brother scientists from England, but in the interest of public sanity we object to the spreading of unwise and unscientific impressions, based upon the prestige of their exponents. Such impressions are a direct menace to the health of mind of the public, and I regard them as a social menace."

Professor Jastrow's lecture was entitled "The Revival of the Belief in Spirits," and was one of a series which he is delivering in answer to Sir Oliver Lodge. He began his speech with a brief history of the spiritualist movement in the United States and England. It began here, he said, in 1852, and there was a revival of the belief in 1885, a probable result of the founding in England of the Society of Psychical Research in 1882.

"Apparent violations of physical law," Professor Jastrow went on, "have always suggested the agency of spirits. The phenomena do not produce the belief, but are created by others in answer to a demand for proof of such a belief. Spiritualism has thus become nothing but the performance of conjuring tricks of the most ingenious kind."

The speaker then told of the coming to this country of the Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, who had convinced scientists in Italy and England of the reality of table-lifting by spirit hands.

"The way to discover how it was done," he said, "was to get under the table. We are not allowed to do this, but certain Columbia students were found who were willing to dress in black and disguise their faces. Creeping unobserved beneath the table of Mme. Palladino, one of them saw that her shoes were provided with a broad leather flange. This she slipped under the table leg, and the table rose. Such things are

matters, not for the scientist or the psychologist, but the detectives."

Discussing the nature of the evidence put forth by the spiritualists, Professor Jastrow said:

"A large amount of the evidence of mediums is not of the physical, but the psychic order. One of the common phenomena, dissociated consciousness, doesn't necessarily point to spiritualism at all. These mental states are mental disorders, with which the psychologist, not the physicists, should deal. What makes this evidence acceptable to the public is the element of prestige. People will believe the indorsement of trained minds. But most of those who are supporting the spiritualist movement are not psychologists but physicists, and are not especially fitted for these matters."

The speaker closed his lecture with an attack on Sir Oliver Lodge from "The Question," a book written by an English anthropologist, Sir Edward Cloud, in answer to Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," in which the latter described his communication with his dead son, killed in the war. The quotation read in part:

"You lose a dear son in the holiest cause for which a man can die. You forthwith repair to a modern witch of Endor and publish a series of spurious communications, a large portion of which is misleading drivel, dragging into the mire whatever lofty conceptions of a spiritual world have been framed by mortals. Your maleficent influence gives impetus to the recrudescence of superstition."

Professor Jastrow told a reporter after his talk that he would follow Sir Oliver in his tour through the country, lecturing in certain cities a week or so after the British physicist had done so.

CHESTERTON ON SPOOKS.

(From the New York Sun.)

Of the avalanche of books brought down upon the public by its eager interest in "Spiritualism" since the war the ones we have found most impressive to open-minded readers within our personal observation are those of Dr. Crawford of Belfast. He has studied a remarkable case of what is called physical mediumship, applying the cold methods of the physicist in his prolonged investigation of the curious things that happen at séances with this medium. "Evidence"

which can be weighed and measured seems to be more disarming to a healthy skepticism than any number of "messages" with corroborative features.

Most psychical researchers prefer the "messages." Mr. Chesterton for one does not agree with them. As might be expected of the author of "Magic," he is on the side of the instinct that seeks tangible and ponderable proofs. Here are his remarks, for which he found occasion in a chapter of "Irish Impressions" (John Lane Company):

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in his widespread new campaign in favor of Spiritualism, ought at least to delight us with the comedy of Holmes as a control and Watson as a medium. But I have for the moment a use for the great detective not concerned with the psychical side of the question. Of that I will only say, in passing, that in this as in many other cases I find myself in agreement with an authority about where the line is drawn between good and bad, but have the misfortune to think his good bad, and his bad good.

"Sir Arthur explains that he would lift Spiritualism to a graver and more elevated plane of idealism, and that he quite agrees with his critics that the mere tricks with tables and chairs are grotesque and vulgar. I think this is quite true if turned upside down, like the table. I do not mind the grotesque and vulgar part of Spiritualism; what I do object to is the grave and elevating part. After all, a miracle is a miracle and means something; it means that Materialism is nonsense. But it is not true that a message is always a message; and it sometimes means that Spiritualism also is only nonsense.

"If the table at which I am now writing takes to itself wings and flies out of the window, perhaps carrying me along with it, the incident will arouse in me a real intelligent interest, verging on surprise. But if the pen with which I am writing begins to scrawl all by itself the sort of things I have seen in spirit writing, if it begins to say that all things are aspects of universal purity and peace, and so on, why, then I shall not only be annoyed, but also bored. . . . Even a benevolent spirit might conceivably throw the furniture about merely for fun; whereas I doubt if anything but a devil from hell would say that all things are purity and peace."

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

·VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 28, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE RIDDLE.

Mr. Edwin C. Hill contributes several columns to the New York *Sun* on "The Riddle of the Life Hereafter." It is a communication in no way remarkable for its literary excellences nor for its knowledge, but none the less it serves to show the direction of the wind and as a record of investigations.

Possibly, says the author, there is a no man's land of the human mind:

A No Man's Land of the Human Mind; a border land of subliminal personality; an unexplored, uncharted, mysterious hinterland of subconscious human identities; an unknown country, indeed, whose borders have merely been crossed by the explorers in physical research! Are the doctors of medicine pointing the way to the truth when they say we must attain some faint comprehension of the physical nature of men and women before we begin to signal to ghosts, and that man's brain, only a twentieth part of which ordinarily is used for thinking, teems with mighty secrets?

These tremendous questions are agitating the world as the world has never been agitated before. Countries long given to materialism, peoples concerned hitherto with little save buying and selling, eating and drinking, and a kind of traditional deference to religion, are imploring an answer. By suffering and bereavement the world has been shocked out of grief for materialism and in the poignancy of that grief is blindly groping toward the impalpable veil which hangs between the Now and the Then.

It is certainly an impressive array of investigators that Mr. Hill gives us, although it might, of course, be very much longer:

Arthur Balfour, regarded as England's finest

mind, insisted that science alone could not explain the wonders he had seen. Dr. Pierre Janet, professor of psychology of the College of France; Professor Charles Richet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine; Dr. Maxwell, of Bordeaux; Professor Max Dessoir, of the University of Berlin; Camille Flammarion, France's noted astronomer; Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge University, and his celebrated associate, F. W. H. Myers; William T. Stead, who was founder and editor of the *Review of Reviews*, a great English editor who lost his life when the *Titanic* crashed against a North Atlantic iceberg; the late Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society for Psychical Research, described as "the keenest psychic detective the world ever knew"; . . . Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, the present head of the Society for Psychical Research; the Rev. Heber Newton, Count Agenor de Gasparin, of Paris, who after coöperating with the distinguished physicist M. Thury, of the University of Geneva, became convinced of the operation of an unknown force; L. H. D. Rivail, of France, who promulgated the doctrine of successive reincarnation with intervals of spirit life; Professors Schiaparelli and Morselli, of Italy; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes—here are some of the world's superior intelligences that have expressed more or less profound belief either in spiritism and the probability of definite communication between the living and the so-called dead, or, at least, credence in the supernormal and the operation of unidentified forces.

Mr. Hill tells us that William T. Stead had a premonition of his death on the *Titanic*. Even if this were true it would have no bearing upon spiritism, but as a matter of fact Mr. Stead had always been warned by his "guides" that he would be killed in a street riot.

Nothing is more remarkable than the eclipse that seems sometimes to fall upon

the mind of the spiritist convert. Of this we may take as an example Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," much referred to by Mr. Hill. The unbiased reader is fairly sure to reach two conclusions with regard to these communications. In the first place he will be wholly unaware of their real source, and in the second place he will be confident that they do not come from Sir Oliver's son. And then take this story from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:

Long before his son was killed in the war Sir Conan was an investigator disposed to belief, and his faith was being increased, like that of Sir Oliver Lodge, by a multitude of details. His personal sorrow intensified his convictions. He asserts with the utmost positiveness that he has heard the voice of his dead son.

"I was in a darkened room," he says, "with my wife, five men, and an amateur medium. I tied the medium up with six pieces of string. We heard the voice of my son. 'Father, forgive me,' he said. I know what he referred to. Our one difference in life was his non-belief in spiritualism. I reassured him and he replied, 'I am happy.' Then his voice faded away. I state definitely that I spoke to my son. I heard his voice. I would be a blasphemous liar if what I have stated was untrue."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's credulity seems indeed to be almost without a parallel as the foregoing experience must show. The village maiden at her first communion is a pillar of unbending skepticism in comparison with this "investigator."

Articles of this sort have no particular importance except as they show a recognition on the part of our great newspapers of a public demand for the facts. We can only regret that the demand is not more intelligently supplied.

PAST AND FUTURE.

(By F. W. H. Myers.)

Few men have pondered long on these problems of Past and Future without wondering whether Past and Future be in very truth more than a name—whether we may not be apprehending as a stream of sequence that which is an ocean of co-existence and slicing our subjective years and centuries from timeless and absolute things. The precognitions dealt with here, indeed, hardly overpass the life of the individual percipient. Let us keep to that small span, and let us imagine that a whole earth-life is in reality an absolutely instantaneous although an infinitely

complex phenomenon. Let us suppose that my transcendental self discerns with equal directness and immediacy every element of this phenomenon; but that my empirical self receives each element mediately and through media involving different rates of retardation; just as I receive the lightning more quickly than the thunder. May not then seventy years intervene between my perceptions of birth and death as easily as seven seconds between my perceptions of the flash and the peal? And may not some intercommunication of consciousness enable the wider self to call to the narrower, the more central to the more external, "At such an hour this shock will reach you. Listen for the nearing roar."

MR. CARADOC.

(From the New York Sun.)

The Theosophists tell us that when we quit Here and go Over There we leave behind us "habit-shells." They are constructed of ether and gas. They retain, as semi-lifeless automata, our gestures, both mental and physical. They lack spontaneity and will. They are whirled hither and thither like cloudrack in the wills and the vibrations of the living. They loaf around the places for awhile, before dissolving utterly, where they "died," and sometimes appear as phosphorized entities which we call "ghosts."

They are only smoke-shapes out of the ashes of the pipe bowl of life. They merely burlesque the soul and satirize the mystery of the quick. They cluster around "mediums," ouija boards and neurotics.

Most living beings are only higher developments of these habit-shells. We all live, spiritually, mentally, and physically, automatic lives. We are a cluster of habits, prejudices, dogmas. Rare geniuses break these moulds completely and burst their habit-shells. Our lives are a continual obedience and obeisance to the dead. We are ghost piled on ghost. It is with these handicaps that we tackle the "New Revelation." Our workaday habits, our cocksure materialism, our religious, moral, and toryized mental structures condense into a cynical attitude before the great mass of spiritistic messages that pour out of the presses of the publishing houses.

Bosh! Tush! Bunk! we cry automatic-

ally, all our million or so stratified habit-shells chorusing, "We second the motion!" But the Spirit of Curiosity—eternal and blessed spark, as fearless as Lucifer and as religious as doubt—has to be reckoned with. It is anti-Tory, anti-habit-shell, an eternal Columbus standing in the rigging of the Santa Marias of human evolution waiting to shout joyfully, "Another mystery on the horizon! Let's find out what it is even if the old Caravel of Certainties sinks under us!" So let us be honest and open, and even curious, in the face of dishonesty, mediumistic toriyism and ouija-board cocksureness.

In spite of its vagueness, its commonplace religiosity, its Emersonian cant and its rapt Chautauqua periods, there is something that struck us as uncomfortably convincing about "Fear Not the Crossing," written by Gail Williams. We felt some of our habit-shells of "enlightened materialism" peeling off as we read on in these "messages" received through a table from a "Mr. Caradoc," killed in the Northern part of France while in the air service. Gail Williams herself suspends judgment on the whole thing. She received these "messages" while experimenting as a tyro in the ancient game, and gives them to the world for what they are worth. That they are all the subconscious thoughts of Gail Williams herself typed out on a table by the habit-shell of "Mr. Caradoc" we have no doubt—that is, we would have no doubt if we did not sometimes doubt our doubts, which is an awful fix for an independent investigator. The next station is Pyrrhonism, and the last stop on that route is Nirvana, the Bronx Park of the Illuminati.

These "messages" from "Mr. Caradoc" were received in the winter and spring of 1918. He says that the great war on earth has engendered kindred vibrations of love and hate in the spirit world. Things were upset completely over there by the vast hordes of new spirits that arrived every week or so. Dying so quickly on the battlefields, they carried their terrors and visions and hates with them. Thousands battled on, he hints. But the cause of the Allies is just, and he warns against a hasty or inconclusive peace. All this is not really as foolish as it reads, as this "spirit" insists over and over that "death" is not a breaking

off, but a continuation; that earth-life and spirit-life are really one life; that they interact at each minute and that whatever happens here affect life over there.

The physical body disappears, and "Mr. Caradoc" utters a curious thank-God-for-that! "Since modern plumbing, with its wealth of attractions in white enamel, came into the world as a *sine qua non*, consider the sums required to be spent in keeping up one's surface. Then the ubiquitous interiors of men and their incessant demands!" This is all done away with in the realm Caradocian. No showers, no bathtubs, no military brushes, no eating, no interior organs, no germs, no doctors, no Copelands or Hoovers. This is the best written ad. we have yet seen advertising the merits of life in the ether. Some day a Tody Hamilton of Spiritland will arise and billboard the Earth with pleasures to be derived by dying. Think of a realm where the toothbrush is unknown and the humble castor bean is no longer hoarded!

"Mr. Caradoc" advises strongly against suicide. It sometimes kills the psyche. If it doesn't it lands you in a kind of sub-etheric purgatory, where you stand as a wraith watching your natural days on earth go past with all the fun you might have got out of them. Elias Lieberman could make a great poem out of this. Grant Allen once said that suicide was such an obvious way out of our troubles that there must be some trick about it. Suicide, as a matter of fact, is a great life-gesture. It is a desire for sleep and a forgetting, and, according to some opinions a regenerative waking up where our wills will always throw three sixes. But "Mr. Caradoc" is vague about suicides, as he is about everything else. We are convinced of his ignorance.

The best parts of the book are "Mr. Caradoc's" admonitions about living Over Here. He is a mental scientist, and here our ghost is on solid ground. But the book tells us nothing that Mrs. Eddy, Ralph Waldo Trine, and every fifth-rate "practitioner" has not told us over and over. Flat unconscious steals from the Hindus and Spinoza and the simple application of Shakespeare's remark that "Nothing is good or evil, but thinking makes it so." Add to this "relaxation," "outswimming," and the art of "spiritual listening," and all power is yours. It

needs no ghost to come out of the ether to tell us this, Mr. Caradoc.

The "revelation" is perfectly convincing because we all knew it before. To believe it and practice it—ah, that's another thing!

FEAR NOT THE CROSSING. By Gail Williams. New York: Edward J. Clode.

SWEDENBORG.

(By Immanuel Kant.)

Mme. Herteville (Marteville), the widow of the Dutch Ambassador in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband, was called upon by Croon, a goldsmith, to pay for a silver service which her husband had purchased from him. The widow was convinced that her late husband had been much too precise and orderly not to have paid this debt, yet she was unable to find this receipt. In her sorrow, and because the amount was considerable, she requested Mr. Swedenborg to call at her house. After apologizing to him for troubling him, she said that if, as all people say, he possessed the extraordinary gift of conversing with the souls of the departed, he would perhaps have the kindness to ask her husband how it was about the silver service. Swedenborg did not at all object to comply with her request. Three days afterward the said lady had company at her house for coffee. Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid several months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room upstairs. The lady replied that the bureau had been quite cleared out, and that the receipt was not found among all the papers. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him how after pulling out the left-hand drawer a board would appear, which required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed, containing his private Dutch correspondence, as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company arose and accompanied the lady into the room upstairs. The bureau was opened; they did as they were directed; the compartment was found, of which no one had ever known before; and to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with his description.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The atomized force which in cohesion lies,
The power of molecules when they expand,

The spirit hosts which seep throughout the skies,

The veiled "control" that guides the "medium's" hand—

These are the consequential things that rise

Before us now, in this enlightened land!

To capture heat from wood and brick and stone,

To gather power from metal, dust, and hair,

To cognize "Shades" of Egos all unknown,

Or talk to friends departed—in the air—

To mingle matter with the gaseous zone
And lay death's secrets high and dry and bare.

These are our duties—of all, paramount.
Beside these things small matters have no place.

War, Peace, the Revolutions, do not count—

All rests on "rappings" or the ouija's trace.

The ether's value and the chemic fount
Or some spook message to the human race.

Who dares deny that history repeats
While progress falters in alarming state?

An age returns with all its old deceits

At those sad times when laws deteriorates,

Confounding Science with a juggler's feats—

A worse, far worse, than irony of fate!

—*Lurana Sheldon, in New York Times.*

If a man is shut up in a house the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But it would not be prudent to infer that, if he walked out of the house, he could not see the sky because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it.
—*Dr. M'Taggart.*

Science should have neither desires nor prejudices. Truth should be her sole aim.—*Sir William Grouves.*

KARMA.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

It is only the knowledge of the constant rebirths of one and the same Individuality throughout the Life-Cycle; the assurance that the same Monads—among whom are many Dhyan Chohans, or the “Gods” themselves—have to pass through the “Circle of Necessity,” rewarded or punished by such rebirth for the suffering endured or crimes committed in the former life; that those very Monads, which entered the empty, senseless Shells, or Astral Figures of the First Race emanated by the Pitris, are the same who are now among us—nay, ourselves, perchance; it is only this doctrine, we say, that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities; when one sees honor paid to fools and profligates, on whom fortune has heaped her favors by mere privilege of birth, and their nearest neighbor, with all his intellect and noble virtues—far more deserving in every way—perishing of want and for lack of sympathy; when one sees all this and has to turn away, helpless to relieve the undeserved suffering, one’s ears ringing and heart aching with the cries of pain around him—that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator.

Of all the terrible blasphemies and what are virtually accusations thrown at their God by the Monotheists, none is greater or more unpardonable than that (almost always) false humility which makes the presumably “pious” Christian assert, in the face of every evil and undeserved blow, that “*such is the will of God.*”

Dolts and hypocrites! Blasphemers and impious Pharisees who speak in the same breath of the endless merciful love and care of their God and Creator for helpless man, and of that God *scourging the good, the very best of his creatures, bleeding them to death like an insatiable Moloch!* Shall we be answered to this, in Congreve’s words: “But who shall

dare to tax eternal Justice?” Logic and simple common sense, we answer. If we are asked to believe in “original sin,” in one life only on this Earth for every Soul, and in an anthropomorphic Deity, who seems to have created some men only for the pleasure of condemning them to eternal hell-fire—and this whether they be good or bad, says the Predestinarian—why should not every one of us who is endowed with reasoning powers, condemn in his turn such a villainous Deity? Life would become unbearable, if one had to believe in the God created by man’s unclean fancy. . . .

Compare this blind faith with the philosophical belief, based on every reasonable evidence and on life-experience, in Karma-Nemesis, or the Law of Retribution. This Law—whether Conscious or Unconscious—predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is Eternity itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with Eternity, it can not be said to act, for it is Action itself. It is not the *wave* which drowns a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch who goes deliberately and places himself under the *impersonal* action of the laws that govern the *ocean’s* motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmaic Law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm which tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual liberty, like the God invented by the Monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary, he who through study and meditation unveils its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the winding of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life—is working for the good of his fellow-men. Karma is an Absolute and Eternal Law in the World of Manifestation; and as there can only be one Absolute, as One eternal ever-present Cause, believers in Karma

can not be regarded as Atheists—still less as Fatalists, for Karma is one with the Unknowable, of which it is an aspect, in its effects in the phenomenal world.

Intimately or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the Law of Rebirth, or of the reincarnation of the same spiritual Individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of Personalities. The latter are like the various characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The inner or real man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time he is Hamlet only for the brief space of a few acts, which, however, on the plane of illusion, represent the whole life of Hamlet. He knows also that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night. And though the outer visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and in actual life that ignorance is, unfortunately, but too real, nevertheless the permanent individuality is fully aware of it, and it is through the atrophy of the "spiritual" eye in the physical body that that knowledge is unable to impress itself on the consciousness of the false Personality.

PALMISTRY.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

A correspondent, writing with reference to the hand upon which a palmist read insanity, writes: "Not long ago I was present at an informal palmistry session, and after it was over, finding myself seated beside a charming matron, I asked lightly what the palmist had told her. 'She said I was a thief,' returned the matron even more lightly, adding 'Funny, isn't it? I've been told that before by some one who read my palm.' As the matron is more than irreproachable, I laughed with her over two palmists having made the same blunder. We joked, too, over the fact that they couldn't have taken their own readings seriously or they never would have told her such a thing. But if you will believe it, that matron's young son was sent home from boarding school last week because of stealing. Think of it! Irreproachable pedigree—no clue, no hint, past, present, or future, as to why or how the boy should do such a thing

but some lines in his mother's palm. Does the hand foretell the future, not always for yourself alone, but sometimes for those who come after?"

LORE FROM PARACELSUS.

The light of Nature is a light that comes from the Spirit. It is in man—is born with him and grows up with him. There are some persons who live in this interior light, but the life of others is centered in their animal instincts, and they grope in darkness and error. There are some who write wiser than they know; but it is wisdom that writes through them; for man has no wisdom of his own; he can only come into contact with wisdom through the light of Nature that is in himself.

By the power of wisdom man is enabled to recognize the unity of the All, and to perceive that the microcosm of man is the counterpart of the macrocosm of Nature. There is nothing in heaven or upon the earth which may not be found in man, and there is nothing in man but what exists in the macrocosm of Nature. The two are the same and differ from each other in nothing but their forms.

There is a heaven and earth in man as there is in the macrocosm, and in that heaven there are all the celestial influences, whose visible representations we see in the sky, such as the planets and stars, the Milky Way, and the Zodiac, neither more nor less; for the microcosm is an exact counterpart of the macrocosm in every respect except its external form.

The things which we see are not the active principles, but merely the *corpus* containing them; the visible forms are merely external expressions of invisible principles. Forms are, so to say, the vehicles of powers, and they may be visible or invisible. The invisible air and the ether of space are just as much corporeal as the solid earth, a piece of wood, or a rock. Each of these corporeal things has its own particular life and inhabitants; we walk about in the air, although the air is corporeal; fishes swim about in the water; and the yolk of an egg rests in the albumen without sinking to the bottom of the shell. The yolk represents the Earth, and the white represents the m-

visible surroundings of the Earth, and the invisible part acts upon the visible one, but only the philosopher perceives the way in which the action takes place.

The star-gazer knows only the external visible heaven; but the true astronomer knows two heavens, the external visible, and the internal invisible one. There is not a single invisible power in heaven which does not find its corresponding principle in the inner heaven of men; the above acts upon the below, and the latter reacts upon the former.

Where is the workman who cuts out the forms of lilies and roses that grow in the field, and where is his workshop and tools? The characters of the lilies and roses exist in the astral light, and in the workshop of Nature they are made into forms. A blooming flower can not be made out of mud, nor a man out of material clay; and he who denies the formative power of the astral light, and believes that forms grow out of the earth, believes that something can be taken out of a body in which it does not exist.

The power of sight does not come from the eye; the power to hear does not come from the ear, nor the power to feel from the nerves; but it is the spirit of man that sees through the eye, and hears with the ear, and feels by means of the nerves. Wisdom and reason and thought are not contained in the brain, but they belong to the invisible and universal spirit which feels through the heart and thinks by means of the brain. All these powers are contained in the invisible universe, and become manifest through material organs, and the material organs are their representatives, and modify their mode of manifestation according to their material construction, because a perfect manifestation of power can only take place in a perfectly constructed organ, and if the organ is faulty the manifestation will be imperfect, but not the original power defective.

Thoughts are not empty nothings, but they are formed out of the substance that forms the element of the soul, in the same sense as a piece of ice is made out of the substance of water. The will is the power that may concentrate the image

formed in the mind, in the same sense as the power of cold will cause a body of water to freeze into solid ice.

MEDITATION.

The twilight deepens,
Broadens, covers the page
Of precise and intricate symbols.
Another film,
Delicate, magical, swift,
Lies over the brain
Blurring its small reflections.
A god has passed!
Has breathed thereon; has left
Darkness and void
That yet at core
Is a consummate flame.—*J. A. H.*

A PSYCHIC SERIES.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are about to begin the issue of a Psychic Series, which will attempt to present only well-authenticated facts regarding the mysterious phenomena now engaging so much attention, and reflections upon them from persons of proven competence and, so far as practical, of enough eminence in other departments to challenge respect for their opinions in this. So far seven volumes have been arranged for, including Sir William Crookes' "Researches in Spiritualism," with a semi-biographic introduction by Sir William Barrett, and "Dionysius' Ear," by the Hon. Gerald Balfour, one-time president of the English Society for Psychical Research.

Peace, peace. He is not dead, he doth
not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of
life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.
—*Shelley's Adonais.*

For if we should see things and ourselves as they are, we would see ourselves in a world of spiritual natures with which our entire real relation neither began at birth nor ended with the body's death.—*Kant.*

Our life is not an aimless or meaningless vicissitude of events, but an essential step in the great process.—*Professor Caird.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

APR 5

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 6, 1920.

Price Five Cents

EVOLUTION.

(By Maurice Maeterlinck.)

The biologists tell us that the human embryo repeats, very rapidly during the early months of its development and more slowly during the later months, all the forms of life which preceded man upon this earth.

This fact has been established by investigation; but when observing the phenomena no doubt many incidents escape us, or do not sufficiently attract our attention, for it is possible that types are reproduced with which we are not acquainted and which have not even left geological traces, seeing that the number of species which have disappeared is infinitely greater than that of the species which we know.

Dr. H lan Jaworski may therefore very justly assert that the embryonic periods correspond with the geological periods.

And even as, in the great process of terrestrial evolution, we observe the gradual disappearance of the armored fishes, the monstrous reptiles, and the gigantic mammals, so, in the minor process of embryonic evolution, we see many structural and organic changes which develop better proportion, balance, and conditions essential to the maintenance of the life which Nature is creating.

In a word, Nature is learning wisdom, recognizing the mischief which she is working, profiting by her experience, do-

ing her best to repair her blunders, and acquiring a sense of equilibrium, economy, and form.

What is the significance of all this?

Dr. Jaworski thinks that, if the brief process of embryonic evolution which prepares the way for the birth of man repeats the great process of terrestrial evolution, this latter, on its side, might well be but a vast embryonic period that is preparing for a birth which we can not as yet imagine.

I do not know whether he will succeed in maintaining this stupendous theory. If he does, he will really have made us, as he promises to do, "take a step toward the essence of things."

Meanwhile, thanks to his preparatory studies, he has made us take another and very important step toward a truth which this time is incontestable, which, though less unexpected, has never been elucidated with so much patience, and which is no less big with consequences.

Dr. Jaworski, then, undertakes to demonstrate that the human body unites in itself, in a plainly recognizable form, all the living creatures that now exist upon the earth and that have existed since the origin of life.

In other words, each creature sums up in itself all those which have preceded it; and man, the last comer, contains within himself the whole biological tree, so much so that, if we could distribute his body, if we could segregate each of his organs and keep it alive in isolation,

we should be able to reconstitute all existing forms, to repeople the earth with all the species which it has borne, from the primitive protoplasm to the synthesis, the final achievement, which is man.

We might perhaps go further than Dr. Jaworski and conjecture that we likewise contain within us, in the germ or in a rough-hewn state, all the creatures and all the forms of life that will come after us.

But here we should be leaving the domain of science proper to lose ourselves in a speculation which, by its very nature, is incapable of verification.

So it is not merely in a figurative sense, such as that foreshadowed by the current idiom, where it speaks of the "vascular tree," the branches of nerves, or the ovarian cluster; it is not merely by analogy but in a literal and strictly scientific sense that our heart, fundamentally, is nothing but a medusa and our kidneys sponges, that our intestines represent the polyps and our skeleton the polypites, that our reproductive organs are worms or molluscs, that the vertebral column and the spinal marrow take the place of the Echinodermata, while the Brachiopoda and the Ctenophora would be derived from our eye; the reptiles would be found in our digestive apparatus, the birds in our respiratory organs, and so on.

I repeat, there is no question here of metaphors or of more or less approximate, elastic, and plausible correspondences, but of rigorously and meticulously established proofs.

I can not, of course, set before you the details of Dr. Jaworski's exegesis. It would not permit of the slightest solution of continuity and, in his three volumes published so far, it leads us to conclusions which are very difficult to contest.

People used to assert, without attaching too much faith to what they said or scrutinizing it too closely, that man is a microcosm.

It seems to be clearly proved today that this is not merely literally defensible, but scientifically accurate.

We are a prehistoric colony, immense and innumerable, a living agglomeration of all that lives, that has lived, and that probably will live upon earth.

We are not only the sons or brothers of the worms, the reptiles, the fish, the

frogs, the birds, the mammals, and no matter what monsters have defiled or terrified the surface of the globe; we bear them within us.

Our organs are no other than themselves; we nourish all their types; they are only awaiting an opportunity to escape from us, to reappear, to reconstitute themselves, to develop, and plunge us once again into terror.

In this respect, quite as much as in respect of the secret thoughts, the vices, and the phantoms that people us, we might repeat the words which Emerson's old man used to speak to his children, when they were frightened by a strange face in the dark passage:

"Children, you will never see anything worse than yourselves."

If all the species were to disappear and only man remained, none would be lost, and all might be reborn of his body, as though they were coming out of Noah's ark, from almost invisible protozoa down to the formidable antediluvian colossi which could lick the roofs of our houses.

It is therefore fairly probable that all these species take part in our existence, in our instincts, in all our feelings, in all our thoughts.

And here once more we are led back to the great religions of India, which already foresaw all the truths that we are gradually discovering, and thousands of years ago were telling us that man is everything and that he must recognize his essence in every living creature.—
Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U. S. A. 1918.

HEAVEN?

Speaking of other worlds, the latest news from heaven is that beer and cigars are to be obtained, though of an inferior quality, also pet dogs are allowed to rejoin their owners, returning, as they enter the golden precincts, to the state of puppyhood. Whether the fleas are also etherealized and permitted to accompany their owners, the departed gentleman to whom (through his widow) we are indebted for these particulars neglects to inform us.

All we know is that the celestial cigars are of such a grade that confirmed smokers soon lose their craving for tobacco, that the beer is only near-beer and that pet dogs are permitted—and if dogs, surely cats, and if cats, presumably par-

rots, and if parrots—but why waste logic on such a fool, and a dead fool at that. Moreover, I have an uneasy suspicion that the poor dear gentleman was not talking from heaven as he thought, but quite elsewhere—in which case he is a damned fool——

And what with bad cigars and near-beer and parrots even hell isn't what it used to be.—*Oliver Herford in Leslie's.*

URANUS.

(By Clare Shipman.)

Earth Voice:

A magic star of conscious knowledge rise

Upon our strange and variable world!
What says the genius of your mystic light,

Whose signals flashing on our drooping sight,

Make visible the ray imperishable
That binds and holds us to our home in God?

The Star:

I am the Knower in the sea of Light,
Where varied streams of truth and wisdom meet;

Where ebb and flood tide rhythmically swing

To common centre, being ever one.
Look not for me in space, who fills all space

Between the high, white stars,
Nor wait for me in time, who knows it not.

Within my glowing heart, I steadfast keep

The covenant of Father with the Son—
This—that you yet shall know as you are known;

And faithful is the One who promises.
My gift is that clear, self-revealed jewel,

Set like a third eye in the seeker's forehead,

The gift of undimmed revelation's light.

"Dark Angel" am I called by the unknowing:

They, who have built their gods and images

Out of the dust of ignorance.
These, whom I love, I smite, and though I cleave

Thy very soul and spirit, that which lives

Is the Imperishable,

Fire may not burn, nor water drown,
nor evil blight.

Swift chisel blows shatter the sculptor's stone.

That his imprisoned angel may go free.

Within the compass of my flaming sword,

Whose blade is bathed in Light, lies Paradise.

Look to thine heart if it be like the bloom

Of lotus flowers unveiling to the sky.
Petal by petal, waxen like with prayer.

And at the centre, gold of Love Divine,

Fused in the driving flame of hallowed deeds.

For such as these I open wide the way
Into untroubled seas of open vision.

Beyond the shore-line of the outer sense,

A moment's journey back of quiet eyes.
Where peace is born of Knowledge and of Truth.

—From "*Seven Stars.*" Published by John J. Newbegin.

SPIRITUALISM.

Lippincott's new edition of "The Report of the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism" is a fitting volume for the present time. During more than a year the commission investigated this interesting subject; the results are herein related and the facts so plainly set forth that the reader can form his own conclusions. Much material for further research was found. There were séances with the best mediums and spirit calls through raps, lights, and other phenomena. The names of the members of this commission carry weight and insure a thoughtful reading of their report. They were Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. James W. White, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Dr. William Pepper, Dr. George A. Koenig, Professor George S. Fullerton, Mr. Coleman Sellers, and Dr. Calvin B. Kner.

If a man is shut up in a house the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But it would not be prudent to infer that, if he walked out of the house, he could not see the sky because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it.
—*Dr. McTaggart.*

PRE-EXISTENCE.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

That feeling we all (or almost all) have of having done just this thing before, having been in just this place and situation, although we know perfectly well that in this life we never have—that sudden, mystic, fleeting sense, known as the *déjà vu*, of almost grasping the intangible—is explained by Sir Oliver Lodge not so much as proving that we have existed before as that some day, in another life, our elusive memories may be perfected and those past lives seen, not in vague and maddening flashes, but as a satisfying whole. (He does not say it for a certainty; he simply thinks it may be so. For the chief thing about Sir Oliver is his scientific method of approach to the unseen, his bringing together of the scientific and the psychical; he never goes on guessing and surmise.)

This way of taking a certain misty phenomenon, not as a proof of something past, but as an indication of something yet to come, is very characteristic. Most of us have regarded that fleeting sense of strange remembering as the lingering stages of a memory which is almost gone; he sees it as the first evolutionary stage of a perfect memory yet to be developed. And when one wonders why we can remember this life in the next life, but can not remember a past life now; and why it is just this life which we are living now which is the link between the remembered and the unremembered, between the lower and the higher, he answers in a tone quite as wondering, but much more certain, peaceful, and assured than our own.

"Evidently this life is very important," he said quite simply. "In it we come in contact with matter, and for the first time achieve personalities. These personalities which we have gotten this time stay with us; but we never had them before. We don't remember what has gone before, although some people have these glimpses which they believe are of a past life. But in the future, since our personalities will be the same, we will remember this life. And it is possible that we may then remember what has gone before this life. There are all grades of existence, I believe, from the black beetle up to God. We are in the first stage of

personality. There is more of us than is incarnate here, you know. We are a bit of the old block made into this personality which then rejoins the main block, taking with it all it has. It is like a country boy who leaves home to go to war, and there he gets, as Kipling says, a 'blooming soul,' sees strange lands, knows new things. Then he goes back and enriches the life of his village."

"There is more of us than is incarnate here," he says—but, for the moment, as Sir Oliver talks, his tall, strong, splendid body deep in an armchair by the fire, his fine hands quiet on its arms, his hair and beard very white in the half-light, and his eyes both intent and humorous, friendly with the wish that his thought be understood by any one who really cared for it, it seems almost impossible that this is only the "first stage of personality." Thought has gone a long way for the "first stage"; vision has come very close, and the connections between the psychic and the physical have been well established. The spirit is plainly seen beneath the matter, and philosophical ideas are not far to seek, even in the most intricate mathematical processes of science. If there were any good refutation of Sir Oliver's theory that this is the first stage it would be Sir Oliver himself. At any rate, he makes it easy for one to acquiesce in his statement that this life is, indeed, important.

For all the psychic conviction which has become so intimate a part of Sir Oliver's life and so closely linked up with his name, it is as a scientist that he thinks of himself, and in his scientific knowledge and insight and research that he takes his pride.

"Matter is my trade," he says.

Matter was his trade, in fact, twenty years before his mind, in the psychical sense, was. "I've been investigating physics for fifty years," he said, "and psychics only thirty years. And they are separate things; physics has nothing to do with the mind. But some things are not explicable in terms of matter. Philosophy is the only unifying thing, and even philosophy is not able to do it, unless it takes into account mind, matter, and ether."

This third factor, ether, is Sir Oliver's own. The ether of space, on which he is the recognized authority, about which he has written much and will lecture in de-

tail in about two weeks, is, in his belief, the only substantial reality.

"It accounts for light and gravitation," he said, trying to bring the truth of it into a few short words. "It is the thing that unites matter into a cosmos."

Energy is in this ether of Sir Oliver's, and matter itself, which seems to us so solid, so important, is only one of ether's modifications. Its constitution, and the full possibilities of its power, are yet to be discovered.

Through recent tests of the Einstein theory, he said, "light is found to have more analogy, more family likeness, to matter than had been thought. But Einstein," he added, "ignores ether. He works by equations, by ingenious and complicated reasoning. But he gives no mechanical outlook or form, no conception of what is happening and why. Light is electricity in vibration, an electrical phenomenon. Electricity and ether are very intimately connected, but ether is the biggest of the lot."

There were only fifteen minutes for the talk and ether's being the biggest of the lot was Sir Oliver's best place to stop. But time is only relative at best, and so it may as well have been the minute that it seemed or the hour that one wished.

KARMA.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

Karma is of three sorts:

First—that which has not begun to produce any effect in our lives owing to the operation on us of some other karmic causes. This is under a law well known to physicists, that two opposing forces tend to neutrality, and that one force may be strong enough to temporarily prevent the operation of another one. This law works on the unseen mental and karmic planes or spheres of being just as it does on the material ones. The force of a certain set of bodily, mental, and psychical faculties with their tendencies may wholly inhibit the operation on us of causes with which we are connected, because the whole nature of each person is used in the carrying out of this law. Hence the weak and mediocre furnish a weak focus for karma, and in them the general result of a lifetime is limited, although they may feel it all to be very heavy. But that person who has a wide

and deep-reaching character and much force will feel the operation of a greater quantity of karma than the weaker person.

Second—that karma which we are now making or storing up by our thoughts and acts, and which will operate in the future when the appropriate body, mind, and environment are taken up by the incarnating Ego in some other life, or whenever obstructive karma is removed.

This bears both on the present life and the next one. For one may in this life come to a point where, all previous causes being worked out, new karma, or that which is unexpended, must begin to operate.

Under this are those cases where men have sudden reverses of fortune or changes for the better either in circumstances or character. A very important bearing of this is on our present conduct. While old karma must work out and can not be stopped, it is wise for the man to so think and act now under present circumstances, no matter what they are, that he shall produce no bad or prejudicial causes for the next rebirth or for later years in this life. Rebellion is useless, for the law works on whether we weep or rejoice. The great French engineer, De Lesseps, is a good example of this class of karma. Raised to a high pitch of glory and achievement for many years of his life, he suddenly falls covered with shame through the Panama Canal scandal. Whether he was innocent or guilty, he has the shame of the connection of his name with a national enterprise all besmirched with bribery and corruption that involved high officials. This was the operation of old karmic causes on him the very moment those which had governed his previous years were exhausted. Napoleon I is another, for he rose to a very great fame, then suddenly fell and died in exile and disgrace. Many other cases will occur to every thoughtful reader.

Third—that karma which has begun to produce results. It is the operating now in this life on us of causes set up in previous lives in company with other Egos. And it is in operation because, being most adapted to the family stock, the individual body, astral body, and race tendencies of the present incarnation, it exhibits itself

plainly, while other unexpended karma awaits its regular turn.

These three classes of karma govern men, animals, worlds, and periods of evolution. Every effect flows from a cause precedent, and as all beings are constantly being reborn they are continually experiencing the effects of their thoughts and acts (which are themselves causes) of a prior incarnation. And thus each one answers, as St. Matthew says, for every word and thought; none can escape either by prayer, or favor, or force, or any other intermediary.

Now as karmic causes are divisible in to three classes, they must have various fields in which to work. They operate upon man in his mental and intellectual nature, in his psychical or soul nature, and in his body and circumstances. The spiritual nature of man is never affected or operated upon by karma.

One species of karma may act on the three specified planes of our nature at the same time to the same degree, or there may be a mixture of the causes, some on one plane and some on another. Take a deformed person who has a fine mind and a deficiency in his soul nature. Here punitive or unpleasant karma is operating on his body while in his mental and intellectual nature good karma is being experienced, but psychically the karma, or cause, being of an indifferent sort the result is indifferent. In another person other combinations appear. He has a fine body and favorable circumstances, but the character is morose, peevish, irritable, revengeful, morbid, and disagreeable to himself and others. Here good physical karma is at work with very bad mental, intellectual, and psychical karma. Cases will occur to readers of persons born in high station having every opportunity and power, yet being imbecile or suddenly becoming insane.

And just as all these phases of the law of karma have sway over the individual man, so they similarly operate upon races, nations, and families. Each race has its karma as a whole. If it be good that race goes forward. If bad it goes out—annihilated as a race—though the souls concerned take up their karma in other races and bodies. Nations can not escape their national karma, and any nation that has acted in a wicked manner must suffer some day, be it soon or late. The karma of the nineteenth century in

the West is the karma of Israel, for even the merest tyro can see that the Mosaic influence is the strongest in the European and American nations. The old Aztec and other ancient American peoples died out because their own karma—the result of their own life as nations in the far past—fell upon and destroyed them. With nations this heavy operation of karma is always through famine, war, convulsion of nature, and the sterility of the women of the nation. The latter cause comes near the end and sweeps the whole remnant away. And the individual in race or nation is warned by this great doctrine that if he falls into indifference of thought and act, thus molding himself into the general average karma of his race or nation, that national and race karma will at last carry him off in the general destiny. This is why teachers of old cried, "Come ye out and be ye separate."

With reincarnation the doctrine of karma explains the misery and suffering of the world, and no room is left to accuse Nature of injustice.

The misery of any nation or race is the direct result of the thoughts and acts of the Egos who make up the race or nation. In the dim past they did wickedly and now suffer. They violated the laws of harmony. The immutable rule is that harmony must be restored if violated. So these Egos suffer in making compensation and establishing the equilibrium of the occult cosmos. The whole mass of Egos must go on incarnating and reincarnating in the nation or race until they have all worked out to the end the causes set up. Though the nation may for a time disappear as a physical thing, the Egos that made it do not leave the world, but come out as the makers of some new nation in which they must go on with the task and take either punishment or reward as accords with their karma. Of this law the old Egyptians are an illustration. They certainly rose to a high point of development, and as certainly they were extinguished as a nation. But the souls—the old Egos—live on and are now fulfilling their self-made destiny as some other nation now in our period. They may be the new American nation, or the Jews fated to wander up and down in the world and suffer much at the hands of others. This process is perfectly just. Take, for in-

stance, the United States and the Red Indians. The latter have been most shamefully treated by the nation. The Indian Egos will be reborn in the new and conquering people, and as members of that great family will be the means themselves of bringing on the due results for such acts as were done against them when they had red bodies. Thus it has happened before, and so it will come about again.—*From "The Ocean of Theosophy."*

AN IRISH STORY.

(By Dorothea Conyers.)

As in all old Irish yards an archway for washing carriages under leads to the outer yards and in this two of my uncles and James Conlon, one of the men, were standing one morning when a hare came dashing into it. The place was full of hares so they only turned to see which of the dogs was in pursuit, but instead of running back she seemed so paralyzed with fear that she crouched and my youngest uncle, then quite a boy, caught her.

James Conlon, when he used to tell the story, declares that he immediately said the hare was not right. My uncle Bill, with a boy's love of stray animals decided to keep the hare, which lay in his arms without a struggle. He carried her to one of the attics, a long low room, which had then two little squat windows looking out on to the yard. Here he put her with bran and cabbages and doubtless other foods dear to hares and left her. The windows were shut and he locked the door. He slept in the room underneath, and going in there with my father, the two remarked that the hare was very restless as they could hear her patter-patter up and down.

Towards evening they were both out in the yard and suddenly my father called out and pointed up to the hare, which was sitting *outside* the window on the sill. Up flew my uncle to find her crouched safely in the room and the windows shut as he had left them.

No more was thought of it until next morning when the two boys and Conlon were again in the yards, talking of their mistake. "I tell ye she is not right," said Conlon. "God save us, look again."

The three of them saw it. Missis Hare crouched on the window-sill. This time they were startled. Telling the other two

to watch outside my uncle flew upstairs, unlocked the door, and dashed in. There was no hare there now. The windows were shut; they poked up the chimney, but never saw her again. Whether Jim Conlon let her out surreptitiously, whether she went up the chimney, no one will ever know. But be all that explained she was supposed to be seen so often that the window was bricked up and the room was called the Hare room for all time. As you pass the place in the train from Limerick to Ennis, just after Ardsollus, you can see the old house, empty and falling into ruin now, with the bricked-up window on the top story. And certainly it may have been rats, but something used to patter up and down on that floor all night long.—*From "Sporting Reminiscences."* Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled,
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came, but I, with mind unruffled,
Did simply say: "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt.
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But still I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I unruffled
Play what I get, until the break of day.
—*Eugene F. Ware.*

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow,
a wise man makes straight his trembling
and unsteady thought, which is difficult
to guard, difficult to hold back.—*Dhammapada.*

It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.—*Emerson.*

The wise man keeps earnestness as his best jewel.—*Dhammapada.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

APR 5

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 13, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE MYERS PHILOSOPHY.

Sir Oliver Lodge's summary of what may be called the Myers philosophy, to be found elsewhere in this issue, furnishes much for admiration and much also for criticism. Incidentally we may ask why we should give credit to Mr. Myers for a system of evolution that, in its main features, is about as old as the human race. Surely it must have occurred to Sir Oliver Lodge, if not to Mr. Myers himself, that the comparison of the Permanent Self with a tree and the personality with its leaves and branches is among the most ancient of which we have any record. It is clearly set forth in the *Gita*, and we have something strangely like it where Christ says: "I am the vine and ye are the husbandmen." Our modern philosopher, be it said, is much given to this sort of thing. He seizes on scraps of ancient lore, or indeed into whole systems, expands them into ponderous tomes, and proudly labels them with his own name and sometimes with his portrait frontispiece.

But we should like to know more about this Permanent Self which Mr. Myers is supposed to have discovered. With the Permanent Self as revealed by Theosophy we are familiar. It is a Divine consciousness. It is the one abiding Reality of human nature. It is the Christ in man, the Prometheus who brought fire from heaven, the Solar God of the Hindu system. It is the Soul. It sends forth a ray into the human brain, and the ray

becomes the intellect, eventually to be drawn back at death with its cargo of spiritual experiences. The brain mind, as it knows itself, is a reflection of that Permanent Self, as a lamp throws its reflection upon a wall.

But what does Mr. Myers mean by a Permanent Self? That it is the inspirer of genius is true enough, but is it also the inspirer of all that brood of abnormal phenomena which result from suggestion, mesmerism, and the like? Mr. Myers seems to think so. Is it the master or the servant of the brain mind? Sir Oliver Lodge speaks of it as "the more real and more noble, more comprehensive, more intelligent self." Once more, this is true enough, although the characterization might have been much more emphatic. But why are we asked to look upon it as subject to automatism and as being under the control of its own creation and therefore moved to evil as well as to good? It is the root that determines the character of the leaves. The leaves do not affect the nature of the root, or only in a very minor degree.

The tendency to give the palm of supremacy to the lower mind, to regard it as a cause rather than as an effect, is natural to thinkers who have deified the intellect and who are now reluctantly forced to postulate a consciousness that is above the intellect. But they should not allow themselves to be hurried thereby into illogic. The Permanent Self can not be the source of genius, it can not

be the senior partner, so to speak, and at the same time be the victim of suggestion, and the source of phenomena that are often distressing and sometimes unsavory. Mr. Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge should look elsewhere for the explanation of what are ordinarily called psychic phenomena. There are still recesses in human nature that have not been explored, and there may veritably be a sub-consciousness that is as much below normality as the Permanent Self is above it. Final verdicts are much to be avoided. They never are final.

There are many other analogies that Sir Oliver Lodge might have chosen. He might have compared the Permanent Self with the general who sends messenger after messenger to various parts of the battlefield to observe and to report the progress of the struggle. The messengers are the personalities, the brain minds. The general knows the whole plan and intent of the battle, but the messenger knows only the particular mission with which he was entrusted. All reports are received by the general, placed in relationship one with another, recorded and verified.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

(From the Nation.)

Once when Sherlock Holmes was confronted with an unusually difficult case the faithful Watson suggested that the crime might be due to some ghostly agency. "My dear Watson," replied Holmes with his unequalled common sense, "we must exhaust all other hypotheses before resorting to that of spirits." Could we not introduce Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to this detective? Sir Arthur's latest book, "The Vital Message" (Doran), shows that he needs sane and expert advice, for he is now as ready to believe in spirits as Watson; in fact, reader. He is so burning with faith in "Modern Spiritualism" that he regards it as "far too big for a new religion" and "the most important development in the whole history of the human race, so important that if we could conceive one single man discovering and publishing it, he would rank before Christopher Columbus as a discoverer of new worlds, before Paul as a teacher of new religious truth, and before Isaac Newton as a student of the laws of the universe." In

fact, communion with the dead is so thoroughly proved now that "incredulity means either culpable ignorance or else imbecility." One would feel a little surer of Sir Arthur's testimony as to spirits and mediums and photographs of ghosts if he were a little more cautious in his treatment of ordinary mundane affairs. History and scholarship are quite beneath his careful attention. If he attributes the guilt of St. Bartholomew to Francis, it is either because he has not read the chronicles or because he thinks Francis was present in spirit. His alleged science explains the whole New Testament in a most startling way. Why did Christ groan when he went down into the grave of Lazarus? This record is said to have puzzled all commentators (it has not), but "any one who has heard a medium groaning before any great manifestation of power will read into this passage just that touch of practical knowledge which will convince him of its truth." On what principle did Christ choose his apostles? Evidently because they were "psychics," some of whom, like Judas, are bad characters. The three booths which Peter proposed erecting on the Mount of Transfiguration were plainly intended "one for the medium and one for each materialized form." If we knew our New Testament aright, we should say "manifestation" for "miracle," "high spirit" for "angel," "direct voice" for "voice from heaven," and "he became a clairvoyant" for "he saw a vision." Why did Christ stoop and write in the sand on one occasion? Of course, because he had the power of automatic writing and was seeking guidance from spooks. Why did the spirit come with a great wind at Pentecost? Why, because it often does, witness Sir Arthur. In the light of the new spiritualism the causes of the Great War are apparent. It was to awaken the world from its torpor of skepticism, "pink teas and Saturday night drunks." The world to come is as plain to the psychic as is this world. It will be just like this life, only without its "physical side," unpleasant and, in some cases, pleasant. All will be saved in the end, even demons, to whom we should adopt a Christian attitude and for whom we should pray as for our own lost brothers.

The whole past of the earth is nothing but an unfolded present.—*Buchner.*

ALCHEMIES.

(By David Morton.)

What curious economies are wrought
In these half-lighted chambers of our-
selves,

Whose crowded channel passages are
fraught

With witless gnomes and blind, al-
chemic elves!

In some molecular, red-shadowed cell
They wrangle or dispute, or else
agree—

And we pronounce that we are ill or
well,

According to that secret, hid decree.

How should we prate of good or evil
things,

Since these chemic counselors prepare,
Unwittingly, the lot of men and kings?

What tiny disagreements may declare
Red storms of war for Helen and her
time!

What sweet accord may tremble into
rhyme! —*The Nation.*

HUMAN PERSONALITY.

(By Sir Oliver Lodge.)

The doctrine which Mr. Myers arrived at, after years of study, is that each individual as we perceive him is but a small fraction of a larger whole, is as it were the foliage of a tree which has its main trunk and its roots in another order of existence; but that on this dark inconspicuous and permanent basis, now one and now another system of leaves bud, grow, display themselves, wither and decay, while the great trunk and roots persist through many such temporary appearances, not independently of the sensible manifestations, nor unassisted by them, but supporting them, dominating them, reproducing them, assimilating the nourishment in the form of the elaborated experience, and thereby growing continually into a more perfect and larger whole. Many metaphors could be suggested, but this is the one that occurs to me now, and it carries us a certain distance.

As the tree periodically buds and blossoms into an aerial life, so we bud and blossom in a terrestrial life, clothing ourselves with material particles for a time, assimilating and utilizing the sunshine and the dew, realizing the existence and the neighborhood of other organisms in a like stage of development,

and joyfully availing ourselves of the consequences that flow from proximity and contemporaneous specialized existence.

The mystery of incarnation and of gradual development, of the persistence of existence beyond bodily death and decay, and even some glimmerings of the possible meaning of the vague dream of so-called reincarnation, all become in some sort intelligible on a basis of this kind, the basis of a full and never wholly manifested persistent self, from which periodically sprouts a terrestrial manifestation, though never twice the same. Each terrestrial appearance flourishes and assimilates mental and moral nutriment for a time, and the result of each is incorporated in the constant and growing memory of the underlying, supporting, but inconspicuously manifesting, and at present barely recognized, fundamental self.

And whereas we, the visible manifestations, exposed to sun and air, can signal to each other and receive impressions through rays of light and sound and heat, our transcendental portions with roots in another order of being must be supposed capable of communication, too; they are individualized, but not isolated, being welded into the framework of things in such way as to receive nutriment from subterranean moisture and from dying relics of the past, even from things which to the aerial portion seem useless or noxious; and they may thus send up to the leaves streamings of sap laden with the common wealth of mother earth.

The metaphor constantly breaks down, as all metaphors must sooner or later; for some purpose it would seem better that the tree should be inverted. The adjective "subliminal" contains no reference to what is beneath, except in the sense of foundation and support; in every other aspect the subliminal is probably the more real and more noble, more comprehensive, more intelligent, self, of which the supraliminal development is but a natural and healthy and partial manifestation.

The products of the subliminal are to be regarded as "higher" in a definite sense than those of the supraliminal. The supraliminal is that which is the outcome of terrestrial evolution, and so is able to manifest itself in a planetary

manner; the subliminal has a cosmic existence, which may play a part in terrestrial evolution hereafter, but at present only shows signs of doing so in the supernatural uprushes which are known as the inspirations of genius; signs which may be taken as anticipatory of the course of evolution in the future.

In this way sleep, death, genius, insanity, hysteria, hypnotism, automatism, clairvoyance, and all other disintegrations, and supernormalities of personality, fall into a consistent comprehensive scheme; and it is the object of Myers' book to elaborate this hypothesis and to unify all these strange features of human personality, features which have so long afforded an exercise alternately to resolute credulity and to blatant skepticism, and have so perennially perplexed mankind.—From *"The Survival of Man."* Published by the George H. Doran Company.

REINCARNATION AND KARMA.

It is especially difficult for the soul to recognize that there is something prevailing within its life which is environment to the soul in the same way as the so-called outer world is environment to the ordinary senses. The soul unconsciously resists this, because it imagines its independent existence imperiled by such a fact; and therefore instinctively turns away from it. For though more modern science theoretically admits the existence of the fact, this does not mean that it is as yet fully realized, with all the consequences of inwardly grasping it and becoming permeated with it. If, however, our consciousness can attain to realizing it as a vital fact, we learn to discern in the soul's nature an inner nucleus, which exists independently of everything that may be developed in the sphere of the soul's conscious life between birth and death. We learn to know in our own depths a being of which we feel our own self to be the creation, and by which we also feel that our body, the vehicle of consciousness, has been created, with all its powers and attributes.

In the course of this experience the soul learns to feel that a spiritual entity within it is growing to maturity, and that this entity withdraws itself from the influence of conscious life. It begins to feel that this inner entity becomes more

and more vigorous, and also more independent, in the course of the life between birth and death. It learns to realize that the entity bears the same relation to the rest of experience, between birth and death, as the developing germ in the being of a plant bears to the sum-total of the plant in which it is developing: with the difference that the germ of the plant is of a physical, whilst the germ of the soul is of a spiritual nature.

The course of such an experience leads one to admit the idea of repeated earthly lives. In the nucleus of the soul, which is to a certain degree independent of the soul, the latter is able to feel the germ of a new human life. Into that life the germ will carry over the results of the present one, when it has experienced in a spiritual world after death, in a purely spiritual way, those conditions of life in which it can not share as long as it is enveloped in a physical earthly body between birth and death.

From this thought there necessarily results another, namely, that the present physical life between birth and death is the product of other lives long past, in which the soul developed a germ which continued to live on in a purely spiritual world after death, till it was ripe for entering upon a new earthly life through a new birth; just as the germ of the plant becomes a new plant when, after having been detached from the old plant in which it was formed, it has been for a while in other conditions of life.

When the soul has been adequately prepared, clairvoyant consciousness learns to immerse itself in the process of the development in one human life of a germ, in a certain way independent, which carries over the results of that life into later earthly lives. In the form of a picture, yet essentially real, as though it were about to reveal itself as an individual entity, there emerges from the waves of the life of the soul a second self, which appears independent of and set over the being upon which we have previously looked upon as ourself. It seems like an inspirer of that self. And we as this latter self then flow into one with our inspiring, superior self.

Now our ordinary consciousness lives in this state of things, which is thus held by clairvoyant consciousness, without being aware of the fact. Once again it is necessary for the soul to be strength-

ened, in order that one may hold one's own, not only as regards a spiritual outer world with which one blends, but even as regards a spiritual entity which in a higher sense is one's own self, and which nevertheless stands outside that which is necessarily felt to be the self in the physical world. The way in which the second self rises out of the waves of the soul's life, in the form of a picture, yet essentially real, is quite different in different human individualities. I have tried in the following plays picturing the souls' life, "The Portal of Initiation," "The Soul's Probation," "The Guardian of the Threshold," and "The Awakening of the Soul," to portray how various human individualities work their way through to the experience of this "other self."

Now even if the soul in ordinary consciousness knows nothing about its being inspired by its other self, yet that inspiration is nevertheless there, in the depths of the soul. It is, however, not expressed in thoughts or inner words; but takes effect through deeds, through events, or through something that happens. It is the other self that guides the soul to the details of its life's destiny, and calls forth capacities, inclinations, aptitudes, and so forth within it. This other self lives in the sum-total or aggregate of the destiny of a human life. It moves alongside the self which is conditioned by birth and death, and shapes human life, with all that it contains of joy and sorrow. When clairvoyant consciousness joins that other self it learns to say "I" to the total aggregate of the life-destiny, just as physical man says "I" to his individual being. That which is called by an Eastern word Karma grows together in the way that has been indicated, with the other self, or the spiritual ego. The life of a human being is seen to be inspired by his own permanent entity, which lives on from one life to another; and the inspiration operates in such a way that the life-destiny of one earthly existence is the direct consequence of previous ones.

Thus man learns to know himself as another being, different from his physical personality, which indeed only comes to expression in physical existence through the working of this being. When the concomsciousness enters the world of that other being, it is a region which, as com-

pared with the elemental world, may be called the world of the spirit.

As long as we feel ourselves to be in that world, we find ourselves completely outside the sphere in which all the experiences and events of the physical world are enacted. We look from another world back upon the one which we have in a certain sense left behind. But we also arrive at the knowledge that, as human beings, we belong to both worlds. We feel the physical world to be a kind of reflected image of the world of the spirit. Yet this image, although reflecting the events and beings of the spiritual world, does not merely do this, but also leads an independent life of its own, although it is only an image. It is as though a person were to look into a mirror, and as though his reflected image were to come to independent life whilst he was looking at it.

Moreover, we learn to know spiritual beings who bring about this independent life of the reflected image of the spiritual world. We feel them to be beings who belong to the world of the spirit with regard to their origin, but who have left the arena of that world, and sought their field of action in the physical world. We thus find ourselves confronting two worlds which act one upon the other. We will call the spiritual world the higher, and the physical world the lower.

We learn to know these spiritual beings in the lower world through having to a certain extent transferred our point of view to the higher world. One class of these spiritual beings presents itself in such a way that through them we discover the reason why man experiences the physical world as substantial and material. We discover that everything material is in reality spiritual, and that the spiritual activity of these beings consolidates and hardens the spiritual element of the physical world into matter. However unpopular certain names are in the present day, they are needed for that which is seen as reality in the world of spirit. And so we will call the beings who bring about materialization the Ahrimanic beings. It appears that their original sphere is the mineral kingdom. In that kingdom they reign in such a way that there they can bring fully into manifestation what is their real nature. In the vegetable kingdom and in the higher kingdoms of nature they accomplish

something else, which only becomes intelligible when the sphere of the elemental world also appears like a reflection of that world. But the reflected image in the elemental world has not so much independence as that in the physical world. In the former, the spiritual beings of the Ahrimanic class are less dominant than in the latter. From the elemental world, however, they do develop, amongst other things, the kind of activity which comes to expression in annihilation and death. We may even say that in the higher kingdoms of nature the part of the Ahrimanic beings is to introduce death. So far as death is part of the necessary order of existence, the mission of the Ahrimanic beings is legitimate.

But when we view the activity of the Ahrimanic beings from the world of the spirit, we find that something else is connected with their work in the lower world. Inasmuch as their sphere of action is there, they do not feel bound to respect the limits which would restrain their activity if they were operating in the higher world from which they originate. In the lower world they struggle for an independence which they could never have in the higher sphere. This is especially evident in the influence of the Ahrimanic beings on man, inasmuch as man forms the highest kingdom of nature in the physical world. As far as the human life of the soul is bound up with physical existence, they strive to give that life independence, to wrench it free from the higher world, and to incorporate it entirely in the lower. Man as a thinking soul originates from the higher world. But the thinking which is evolved in, and bound up with, the physical world, has in it that which must be called the influence of the Ahrimanic beings. These beings desire to give, as it were, a kind of permanent existence to a sense-bound thinking within the physical world. At the same time as their forces bring death, they desire to hold back the thinking soul from death, and only to allow the other principles of man to be carried away by the stream of annihilation. Their intention is that the human power of thought shall remain behind in the physical world and adopt a kind of existence approximating ever more and more to the Ahrimanic nature.

In the lower world what has just been described is only expressed through its

effects. Man may strive to saturate himself in his thinking soul with the forces which recognize the spiritual world, and know themselves to live and have their being within it. But he may also turn away with his thinking soul from those forces, and only make use of his thought for laying hold of the physical world. Temptations to the latter course of action come from the Ahrimanic powers.—*From "The Threshold of the Spiritual World." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

JACOPONE DA TODI.

Described as "a spiritual biography," Evelyn Underhill's study of "Jacopone da Todi, Poet and Mystic, 1228-1306," which E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing this week, gives to English readers their first opportunity to gain full understanding of this singer of the Franciscan movement, who was one of the greatest and most interesting of the Italian mystical poets. Those who are interested in Christian mysticism, lovers of poetry, and those who care for the Italy of the times of St. Francis ought to find pleasure in this account of Jacopone da Todi's life and personality. The volume contains a selection from his spiritual songs filling half its pages, in both Italian and English, the translation having been made by Mrs. Theodore Beck. There is a frontispiece portrait of the poet reproduced from a manuscript in the Laurentian Library, Florence, and another illustration reproduces the frontispiece of an edition of his poems that appeared in 1490.

WAITING.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, whose book, "A Cloud of Witnesses," recounting her experiences in establishing communication with those who have died, will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co., is in New York waiting to get into communication with the spirit of her husband, who died in Chicago January 16th. She thinks it will be some time, perhaps several months, before complete communication can be established, but as soon as she is successful she intends to give the widest possible publicity to the messages she receives in order to stimulate interest and add to the existing knowledge of the subject.—*Publishers' Advance Note.*

A NEEDED LESSON.

A sailor, Hendricus de Raay, wants \$5000 damages from his employers because he was badly bitten by mosquitoes and the ship's captain would give him no healing ointment.

This is mentioned because NEW. Dog bites, goring by bulls, but never mosquito bites have caused lawsuits.

And this leads to meditation on the theory of reincarnation.

Suppose Armour, Rockefeller, George F. Baker, Thomas F. Ryan, and Dan Guggenheim should suddenly learn through miraculous revelation that in their next earthly incarnation they would appear as little brown babies on the banks of the Nile—where babies are neglected and flies swarming on their poor diseased eyes often blind them.

Can't you imagine Armour, Guggenheim *et al.* crying with a loud voice: "What! Am I to be an Egyptian baby exposed to Egyptian flies? Well, before that happens I will spend a little of this money wiping out flies in Egypt."

They would do it. Learned engineers would be sent to clean up the Egyptian filth piles in which flies breed; a good milk supply for Egyptian babies would be organized, with free trained nurse service on the banks of the old Nile, etc.

A successful lawsuit often improves living conditions. Belief in reincarnation, with no guarantee as to the next habitation, would do more.—*Examiner*.

PALMISTRY.

(Joan Benedict in N. Y. Evening Post.)

"Yes," said the woman about whom word had gone forth one rainy day at the winter resort that she could read the palm. "Yes, I used to do it; I did it a lot. But not any more. The trouble was not that I doubted my powers, but I became too certain of them; afraid, in fact. The last time was years ago, in Colorado Springs. It was a rainy day, like this, and I was persuaded to read some palms. I saw—and said that I saw—the conventional things in several hands, when presently a man's palm was put before me in which I saw as plain as daylight something dreadful—so dreadful that I couldn't announce it of him, and still less to him. So I mumbled something or other that must have seemed awkward and inadequate and stopped my palmistry

short. But the next day, happening to run across the man's wife, she took me aside. 'Tell me,' she said, agitatedly; 'what was it you saw in my husband's hand last night? Don't think that I shall tell him; I should no more do so than would you.' Now, understand, these people were entire strangers to me; I had scarcely noticed them about the hotel until the rainy day and the palm-reading came upon us. And you will also understand that I could not answer the wife as she wished. 'Well, I'll tell you what I'm sure you saw,' she went on still more agitatedly; 'it was insanity. There is insanity in his family, though he has never yet had an attack; but the fear of it hangs over him like a doom. That's why we're here—to rest and refresh him mentally as well as physically. I didn't realize when we joined your group yesterday what might be revealed until you stopped so short. I knew his hand had told what you could not have guessed otherwise.' Even then I wouldn't admit to her that I had seen insanity in her husband's hand—oh, so plainly, and so soon! I heard, not long afterwards, that he was in an asylum. At least no suggestion from me was responsible for it. But never since have I cared nor dared—to tell fortunes by the palm."

Le Message, the organ of the T. S. in France, has an interesting article on Bergson's latest work, "L'Energie Spirituelle," in which the writer points out that Bergson is revealing theosophical truth to the Western world. Before him, Western philosophy knew nothing higher than Manas; in his proclamation of the intuition as a higher faculty than intellect, Buddhi was brought to light; and now, under the title of spiritual energy, or creative power, Atma is revealed. "I see in the whole evolution of life on our planet matter traversed by creative power, an effort to liberate . . . something which is imprisoned in the animal, and only definitely freed in man." Here Bergson is speaking of the third life-wave, when man is taken possession of by the creative spirit, and becomes a conscious director of his own evolution.

Life is a pure flame and we live by an invisible sun within us.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 20, 1920.

Price Five Cents

OUIJA BOARDS.

Some of the phenomena of modern spiritualism were well known to Eliphas Levi, the great French mystic and occultist, whose writings have perhaps never yet received the attention they deserve. Spiritualism at that time was in its infancy. The simpler forms of its phenomena were received by the few with credulity and by the many with derision. It had not then become a system, and still less had it become a creed. None the less its beginnings were portentous of the movement that is now much larger than its enemies are disposed to admit.

Levi was naturally attracted by phenomena so closely akin to his own researches. Doubtless he brought to bear upon them his own peculiar means of knowledge, for Levi was a practical and not only a theoretical occultist. However that may be, he seems to have had no difficulty in reaching a conclusion, and he sets it forth with that verbal vigor that was always at his command. "There are many among us," he says in effect, "who have dethroned the living God for a dancing table." If Levi were alive today he would similarly deplore the transfer of our worship to a ouija board.

Now if a comment such as this had come from religious or scientific orthodoxy we might justifiably disregard it as one more evidence of the immobility, the rigidity, of the conventional mind toward new and revolutionary facts. But Levi's

criticism was not the result of conservatism. He himself was a daring, almost a reckless, pioneer into the domain of the unusual and the bizarre. His instincts his disposition, and his tendencies would all be in favor of the new theories. But he had nothing but condemnation for them, a contemptuous condemnation. He was a master of Kabbalism and of ceremonial magic, of invocations, exorcisms, and theurgy, but he had nothing but derision for a belief that the phenomena of spiritualism owed anything either to Deity or to the dead.

The word of Eliphas Levi would probably be as impotent today as when it was actually audible. If the modern devotees of the terpsichorean table and the agile ouija board were at all open to reason or conviction they would hardly remain indifferent to the fact that the mystic philosophers of all ages have been well versed in the phenomena of psychism, and that there is not one among them whose approval or even toleration can be cited. Eliphas Levi's reproof forms part of a chorus of condemnation in which there is not one dissident note. The most ancient occultists of India understood and abhorred these practices. So did the Neo-Platonists. The Rosicrucians sternly forbade them. Paracelsus and Boehmen attributed their results to malefic and non-human intelligences, and no Theosophist needs to be reminded that H. P. Blavatsky was rigidly insistent in

her warnings against their beguilements and their dangers.

But the devotee living in his bomb-proof shelter of credulity is usually alike resolute and defiant, and it may be admitted that there is a persuasiveness about the new theology of spooks that it is hard to resist. For here is a "spirituality" that it needs no effort to attain. The old exhortations to a pure life, to the resolute conquest of passion, to the service of others, are clearly obsolete. All that the new religion demands is a passive mind, indeed an empty mind, and this for most people is so easy of attainment as reasonably to excite enthusiasm. Here we have the total abolition of all the old "means of grace" in favor of a mechanism that literally runs upon wheels, and that transports us to the Kingdom of God merely by contact with the finger-tips. Henceforth no one is so foolish, no one so lazy, indeed no one so evil, as to be excluded from spiritual intercourse, from this new communion of saints. We may all enter into relationships with the blessed dead if only we have the requisite dollar for a ouija board. Indeed we can make one for nothing out of an old cigar box, and by such humble means we may wander at will through the seven spheres. No wonder that demonology should commend itself to the spiritually unemployed.

Unfortunately we are not always informed of the ultimate results of these incursions into the nether world. We continue to read finely written books of "spirit messages" long after their authors have been placed under restraint in the sanitarium. Every now and then there is a sudden public revelation of mischief, but the mischief that is unrevealed except to horrified relatives is incalculable. Doubtless the wave will expend its force in due time, but not until the shores of life have been covered with tragic wrecks. And who shall say the vastly greater calamities that must come from those who are gradually and insidiously beguiled into conscious sorcery down that steep declivity that begins with psychic phenomena.

When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in.—*Cato*.

A SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT.

Who would have supposed that Mark Sullivan would be found among the prophets? We have known Mr. Sullivan for years as an unusually clever and reliable critic of things political. His sword was always drawn and its blade was of the keenest. But here he is writing in a recent issue of *Collier's* on "Will a Spiritual Movement Appear?"

A great many people believe that it will, says Mr. Sullivan, but with few exceptions they seem to have no reason for their belief. It is a sentiment or an emotion, born of a sense of need. If we expect that humanity will receive some spiritual benefit *from outside itself* such an expectation may act as an anodyne for broken hearts, but otherwise it has no value, and it has "serious possibilities of harm." The spiritual benefits must come from within, from men themselves. There should be no thought of something in the nature of a gratuity, bestowed by gods on men.

It is a law of nature, says Mr. Sullivan, that great phenomena come in pairs, and that in a sense they will be opposites:

Now, if you assent to the law, its application to the facts of the war is put in this way: The one great, unprecedented phenomenon that has happened to the human race during the past five years is that more people have been killed—many times more—than ever were killed before in the same length of time. You can express this in either of two ways: If you are a materialist, you can express it by saying that during the last five years, on a comparatively small area of land in Europe, there has been a greater release of spiritual energy, a greater "setting free," as scientists say, of spiritual energy than ever occurred before; an extraordinary and unprecedented congestion and explosion of free spiritual energy. On the other hand, if you are a person of orthodox religion, you will express it by saying that there has been a greater migration of souls from this world to the next than ever occurred before; that an unprecedented multitude of souls from this world has just arrived in the next.

That being the unprecedented phenomenon which undeniably has happened, the inference, if you accept the law, is that we shall soon see a corresponding phenomenon, and that this coming phenomenon will be spiritual in character.

Now there is one idea that occurs at once to Mr. Sullivan, although he seems to be afraid of it and dismisses it summarily. He wishes to keep his feet on the ground. He says if the reservoir of spiritual energy has been enormously en-

larged "then it would be reasonable to expect that the babies who are equipped with spirit from that reservoir—the babies who have recently been born—should possess an unusually large endowment of spiritual qualities." Mr. Sullivan comes very close here to reincarnation. Why should he suppose that the spiritual energies of the dead should be thrown, as it were, into some common reservoir? Surely it is more reasonable to suppose that the spiritual individuality is preserved, and that under the circumstances it will return more quickly to earth life and free from the oblivion incidental to a prolongation of the post-mortem states.

And this brings Mr. Sullivan to the subject of spiritualism, and to the great wave of psychism that is passing over England and that has already reached America. It is spiritualism, says Mr. Sullivan, but it is not spiritual. It comprises no true religious experience of any sort:

This spread of spiritualism throughout England has one true and legitimate characteristic of the formal religions: it does affirm and even emphasize belief in a future life. But that is about as far as it goes toward religion, and that, standing alone, is not going very far. Even the most primitive forms of religion among the savages include that. Seen truly, and standing alone, spiritualism, in its more common form—the form in which all cruder minds cling to it—is a kind of self-indulgence. The thing which at the moment you want more than you want anything else is to hear from your dead, and so you embrace a cult which promises to give you that. That is very far from the thing that I am talking about as a religious revival, or some other form of spiritual movement, following the war!

Spiritual movements do not originate in self-indulgence, but in self-discipline and self-sacrifice. "If this world is to get any benefit from the war in the shape of a spiritual phenomenon, it must come as a movement which calls for the giving by the individual of something to the world, not the receiving of something from another world regardless of effort or deserving on the part of the individual."

But psychic phenomena are facts in nature, says Mr. Sullivan, and they ought to be investigated. That is quite a different thing from spiritualism. Two or three years ago he and Mr. Julian Street looked into the phenomena that are commonly called spiritualism with the aid of a business man who happened to have psychic faculties. They were successful,

but none the less they encountered a sense of utility. And here Mr. Sullivan permits himself to make a definite judgment. He says:

Another conclusion which can be accepted safely is that nowhere in all the voluminous and painstaking literature of psychic phenomena is there any unmistakable case of communication coming directly from a dead person. There is clairvoyance between the living, and telepathy between the living, both of them mysterious phenomena, and deserving of serious consideration, but nowhere is there any satisfactory record of a communication from a dead person.

No, says Mr. Sullivan, communications with the dead, even if they could be established, have nothing of spirituality about them, nothing that even points that way. Quite the contrary. Spirituality means service to mankind, and only when there is service to mankind can we expect the coöperation of the Gods:

And yet, if my recent contacts with considerable varieties of my fellow human beings have taught me anything, if I have any understanding of human nature, I should say the capacity and disposition just now to respond to spiritual leadership are enormous. Let the right leader show himself, let the man appear who happens to have the right quality of personality, and the world will thrust prophecy upon him.

But the spiritual movement must come through spiritual men. It will never come "by observation."

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine
poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

—From "*The Sermon in the Hospital*,"
by H. H. Hamilton King.

To those that go up to the holy celebrations of the mysteries that are appointed purifications and the laying aside of the garments worn before and the approach in nakedness; until, passing on the upward path all that is other than the God, each in the loneliness of himself beholds that lonely dwelling Being, the Apart, the Single, the Pure.—Plotinus.

The eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as a hereditary disease upon the nineteenth.—H. P. Blavatsky.

MRS. DE KOVEN'S BOOK.

A single week produces five books on spiritualism and psychic research. We are at the dawn of a brief cycle of such things and we can but hope that its end will bring with it something of comprehension and enlightenment.

The most important of these current volumes is "A Cloud of Witnesses," by Mrs. Reginald De Koven. It is important because it tries to show us something of the mechanism of the phenomena of spiritualism, a mechanism that was, of course, minutely described by Mme. Blavatsky many years ago, but that is now being "discovered" by the modern researcher, who hails it as an innovation.

Mrs. De Koven believes that in all cases there is an emanation from the medium and that this emanation has many functions and capacities. Palladino did and could move heavy objects without contact, and Professor Flourney declared his conviction that a force proceeded from the medium which he called "psycho-dynamism." Dr. Maxwell was of the same opinion. Experimenting with M. Meurice, a non-professional medium, Dr. Maxwell declares that he heard a sound as of a thread scraping on a china statuette. The thread seemed to come from the body of the medium. M. Meurice found that tables moved toward his outstretched hands and that "a substance like threads seemed to emerge from his hands when the table rose towards them":

Another indication of the agency of these threads in the movements of tables and other objects appears in the accounts of the experiments with Eusapia Palladino. She stated that she felt the presence of these threads upon her hands when she moved tables, heavy wardrobes, and other objects in view of her very eminent scientific investigators. Later experiments, which revealed the emission of a substance sometimes resembling these threads from the body of a medium, were conducted in Paris by Mme. Alexandre Bisson, in connection with the Baron Schrenk-Notzing. These experiments were of vastly greater importance, for the experimenters saw and photographed the substance as it emerged from the body of a young woman called Eva C. . . . The appearance of the substance usually announced itself by the presence of luminous spots varying in size which were scattered over the left side of the black smock of the medium. Further emissions of larger extent appeared, coming from the crown of the medium's head, from the breasts, mouth, and from the ends of her fingers. The substance had three colors—black, white, and gray.

Sometimes it issued in threads, sometimes in thick cords or flat ribbons. . . . The substance could be felt. It was cold and damp and sometimes slimy. Sometimes when it took the form of cords it was hard and dry. The threads were stiff, but elastic. The substance was mobile.

Here we have the astral matter of the Occultist. Where the disease of mediumship is present, this astral matter is extruded. It is not under the control of the medium, or only partially so, the "principles" cohering so loosely as to be readily separable. But, says Mrs. De Koven, the most remarkable property of this substance is its tendency to assume forms. It is infinitely mobile. "It tended rapidly to assume organic forms which appeared enmeshed in it, and then as if manipulated by the hand of an unseen sculptor, it took the shape of admirably molded hands and feet, of heads with thick hair upon solid skulls, of complete and sometimes beautiful faces. Complete figures also appeared and presented every appearance of the living human being." Dr. Geley is quoted to similar effect. "Before our eyes," he declared, "we have seen a single substance exuding from the body of the medium and we have seen that substance transforming itself into hands, faces, and complete bodies, possessing all the attributes of life, of flesh and bone. Then we have seen these forms dissolve and reënter in an instant the body of the medium." In other words these investigators have actually witnessed the processes described by Mme. Blavatsky so many years ago in her effort to divert the attention of spiritualists from their pursuit of "spirits" who had actually no more to do with the phenomena than the man in the moon.

It is evident that the substance of the materialization is an emanation from the body of the medium and that there is nothing spiritual about it. It is as material as perspiration, with which it may properly be compared. It is evident also that it is plastic, that it may be molded into the "threads" that are instrumental in the moving of furniture and that it will just as readily assume the form of a human body, or of the parts of one. What is it that controls this molding process? The spiritualist says that it is the "spirits of the dead." The Occultist maintains that it is the imagination of the medium, or of elemental agencies who se-

lect their models from the aura of the sitters or from pictures in the Astral Light. And continued investigation will prove that the Occultists are right.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES. By Anna De Koven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

(The following is extracted from an account of a lecture by Sir Oliver Lodge contributed by "P. L." to the *New Republic* of March 10th.)

What he has said so far, now when his lecture has fairly started, is perhaps a little more general than you had hoped, than you had expected, amounting indeed, so far as I remember to little more than a statement of his reasons for regarding our survival of bodily death as not more improbable, antecedently, than several other things that all civilized makind now assumes to be true. More important, much more important to his hearers than to Sir Oliver Lodge himself, is the fact that he who did not believe in human immortality, who did not even wish for it on his own account, came at length, after scrutiny of the evidence, to certitude. By this mere fact, much more than by the arguments which he obviously thinks more weighty, he has surprisingly aggravated our unwillingness to disagree with him. It is our minds that he wishes to persuade, yet his persuasiveness, without his knowledge and against his will, comes from his voice, his bearing, his honesty of intention.

Then follows the proof, which we approach via telepathy. A, whom the medium never saw before and never heard of, gets a message from B, who is dead—a message of references and allusions to things known only to B and A. May not this be a case of telepathy, of thought transference as it used to be called, of the medium's reading A's mind? Yes, it may be, no doubt it often is. But suppose the dead tells the living, not something which only they two know, but something which the living didn't know and which is afterwards ascertained to be true? Sir Oliver cites cases in which precisely this has happened, cases which, if no one has lied or been deceived, are inexplicable upon any hypothesis except that of survival. A soldier who was killed in France, and of whom neither the medium nor the person consulting the

medium has ever heard, sends a message. His luggage is on its way home. In a certain place in one of his bags are certain letters. If they get to his wife and family they will do harm. He asks that his luggage be intercepted, that the letters be destroyed. The letters are found where he said they would be, the dead soldier's wish is fulfilled. To Professor Richet in Paris, some years ago, just before Queen Draga of Serbia and her brothers were murdered, came a message from their grandfather—*la mort guette famille*—death is lying in wait for the family. Upon investigation Professor Richet discovered that the message arrived at exactly the moment when the murderers were setting out for the palace.

Well, the lecture is over. On my way home I try to account for my disappointment. The nature of the evidence? Not altogether. I did not expect Sir Oliver Lodge's cases to be different in kind from the few I had read in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. Perhaps I had expected the lecture to be an exposition of the difference between the operations of a skeptical and those of a credulous mind. I had expected the narrative of a more rigorous scrutiny. I had hoped for a sight of the skeptic at work, testing and rejecting and refining, reaching at last a certitude made contagious by his demonstrated expertness and thoroughness as a weigher of evidence. What I had heard was a few anecdotes, told by a man whose good faith was beyond question, and whose personality was so winning that one would be glad to oblige him by believing anything he chose to say. He had appealed to everything except one's mere mind, the only thing he cared to appeal to.

My dissatisfaction, however, is not all with Sir Oliver Lodge. Some of it is with myself. Am I one of those men, hateful to John Milton, who will neither answer solidly nor be convinced? And perhaps, if the choice between belief and disbelief in survival were to me a "living option," or if my not extinct ambitions were such as a conceivable future life might encourage, I should not now be coming so empty away from Carnegie Hall.

Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE WHITE COMRADE.

Under our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clods,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the signal bade us retire
From the terrible odds.
As we ebbed with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.
I fell, and began to pray.
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;
Then,—I swooned. . . .

When I awoke it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound,
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, stanch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,
Not stealthy, but firm and serene.
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted far from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness might haunt;
As if my comrade's eyes
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,
No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay!

Then in the bursting shells' dim light
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the
smock
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail:
For the seeker was tall and his robe was
bright:
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unhurrying stride
He came,
And gathering my tall frame,
Like a child in his arms . . .

Again I slept,
And awoke

From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I
spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom
to revoke,
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might
aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide;—
When I saw he was hurt—
Shot through the hands that were clasped
in prayer!
Then as the dark drops gathered there
And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched
lands
Had known or would know till the mad
world's end.
Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too;
And, dimming the white of his side,
A dull stain grew.
"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried
His words I already foreknew:
"These are old wounds," said he,
"But of late they have troubled me."
—Robert Haven Schauffler.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB
BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The inner form characterizes man, also in his face. The same may be said of animals, herbs, and trees. Each thing marked externally with that which it

internally and essentially. For the internal being is continually laboring to manifest itself outwardly. Thus everything has its own mouth for the purpose of revealing itself, and therein is based the language of nature, by means of which each thing speaks out of its own quality, and represents that for which it may be useful and good.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

The Elementals . . . are considered as the "spirits of atoms," for they are the first remove (backwards) from the physical atom—sentient, if not intelligent creatures. They are all subject to Karma and have to work it out through every cycle.

Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and destroys it, psychically as well as physically.

The Atom—the most metaphysical object in creation.

The pure Object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on

the plane of our three-dimensional world, for we know only the mental states it excites in the-perceiving Ego.

Even to speak of Cosmic Ideation—save in its *phenomenal* aspect—is like trying to bottle up primordial chaos, or to put a printed label on Eternity.

No *carths* or *moons* can be found, *except in appearance*, beyond, or of the same order of Matter as found in our System. Such is the Occult Teaching.

By paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."

The spoken word has a potency not only unknown to, but even unsuspected and naturally disbelieved in, by the modern "sages." . . . Sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients. . . . Such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken the corresponding Powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be.

The Solar substance is immaterial. In the sense, of course, of Matter existing in states unknown to Science.

Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane: it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

The Monad becomes a personal Ego when it incarnates; and something remains of that Personality through Manas, when the latter is perfect enough to assimilate Buddhi.

We see that every *external* motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by *internal* feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body, can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, . . . so with the external or manifested Universe.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 27, 1920.

Price Five Cents

MAETERLINCK.

(The following is a synopsis of a lecture delivered by Mr. Maeterlinck in San Francisco, March 18, 1920, under the management of Mr. Selby C. Oppenheimer.)

Most men think that they believe in the immortality of the soul, but act absolutely as if they did not. This belief is a survival of religion, or a subconscious presentiment defensible mainly from the axiom that nothing existent can be annihilated, and that highest soul can not be denied the privilege of vilest matter. But first, have we a soul independent of body? Formerly we had but slight reply to the materialist dogmatists: "thought an organic secretion," "mind dies with the brain." Before this formidable objection we were more disarmed than we dared confess; we had no beginning of scientific proof. But, very recently, great discoveries have been made in the sciences, psychological, psychical, and biological—with consequences yet to be deduced. At last we have, if not proofs yet the beginnings of proofs—proofs bridging the centuries, in contact with the assertions which our prehistoric ancestors bequeathed like secret treasure in the primitive religions.

"No thought without a living brain," said the materialists. "No living brain without some previous thought," we boldly answer, "mightier and more ingenious than existed before man or animals." We desire to demonstrate: Thought before the brain—outside the

brain—surviving the brain. This proof is not unimpeachable, but the materialist counter-proof is no better; they explain less than we, who fight them with weapons from their own armory, at least as good as theirs. Here is no battle of words, but issues enormous, the stakes of our happiness or unhappiness here and hereafter.

Suppose that everything ends with death; then all is nothingness, and nothing matters but the pleasures we may pluck from day to day, "the joy of living" "beyond good and evil." But if pre-existent then post-existent, an infinite perspective; with widening horizons, the Sinai of a new morality.

At first the facts appear to support the materialist, but his embattled fortress can not withstand a modern attack. Before man and the higher animals, Nature was far more intelligent than we are; in plants, fishes, lizards, birds, above all in insects, she had already achieved inventions marvelous to this day. Where, then, was the brain of Nature? In matter, and mostly out of it—everywhere and nowhere—as today. A slow and groping process, it is true, but time has nothing to do with the fact. Unless effects precede causes, there must have been somewhere intelligence working without organs, these organs the products (not the producers) of preëxisting thought, effects of a prior spiritual cause.

It is quite possible that Nature with

our brains thinks better than without them. This nowise shows that Nature requires man, but only utilizes her own results in him—as the typewriter does not provide thought but instruments it. It seems that Nature has grown wiser, and no longer perpetrates mistakes, monsters, anomalies unfitted to survive. But before us she began thinking more than we shall ever imagine. A well-known engineer, Ernest Kapp, has proved, in his *Philosophy of Technique*, that our machines are unconscious imitations of Nature's models, or projections of her organic processes:—for example, the camera, of the eye; telegraphy, of the nerves; X-rays, of clairvoyance; the wireless, of telepathy or direct communication through ethereal vibrations; and levitation, and motion without contact, the anticipation of some future control of gravitation, whose laws, we suspect, are magnetic, capable of comprehension and manipulation. —

But beyond man, what a census of Nature's inventions among the insects, more varied and plentiful than with us:—political and social organization, mechanical miracles, mysterious forces; the energy of the flea, the living 'without eating of many active creatures, the growth-force in the egg. Science draws daily nearer magic. Fabre did not suspect he was restating Paracelsus in saying that creatures "borrow activity from circumambient energies, various forms of one and the same agent," which is just the universal agent, the astral body, the cosmic, etheric, or vital fluid, the akasa of the occultists, and the od of our modern scientists. Thus brainless Nature points the way to our own brains, away from the heavy subjection to the senses, from stomach to soul, in anticipation of our spiritual future. —

To return to thought without a brain, which is the key of the position. Suppose all brains, and rudiments of nerves, from the amoeba to man, were suddenly annihilated. Would earth remain forever lifeless and mindless, if the conditions of existence were restored exactly similar to those before the catastrophe?

Life, recovering the same favorable circumstances, would start afresh in the same fashion, furnishing the irrefragable proof that thought is not dead, and can

not die, but somewhere subsists above the utter ruin of its instruments, *i. e.*, is independent of matter. —

The preëxistence of mind in ourselves: Where was our brain at conception, when we were a microscopic infusorian, yet potentially not only our always possible ideal complete selves, but our ancestors also, and our posterity, through the infinitude of time, all crowded within the compass of an invisible speck? Matter so marvelous is almost spiritual. —

I make no mention of the reverse action of our descendants upon ourselves, since already they exist within us; or of our ancestors who, though seeming dead, live in us, as heredity illustrates, we producing them who have produced us, even in particulars. Perhaps the ancestor thinks through our brain, but so he lives and thinks, without a personal brain—which is the point to establish. —

We have now seen that thought can and does exist, everywhere, without a brain, seems to precede matter, is independent of matter. Yet the materialist objects, Why is it then dependent on the existence, or limited by the condition of the brain? This objection does not touch the source of thought, but only the condition of its transmission, and is, besides, weakened by facts to the contrary—of normal thought with only partial brain—as shown in the works of medical specialists, notably in Dr. Geley. From the Unconscious to the Conscious. This sophism of the materialists has been ably refuted by Dr. Carl du Prel, who argues: It is as if they said, When the wire is cut, the message fails; therefore, the wire produces the message, and there is no operator behind. —

Let us now come to facts of science lately recorded, which connect the ancient religions with the modern occultists, and corroborate by experience the existence of "The Unknown Guest" with its extraordinary facilities and independence of our physical body. The Unconscious or Subconscious: here our organic functions' work in darkness, except abnormally—our instincts, high and low—our mysteries of aptitude and aspiration. But hypnotism and mediumism have prodigi-

ously extended and illuminated the Unconscious; our conscious existence is nothing compared with the Unconscious which simultaneously exists, and covers past and future, and, in the present, projects enormously beyond the physical body. For example, memory, all-present and omnipotent in the Unconscious, registering somewhere (perhaps in the brain, but not under conscious control) independently, indefatigably, and indelibly the slightest and most fleeting experience; for anything that has appeared may reappear. Thus Colonel de Rochas, of highest scientific authority, in experiments on regressive memory, was able to make his subjects retrace their lives to infancy, with details accurate when controlled; even awakening memories of former existences, but here verification is difficult, and I wish to guide you only on the terra firma of uncontested facts

Our Ego escapes us—in greater part we do not know or use it, yet it lives and acts outside our conscious brain: our memory a mountain summit, continually eroded, above the ocean of oblivion. But where resides our true identity? Is the Ego founded upon this insignificant conscious memory? Is it the lesser, inconstant and uncertain, or the greater, immutable and infallible, on which it rests? Which Ego shall reconstitute us after death? The Ego without any solution of continuity, which keeps alive within it every single fact of our existence and of all those who have lived and died before us. Perhaps this greater imperturbable memory may resist the enormous impact of death, exist intact beyond the grave. Else what the meaning of that stupendous registration never utilized, in which the few landmarks of our conscious memory maintain the personal identity? Nature does nothing useless; where then this use but in another life? Yet this hidden memory (cryptomnesia) is but one fact of crypto-psychism, the occult psychology of the Unconscious. I have no time to state the shaping aid of unconscious cerebration to Art and Science.

"The Unknown Guest" not only represents our past, but is our future. Provision and prediction can no longer be denied. The conscious present can not contain us (more than its starting-platform the aeroplane). Time and space

offer no obstacle to instantaneous intercommunication. No least doubt on this point. But today we prove its existence, not take its measure. It is not new, but forgotten in the daylight of the sciences. The religions know it, all derived from the primitive religion of India. No matter what varying name they gave it, it is always the same undeniable entity, encompassing brain and conscious Ego, probably existing before and after it, and but for its presence three-fourths of our experience inexplicable. Setting aside for the moment other properties of this personage, consider some curious and unexpected discoveries that support the survival of this Ego, which may well be our imperishable Self.

The phenomena of hypnotism and mediumism had hitherto been attributed to suggestion, or to an unknown fluid of which science registered the effects without explaining their source; but in 1866-67 the Austrian Baron von Reichenbach first published his researches upon odic effluvia, continued by Du Prel, the German, who deduced their entire consequences—two men not yet appreciated, for official science is always slower than independent research. It took 150 years from Volta's pile to our modern electricity, from Mesmer's troughs to therapeutic hypnotism; it may be just as long before Reichenbach's experiments, revised by Du Prel, and completed by De Rochas, bear fruits. Reichenbach rediscovered that universal vital fluid which is none other than the *akasa* of pre-historic religions, the Telesma of Hermes, the living fire of Zoroaster, the generative fire of Heraclitus, the astral light of the Kabala, the alkahest of Paracelsus. He called it the *od* (Sanskrit: "penetrating everywhere"), in which he sees the limit of our analysis of man, where the boundary of spirit and body disappears, so that it seems that man's intimate essence is odic. Here is not space to recapitulate their numberless experiments, but in sum *od* is the magnetic or vital fluid which at every second emanates from our whole being in interrupted waves. In a normal state these emanations or effluvia are unknown and invisible, yet "sensitives" see them—varying according to emotions and condition of mind and health—bluish on the right side of the body and yellowish-red

on the left, not only from men and animals, and plants, but even from minerals; and Reichenbach succeeded in photographing the od of men, of crystals, amorphous metals, chemical operations, or produced by noise or friction. In other words, od exists in all Nature; as taught by occultists of every age and country.

This universal emanation is, therefore, proved by experiment. Omitting mention of its properties, it produces table-turning, with movements luminous to sensitives, and synchronized: the more light, the more movement; no light, no movement. The same with levitation, and motion without contact, which need no further demonstration; a force sometimes enormous, independent of our muscles, of purely spiritual nature. The same with materialization, by Eusapia Paladino or Mme. Bison's far more convincing medium: an analog of the formation of our own bodies. Again, the od can be collected and objects charged with it, and will always exert the original influence willed by the mesmerizer; it is indestructible through any chemical or physical changes, and independent of human impression, for water mesmerized will swerve a rheometer 20 degrees, after boiling as well as before. The most diverse substances retain magnetic virtue (the od), after six months, reproducing not only the will of the mesmerizer, but the sensibility of the mesmerized. But whether this vital force survives the mesmerizer, no experiments indicate.

The amazing but unassailable conclusions of Colonel de Rochas upon "the extermination of sensibility" (*envoûtement*: bewitching) carry us back to the magicians of antiquity and witches of the Middle Ages, showing the hidden or forgotten truth of the strangest superstitions, provided they have been generally accepted. (Illustration of "sympathetic magic," pricking with pins, etc.) This power of "externalization of sensibility" resides entirely in the odic or vital fluid of the subject stored up in the object. For example: a photographic plate thus odized without the subject's knowledge, and scratched unseen by the operator, reproduces the appropriate emotional and physical conditions in the subject, even when accidentally done, thus excluding any suspicion of suggestion. The use of "holy water" may so have

arisen from water mesmerized by a priest with psychic faculties. . . .

To sum up:

There exists in the universe thought without brains—which acted in us before brain, and was partly at least our thought; existent before, it may exist after the brain. Essential memory also, the basis of personality, is normally mainly unknown to us, and acts as if independent of us; and many other important faculties of the Subconscious operate without the brain's knowledge. Therefore we infer that this conscious brain is not the sole centre of our higher and equally real Ego, and, when the minor Ego perishes with the brain, the unlocalized major Ego may survive. The actions of the od indicate the survival outside the body of the essential elements of personality, thus providing a new argument for an indestructible spiritual principle independent of our body and indissoluble at death. . . .

We have undoubtedly reached the most dangerous turning-point in human history—the choice between man and the angels (for we no longer believe in angels), but between man and the beasts. We see where the choice of the beast leads, but the choice need not surprise us—sooner or later we must all make it unless new lights widen the horizon.

All men—the most ignorant above all—believe in science; yet, so far, science has given us but material verities. It is only beginning to perceive that beyond these looms a spiritual world strangely resembling that of the great religions we were abandoning. Today we must assist this splendid parturition. We can do so now without offending against truth, and the day may not be far distant when we shall all be convinced that this life is succeeded by another, and that we are not only possible, but actual immortals.

The reincarnationists and believers in Karma alone dimly perceive that the whole secret of Life is in the unbroken series of its manifestations, whether in, or apart from, the physical body.

He who truly prays coöperates with God internally, while externally he produces good fruit.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died

Are haunted houses. Through the open doors

The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,

With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,

Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air,

A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts

Invited: the illuminated hall

Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,

As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside can not see
The forms I see, or hear the sounds I hear;

He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their hands,

And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense

Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere

Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise

By opposite attractions and desires;

The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,

An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud

Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,

Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—

So from the world of spirits there descends,

A bridge of light, connecting it with this,

O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,

Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss. —*Henry W. Longfellow.*

UNTO THE DEAD?

Dr. Samuel Schulman, D. D., concludes with the following words a communication on the subject of spiritualism which he makes to the *New York Sun and Herald* of March 14th:

These so-called consultations with the dead, however, make for materialism. That which at first blush seems a comfort will end by proving a banality, if it does not lead to insanity. They are a travesty on the great hope and faith in immortality, which is a tremendous power for idealism. Such communication with the dead will prove a tragedy for our intelligence and sane living if men and women shall become accustomed to call up their dear dead by running to a medium, even as they call up a friends for a chat by the simple process of talking to the telephone.

Let us not rashly attempt to force the vision of the future that awaits us. It has been graciously and wisely withheld from us. It is enough for us to know that man, created in the image of God, has something in him which is indestructible. It can not perish. As the sage of the Bible puts it, "And the dust will return unto the earth as it was and the spirit will return to God, who gave it." Cherish therefore the memory of those who are alive with God, but do not seek to disturb them and delude yourselves. Be brave to face the law of life, be strong to endure. Do not make love a motive for superstition, but an inspiration for loving service to the living. Seek not the dead on behalf of the living. In the name of the holy God glorify the memory of the beloved and seek to sanctify and exalt life on earth.

Dr. Schulman is rabbi of Temple Beth-El, New York City, and president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. He bases his letter on Isaiah viii, 19: "Should not a people seek out their God. should they go unto the dead on behalf of the living for instruction and testimony?"

The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.—*Professor Fiske.*

THE WAY OF WONDER.

I have been broke; and I hunger,
burning

To feed the hearts for whom I am
made bread;

I have been poured out; and I thirst, in
yearning

For those to drink for whom the wine
is red.

My words are joy and peace, desire and
wonder,

Beauty and truth and ecstasy and
praise;

Nothing is dark in them; for over and
under

And through them glows the light of
perfect days.

Time is the soul's breath now in the here-
after;

Sorrow is rapture; growing old is
youth;

Patience is wings' flight; tears tune
clearest laughter:—

I have touched all these glories, and
their truth.

I am so small; yet in His hands God took
me,

And multiplied me for the multitude;
Yea, in His lovely hold He turned and
shook me,

Making me wedding wine and desert
food.

Take me, oh! world of sisters and of
brothers!

Eat, drink my life's slow-ripened utter-
ings;

Give me the heaven of being a loaf to
others,

A pitcher of the everlasting things.

Brothers and sisters! Love is my long
singing:

Come!—to the feast, and in the wilder-
ness:

I am so little:—but by Heaven's strange
bringing,

I grow the more, the more you reach
and press.

—From *"The Way of Wonder,"* by May
Doney. Published by the George H.
Doran Company.

LEIBNITZ.

According to the Leibnitzian philoso-
phy there are three great classes into
which the monads may be divided.

The first class compose so-called ma-
terial objects. The consciousness of
these lower monads is dormant. There-
fore material objects seem to manifest
only physical properties. The monads
composing them are very undeveloped.

The second class of monadic entities
are those composing the souls of plants
and animals. The consciousness of these
is indistinct, but not dormant. They are
all marching on toward the higher and
clearer consciousness of men. This
strange doctrine that plants have souls is
now practically accepted by modern
science—the psychic difference between
plants and animals being recognized as
simply one of degree. This was the pre-
cise idea of Leibnitz.

The third class of monads, much more
highly developed, constitute the souls of
men. These have at length arrived at a
clear and distinct consciousness and have
become capable of manifesting the nobler
and diviner faculties of the human spirit.
And yet even now, at this stage of our
development, we are but infants as com-
pared with the grandeur of our true
being—the as yet unrecognized capacities
of Self. St. Paul was right when he in-
timated that we are to be filled unto all
the fullness of God. All good things in-
deed are ours now.

Having considered the nature of the
central souls of the plants and animals,
what now shall we say of their bodies?
It is the teaching of Leibnitz that the
bodies of all plants and animals are com-
posed of myriads of inferior, that is of
less developed monads, all obeying the
behests of the supreme, coördinating prin-
ciple, the soul of the organism. Just so
with the human body. It, too, is com-
posed of myriads of monadic entities col-
lected about the spiritual ego, which is
the true man. These inferior monads
are arranged into groups or systems,
each system having its own governing
intelligence. Each organ of the human
body is such a monadic system, depend-
ent on and subserving the interests of the
general organism. Each organ forms a
little kingdom with its king, coöperation
being secured by the *preëstablished har-*
mony—the order and unity of the cosmos.
Herein are set forth some of the pro-

He is not an atheist who denies the
existence of the gods, whom the multi-
tude worship, but he is such who fastens
on these gods the opinions of the multi-
tude.—*Epicurus*.

foundest mysteries of biology, physiology, and psychology. Modern scientific researches are tending in this same direction indicated by Leibnitz, whose views. I have no doubt, will yet be fully confirmed, as they have been in so many other instances.

It must not be supposed that this grouping of inferior or undeveloped monads about the central souls of men and animals to constitute their bodies is a grouping that exists in outward space. It appears to be spatial and extended to us. But we must remember that both space and time are but modes of mortal consciousness—our ways of apprehending the invisible realities and their interrelations. That every portion of matter is filled with souls or monads means that there is an absolute continuity of spiritual principles. So also, when it is said that the central soul of a plant or animal is the governing intelligence in that body, the meaning is that this control is not immediate and direct, but mediate—through those eternal laws of correspondence which have been inwrought into the universe.

The philosophy of Leibnitz favors the doctrine of *reincarnation*, as taught in ancient and in modern times. He holds that all souls or monads, whether belonging to the mineral, vegetable, animal, or distinctively human kingdom, are as old as the world. They eternally exist as souls in the cosmos. Birth and death are but changes in their states or conditions. No souls are ever newly created through any of the ordinary means of production. At death our bodies are merely resolved into their component parts—the elementary monads. These ultimately form new compounds, passing through higher and higher stages of existence, in accordance with the eternal laws of progress. The souls or central monads of human beings, before arriving at their present advanced condition of rational self-consciousness, have passed through a long and unbroken series of inferior orders of being. "I believe," says Leibnitz, "that the souls of men have preëxisted, not as reasonable souls, but as merely sensitive souls, which did not reach the supreme stage of reason until the man whom the soul was to animate was conceived." After the dissolution of our present bodies, our souls, according to this philosophy, will pass

successively into other corporeal forms, carrying with them higher energies, larger and nobler thoughts and aspirations. Lying latent in each soul are always the dim, subconscious memories of all it has learned and experienced in its previous earthly lives. Ultimately all this dimly perceived past will become clear and open to our conscious understanding. So the soul ever ascends through that infinite scale of being whose goal is universal consciousness—godlike power and freedom. From unconscious inorganic substance, through countless eons of time, to celestial cognition—absolute love and wisdom. Such is the law. All this last is the precise teaching of Modern Theosophy.—*From the Theosophical Review.*

REALITIES.

When I stand listening in my heart at night,

I hear them leaping through the loneliness

Ringling their colored bells, and less and less

I grieve as they come flashing into sight. The lover Dreams run first, boy-like and bright,

Then lusty Ghosts and ruddy Fairies press

And crowd to kiss my hair or touch my dress,

Substantial as the stars, as real as light. My heart grows dark with the returning day,

And flames no more, but flickers and grows faint.

Faces fade by me in a ghostly stream, Voices of people are a far-off plaint.

I move uncertainly, and grope my way Among them, like a shadow or a dream.

—*From "The Hesitant Heart," by Winifred Welles. Published by B. W. Huchs.*

The historical investigation of the development of the earth has proved that *now* and *then* rest upon the same base; that the present has been developed in the same manner as the present rolls on; and that the forces which were in action ever remained the same.—*Burmeister.*

All that is on earth, saith the Lord, is the shadow of something that is in the superior spheres.—*Desatir.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 7 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, April 3, 1920.

Price Five Cents

SOME QUESTIONS.

Will you please explain how crystal gazing works? By what method is it done?

The crystal is no more than an instrument for quieting the mind, a means by which it is withdrawn from the external world. The crystal produces a state of semi-hypnosis with resulting clairvoyance. The pictures are externalized thought forms. The true magic mirror is within the mind itself. Why not look for it there?

Can you account for Emanuel Swedenborg's sublime wisdom—minus reincarnation? Are there degrees in the revelation of truth?

Certainly there are degrees in the revelation of truth, that is to say degrees in our receptivity of truth. Truth is to be obtained not so much by direct search as by the removal of inhibitions. A revelation can not overcome a fixed idea, a strong preconception. It is the fixed idea and the preconception that limit the revelation. Perhaps this is why Swedenborg saw so much while there was so much more that he did not see. Truth does not evade us. It is we who evade the truth.

Is it possible for the human brain to become too aged to permit the ingress of the Christ principle?

Not if the brain has been rightly used. The brain may become so polarized to

materialistic thought that it is no longer possible to give to it a new polarity, just as a twig may be bent for so long that it can no longer be straightened. The remedy is to keep the brain supple and plastic by right thinking and above all by sympathies and enthusiasms.

How do you account for the strange infatuations and antipathies between people? Is it because they were lovers or enemies in some past incarnation?

Usually, but not necessarily. All nature is made up of the pairs of opposites—heat and cold, light and darkness, positive and negative. The same law holds good in human beings and in animals. But it is undoubtedly true that most of these phenomena in the human kingdom are due to memories of past incarnations.

BOOKS BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

The new editions of the three early books by Sir Oliver Lodge, which have recently been brought out by the George H. Doran Company of New York, are important contributions to the literature of Psychism because they contain the records of famous cases and decisions which are really the key to the solution or the present controversy. Those who have read only the more recent books of men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are not cognizant of the cumulative evidence obtained by careful experimentation by the Society

for Psychical Research, which is now regarded by students as the basis of present conclusions.

"The Survival of Man" is the history of the first three decades of the existence of the London Society for Psychical Research, giving the results of experiments conducted at the famous Piper sittings, and a record of the controls of Meyers and Hodgson, scientists who devoted much of their lives to the study of psychical phenomena.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who is now on an extended lecture tour in this country, has written a preface to this new and enlarged edition, in which he says:

"The war has opened the hearts of thousands of people to evidence which formerly appealed only to their heads. This fact must be taken into account in estimating the value of evidence for survival. The bereavement has been so heavy that emotion is inevitably touched, and it may be erroneously thought that my conviction of the survival of Raymond, and with him of the thousands of other young fellows untimely slain, may have been induced by the natural longing of a parent.

"The present book, however, was written long before the war, and is the result of cold-blooded scientific scrutiny of facts such as have come into my ken from time to time ever since the year 1882."

The book presents a very adequate summary of the aims and objects of psychical research, of experimental telepathy or thought transference, spontaneous telepathy and clairvoyance, automatic writing and trance speech, apparitions, prevision, and practically every aspect of the subject.

"Reason and Belief," another of the three, is an effort to harmonize the progress of science with biblical records. Sir Oliver writes in his new preface to this book that it is "the result of a lifetime of scientific study; and its basis is one of fact."

The third one, "Man and the Universe," deals with the interaction of science and theology generally. It begins with a statement of the conflict—a conflict which raged fiercely in the latter half of the nineteenth century—and it formulates the antagonistic views uncompromisingly in the first chapter. Then follows: A reconciliation of the oppos-

ing views, a reasonable scientific attitude toward the miraculous; a section on ecclesiastical matters, urging greater freedom, less intolerance; a section on the immortality of the soul, and the permanence of personality; a careful treatment of the relations between science and Christianity; the difficult subjects of sin and atonement; and the concluding chapters on both the material and the Divine elements in Christianity.

VOICES OF SCIENCE.

The electron is the ultimate unit of matter.—*Harry C. Jones.*

It is difficult to see much meaning in the term (Chance) except that we are very ignorant of the antecedent conditions.—*J. Arthur Thomson.*

Whenever we tap organic nature, it seems to flow with purpose; and we shall presently see, upon the monistic theory, the evidence of purpose is here in no way attenuated, by a full acceptance of any of the mechanical explanations furnished by science.—*George G. Romanes.*

Whenever in the natural world, what we call phenomenon or an event takes place, we either find it resolvable ultimately into some change of place or of movement in material substance, or we endeavor to trace it up to some such change; and only when successful in such endeavor do we consider that we have arrived at its theory. In every such change we recognize the action of Force. And, in the only case in which we are admitted into any personal knowledge of the origin of force, we find it connected with Volition, and by inevitable consequence with intellect, and with all those attributes of mind in which (and not in the possession of arms, legs, brains, and viscera) personality consists. Constituted as the human mind is, if Nature be not interpretable through these conceptions, it is not interpretable at all.—*Sir John Herschel.*

Nor does it aid us to imagine a beginning of the process, unless we assume that we have under consideration only one system of a still larger universe, and that in this endless universe there is going on by operation of natural laws, an

endless cycle of birth, life, death, and resurrection of systems. If one system is going to its death because of the gradual loss of kinetic energy through radiation, outward into space, there must be another system in process of building elsewhere.—*Marion Erwin.*

I have confidence that the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be due, not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts.—*Professor William Bateson.*

The hypothesis which I am presenting seems to me to give a clearer, more scientific and logical explanation of all the phenomena; namely, that thoughts in the human mind emanate from their source and become psychic elements or units, mento-organism, thought-forms, or what you choose to call them, that remain either permanently or through a certain period of time in the ethereal atmosphere, and are subject to synchronous association with minds they contact in living human brains.—*Henry Frank.*

MAETERLINCK'S LECTURE.

(By Josephine Hart Phelps.)

It seemed almost unbelievable when the coming of Maeterlinck on a lecture tour was first advertised. Maeterlinck, the poet, the mystic, the seer! It was as inconceivable as if Providence had suddenly decided to try his fate on the lecture platform. And, in a way, was not Maeterlinck the moralist once the Providence of the drama? However, those days are past. Maeterlinck no longer writes the dramas of pity and dread, and his views of life have undergone a change.

I do not believe that the Maeterlinck who wrote "Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," or "The Blind" could ever have been induced to leave his seclusion and face the curious public. And why this later Maeterlinck does it is a poser. For money, perhaps; a most powerful motive, and it is said that the poet is an excellent business man. Still, Maeterlinck is, financially, very comfortable, and I did not observe in his platform manner any evidences of delight in coming out into the open and meeting the curious observation of those of the public who admire and appreciate him enough to go and hear him lecture in an alien tongue.

There were, of course, quite an appreciable proportion in the audience who either were French or understood the language. But, as

a lecturer, Maeterlinck, as all America now knows, is not a conspicuous success. Still, I would not for the world have missed the experience of seeing and listening to this famous writer; quite the most famous of the galaxy of great writers and thinkers who have visited our shores since the war made so many peripatetics of celebrities who had hitherto evaded the public gaze.

In appearance Maeterlinck is tall and well built. Although he is now nearing his fifty-eighth birthday, his calm, grave, dignified countenance seems to be comparatively unlined, although his abundant hair is gray; almost white, in fact. For some inscrutable reason this dignified personage wears a long lock banded across his fine brow, from which it is perpetually becoming dislodged and drooping almost into his eyes, only to be rearranged by fingers skilful from much practice at the job.

And I said to myself, "Now why does Maeterlinck wear that lock across his brow? Is it from a poet's harmless vanity? No, I reject that theory as I gaze upon the refined, dignified countenance of the poet, with its direct yet impersonal gaze. Yet it must be a nuisance. Perhaps it is with him as with the spelling-school prodigy in the old story who always fingered the solitary button on his frayed jacket while spelling polysyllabic jaw-breakers, until an envious rival slyly cut off the button, and at once won his way to the head of the class.

One reason, aside from his inability to lecture in English, although he speaks it well, that Maeterlinck is not much of a success as a lecturer is because of his unresonant voice. Only those in the rows near to the platform being able to hear distinctly his clear, beautiful, cadenced French, which indicates a poet's ear for verbal music. Another is a lack of personal magnetism, due, perhaps, to the comparative indifference of one who is by nature and temperament something of a recluse.

The lecture he gave, a most abstruse discourse called "Thoughts on the Immortality of the Soul," was not entirely lost, however, to those unable to hear or understand, as printed synopses were distributed to the audience. Many who understood French gave up listening to Maeterlinck's low, unpenetrating voice and betook them to the printed synopses, which proved to be very interesting, containing an announcement of the theory of the preëxistence of mind previous to the creation, the facts in occultism founded on science, the remarkable feats of our subjective memory, and the only dimly understood powers of force which, scientists now begin to realize, may account for many things: the marks of stigmata, the miracles at Lourdes, the cures of Christian Science and other faith healers, hypnotism and the tricks of the spiritual mediums, including table-turning, levitation, and so forth.

The main thought of the lecture, however

was that thought exists without the agency of the conscious brain, and since it existed before it may exist after the brain is physically extinct; therefore "when the minor Ego perishes with the brain the unlocalized major Ego may survive, . . . thus providing an indestructible spiritual principle independent of our body, and indissoluble at death." From this thought, in a few reverently eloquent passages, Maeterlinck conveys to such as turn attentive ears to the message the hope, always strangely consoling to tired humanity, of immortality.—*The Argonaut*.

DR. CRAWFORD'S THEORY.

(By Henry Frank.)

Here is a book of genuine merit and worthy of study by those who are seriously interested in occult matters. Many of the books which have been written on this theme have demanded too much faith and trust on the part of the reader to reassure his confidence in the subject matter of the treatises. But in this work Dr. Crawford approaches the subject strictly as a scientist, and his conclusions, while they will of course not be accepted by all physicists, are nevertheless most interesting and suggestive. He experimented with an unusually sensitive medium, through a period of extended duration, recording in this book eighty-seven experiments through her that are of so different a type than what one usually meets in psychic research that they can not be ignored. Preceding him, no other scientist whom I know of, save Sir William Crookes, ever approached the subject from the same angle and undertook similar tests. But Crookes' efforts were of a more limited nature than those of Dr. Crawford's. The latter, being a mechanical engineer and lecturer in a university, was able to invent and utilize most sensitive instruments by which to detect the presence of a strange force that apparently emanated from the body of the medium. By scales which he invented he was able to determine the actual amount of the energy that entered into or departed from her body, determined by the varying weight of her body as the force came and went. The book is illustrated with many plates indicating the instruments invented and used in making the tests, thereby enabling the reader to understand the scientific method employed. One of the most interesting features of the work is the deduction of what

Dr. Crawford calls the "cantilever theory." This embodies his scientific hypothesis explanatory of the phenomena. He believes that there passes from the medium during trance states and when under influence of what he calls "the operators," a sort of bar or rod (invisible of course) which tends to curve upward at the end and spread out as if it had fingers and could grasp objects which it contacts. His theory is that by this rod, which the "operators" cause to come out of the medium's body the acts of levitation are performed and the many physical phenomena which he sets forth.

But strange to say, though he has hit on as plausible and purely semi-mechanical theory, he supplements, and some may think discounts it by declaring his further belief that all these phenomena are performed by the intervention of incarnate spirits, whose identity he believes can be discovered.

This is to me the disappointing feature of this very able work. For until we know the capabilities and resources of the sub-conscious mental energy in the human organism, we are scarcely justified, it occurs to me, to postulate the intervention of superplanetary agencies. It appeals to me as a possibility that the very energy which he insists must pass from the medium's body in the shape of a rod or bar (and his reasons for this phase appear to us as plausible) is of just the type and quality that could be operated by the subliminal forces of the human mind. Speaking of the nature of the energy which functions he himself says, "Now what kind of potential energy is it? Is it chemical, pressure, electrical, heat energy, or some form quite unknown to us? Personally—and now the reader must remember I am now again in the region of hypothesis derived from a considerable amount of observation—I am inclined to think it is a form of chemical energy associated with the human nervous system. . . . At any rate I think there can be little doubt that this psychic energy is associated with particles of matter."

Having said this, it surprised me that the author should look beyond the plane of invisible "immaterial" matter to find an explanatory source of his phenomena. For in my own work, "Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality," I have at-

tempted to show that there does exist in the human organism this very energy composed of the minutest particles of matter known in nature, and that these particles escape from the life-cell (whether in the central-nervous, sympathetic or cranial region).

I there said, "A faint glimpse is already given us of a discovery which yet promises to divulge this deep-laid secret. The very latest intimations of physical science would seem to indicate that there exists within the interior of the chemical atom, deeper down even than the electrical corpuscle of which it is composed, a secret force, now called the intra-atomic force, that may yet clear up many of the mysteries of chemical action as well as the origin and process of living matter."

And this is the force that, too, may unlock the mystery of so-called occult phenomena.

The work of Dr. Crawford, though disappointing in this detail, will have to be reckoned with by that great class of antagonistic scientific philosophers who refuse even to undertake a study of the occult. Personally I still cling to the belief that these manifestations are the expressions of energy already resident in the human organism, in its present stage of evolution, and that a few more investigators like Dr. Crawford will dig still deeper and discern the operations and laws of this energy.

The spiritistic hypothesis is naturally the most popular and desirable, as it affords consolation to those who wish to feel assured of an after life. Nevertheless no such assurance should be sought for save what Nature herself evinces, and until we have indubitable demonstrations of the spirits or personal "operators," we should patiently pursue our investigations and accept as a working hypothesis that that calls for the least faith and distortion of our reason.—From *"The Challenge of the War."* Published by the Stratford Company, Boston.

THE REALITY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By W. J. Crawford, D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The initiate through his initiation became a link in the magic chain, he himself became a Kabir. He was admitted into an indestructible association, and, as ancient inscriptions express it, joined the army of the higher gods.—*Plutarch*.

THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,

Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head.

And he smote upon the door again a second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said,
But no one descended to the Traveler:

No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,

Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners

That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight

To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,

Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky:
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—

"Tell them I came and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners.

Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house

From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the ring of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

—Walter de la Mare.

The most difficult and obscure of the holy books contains as many secrets as they do words, concealing many things even under each word.—*St. Jerome*.

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.—*Dhammapadam*

THE COMING UTOPIA.

The last of the series of six lectures by Miss Clara Codd of London was given on Sunday at the Palladium (says the *Manchester City News*). Miss Codd said it was clear to every one of us that an hour of unprecedented magnitude was upon us. Tremendous changes, almost cataclysmic in effect, were taking place with such breathless rapidity that already the faint outlines of an entirely new order of things was making its appearance through the ruins of the old. We could not understand this tremendous hour, the most important yet reached in the history of the globe, unless we recognized that it was all part of the evolutionary march and had occurred on a smaller scale in previous epochs. "History repeats itself" again and again on a higher level each time. Truly to understand the evolutionary process, we must remember that it has two sides indissolubly wedded. Life and form, that which science called, with narrower connotations, force and matter. The phenomenal universe of form, material or immaterial, was always changing all the time. All forms, whether bodies, ideas, civilizations, or eras, came into being, progressed to maturity, and descended to dissolution. This need not dismay us if we realize that every form must pass, because there is an advancing tide from the side of life which is seeking greater expression and embodies itself continually anew in fairer and nobler guise. We were now witnessing the passing of an old era and the birth of a new. It was the "end of the world," correctly translated the end of the "age."

No reformer so well understood this procession of the ages as did that man of spiritual insight, Joseph Mazzini. To him the whole world process was the incarnation of a Divine idea, slowly to be realized down through the ages, and each age as it passed had a further word of truth to unfold, a great principle, which, put into practice in the following age, became irradiated by the light of the succeeding synthesis. What was the word of truth which this past 2000 years, called the Christian era, had made plain to men? It was the great idea of liberty, of freedom for the individual, and hence arose the doctrine of the rights of man.

Other and happier civilizations had existed before this one, but they were all of them founded upon slavery. In this era the holding of the majority by the minority as bodily slaves was no longer tolerated. Then the fight went on, on other planes. The Protestant Reformation, the Freethinkers of the Victorian era, were affirmations in the same direction. Mazzini called the French Revolution the great Ecce Home of humanity. In spite of its horrors its great motto, "liberty, fraternity, equality," stands erect for all time. During this era, man has grown conscious of himself as an individual, and, towards the close of it, learned to band himself with others who suffered under similar disabilities to himself, thus rising from self-consciousness to class-consciousness. Practically every one in these days belonged to a society or a trade union. The nation was becoming a federation of classes of different workers. The way out of class warfare was to discover a common ground, a common ideal beyond both parties. This had been largely done by the war, which made all nations, no matter on which side they were, nationally conscious. It was but a step from this to Internationalism, which was indeed the great ideal of the coming age, in the light of which we should be able to regulate and use our hard-won liberty, whether as nation, class, or individual, for, as Mazzini said, "Humanity is one body, and we are bound to organize the family and the nation toward that supreme ideal." Individualism, engendering competition, had been the keynote of the closing age; and, through combat, individual consciousness had grown strong. Collective humanity was the ideal of the dawning age, and that would bring into action the corresponding principle of coöperation.

This would work out politically in the forming of great Federations, and the British Empire, so called, was the first and most natural of these. It was destined to become a Federated States of utterly free and self-governing nations, and this would be followed by a Federation of the States of Europe. The class warfare of the present day would presently resolve itself into a nation organized as a whole. Lord Haldane spoke truly when he said that with the Labor

party lay the hope of the future. The Labor party would presently become the nation, every function and every worker organized and coöperated. We had here a distinct lead on such questions as nationalization. That which was a necessity for the life of the whole will be held and administered by the whole. That which was not a common necessity would be left in the hands of individuals. The great war had taught us our utter interdependence on each other, and the right of every member of the nation to sufficient food, clothing, education, and leisure. In a happy and strong nation these were not the privilege of the few, but the common possession of all. The tide of evolution, which religious people named the will of God, was flowing in that direction, and it was no use to fight against the tide. When the new age and the new order was fully established, a great reign of happiness, peace, and prosperity would dawn upon the earth. The pains and stress of the present were its final birth-pangs, and with its advent would come, in its early days, the great Prince of Peace Himself, for He was the true Leader and the Captain of men, Who returned again and again to earth whenever a new age is born, and an old one passed into the night. He alone had power to say the great things that should be said, that we all yearned to find utterance for, but which no man of us was great enough, or wise enough, or loving enough to say. Let them remember this in the years which now come, and be glad that they lived at so auspicious and so tremendous an hour.

According to the ordinary course of affairs, a few generations pass away, and then there comes a period when these very truths are looked upon as commonplace facts, and a little later there comes another period in which they are declared to be necessary, and even the dull-est intellect wonders how they could ever have been denied.—*H. T. Buckle.*

The Angels aspire to become Men; for the perfect Man, the Man-God, is above even Angels.—*Eliphaz Levi.*

Things visible are but the shadow and delineation of things that we can not see.—*Gregory of Nazianzen.*

OPINIONS.

(By Dr. Frank Crane.)

Don't imagine that you have to form a definite opinion on every subject that arises. Nine-tenths you must just lay on the shelf and await further evidence. The way to be an intelligent and well-informed person is to begin by being an honest agnostic.

Keep open-minded. Be hospitable to new ideas. When you hear some opinion that strikes you as all wrong, try to get the holder's point of view, try to understand his conviction.

Beware of expediency, which is the immorality of the intellect. Never express an opinion merely because you think it will make a good impression, or because it sounds clever, or because you think it is safe, or will pay you, or will do others good.

Have fixed principles, not fixed opinions. Principles are the mudsills of truth; they should not change. Opinions ought to change as you get new information.

Think as a judge, not as a lawyer. There is no opinion so crazy that you can not, in the heat of argument, and in the anxiety to prove your case, find many arguments for it. Try to understand, to get at the truth, not to prove you are right.

Never mind about being consistent. Be honest.

Listen to those who differ from you; be careful of yourself with those who agree with you.

Nothing is more beautiful than utter loyalty to truth, and a willingness to acknowledge it wherever you find it, and to follow it wherever it may take you.

I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the worlds into order and orbit.—*Emerson.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 7 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, April 10, 1920.

Price Five Cents

HYPERSPACE.

(Benjamin De Casseres in N. Y. Times.)

Lying on my back on the grass one summer's day when a mere boy I idly followed a bee as it flew from a mulberry bush up into the sunlight. It passed beyond my vision. My eye continued the chase through the air at the point where the bee had disappeared until my sight blunted itself against the roof of blue. It hacked here and there at the obstruction like a penknife trying to slit a magically receding robe. Tired and nearly blinded at last, I closed my eyes. As I closed them something opened in my youthful brain. It was a Mammoth Cave, never to be closed again—the Mammoth Cave of Speculation.

A vast Thought stood at the door and murmured: "What is beyond that blue roof?"

Another Thought, from deeper in the cave, whispered: "More space."

"And beyond that?" asked the first Thought.

"More space, and beyond that more, and more, and more——"

"And beyond that?" kept on the first Thought breathlessly.

Silence and a hint of muffled laughter alternated in the boy's mental ear for answer.

I sank into a great spiritual anguish. My soul had been born. I had discovered the Mystery of Space. The material universe melted and became phantasma-

goric. Life was a miracle. I hitched the stars to the wagonwheels of my brain—that is, I became a philosophic idealist. Space was transformed in that unexplored Mammoth Cave in my mind. Extension as something external to my senses shriveled up and was no more the sacred Zaimph of matter, but only one of the organs of human consciousness, the monstrous matrix in which it shaped all Form, external and internal.

It is with this experience and sympathy I read the last and greatest of all latter-day books on space, "The Mystery of Space," by Robert T. Browne. In its 358 pages it sums up the whole case of the doctrine of the ideality of Space and Time, first propounded by "the Copernicus of Philosophy," Immanuel Kant. It is written by a mathematician, a mystic, and a thinker, one who, endowed with a tremendous metaphysical imagination, never lets go any point of the threads of reality.

Lucid and logical, with a pen that never falters, Mr. Browne advances steadily from page to page upon the fortresses of science, laying outpost after outpost in the dust. He knows all the weapons of the astronomers, the mathematicians, the atomists, and the tesseract mystagogues. He knows them and laughs at them. A telescope is worth as much as a carpenter's rule—no more. A microscope has the importance of an apothecary's scale. Those who seek the

Fourth Dimension with cubes are still toying with teething rings. Science has utilitarian values. But its instruments are junk when it comes to solving the Mysteries. For every veil that science lifts from matter falls over its own eyes.

Back to the human soul! You shall see by closing the eyes! The mystery of space, like the Kingdom of God, is within you! Progress is involution, not evolution! You can only enlarge the outer world by excavating the inner world! The Fourth Dimension is not a place, but a plane of consciousness that will evolve all the furniture and choirs of another heaven and earth as soon as it is internalized. The universe is first infoliated, like the oak in the acorn, like man in the life germ, and is afterward exfoliated. When the principle of exfoliation, or involution, ceases the whole universe will be drawn back into its original form of potential nothingness, until the eternal and hidden Prospero waves his wand again.

There is nothing new in this philosophy. There is, indeed, nothing new under any sun. A thing is "new" or "old" only in its psychological relations, in its peculiar adjustment to the phantasms of time. The Hindus—and we are returning to them by a route obscure and not lonely—said all that Mr. Browne and the Kantians have said thousands of years ago. They attained, through meditation, the pinnacles of human knowledge. Their Euclids worked without paper. Their Newtons traveled the interstellar space with closed eyes. Their Poincarés found the solution of all abstruse problems in their pineal gland. But under Western eyes he is a "creator" who digs out these truths of the East and speaks of them to us in our own tongue and through our material connotations. In this sense "The Mystery of Space" is as great a book in its realm as "The Origin of Species" in its.

Part I of this book is divided into five chapters and is a criticism. It gives a historical sketch of the hyperspace movement from its birth in Egypt. The dream of a Fourth Dimension is traced from Nasir-Eddin to La Grange and Kant. It is always a tale of the battle between the Chimera and the Sphinx—the imagination and the reason, one striking the stars in the furious sweep of its

wings; the other scratching and rubbing out, eternally, her hieroglyphics in the sands of matter. Chimera is the non-Euclidean geometry and the Sphinx is the Euclidean geometry. The key to the book, as elaborated in Part I, is the non-Euclidean geometry. Mr. Browne quotes Henri Poincaré as saying: "Any one who should dedicate his life to it could, perhaps, eventually imagine the Fourth Dimension." Hence the non-Euclidean geometry lies in the notion of space, which has been predominant in the minds of the investigators. And a notion of space is only the mirror of a special temperament. Curves, triangles, cubes, and "parallel lines" are as illusory as "outer space." Meditation, imaginative ecstasy, the will and desire to know that burn with the hard and gem-like flame of Pater are the only roads to the Hyper-spaces. Dive and ye shall find.

Part II also consists of five chapters. This is creational and the most important part of the book. It concerns the consciousness of space, the genesis and nature of space, the mystery of space, meta-geometrical near-truths and the spiritualization of matter.

Not knowledge—in the narrow sense—but awareness shall set you free. Not what do I see, but what am I conscious of? A thousand years of mathematical knowledge are not worth the simple momentary vision of a Blake. Dante's "visions" may be of more value, hints Mr. Browne, than all the "mathematical contrivances" of the ages. For it can not be reiterated too often that the genesis and mystery of space are internal. There is the ultimate reality, or nowhere. The mathematicians are playing with tooth-picks.

Whatever evolves, or involves, evolves in space. Mind is space. Therefore, without mind there can be no space. "We can no more demonstrate the nature of space by the use of objective instruments and movements than we can measure the spirit in a balance." The meanings of life become clearer and clearer to us as we diminish the Chaos within us. Mathematicians do not arrive at higher and higher space concepts because of their objective experiments, but, conversely, their objective experiments become finer and finer because their consciousness is flowering with high and

higher space concepts. They still believe the wire is necessary to telephone and that we see because of the retina. The fulcrum of Archimedes that shall lift the weight of matter from the spirit can not be forged by Vulcan. It is battered into shape by the ever-becoming God.

"Let the consciousness, therefore, be turned, not outward, but inward . . . let there be an exploration of the abyssal depths of mind, of life and consciousness; for buried deeply in man's own inner nature is the answer to all queries which may vex his impuissant intellectuality." Outer space is, then, finite, like the vision of the eye or the logical speculations of the brain.

Involution is the "new" road to truths. What is involution? It is the opposite of external evolution. It is the process of uncoiling consciousness. Revelation is preëxistent in genesis. All the archetypal tendencies—evolution among them—lie buried in the original world-plasm, as the June rose is latent in the bare twigs of April. As the sublime exfoliation of involved realities goes on it evolves bodies and other substances to work through—the stars and finite space, our bodies and ants. They are only tools for temporary use and possess no permanent value. The secret of the world-plasm being thus in a perpetual state of becoming, the material universe is in a perpetual state of evanescence.

Mr. Browne tackles the "new spiritism" sanely. The inner consciousness of man is seeking more space. It is trying to open other "planes." Like all beginnings, its work is awkward. "Spirits" do not exist; they are trying to exist. They are faint sketches. They are the plasmas of higher realities, not yet born. The Involved Consciousness may almost be through with man. It has consolidated all gains possible on this plane, and is beginning a giant offensive over a stupendous stretch of No Man's Land. Indeed, man is at the end of his earth game. If he is to go on he must go "backward"—that is, inward, in order to be born again in some extraordinary resurrection in another dimension. The three-dimensional man is played out. He needs a millennial slumber. His brain and will have conquered all finites. Another and higher series of finites is being woven for him. But before his next progression he

must go through his cyclical ingressions. An æon is the opening and closing of Brahma's eyelids.

Brahma is slowly closing his eyes again.

Now I have the meaning to that silence and muffled laughter that I heard in the Mammoth Cave of Thought when I was a boy and asked what was beyond the last space.

For the heavens are no longer above me, but are under my scalp.

THE MYSTERY OF SPACE. By Robert T. Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM.

(Mathilde Weil in the Yale Review.)

The significant fact about being a medium is that the messages are usually of consequence only when the one most closely concerned is in contact with the ouija board. Now you have the first secret of the way to be a medium. Make it easy for your clients to give themselves away, and they will do it with results far exceeding anything within your powers of invention, even though they do it unconsciously and are fully persuaded that they have not in any way influenced what was written. Spirits always seem to like to deal in vague generalities or in philosophies that are as beautiful and moral as they are obscure, and ours were no exception. I soon found that the difficult thing was to hold my imagination in leash so that I did not unconsciously piece out tentative beginnings with what seemed the obvious ending; for success in the medium game comes from choking back resolutely all glimmerings of what you think may be coming and forcing your associate to be responsible for it all. All I have to do apparently is to signify my readiness to the host of familiars that seem to wait upon my bidding in order to be greeted by a steady flow of discourse that streams from my finger-tips, and that is terminated only when I get so bored I can't stand it another minute—for seldom do my fascinated colleagues desire to relinquish the game.

Do I play fair? I certainly do. If I am bored when there is some curiosity involved in seeing what on earth will happen next, I should be bored to extinction if I attempted to cheat in any

way. Moreover, I couldn't cheat successfully if I would. The messages are practically always for my companions and not for me, and they are, again, filled with names unknown to me and facts with which I could not possibly be familiar. Half the time I never know that the communications even make sense, and the excitement comes when I have laboriously spelled out something that is to me wholly without significance and I ask in real doubt, "Does that mean anything to you?" For rare it is that I am not met with the breathless response, "Yes, yes; go on!" Moreover, I wouldn't cheat in any way even if I could. The attempts to communicate with the dead are too pitiful and too harrowing to my sympathetic soul to allow me to attempt to influence what is written.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise: O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man can not hear, and the eye of man can not see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He? —Tennyson.

If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly.—
Confucius.

THEOSOPHICAL "TOWARDS DEMOCRACY" LEAGUE.

The attention of those interested in the theosophical movement is called to the following announcement, which for lack of space has had to be somewhat condensed:

HOLLYWOOD,
LOS ANGELES, January, 1920.

DEAR CO-WORKERS: In order that the American Section T. S. may better accomplish the important task allotted to it by the illustrious Founders of our Society who, without doubt, foresaw the present critical period in the world's history, it is obvious that the T. S. must take its place with those who are striving towards world democracy.

To this end, a band of harmonious and constructively inclined F. T. S. at Krotona are endeavoring to promote that brotherly tolerance which expresses itself through a spiritually democratic form of government, and for this purpose have founded a league, particulars of which are appended.

Funds are needed, and all money sent will be used in furthering the aims of the League by

(1) Publishing the lectures by Mrs. Besant and other leaders of democracy.

(2) By utilizing the services of earnest F. T. S. as lecturers.

So help all you can by sending donations, however small, and also by forming local groups of the League in your district.

Individual members may join by applying and enclosing one dollar membership fee to the secretary.

Inquiries will be welcomed, and further information gladly given by

C. J. VAN VLIET,
Secretary Theosophical "Towards Democracy"
League, 2130 Vista Del Mar Avenue,
Hollywood, Cal.

Object. The promulgation and application of the Ideals of Democracy in the Theosophical Society and the body Politic.

H. H. Shutts, President; Ethel A. Gillespie, Vice-President; C. J. van Vliet, Secretary; Hugh R. Gillespie, Treasurer. Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D., Emily G. Pelton Shutts, Antoinette de C. Phillips, F. G. Wilhelm, Maurice H. Dukes, Counsellors.

In connection with the promulgation and application of Democratic Ideals in the American Section T. S., certain very important questions force themselves to the front as requiring immediate attention, and the following are a few of the problems that press for early solution:

- (1) The Neutrality of the T. S.
- (2) Revision of the existing By-Laws of the American Section T. S.
- (3) The position of the American Section T. S. in regard to Krotona.

I am heartily in accord with the objects of this association, and find in the names of several of the officers who are personally known to me the assurance of an earnest effort to carry out its pro-

fessed aims. With the exception of the president, none of the officers are officers of the Section. To those who find the programme too restricted, it may be worth while to hint that conditions in the American Section today are such that the medicine which is needed has to be given in a high degree of dilution. These conditions, partly the fault of human nature, but largely due directly to the corruption of the Section by influences proceeding in part from Krotona, in part from Adyar, are such that no sweeping and forcible presentation of the truth would be tolerated or understood by the majority of the members. They must be taught to read democracy in words of one syllable. Some day, I hope, this League will become a league for promoting the democracy of the whole Theosophical Movement, and for uniting the now alien elements. But I can see that for the moment it must begin by limiting its membership to the society in which it originates, for in no other way, for reasons to be explained below, could it secure a hearing. Reforms, like charity, should begin at home. And it is a difficult enough task, to be sure. Between democracy and the belief in the divine right of kings there can be no compromise, and the T. S. is thoroughly committed, if not to the divine right of monarchs, politically speaking, still quite as much so to the divine right of human leaders, people in pants and petticoats. Its members are just craving to be led, they shun independent thought, and any attempt at independence is treated as a form of lese-majesty, punishable, if not by banishment or excommunication, still by various forms of unpleasantness.

I hope to continue from time to time to discuss various topics which I think relate to theosophical democracy. Some of these may have a bearing on the work of the Towards Democracy League in the near future, others may not. I shall now and then have some very unpleasant things to say, and I ask those who think that I am inspired by personal feelings to accept my assurance that this is not the case, and that nothing but my loyalty to the Theosophical Movement, and, for that matter, to the T. S. itself, could induce me to follow a course which must of necessity make me many enemies.

The First Object of the Theosophical Society is:

To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Any one who accepts the ideal set forth in this statement is in so far a Theosophist, no matter what his affiliations with theosophical associations may be, no matter if he is not associated with any of them. It is quite true that such associations must be formed, for study, for coöperation. But there is no special sanctity in such an association. There is no one such society divinely appointed, membership in which implies special favor, honor, recognition from above. Like-minded people tend to gravitate together perhaps into one, perhaps into several organizations, that is all there is in it, and one such society, if it carries out its ideals, is as worthy as another, and is entitled to recognition as such by the others. This is the real brotherhood, the true spiritual democracy.

It is quite true that the Adyar Theosophical Society is willing to accept and to recognize as a brother the Christian, the Hindu, the Moslem, the Buddhist, the Parsee, and what not. It ignores none of these. But there is one being it not only refuses to recognize as a brother, but it will not even admit his existence. It ignores him as completely as I ignore the inhabitants of the astral plane whom I may meet in the street. This unfortunate being is the fellow-theosophist, in belief, who does not possess a membership certificate signed by Annie Besant. He is not only not a brother; he is a non-entity, a vacuum. He is known to exist, but is ignored because to notice him would be to admit his existence and therefore the possibility of a Theosophist not authorized to exist by the Adyar T. S. Read that preposterous comedy, "Man; Whence, How, and Whither," and "Rents in the Veil of Time," by the same author, and you will see how the T. S. is being deliberately trained to be a society of snobs. You will be taught that all the really worth while people of the past have reincarnated into the one Theosophical Society of which he poses as a "leader," and that all outsiders really amount to nothing.

Besides the Adyar Society, indisputably the largest, there are several smaller so-

cieties which follow the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and some of which have identically the same Three Objects. Are these societies recognized as a part of the Theosophical Movement? Not at all; they are studiously ignored; they are never mentioned. At the present time there are published two excellent theosophical periodicals, the monthly *Theosophy*, issued by the United Lodge of Theosophists with headquarters in Los Angeles, and the *Theosophical Quarterly*, published by the Theosophical Society which centres in New York. Both of these are fully the equals, both in literary quality and in the character of their theosophical contents, of anything issued by the Adyar Society, and are vastly more dignified in their editorial sections, which are devoted to matters of theosophical interest instead of family gossip. Yet these are absolutely ignored year in and year out by the Adyar organs and members. Mention one of these to an Adyarite, and he will—that is if he does not lose his temper—either not hear you or talk about the weather. The official organs of the Adyar Society never even allude to them in the columns devoted to reviews of periodical theosophical literature, although any psychic article in a popular magazine is enough to set them crowing. Mrs. Besant's personal organs, the *Theosophist* and the *Adyar Bulletin* are equally sinners in this respect. They simply will not let the members know that anything theosophical is written by people who do not owe allegiance to her. It is a deliberate conspiracy of silence, a spiritual fraud on those who should see the Theosophical Movement in its entirety.

This condition is scandalous and rotten. It might be condoned in an old-fashioned church, but it is quite another matter among those who make the pretensions of Theosophists. And those who are ultimately responsible for it are the "leaders" of the T. S., especially Mrs. Besant, who, with all her fine talk about democracy, is most careful to make the members think that the Theosophical Movement is limited to the society of which she is the president and to hide anything which could affect her position as head and autocrat of that Movement.

Has any F. T. S. ever heard his lodge addressed by a member of another theo-

sophical society? I think not. They will listen to church members at times, but to an outside Theosophist, never. Make such a proposition and it would be voted down at once. "He is not one of us." That may be human narrowness, but a change of policy, which could easily be insisted on by Adyar, is never hinted at. At a time when Protestant churches are holding union services, are inviting representatives of other churches to address them, the T. S. is following the policy of the middle ages.

There need not be union; the advisability of that is a matter for discussion. But there should be affiliation, there should be fellowship. And the responsibility for bringing this about rests most of all on those who believe in theosophical democracy. Let us hear less about the *Theosophical Society* and more about the *Theosophical movement*.—O. E. Library Critic.

PEACE ON EARTH.

(By Benjamin Kidd.)

By far the greatest attempt hitherto made by the West to apply the emotion of the ideal to the cultural inheritance of civilization has been made through Christianity. In this religion the social passion transfigures and transcends all other emotions. The sanction for sacrifice is the greatest that can be conceived. Christianity was accepted by the West, and has been for centuries taught by the West throughout the world, as the religion of universal peace. It is essentially, among all religions, the religion of brotherhood, of love, of good-will among men. It proclaims these conditions uncompromisingly as universal, as operative beyond the boundaries of all creeds, and as extending even to enemies. It recognizes neither race nor color nor nationality in the presence of the all-subordinating ideals which it uplifts. The essence of these ideals, as it was recently described with great insight and accuracy in a leading article in the *Times*, is the fact of what was apparently the most complete and terrible of world failures becoming, because of that apparent failure and only through it, the most incredible triumph over all the powers of the world.

Yet the result, if it could only be seen

by a mind absolutely free from the prepossessions in which we are steeped, is one which would stagger the imagination. The terrible denominating heredity of the fight inborn in the West has made of this ideal throughout history a cause of blood and war and of world-embracing conflict. The unfolding of the Christian religion in the West has been a record of fighting and slaughter aiming at worldly triumph which is absolutely unparalleled in any other phase of the history of the race. In all the developments in which we see the West endeavoring to present to the human mind the tremendous ideals of the Christian religion, one aim seems almost invariably at some stage to become dominant in the fighting mind of those who have held power in the West. In the development of its churches, of its creeds, of its nationalities, of its theories of the state in relation to civilization, the West has continuously made interpretations of the interest of the aims of the Christian religion, or of some system of national policy proceeding from them, the occasion for entrenching itself in absolutisms always resting on force, always organized by force, and always aiming directly or indirectly to impose themselves by force on other people.

The principal theme of the history of the West is the theme of these universal wars of slaughter carried on by nations and peoples in the name of the principles of the religion of universal peace. In these conflicts, despite all appearances to the contrary, right, truth, and justice have been almost without exception, just as in the pagan world, made to rest in the last resort on successful force. The combatants on each side proclaim the principles of Christianity to be part of their cause. And after their victories they carry the battle-stained banners of their wars even into the churches and temples of the Christian religion exactly in the manner of the pagan systems of old, in which truth and right were no more than local expressions of successful force. Western civilization throughout history has professed to be the civilization founded on Christianity. Yet almost every development of the West has been based on war, and has taken place with the menace of war or the fact of war accompanying and pervading it.

The terrible individual heredity of the fighting male of the West is so blinding to the mind in all its effects that the violent contradictions of standards which it provokes mostly pass absolutely unnoticed. Men of culture, and even the actual leaders of Christianity, seem quite unconscious of the spirit of contradiction which in actual fact exceeds anything that has been witnessed in the world under any other standards. The spectacle of the West, for more than a thousand years under the influence of the inborn heredity of the fight in its ruling classes, devastating the world with war in the name of the religion of universal peace, will beyond doubt strike the mind of the world in the future as probably the most monstrous phenomenon in the history of humanity.—From "*The Science of Power.*" Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WIRELESS.

Now to those who search the deep—

Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,—
Once, before you turn to sleep,

Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it once, and you'll believe it.

Think you these aerial wires

Whisper more than spirits may?

Think you that our strong desires

Touch no distance when we pray?

Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,

You shall breathe from urgent lips
Round the ships that guard your seas

Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,

Kneeling—thus—and far inland;
You shall touch the storm-beat brow

Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them.
And a little child may lead them.

—Alfred Noyes.

With an eye made quiet by the power
Of Harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things.

—Wordsworth.

Life and death are found in our living
even as in our dying.—*Heraclitus*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 20 1920

UNIVERSITY
OF
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, April 17, 1920.

Price Five Cents

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

(Sidney Coryn in the Argonaut.)

There is something almost portentous about the great audiences that assemble to hear Sir Oliver Lodge. Certainly they are not explained by his eminence as a scientist. We have had other great scientists in our midst, and their appeal has been mainly to the intellectually elect. But all sorts and conditions go to hear Sir Oliver Lodge. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the common people have listened to him gladly, and they seem ready enough to believe every word that he says. Indeed there is no very audible opposition anywhere. A few scholastic Brahmins have voiced a sort of protest in the public press. Professor Jastrow seems to be suffering from a mild attack of mental dyspepsia, and he even threatens to pursue Sir Oliver from point to point with controversions. But these things serve to emphasize rather than to oppose. Sir Oliver may be said to have it all his own way. He passes tranquilly along the road like an intellectual steam roller.

But Sir Oliver Lodge is by no means an isolated phenomenon. He represents a movement, a crusade, a sort of psychic renaissance. Scores of lesser men, and women, too, are following in his train. From the press comes an uninterrupted stream of psychic literature. There are now literally hundreds of books of testimony, experiences, and experiments.

Many of them we can toss lightly upon one side as hysterical, emotional, credulous, superstitious, or at best unverified. But there is at least an equal number that can not be tossed on one side unless we are willing to toss our own intelligence upon one side also. They are by reputable people, scientists, clergymen, writers, and business men. They tell us what they have seen with their own eyes and touched with their own hands. They are sustained by photographs and by what the banker calls collaterals. There is no money taint about them anywhere, no professional mediums, nor dark cabinets, nor lowered lights, nor silly tambourines. Sludge the medium has had his little day and ceased to be. His place is taken by ordinary men and women such as we dine with, and dance with, and do business with, and respect. To suggest that this veritable cloud of witnesses are all suffering from hallucinations, from incipient insanity, from unconscious fraud—whatever that may be—is rather to put ourselves in the position of the asylum inmate who insists that he alone is a sort of oasis of sanity in a desert of lunacy. It simply will not do. I may, if I please, say that these things do not interest me and that I do not care whether they are true or not. I may bracket them with the latest nebular theory or with the Einstein discoveries or with the Elberfeld horses as beyond my ken or caring. That would at least be intelligible, although not very

intelligent. But to jeer at them, to sneer at them, to adopt a superior attitude toward them, is merely idiotic. It is to imitate the man in the asylum.

Now I do not propose to be beguiled at the moment into a discussion of Sir Oliver's conclusions. I have my own very definite opinions on that subject, but it would take a book to state them. It is the phenomena themselves that interest me. And by way of clearing my own skirts, so to speak, I may say that I have seen practically all of these phenomena, not once, but a dozen times; not under what may be called the fever of modern curiosity, but some twenty years ago; not under the dubious conditions of the séance chamber, but in the privacy of my own room; not with the aid of paid mediums, but with the help of friends and confidants. I have seen materializations, levitations, motion without contact, automatic writing, clairvoyance, and all the rest of it. I saw these things so often that at last they became commonplace. They bored me. Today I would not walk around the corner to see the most startling phenomena that have yet been recorded. And I may say that I have seen many other things of the kind that have never been recorded, and that I would hardly care to relate until the lunacy laws have been amended. And this reminds me of what the late Sir William Crookes said to a friend of mine, the Honorable Auberon Herbert. He told Mr. Herbert that while writing one of the most amazing books of psychic phenomena that has ever seen the light he had to be careful to filter out some of the more wonderful of these occurrences. He did not wish to give the public more than it could stand.

But there are one or two points that I should like to make by way of comment on Sir Oliver's conclusions, and on the conclusions reached by eight out of ten of the books that are now appearing. I may say, without argument, that they are conclusions that I do not in the least share. I never saw anything, I never heard of anything—anything verifiable—that seemed to me to point to communication with the dead when studied, not in the spotlight of isolation, but in the broad illumination of our general knowledge of matters psychic. I do not believe in the possibility of communications

with the dead. I do not believe that any one else will believe it in the course of a few years, and I say this with full acceptance of the reality of the phenomena themselves. I accept all the evidence of the reliable witnesses so far as they deal with facts. But I do not accept their interpretations. By way of analogy I may say that we both hear the voice over the telephone, but we do not agree as to the identity of the speaker. It may be that they accept his credentials, but I do not. There is no reason why we should quarrel upon that account.

But I strongly object to their describing their experiences as spiritual and my interpretations as unspiritual. *Even supposing that their explanations are valid, I can not see anything spiritual about conversing with the dead. Quite the contrary. I can not see why a dead man should be more spiritual than a living one, should be in any marked way different from a living one. I can not see why I am doing something spiritual because I am conversing with a dead man by whose side, living, I would have objected to sit in a street-car. Heaven knows, I should like to avoid cant, but we have all a pretty fair idea of what we mean by spirituality. We mean self-sacrifice, renunciation, altruism, the service of others. We mean giving rather than getting, abandonment rather than acquisition, ministry rather than mastery. But in what way am I acting spiritually when I am gratifying the dearest wish of my heart by conversing with those whom I have lost by death? I might have acted spiritually by loving them more, by serving them more, while they were alive, but that usually I did not do. By what grotesque perversion do I now persuade myself that I am spiritual because I am doing what of all other things I most wish to do? It may be harmless, although it is not. It may be innocent, which it is not. But most assuredly it is not spiritual.

But there is another point that I should like to make. The present interest in matters psychic seems to be due to one of those unaccountable changes in the human mind that we may suppose to be cyclic, since they have occurred before. It is not due to new discoveries because as a matter of fact there have been no new discoveries. It is not the phenom-

ena that are new, but only our attention to the phenomena. Take, for example, the current investigation of dreams. One might almost suppose that dreaming had recently been invented. But, if I remember aright, they thought a good deal of dreams in Bible times. We are told that the wisdom of God comes in dreams and visions of the night, and sometimes the fate of kingdoms depended upon dreams. But then comes materialism, and we cease to bother about our dreams. We bother about Things instead, which actually are not half so important. Then comes the turn of the tide. It always comes. Professor Bergson writes learnedly about dreams, most of it nonsense. So, I believe, did Hugo Münsterberg. Henry Holt, the great publisher, writes voluminously about dreams. He seems to think we are closer to reality when we are dreaming than when we are awake, as of course we are. Then the whole psycho-scientific pack opens out in full cry on the subject of dreams. The psycho-analyst does not feel your pulse. He asks what you have been dreaming about. Some of the big psycho-analysts, such as Silberer, write almost awfully about dreams. But, once more, have we just invented dreaming? Did we not always dream? Have we ever discovered any new thing about dreaming? Iamblichus wrote about dreams some two thousand years ago, and Iamblichus and Plotinus and Porphyry knew more about dreams than all our savants put together. So did Paracelsus and Boehmen and Philalethes and Henry More and ever so many others. Thirty years ago it was almost proof of insanity to attach importance to dreams. Today it is almost proof of insanity not to—at least in certain eminently respectable circles. It is due to a change in the public mind, and not to the discovery of any new facts. We have a new sort of consciousness. It does not mean that we are more learned than we were. It means that we are not quite so stupid. The improvement is obvious, although slight.

My assertion that psychic research has made no new discoveries will, of course, be resisted if any one should be found to take that trouble. I shall be reminded of the sub-consciousness, or veridical hallucinations, of the subliminal self, and a dozen other new names for old truths.

I shall be reminded of the work done by Lodge and Crookes and the Society for Psychical Research. None the less I maintain that no single part of this experimentation is new. Not one single fact has been adduced that has not been known to humanity for ages. We have been doing no more than chew an ancient cud, we have solemnly changed the label of superstition into one of science.

All the phenomena of spiritualism were intimately known to the ancient Hindus. There are no exceptions. They understood automatic writing, and levitations, and materializations, and movements of objects without contact, and dreams, and clairvoyance, and crystal gazing. They experimented with a patience that made nothing of time or labor. They wrote hundreds of elaborate books about these things. They tested, and measured, and weighed, and analyzed. So, to a much less extent, did the mystic philosophers of Greece. They elaborated a psychology that we are in no way likely to surpass for years or centuries to come. They mapped and charted the human consciousness, and pushed the frontiers of their knowledge far into those regions that were still *terra incognita* to us. Emerson once predicted a great wave of interest in Oriental philosophies. He said they were the proper remedies for our meannesses and pettinesses. The wave has very visibly begun to flow. It will become stronger and deeper. Then we shall not be so conceited about our psychic research. We shall not be so sure that we are communicating with the dead. We may even be a little ashamed of our credulities.

Now the philosophers of India, ancient and modern, with a full knowledge of all the phenomena, and an acceptance of those phenomena, yet deny the possibility of communicating with the dead and the propriety of trying to do so. Nearly the whole of what we call spiritualism they call sorcery and necromancy. They shun those who practice it and exclude them from their religion. They assert that the phenomena are due to other causes, and that those who go in search of such phenomena are endangering alike their morality and their sanity. And perhaps some recent occurrences in connection with the ouija board may be cited in sup-

port of their contention as well as some other occurrences to which publicity has not yet been given. We are still avidly reading sundry notorious records of psychic communications in blissful ignorance of the fact that their authors have been in lunatic asylums for months.

It seems to be a case for caution, a personal caution in matters of investigation and a critical intellectual caution in accepting the conclusions of others. If Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, asserts that certain physical phenomena have occurred we may be reasonably certain that they have occurred, because he is a trained observer and not likely to err. But we are under no obligation to accept his interpretation of those phenomena. Here we are nearly all on an equal footing. There is no such thing as a conclusive test because we know little or nothing of the deeper laws of the mind. If for the first time I hear a concealed phonograph which is reproducing the voice of my friend I shall in my ignorance of phonographs feel assured that it is veritably the voice of my friend. I shall identify the accent, the inflection, the turn of speech. My "tests" will be satisfactorily answered. But none the less it is not the voice of my friend, and I shall see this clearly enough when I have learned the laws of sound and the mechanism of the instrument. And so our best tests of "spirit identity" may be no tests at all. That the communications relate to matters known only to myself and to the supposed "spirit" is no test at all. How do I know that the "materialization" is not in the nature of a moving picture? How do I know that there is not somewhere in nature some ethereal state of matter, some etheric medium which preserves an imperishable record of even the most secret thoughts and deeds, and that by unconsciously complying with the mysterious conditions governing that medium we may not produce phenomena that may roughly be compared with a combination of the moving picture and the phonograph? Indeed we know that the whole of material nature is a sort of sensitive plate. Professors Jevons and Babbage tell us that even the walls of our rooms have preserved records of everything that has ever been done in those rooms. There are no secrets. It is only our dull eyes

that can not read the page. But there are illusions. If the nearest of the fixed stars were to be extinguished tonight we should still see that star shining for thousands of years after it had ceased to exist. If there were an observer on that star who had power to watch the events on this earth he might actually see the children of Israel coming forth from Egypt, or Babylon in her prime. The picture-laden light rays would take that time to reach him. If he knew nothing of the laws of light how could he be persuaded that the events actually passing before his eyes belonged to a nearly forgotten history? And the sounds from this earth would reach him infinitely more slowly, just as the sound of the distant gun reaches us seconds after we see the flash, although flash and report are actually simultaneous. What right have we to talk of tests except with extreme caution and with many and great reservations? What do we know of the laws of that unknown land of the human mind into which we are wandering? What do we know of any laws in their ultimate? What do we know of hypnotism, of trance, of ecstasy, of genius, of inspiration, of dreams, of prevision? It is only the fool who says that he knows. The wise man observes, and speculates, and hesitates, and doubts. It is not necessarily a duty to form opinions and convictions. It is nothing less than a folly to form them on any other foundation than the facts, and all the facts, and nothing but the facts.

Wisdom is not only knowing how and why, but is the attitude of a mind that has been put in parallel with great truths and is thereby nourished and fortified.—*Alan Sullivan.*

If one day thou shouldst take part in the Mysteries, thou wilt feel ashamed of having been born merely a man.—*Adesius.*

I will not believe that it is given to man to have thoughts nobler or loftier than the real truth of things.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

Angels are men of a superior kind.—*Young.*

A LECTURE BY LODGE.

(Richard Spamer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Sir Oliver Lodge delivered the first of his two locally announced lectures, "The Continuity of Existence," before a moderately large audience at the Odeon yesterday afternoon.

In the main his highly instructive discourse tended toward a later and newer reconciliation of science with theology, between which two extremes of thought much of the age-old conflict persists, but in the last half-century has moved into new fields of contest. On the scientific side the lecturer afforded his hearers many a lucid glimpse into the great advances made lately by the organizers of human knowledge in the mundane sphere, while on the religious side the exegesis transcended theologies and entered the domain of what is commonly called spiritualism, but finally proved to be something quite beyond the disclosures of table-rappers, slatewriters, and restorers of lost articles.

As soon as possible the lecturer announced his disbelief in the hell of the old theology and gave his views, co-gently stated, as to what the true heaven may be like, the means of entrance to which is the portal called death. But there is no death. What seems so is transition to a spiritual existence forever and forever, progressing to higher planes and higher as we slough off this physical envelope of corruption called the body. This is the germ of the lecturer's theory of existent continuity—namely, that in one shape or form or another mankind, in the concrete and the abstract, always was, always is, and always will be, world without end. Hence, if there is no death, only a leaving off of finite existence and a merging into the state of the infinite, the question obtrudes as to what is birth. Whence came organic life, so called, the life in animals, birds, reptiles, fishes and, as some scientists believe, in plants, that through the æons of time finally culminated in the animal called man?

This question the lecturer asked of himself and he answered it in two ways. First, he said, the source of all life in its myriads of millions of manifestations is the ether, a material substance of

which more anon. Sir Oliver would not obtrude the interesting query as to which was first, the egg or the hen. That would lead him too deeply, for a popular science lecture, into the somewhat abstruse field of biogenesis, with which his teachers, men like Thomas Huxley, John Tyndall, and Charles Darwin, eminent British minds, had struggled so valiantly while the speaker was attending the great English universities. It really was beside the question to say in what particular form—under nature's immutable laws, which we do not understand, because our finite brain can not comprehend them—life first put on its organic vesture; how the brain became an organ of mind, how that mind in its wonderment and imperfect apprehension received the impression from without that it was conscious of itself, and how, in thankfulness of that consciousness, it harked back to its Creator.

Having thus disposed of the troublesome question of biogenesis, the lecturer then descended learnedly on the ether and its properties. The ether is that part of matter that fills all space and interpenetrates every particle of the visible and invisible creation. By force and grace of the ether every planet swims into our ken and all static energy is transformed into kinetic and vice versa. The earth revolves around the sun with the let and hindrance of the ether. It manifests itself to the eye as light, and to give his hearers a notion of its rapidity, Sir Oliver glanced toward the Odeon's proscenium arch lamps and said: "We are receiving now from one of those lamps 500,000,000 vibrations per second, and thus our eyes give us the consciousness of light." The ether manifests itself as gravity and works as the immutable counterbalance that keeps the heavenly bodies in their orbits.

While on the astronomical part of his discourse the lecturer paid high tribute to the American astronomers, who, having the best telescopes in the world, are now the world's best searchers of the heavens. It was their recent researches that proved the velocity of the earth's travels around the sun, to illustrate which Sir Oliver tapped his desk twice, the interval marking a second of time.

"I strike this once, and when I have

struck it the second time the earth and everything thereon will have been catapulted through space a distance of nineteen miles. You will not have noticed the sensational speed at which we were traveling between the taps of this pencil, but we have gone the distance, and this earth has moved at that pace since its crust cooled and it assumed the shape of the oblate spheroid we know it to have."

That brought the thesis into the category of the reliability of the human senses. There can be no doubt that the earth does move in the manner described by the astronomers, that motion is recorded by sensation, and that in the case of the revolution of the earth through space and around the sun there is no recording sensation in the brain cells of man. Hence things are not what they are, all due to our imperfect brains. But there is implanted in us an ethereal germ, as it were, which works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. This must be so, because the force that moves the solar system, only the minutest part of which is as yet disclosed to the most powerful telescopes—that ethereal force must also from the very beginning of animal life have taken cognizance of said life-form, and under the divine law of evolution this force must have constantly striven for the betterment of that environment in which it lodged, and thus, after immeasurable spaces of time, indeed of vast sections of indestructible eternity, must have evolved man.

So interpenetrating is this ether that it might better be called spirit, indeed soul is the best designation. In a multitude of beings, mostly in humans of lowly origin, there is no consciousness of soul, and in the more advanced the soul has semilucid intervals. In those beings in which the soul has approximated the highest excellence and has been enabled to signify its existence after it has passed from the body by the phenomenon called death, which, as the lecturer declared at the beginning, is merely a term and not a physical fact. . . .

While the audience listened intently to this popularly scientific exposition there was evident throughout the house a keen desire to have the lecturer proceed to the spiritual part of his discourse and to give his ideas as to the aspects of that bourne from which up to now there have

been no authenticated cases of a successful return.

The lecturer must have felt this desire himself and did not keep his hearers long in suspense. Having said that death is transition and that the ether which is the source of life and of consciousness, according to the intelligence of the individual, he made a humorous reference to the inaccuracy of tombstone inscriptions such as declare: "Here lies John Jones." "The only thing that lies there is the tombstone," said Sir Oliver and a strain-disrupting titter ran through the hall. The fact is, said he, the inscription should have shown the fixed message: "Here lies the body of John Jones," for what was all that was worth calling John Jones, namely, his soul, had fled its mortal tenement long ago; had gone out, never to return, with Mr. Jones' last breath.

But the soul, after death, seems glad to have quitted its earthly abode, because on the first plane of its post-mortem activity, whenever it can search out a clairvoyant or clairaudient mortal (of whom there is now a steadily increasing number), the soul has but one message, namely, that the friends of its former cerement must not grieve for it, because the soul is happy, not at all regretful of having left its warm mansion and the youth and bloom of a once variously delightful and troublesome world.

SIGNALS FROM MARS.

Camille Flammarion, author of "The Unknown," a scientific book on psychic phenomena which was recently issued in a new edition by the Harpers, is quoted in a news dispatch from Paris as declaring that the strange signals picked up by wireless stations recently came from the planet Mars. "Since the signals appear to be regular," he declared, "it is improbable they come from the sun, although our great luminary is displaying prodigious activity. It is possible, however, the present chaotic conditions on earth may be traced to solar storms, which may have a reactive effect on the earth and the minds of men." In his book, "The Unknown," Dr. Flammarion gives the physiological basis of mental activity and analyzes psychic dreams and telepathic communication.

THE TRAINER.

When a difficulty falls upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose? you may say. Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror.—*Epictetus.*

I had a puny strength until the day
When rose the rough young man beside
the way—

Zeus sent him; but I could not know it
then:

Of such as I his rude force counted ten.

He challenged me. But still I hung back
loath;

He flouted me, until my soul was wroth.
I rushed upon him—with a nimble thrust
He laughing sent me down to Mother
Dust!

Round upon round he worsted me; and
still

I would not let him work his utmost will,
But up I rose again, and yet again,
Until of very fighting I grew fain!

Then laughed, in other wise, that rough
young man

(Whom Zeus had sent—to carry out His
plan),

And cried: "Olympic conqueror, go—
win!

For you with no mean wrestler matched
have been."

So wrote the "slave of Nero's freed-
man"—he

Who slave of no man, nor of self, could
be!

Of his free order, too, and his great line,
Who takes the training set by Power
Divine!

Who, now, remembering that antago-
nist—

Rough Circumstance—the trial would
have missed?

Though called to no Olympic wreath, he
can,

Unto the end, play the full part of Man!
—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Give us what is good, whether we pray
for it or not; and avert from us the evil,
even if we pray for it.—*Socrates.*

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any
time; hatred ceases by love. This is an
old rule.—*Dhammapada.*

RUSSIA'S FATE.

As history counts, the time may not be long till our dramatic chapter will be finished, and until the Slav, untamed by the outsiders, may at last tame himself, rise up purified and strong to surprise the world by his own powers for civilization of a new type. Somehow every Russian, whether of high station or low, with whom I have talked, seems to have a prophetic feeling of this coming development. An old prophecy upholds the theory, if one is superstitious. . . . Made long before the war by Count Léon Tolstoy, of whom the Czar, in 1910, had asked one, it announced the coming cataclysm, and it very much upset the ruler then! The paper was kept for years in his majesty's secret archives, I heard. In a trance, the old writer, then almost in his dotage, saw all Europe in flames, and predicted such a war as the universe had never known before. After this he said: "The end of that great calamity will mark a new political era for the world. There will be left no empires nor kingdoms, but there will be born a federation of the United States; and there will exist four great giant races: the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians; and I see a change in religious sentiment, and the church as known now will fall. The ethical idea will nearly vanish, and humanity will be almost without morality; and then a great reformer will arise about the year 1925. He will lay the cornerstone of a new religion; God, soul, and spirit, with immortality, all will be molten in the new furnace, to form a new power of spirituality; and I see the peaceful dawn of a new day at last. . . . And the man determined on for this mission is a Mongolian-Slav already walking the earth. He will be a man of active affairs, and does not realize now the position in history assigned to him by his superior powers."—From "*Russian People*," by Princess Cantacuzène Countess Spéransky, a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant. Just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.—*Professor Fiske.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, April 24, 1920.

Price Five Cents

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Our medical crazes succeed one another with an almost startling rapidity, and each one is sustained with that curious and hysterical fanaticism always to be found in communities that have not yet developed what may be called a scientific or medical aristocracy. Such an aristocracy is usually operative in the older countries of the world. Undeniably it has its faults. It is conservative and dogmatic. It is likely to be exclusive and dictatorial. But it is sustained because it is based on real knowledge and intelligence. It is a sort of court of appeal, and although its decisions are not necessarily final they act as a drag upon irresponsible speculation and experiment.

At the present time we seem to be "in for" a spasm of psycho-analysis, and we may view the prospect with some equanimity. Psycho-analysis is better than drugs. We prefer it to germs. And no one can compel us to tell our dreams unless we want to. Usually we want to. Our difficulty hitherto has been to find some one to tell them to.

It is not the fault of the psycho-analysts that they are in such disagreement. One man looks only at the water passing over the mill wheel. Another studies the river and its sources. And still another examines the great laws of nature's equilibrium and the vast forces that summon the vapors to the sun and give them back again in rain. Causes are seen actually

to be effects, and we may trace the chain link by link into the depths of infinity.

André Tridon, for example, in his new book on Psycho-Analysis tells us of the many "urges" that govern human action. There is the nutrition urge, the sex urge, and the safety urge. They give birth to impulses and therefore to acts. They ramify into a thousand different tendencies and automatisms. In past ages we learned to avoid snakes, and now the foot automatically recoils from a piece of wire in the grass even though we know the presence of a snake to be impossible. We are governed tyrannically by our unidentified urges that impose upon us our habits, our reticences, our characteristics, and our tendencies. When these urges have been repressed, hurried out of sight and denied, they may take their revenge upon us in the form of disease. And in the unguarded moments of dream they intrude themselves upon us in the form of symbols. Study your dreams, says the psycho-analyst. They will show you the things that you actually want to do and yet do not know that you want to do. They will make known your morbid repressions. Identify them, look steadily at them, and they will disappear. Disease is the subterranean fire of desire that breaks forth into a volcano.

One is inclined to wonder if there are actually as many urges as the psycho-analyst would have us believe, whether they may not all be summed up in the

ego urge. The loom has a thousand different parts. The shuttles flash in every direction and each carries its own colored thread. There is a maze of revolving wheels, pistons, and cams. Every movement known to mechanics seem to be there. But actually there is only one movement. It is the revolving shaft overhead from which all that power comes. It is translated into a thousand different activities which to the tyro seem to be unrelated. When the psycho-analyst talks of the ego urge perhaps he is talking of the old urge that there is. "This universe," says Patanjali, "exists for the purposes of the soul." There are no independences in nature. Nothing is sufficient unto itself. The grass grows, the winds blow, and the rain falls, for the purposes of the soul. All nature is in travail for the production of the soul. All movements are for its growth. Shining omnipresent in space is the central force from which all forces emanate. The psycho-analysts would gain much if they would unify their programme. Some of them, fortunately, are doing so.

THE LIFE OF PLANTS.

(New York Times.)

From fuller information, now at hand in regard to the machine by aid of which the Indian scientist, Sir J. C. Bose, has been making visible in London the in-growth of plants, shows that he does much more than make visible what everybody already knew—that plants increase in size. He also has revealed that the growth of a plant is by no mean steady or continuous—that it is affected by many of the influences besides mere nutriment that affect the growth of animals. In short, this machine, which is called a crescograph and magnifies movements a million times, proves that plants are much more alive than it is customary to credit them with being, and it is not an altogether fanciful notion that when the facts in relation to plant life become better known, something of consideration for their "feelings" and something of compunction about treating them cruelly may develop.

Thus it appears that the mere placing of a plant in the crescograph—a rather elaborate process, naturally—causes enough of a shock to stop its growth for

a quarter of an hour. A gentle pinch is enough to slow down growth, while three or four hard pinches cause a prolonged cessation of activities. The application of some drugs hasten growth, others slow it down, and still others act as deadly poisons. The response to water after deprivation is almost instant and active.

These are only the very simplest disclosures, and are all what might be expected. There is reason to believe that, as the investigation goes on, knowledge of practical—that is, economic—value will be gained, as is so often the result from researches that seem designed merely to satisfy scientific curiosity.

SOME MYSTIC VERSE.

In the desert of contemporary poetry one discerns an occasional oasis. We are not delivered over wholly to the mercies of the free-versifier who writes without music and without rhyme of the things that do not matter. While there is a persistence of the present passion for the vulgar and the insignificant, the real poet is not likely to receive either applause or recognition from the crowd. All the more reason why such laurels as are available should not be withheld.

Angela Morgan has already written several volumes of poetry, and now we have another under the title of "Hail, Man!" Miss Morgan has a philosophy to set forth and she does it with a strength, a vigor, and a purity of diction worthy of her theme. Man, and indeed the whole of visible nature, are expressions of an unseen divinity, and it is this eternal reality that is here portrayed. The flesh is but the "symbol and the shrine." Whoever knows of that which it conceals "becomes a king." The first poem in the volume is the keynote of them all, and we may permit ourselves to quote the whole of it:

This flesh is but the symbol and the shrine
Of an immense and unimagined beauty,
Not mortal, but divine;
Structure behind our structure,
Lightning within the brain,
Soul of the singing nerve and throbbing vein,
A giant blaze that scorches through our dust
Fanning our futile "might be" with its
"Must";
Bearing upon its breast our eager span—
Beyond, above, and yet the self of man!

Look how the glowworm with its feeble might,
Signals the presence of celestial fire;

How phosphorous upon the sea at night,
And the swift message o'er the radiant wire,
Proclaim the awesome things existence covers;
Eternity emerging through our husk,
Sky through our vapour,
Glory through our dusk.

Behold the slender scarlet line that hovers
Between close fingers held against the sun,
Each like a swift and beaming taper
Afire from one.

And how each seems the token
Of a great mystery no man hath spoken,
Wherein we walk and work and do our tasks,
Nor dream within what light the spirit
basks . . .

This creaking tent we call the universe,
One motion in a mighty caravan
Whose million million orbits but rehearse
The miracle that swings the heart of man,
Is but the outward breathing from that
Source—

Call it by whatsoever sounding name,
God or Jehovah, Life or Primal Force—
Which, like a vast, impalpable, pure flame,
Bears up the visible as 'twere a toy;
Shoulders our burdens like a singing boy;
Props with its permanence our mortal screen;
Hotter than hissing fires, than light more keen,
Solid as stone, simple and clean as glass,
Fluid as flashing waves that leap and pass . . .

Yet doth obscuring flesh
Infinity enmesh,
While soul within its prison speaks to soul,
Hailing the habitation as a whole.
This flesh is but the visible outshowing
Of a portentous and a mighty thing,
Whereof, each mortal knowing,
Becomes a King!

Miss Morgan tells us that on October 29th she saw in conjunction Jupiter, Regulus, Saturn, Mars, and Venus, and the beauty of the spectacle suggested to her the following stanza:

Four morning stars together telling the world's
release . . .

Jupiter, leading the way, crying to all the
earth,

"New Birth."

(While Regulus between
Heralds a dawn unseen) . . .

Saturn and Mars

In friendly concord mid the stars

Singing "Peace"

And Venus, pouring the splendor of her soul:
"Tis love will make men whole."

It would be pleasant to quote at considerable length from a volume that nowhere falls from the high level on which it was conceived. But further explorations with their attendant pleasures must be left to the reader.

HAIL, MAN! By Angela Morgan. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

The reason why the world lacks unity and lies broken and in heaps is because man is disunited with himself.—*Emerson*.

RELIGION OF THE CHILD.

Popular writers have usually displayed a wariness in dealing with the origins of Christian dogma. The churches had certain powers of punishment, and indeed they have them still, although to a lesser degree. They were able to exercise a censorship over literature, and thus measurably to suppress whatever seemed to detract from the distinctiveness of their doctrines. There were a few bold writers who ran the blockade, but their works were usually too recondite to reach the public. As a result it may be said of the Christian world of today that it is almost incredibly ignorant of the origins of its faith, of the borrowings of that faith from Paganism, of the source of its dogmas and the esoteric meaning of its observances.

But the veil is being slowly lifted. The crack of the theological whip is not quite so menacing as it was nor its coercions so effective. For example, we have a new book by Dr. Courtenay Dunn on "The Natural History of the Child" (John Lane Company). It is a book full of curious research into the historical status of the child, his environment, education, development, play, and religion. Children of all ages, says the author, have been taught pretty much the same about religion:

Yet there was a great likeness between the tenets held by the little Christian child and other children. In the religions of China, Egypt, India, and Mexico and other nations thousands of years before the Christian era, the belief was held that a Savior who was the Son of God, and who was also the son of a virgin, died for the salvation of mankind and rose again after his death.

Osiris, Mithras, Buddha, Krishna were all virgin-born redeemers of the world, though widely separated as regards time and place. They were all born on December 25th, and they all died and rose again on the third day, which was commemorated during the season of spring.

The eating of the body and blood of a god in a symbolical manner was a common religious rite in all parts of the ancient world.

The Semitic feast Pesakh (paskha), the feast of the Passover, owing to its lunar reckoning, prevented its being united with any Roman pagan holidays, but when the Roman missionaries came into contact with Teutonic paganism then they absorbed the old Aryan customs, and the Roman name of Pascha was abandoned for the Teutonic name of Easter (Ostara, Eastre, the Queen of heaven).

Christmas most probably is not the true anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, and it was not until the fourth century that Julius

I, Pope of Rome, agreed to celebrate the birth of Christ on December 25th. Most probably Christ was born during the last month of the Jewish year. After the Norman Conquest the name for "Midwinter," or that applied to the Pagan celebration of it, viz., "Yule," was generally applied to "Criste's moesne."

Primarily the cross was probably symbolical of the Divine union of the sexes, and it has been from all time the most sacred of emblems.

At the beginning of Christianity the cross was not allowed to be honored by the early fathers, because it was a pagan symbol, but three or four centuries after Christ the Christians almost exclusively used it as a symbol.

There is much of interest in Dr. Dunn's book, which derives its significance from its popular character.

COMPULSORY MEDICINE.

(John Hutchinson, M. D., in New York Review.)

We are facing a deplorable condition of the times in respect to compulsory medicine. Commercialism has so surrounded, invaded, arrogated the fields of intelligent personal prerogative that good citizenship wonders where it will stop. The privilege of preserving health has been practically assailed, and the healthy are confronted with so many forms of compulsory medicine that good judgment rejects them all, not, however, without being assured by some pseudo-authority that legal penalty will follow.

The question before the public is a large one, but a simple one of sense and justice after all. It is this: Are laboratory foundations which are endowed by multi-millionaires in the name of philanthropy to be the nucleus of experimental activities beginning with the lower and higher animals and extending to free human beings who may be assembled for the purpose in various grades of submission? Is there any science in it? Any art? Any humanity? Any philanthropy? No. The whole fabric as to its exploitation for benefit of human health is an affliction. Witness tuberculosis, influenza, and numerous infections in our camps and armies following inoculations of healthy recruits for diseases which are known to be non-existent under properly regulated sanitation.

The human organism is very tenacious of its integrity as against foreign invasion. It revolts when its blood and

other tissues are contaminated, especially so when that contamination is most inappropriate as to immediate demand. The need of the organism is evidenced by very delicate signs, and it is the height of unscientific imposition to institute laboratory theories and practice, wholly speculative as they are, to replace the best ideals of normal hygienic habits of life as a basis of health, as well as sane medical aid from the physician in times of sickness to restore health.

We can not have our children infected by any therapy which forces into the bloodstream an agent of any kind. The foreign element is a menace, since it is foreign; when it is also a product of disease it is doubly dangerous. The Shick test, diphtheria antitoxin, typhoid prophylaxis, all the serums and vaccinations are to be regarded with more than suspicion, for they have already too large a mass of testimony to their discredit.

Public health demands that public places be kept clean and sanitary beyond anything which obtains at present. Public health will not endure human infection from any agents whatever, though they be industriously promulgated by all the endowed systems of so-called medical research.

THE EINSTEIN THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

(Hereward Carrington in Leslie's.)

During the past few weeks the newspapers have been filled with accounts of the new theory propounded by Professor Einstein some years ago, but recently accepted and endorsed by official science, entitled the "Principle of Relativity." There are several factors involved in the theory, not all of which need here be entered into. The most essential characteristics, however, are the following: (1) All motion in the universe is *relative* to other motions, and all moving bodies are relative to one another in their speed, so that there is no fixed point of "stationaryness," as it were, anywhere in the universe. For example, if two men are walking on the decks of two moving vessels it should be possible, theoretically, to determine the rates of motion of these men one to the other. But the earth is revolving on its axis, and this axis "wobbles," and the earth itself is flying through space at the rate of approxi-

mately eighteen miles a second—revolving around the sun in an ellipse, and the sun and the whole solar system are moving forward in space at an indeterminate rate of speed; and probably our whole stellar system is also moving through space—so that it is impossible to fix any stationary point of observation in the universe, because the whole universe is moving constantly and therefore all movements of any object in that universe are only *relative* one to another.

(2) In addition to the ordinary three dimensions to which we are accustomed (*viz.*: length, breadth, and height) there is also a *fourth* dimension which, Einstein shows us, must be taken into account. This fourth dimension is *time*. Einstein shows us that "two observers on two systems in relative motion can not possibly agree in their estimate of the length of a given interval of time"—so that time is also relative! (3) It has been shown that Newton's laws of gravitation are true only for bodies moving slowly, and do not apply to bodies moving with great velocity, such as the speed of light. When these tremendous speeds are attained, Newton's laws are no longer true; they are merely *approximations* to the truth—which, however, for practical, workable purposes are correct for us, because on our earth we practically never deal with velocities such as that of light. (4) Einstein also proved that light has a definite pressure or "weight," and as such would be affected by other forces acting upon it—such as gravitation. The proof is this: If a beam of light, traveling from a distant star, passed fairly close to the sun, the gravitational influence of the sun would, on Einstein's theory, deflect or bend that beam of light. When the sun is totally eclipsed, and its light shut off, the beam of light coming from the star becomes directly observable, and the amount of its "deflection" may thus be detected. Einstein predicted years ago that the amount of this deflection would be approximately 1.75 seconds of arc, and the observations confirmed this almost exactly. (5) Einstein also proved that the "mass" of a given body of matter is itself merely the manifestation of a certain form of energy, and that no material body can ever attain a speed equal to or greater than that of light (186,000 miles a second).

THE ASTRAL BODY.

The following letter appears in the *Review* of New York anent a communication from Professor Jastrow, who had critically surveyed the theories of Sir Oliver Lodge:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE REVIEW: I have just read Professor Jastrow's excellent analysis of "The Case of Sir Oliver Lodge" in the *Review*. I am not a believer in "spiritism," though a very able "medium" gave me private daylight séances with remarkable manifestations. On one occasion a scientific skeptic of note observed the séance freely from an adjoining room—after which we changed places, and I, too, could not discover fraud. Yet I was not convinced.

There is, however, one entirely scientific argument in favor of the "possibility" of the "astral body," which to my mind is unanswerable, and on the strength of which I have frequently consoled sadly afflicted mourners who came to ask my opinion of spiritualism. This is the well-known acceptance of the "intermolecular space," the argument being that the molecules of the body might "collapse" in death, leaving the intermolecular space of the body "charged" with "atomic activity" and—for a time—as a personal entity.

EMILF BERLINER.

The theory of the "intermolecular space" is an ingenious one and comes very close to the truth. But it is hard to see why the "sadly afflicted mourners" should derive any consolation from the survival of such a body which remains "for a time" as a "personal entity." Without its context—the *permanent* survival of a *spiritual* entity—the idea seems to be anything but consoling. The astral body is material and tangible and its persistence can be demonstrated. But it is a poor substitute for the human soul.

None the less Mr. Berliner's letter is an interesting one. It shows an approach to a recognition of the meaning of spiritualist phenomena, to the temporary survival of an entity saturated with the individualized life forces and thus able to personate the departed.

The eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as a hereditary disease upon the nineteenth.—H. P. Blavatsky.

When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in.—Cato

WILL PROHIBITIONISTS GO TO HELL?

If, as Sir Oliver explains,
 Man in his Future State retains
 His earthly bent and aspiration
 And whatsoever occupation
 He followed here on earth below
 Will be the same where'er he go,
 How painful then will be the plight
 Of him whose job it was to fight
 That sinful monster Demon Rum!
 How shall he get to Kingdom Come?
 Only in Hell can sin exist
 How can the Prohibitionist
 In Heaven then his face exhibit
 Where there is nothing to prohibit?
 —*Oliver Herford in Leslie's.*

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

The sidereal "prophecies" of the Zodiac, as they are called by Christian Mystics, never point to any one particular event, however solemn and sacred it may be for some one portion of humanity, but to ever recurrent, periodical laws in Nature.

Every one is aware that the real time and year of the birth of Jesus are totally unknown.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

The Sun is the Giver of Life to the whole Planetary System; the Moon is the Giver of Life to our Globe; and the early races understood and knew it, even in their infancy.

The Deity, being absolute, must be omnipresent; hence not an atom but contains It within itself.

It is a fundamental law in Occultism that there is no rest or cessation of motion in Nature. That which seems rest is only the change of one form into another, the change of substance going hand in hand with that of form.

The true Eastern Occultist will maintain that, whereas there are many yet undiscovered planets in our system, Neptune does not really belong to it, in spite

of its apparent connection with our Sun and the influence of the latter upon it.

Mr. A. R. Wallace . . . holds that the evolution of man was directed and furthered by superior Intelligences, whose agency is a necessary factor in the scheme of Nature. But once the operation of these Intelligences is admitted in one place, it is only a logical deduction to extend it still further.

Electricity is "immaterial," in the sense that its molecules are not subject to perception and experiment; yet it may be—and Occultism says it is—atomic; therefore it is matter.

We will . . . assert that Electricity is not only Substance, but that it emanates from an Entity, which is neither God nor Devil, but one of the numberless Entities that rule and guide our world, according to the eternal Law of Karma.

It is well known that sand, when placed on a metal plate in vibration, assumes a series of regular figures of various descriptions. Can Science give a *complete* explanation of this fact?

Were a truly learned Occultist-Alchemist to write the "Life and Adventures of an Atom," he would secure thereby the supreme scorn of the modern Chemist, though perchance also his subsequent gratitude. Indeed, if such an imaginary chemist happened to be intuitional, and would for a moment step out of the habitual groove of strictly "Exact Science," as the Alchemists of old did, he might be rewarded for his audacity.

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally—Self-redeemed.

Though "the book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whis-

pers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

The Doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on Earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various "Fires" are latent, and in others they are active. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish* desire, which can not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is action, the cause; and Karma, again, is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the *effect* of an act produced egotistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

This thinking of oneself as this, that, or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

To those that go up to the holy celebrations of the mysteries there are appointed purifications and the laying aside of the garments worn before and the approach in nakedness; until, passing on the upward path all that is other than the God, each in the loneliness of himself beholds that lonely dwelling Being, the Apart, the Single, the Pure.—*Plotinus*.

A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA.

Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,

From whereso'er they fall;

Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,

Some by the prison wall.

The King's gilt palace roof shuts out the sunshine,

So doth the dyer's shed!

Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?

They are alike! one said.

So it is, quoth he, with all shows of living;

As shadows fall, they fall!

Rest under, if ye must, but question not Which is the best of all.

Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must

Right shelter from life's heat.

Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child,

Threading the burning street!

Good is it helping kindred! Good to dwell

Blameless and just to all!

Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,

Albeit the store be small!

Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be

Merciful, patient, mild;

To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days

Innocent, undefiled.

These be chief goods—for evil by its like

Ends not, nor hate by hate;

By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill; By knowledge life's sad state.

But see where soars an eagle! Mark those wings!

Which cleave the cool, blue skies!

What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air

To shield his fearless eyes?

Rise from this life: lift upon pinions bold

Hearts free and great as his;

The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise Greater or lesser bliss!

—*Edwin Arnold*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 1, 1920.

Price Five Cents

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

The latest volume of automatic writing—and they are like the sands of the seashore in number—is "To Walk with God," by Anne W. Lane and Harriet Blaine Beale (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The authors tell us that they were prompted to experiment by the publication of "The Seven Purposes," which seems but one more example of the evils of bad example. The volume is divided into two parts of twelve "lessons" each, but the names of the supposed writers are not given, nor is there any other indication of their identity than the intimation that they are "guides."

It is unqualifiedly poor stuff, somewhat mitigated by a passable literary style. We search in vain through these pages for a single new idea, a single radiant thought, a single departure from the commonplace. There is hardly a sentence that is not the expression of a conventional pietism. Opening the book at random, we read that "all of life is service." Turning the page, we find that "we are after all the children of God, and our spiritual guides are guides to Him." Turning another page, we are told that "we rest in a beautiful tableland surrounded by hills with little streams of water flowing on all sides." Still another shot at a venture, and we learn that "when we work we are filled with joy and we are full of love for all." Turning in desperation to the last page, we are ad-

vised to "put your trust in God and He will never fail you."

Heaven forbid that we should combat any of these assertions. But why consume good paper in setting them forth anew? Dr. Johnson said once that it was not the performances of the trained animals that surprised him, but the fact that they could perform at all. And so we may say that these examples of automatic writing do not surprise us at all. They are the quintessence of the commonplace. But the automatic writing itself is an interesting phenomenon.

LIFE.

In the *Illustrated London News* for January 3, 1920, we find an account of the discovery by Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose of Calcutta "that all plants, including even rigid trees, are fully sensitive to the changes around them. Even the passing of a drifting cloud is perceived and recorded by the tree in its own peculiar script by an instrument invented for this purpose.

"Sir Jagadis invented a special apparatus known as the resonance recorder, by which the spontaneous pulsation in the plant or the throb evoked by an external shock is automatically recorded; the size of the pulsation giving a measure of the vitality of the plant. When highly stimulated, the pulsations become enhanced in size; under depressing conditions the pulse-beats become

enfeebled; and at the moment of death there is an end of all pulsation. This is seen exemplified in the automatic record of the leaflet of the Indian plant *Desmodium Gyrens*, which under the action of ether has its pulsation arrested, but on the blowing off of the narcotic vapor has its throbbing pulse restored. In the next record is seen the effect of poisons, the pulsation coming to a permanent stoppage with the death of the plant. These investigations have completely established the fundamental unity of life reactions in plant and animal, as seen in the similar period of insensibility in both corresponding to what we call sleep; as seen in the death spasm, which takes place in the plant as in the animal.

"In the pursuit of his investigations, Sir Jagadis was led into the border region of physics of inorganic, and the physiology of living matter, and was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the living and non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert, it also was athrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. Universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant, and animal under a common law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness, which is associated with death. And he thus concludes his memorable address before the Royal Institute: 'It was when I came upon the mute witness of these self-made records and perceived in them one phase of a pervading unity that bears within it all things, the mote that quivers in ripples of life, the teeming life upon our earth and the radiant sun that shines above us—it was then that I understood for the first time a little of that message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago: "They who see but one in all the changing manifestations of this universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth—unto none else, unto none else."'"

The first necessary requisite for the attainment of real knowledge is the possession of power to distinguish the enduring from the non-enduring.—*Sankaracharya*.

THE DANGEROUS REVIVAL OF SPIRITUALISM.

(By C. J.)

For several weeks during the winter a marked feature of the mental activity of New York has been supplied by the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge on Spiritualism as practiced by the members of the Society for Psychical Research. The lectures, delivered for the most part to crowded audiences at Carnegie Hall, have been widely announced on the billboards, in railroad stations and elsewhere, and have been commented on at length in the newspapers.

Before commenting on the substance and tendencies of these largely attended lectures, let us try to describe one of them, given at Carnegie Hall early in February.

The audience, which fairly filled the hall, was, in appearance, such an audience as attends the symphony concerts for which Carnegie Hall was built; not a gathering of fanatical votaries of Spiritualism, but simply a characteristic crowd of New Yorkers, who were taking in the lectures much as they would take in a new symphony by Rachmaninoff. Spiritualism has ceased to be an oddity, a sign of mental queerness, and has fallen into line with the ordinary topics and activities which occupy New York audiences in the evenings.

As far as the external part of the lecture went, Sir Oliver played his part well. Wearing his nearly seventy years lightly, he spoke easily, concisely, with notable clarity and consecutiveness; never hurried, never at a loss; quietly stopping, from time to time, to recover the exact phrase of some quotation; easily in command of his audience and his theme, in every way a strikingly good lecturer. Yet, as the hour or more of the lecture went on, one was conscious of a growing feeling of disappointment and depression, a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. An attempt will presently be made to find its cause.

For any one who, in a general way, has followed the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for the last thirty-five years, there was nothing very novel either in the material of the lecture, or in its conclusions. Sir Oliver Lodge followed the lines of his own experience,

beginning with the early days when he was working with Huxley and Tyndall, the close of the period of materialism. In the beginning, he was unwilling even to grant the fact of thought-transference or telepathy; but this skepticism was finally broken down by the weight of fact and experiment, gathered chiefly by Professor W. F. Barrett of the Dublin College of Science. Professor Barrett had been Tyndall's assistant, and, working under Tyndall, had developed an excellent and conclusive method of experiment, which he transferred from physics to psychical science, finally furnishing a complete demonstration of the reality of telepathy, for any one who had the industry to follow the records of his experiments, and the intelligence to understand their meaning.

Sir Oliver Lodge, announcing in his lecture that he had been converted to belief in telepathy, added the very interesting conclusion that thought-transference was not transmitted by any form of wave-motion, brain waves or other. He did not give his reason for this conclusion. We suppose it is this: All wave-motions, such as light, heat, electricity, obey the law of inverse squares. But this law of diminution does not affect thought-transference, which appears to be wholly independent of distance in space; and is, therefore, presumably not carried by a wave-motion analogous to light.

Sir Oliver Lodge, convinced that thought-transference was a reality, and further convinced that thought was not transmitted by any form of brain-wave or other wave-motion, was thus led to believe in the possibility of one mind communicating directly with another, without the use of any material means of transmission. It remained to be seen whether such transmission was possible, between a mind allied with a body and another mind not so allied; in the ordinary phrase, whether communication with "spirits" was possible.

Numerous sittings with "mediums" followed, the best known being Mrs. Piper. Their results fill thousands of pages of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, in both England and America.

The first hypothesis was that the medium simply read the mind of the sitter,

by means of telepathy, and thus obtained material for messages from dead friends of the sitter. There were, however, messages covering facts not in the mind of the sitter, so far as the sitter was aware; but many of these had been known to the sitter in past years, and had simply sunk below the margin of conscious memory. The second hypothesis was, therefore, that the medium was able, by telepathy, to read not only the conscious, but also the sub-conscious, mind of the sitter.

Then there were facts, at no time known to the sitter, but known to other people, still living, who might be at the other side of the globe. Were these facts gleaned from that distant mind by the exercise of an extraordinary faculty of selective telepathy possessed by the medium, a mental power which was able to roam through space, as it were, until the needed fact was found in some one's mind? It was evident that the telepathic hypothesis was being stretched near to the breaking point.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers was one of the central figures in these inquiries in England, as Mr. R. Hodgson was in the United States. These two men died full of their subject, and firmly determined to "send over" communications which would demonstrate their identity as the source of communications, and thus put the telepathic hypothesis out of court.

A large part of Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture was devoted to an account of the efforts which he believed had been made by Myers, after his death, to establish his identity as the communicating subject. These evidences fell into two classes: messages which had the peculiar flavor of Myers' mind, with its classical, poetical, psychical coloring; and messages cut up into several parts, each in itself unintelligible; each part being sent through a separate medium, and the parts being brought together at the office of the Society for Psychical Research. These disjointed fragments, which were later fitted together, are the so-called "cross-correspondences" which were canvassed in the daily papers at the time. Sir Oliver detailed a number of them. He added a series of somewhat sensational messages, such as one received from a man who went down with the *Lusitania*, psychically received in London before the telegraph brought news of the

German infamy; various messages from men killed in the great war, and so on.

Such, in brief, was the substance of the lecture, which appeared to Sir Oliver Lodge satisfactorily to establish the fact of survival. And it seems probable that the clearness and consecutive reasoning of the lecturer, taken with the commanding personality and scientific renown of the lecturer, convinced a large part of the audience of the reality of the kind of survival Sir Oliver Lodge believes in.

At this point two criticisms suggest themselves; one purely scientific, and the other moral. To begin with the scientific criticism: the whole of the material described by Sir Oliver Lodge seems to be second-hand material; not only was he himself not the observer of the various psychical states which he described, all his information coming to him through mediums, but even these mediums were not direct observers, since they were generally in different trance conditions while receiving the communications, so that they had no memory of them afterwards. The whole method, therefore, appears to us to be faulty and bad. But there is a graver scientific objection: the observers seem to jump to the conclusion that the communications which they describe are necessarily from human spirits, and they seem convinced that these spirits are, in general, the people whom they represent themselves to be.

Now, while we are ready to admit that, in rare cases, such authentic communications may and do occur, we hold, on the other hand, that the psychical world is infinitely more complex, and its inhabitants infinitely more varied, than these investigators seem to realize. The possibilities of trickery and deception, in that world of reflected images, are endless; what is really going on, we believe, can never be decided by observation within the psychic world itself, even where that observation is direct—as it is not, in the experiences we have been describing; the real facts can be discerned only from the plane above the psychic world, by an observer fully conscious on that plane; and in these experiments there is no claim at all to that kind of consciousness: hardly any realization, even, that it exists, and must be used if trustworthy conclusions are to be reached.

But there is a far more serious objec-

tion, one which gains in weight, the more successful Sir Oliver Lodge is, in conveying to his audiences his own conviction as to "survival."

To put it briefly: He is propagating belief in a non-moral, if not actually an immoral, immortality. For any one who heard his lectures and accepted his conclusions, it would be quite natural to say: Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we—live!

There was no point in the lecture to which we listened, or in any of these lectures, so far as we can learn, at which it was made clear that real immortality must be fought for and attained, in a conflict every step of which calls for sacrifice, high valor, faith and purity of heart. Spiritual life had, apparently, no part in the matter; survival came as automatically as growth and old age.

But, if we are right, thus to detach immortality from the realities of spiritual life, from the genuinely religious qualities, is to do a supremely dangerous thing. Let us try to bring this out, by what may appear an extreme illustration:

Let us suppose that the Powers of Good are ceaselessly striving to raise the consciousness of mankind to the spiritual plane, the plane of what we may call *Buddhi-Manas*, the plane of genuine immortality. And let us at the same time suppose that the Powers of Evil, aware that consciousness is inextinguishable, are trying might and main to limit human consciousness to their own plane, the highest plane which, being Powers of Evil, they themselves can reach: what has been called the plane of *Kama-Manas*; their object being to keep human consciousness and human life within their own reach, within their own power, on a plane on which they can "feed on" it, so to speak.

Which of these forces, the Powers of Good or the Powers of Evil, is helped by the work which Sir Oliver Lodge has in hand? Is it not quite evident that he is limiting the whole idea of immortality to the psychical plane, the plane of *Kama-Manas*, and is thus playing directly into the hands of the Powers of Evil? Some realization of this inevitable tendency of his work caused the sense of despondency and depression which the hearing of his lecture aroused, as has been recorded.

If men can gain immortality without holiness, and Sir Oliver Lodge appears to teach this, and even to teach that it is practically impossible not to attain immortality; then holiness is a superfluity; the whole of the religious life, in the deeper sense, is a mere waste of time. Such a belief can not fail to immortalize and sensualize the whole conception of immortality; it can not fail to lead people to stop short of the supreme effort and sacrifice which, in our belief, are essential for the attainment of true immortality. The whole tendency, therefore, of this teaching is dangerous in the last degree. It makes for evil, and not for good.

If we reach this conclusion, and it appears to be unavoidable, then the question arises: How does it come that a man of Sir Oliver Lodge's attainments, his scientific earnestness, his unquestioned devotion to truth, is thus led into a direction of work which we believe to be spiritually disastrous?

The answer which suggests itself to our minds is this: Sir Oliver Lodge has, we believe, been engaged in psychical research, with other members of the Society for Psychical Research, for thirty-five years or more. That society was, in 1884, deeply interested in the work of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, and in those teachings, given to the world through her, which many of us believe to be the teachings of the Lodge of Masters. At that time, therefore, the members of that society, including Sir Oliver Lodge, were given the opportunity either greatly to help, or greatly to hinder, the beneficent work for the world which the Lodge of Masters had in hand.

Whether from innate skepticism, from cowardice, from sheer stupidity, or from whatever cause, they took, as a body, the baser way. Their agent, Richard Hodgson, who was at no time witness of any of the phenomena which he undertook to judge, based his whole case on hearsay, and on the testimony of avowed enemies. To put it on the best footing, that was stupid and fundamentally unscientific. But this obtuseness of method and conclusion was, after due consideration, adopted by the Society for Psychical Research, which undertook to brand Mme. Blavatsky as "an interesting fraud," and this, because of their action, has become

the official view of that splendid martyr to spiritual truth.

Had the Society for Psychical Research possessed what the old-fashioned phrase of the Prayer Book calls "grace, wisdom, and understanding"; had they first understood, and then courageously supported, the genuine spiritual teachings which were then within their reach, the result might have been incalculable good for the whole human race. But, as we have said, they took the baser way. And it seems to us that, through the operation of Karmic law, because they refused to work the works of light, they are now led to work the works of darkness. Having had a superb opportunity to forward the true spirituality, the knowledge of the true immortality, and having, after full deliberation, turned their backs upon that "open door of heaven," they find themselves, these five and thirty years, floundering in the morass of psychism, teaching a false immortality and, by that teaching, undermining the spiritual life of mankind.

Sir Oliver Lodge did not take, it is true, any prominent part in the attack made by the Society for Psychical Research on Mme. Blavatsky in 1885. But neither did he take any part in defending her against attack. He is, therefore, it seems to us, fully implicated in the Karma of obscurantism and delusion incurred by the Society; and he is, day by day, in these lectures of his on non-moral immortality, not so much paying the penalty as incurring ever deeper indebtedness. There can be no graver spiritual offense than to keep back spiritual light from mankind, by attacking and defaming the bringers of the light.—*Theosophical Quarterly*.

KNOCKING.

Mrs. Desmond Humphrey in "The Truth of Spiritualism" (Lippincott's) explains among other interesting things why spirits manifest their presence by knocking. "This commonplace manner of drawing attention to their visits is a proof of unchanged identity. They wish, as it were, to call upon an earthly friend; to attract attention. While on the earth plane this was done by means of a knock at the door. Therefore they knock." Oh, Lord!

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

(By Samuel Colman, N. A., and C.
Arthur Coan, LL. B.)

To form some inferential knowledge of the fourth dimension, even from an argumentative standpoint, let us begin on a foundation of recognized facts. A point, in mathematics, is that which hath position, but no dimensions. If a point be moved straight forward, a line is formed; if this line be shoved sideways at right angles to itself, we describe a plane surface; if the plane be raised upwards at right angles to its outlining sides, we form a cube or rectangle—a solid. Here we stop, so far as human comprehension goes, with its call for visible demonstrations; but what, logically, would happen if a cube were moved at right angles to its own bounding sides? You say that this is impossible, since it would have to move in at least six directions at once. I grant you, it is impossible, so far as we can see. Position, as we have said, requires no dimensions. One dimension is shown in length, two in length and breadth, three in solids having length, breadth, and thickness. Now in what form will a figure of four dimensions show itself? The reply is difficult to formulate, yet, mathematically, we can conceive the four as easily as we can evolve a fourth power of X—and that is just as simple as to form a cube. As Bragdon says: "With the geometry of such a space mathematicians long have been familiar, but is there such a space—is there any body for this mathematical soul? Adventure with me down a precipice of thought," says he, "sustained only by the rope of analogy, slender but strong. This rope, anchored in the firm ground of sensuous perception, extends three paces in the direction of the great abyss, then vanishes at the giddy brink. Let us examine this sustaining simile foot by foot and strand by strand. Familiar both to mind and eye are the space systems of one, two and three dimensions; that is, lines, planes, solids. Lines are bounded by points, and themselves bound planes; line-bound planes in turn bound solids. *'What then do solids bound?'* Here is where the analogical rope vanishes from sight. If you answer that a solid can not be a boundary, we part company. No argument of mind can

convince you to the contrary. But if you are interested enough to ask, 'Well, what do solids bound?' logic compels the answer, 'Higher solids'; four dimensional forms (invisible to sight) related to the solids we know as are these related to their bounding planes, as planes to their bounding lines."—From "*Proportional Form.*" Published by Putnam's.

H. P. BLAVATSKY ON KARMA.

The following extracts from the *Secret Doctrine* are worthy of the extraordinary study of those who would gain an adequate conception of the "law that moves to righteousness" and that would do more for the redemption of the human race than all the theologies that ever yet have vexed men's minds:

"Compare this blind faith with the philosophical belief, based on every reasonable evidence and on life-experience, in Karma-Nemesis, or the Law of Retribution. This Law—whether Conscious or Unconscious—predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is Eternity itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with Eternity, it can not be said to act, for it is Action itself. It is not the *wave* which destroys a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch who goes deliberately and places himself under the *impersonal* action of the laws that govern the *ocean*'s motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmic Law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual liberty, like the God invented by the Monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex men; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary he who through study and meditation unveils its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the winding of which so many men perish owing to their igno-

rance of the labyrinth of life—is working for the good of his fellow-men.

“It is only the knowledge of the constant rebirths of one and the same Individuality throughout the Life-Cycle . . . it is only this doctrine, we say, that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities; when one sees honor paid to profligates and fools, on whom fortune has heaped her favors by mere privilege of birth, and their nearest neighbor, with all his intellect and noble virtues—far more deserving in every way—perishing of want and for lack of sympathy; when one sees all this and has to turn away, helpless to relieve the undeserved suffering, one’s ears ringing and heart aching with the cries of pain around him—that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator.

“Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of these ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate, while another sees in them the action of blind Fatalism, and a third, simple Chance, with neither Gods nor Devils to guide them—would surely disappear, if we would but attribute all of them to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors would no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world’s evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, tribes, societies, and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the ‘ways of Providence.’ We cut these numerous windings to our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine

that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then we complain because these windings are so intricate and dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not solve*, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or in another life.”

DO SPIRITUALISTS GO INSANE?

In “The Menace of Spiritualism” (Stokes) Elliott O’Donnell says that spiritualistic séances and table-tipping parties are not only directly injurious to health, but actually bring on insanity. Mr. O’Donnell, however, who has gained the reputation of being one of the most celebrated ghost hunters of the day, does not on this account disbelieve in the existence of spirits. He does disbelieve, however, in substituting “Necromancy for Christianity.”

“The devotees of Spiritualism,” he says, “are almost uniformly people of the same type—men and women—mostly the latter—with pale, restless eyes and ill-balanced faces.

“But one of the commonest results of going to séances and constantly consulting so-called professional psychists—no matter what their *modus operandi*, or whether their alleged spirit communications be celestial or otherwise—is insanity. I myself have come across many people who have succumbed to the craze for attending séances, and have eventually gone mad.”

The Self pervades all created things in the five forms, and constantly makes them, by means of birth, growth, and decay revolve like the wheels of a chariot. He who thus recognizes the Self through the Self in all created beings becomes equal-minded towards all, and enters the highest state, Brahman.—*Manu*.

Materialists, unwilling to admit the mysterious element of our nature, make it all mysterious—nothing mysterious in nerves, eyes, etc., but that nerves think—! Stir up the sediment into transparent water, and so make all opaque!—*Cole-ridge*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
MAY 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 8, 1920.

Price Five Cents

"THE MASSES."

The communication from Captain Endersby to be found in another column will be read with interest and attention, not only for its practical value, but for its insight into the true mission of Theosophy. None the less we are afraid that Captain Endersby has failed correctly to diagnose the true malady of the situation.

It is neither a reform of procedure nor a simplification of methods that is needed, but rather a change in the minds and manners of Theosophists themselves. Of what avail is it to put forth a statement of theosophical principles while every one of those principles is arrogantly denied and derided by the theosophical organizations?

Theosophy proclaims the freedom of the human mind, but Captain Endersby must be well aware that the average Theosophist is required to show a slavering adulation of teachers and leaders to which no parallel can be found in the regular religious communities. He must be well aware that there is an enforcement of creed and dogma that is alike cruel and relentless, that unorthodoxy is punished by ostracism and the boycott, and that the worship of personalities is carried to a point alike shameful and unique. By what right are the "masses"

invited to enter an organization wherein uncharity has been made a virtue, that has preserved so many of the vices of the old ecclesiasticism and so few of its virtues, that proclaims brotherhood and practices exclusiveness, that seems to prefer a positive misconduct to the least rebellion against authority and dictatorship, and that has dethroned the religion of fraternity in favor of crude and silly superstitions? Again, of what avail is it to attract the "masses" by Theosophy with the full assurance that they must at once be repelled by Theosophists?

Captain Endersby means well, but he is shooting at the wrong target. Let him persuade his fellow-Theosophists that their only *raison d'être* is to demonstrate the existence of a law of human brotherhood by the simplest form of exposition without use of obscurities and technicalities. Let him persuade them to abjure their superstitions and to renounce their spiritualism with all its "invisible helpers," guides, and astral garbage. Let them hold their peace about a "coming Christ" and dam the river of drivel about auras and reincarnation heredities. Let them realize that their absurdities and extravagances have done more to injure Theosophy than all the forces of materialism put together. If they will do these things they need have no doubt that the "masses" will respond.

TALKING WITH ANDROMEDA.

The *English Contemporary Review* prints a curious article entitled "Andromedan Messages," by J. E. G. de M. It is in the form of an allegory, and its appearance in so conservative a magazine must be regarded as significant.

The story relates to the experiments of Mr. Wilfred Wilsher, an amateur astronomer, who confides his discoveries to Dr. Battle, who in turn communicates them to the Bishop of Wiltchester. Wilsher, it seems, has succeeded in exchanging messages with the star Andromeda. He had been unable to use wireless telegraphy or the Hertzian waves, since these have merely the velocity of light or electricity; and therefore his messages would take three thousand years to reach their destination. Wilsher explains his process to Dr. Battle:

"Mathematicians seem to have agreed among themselves that Time and Space do not exist independently of one another, and that the so-called Ether is not a material thing at all, but a mere conventional term to explain those undulations or waves that render the transmission of electrical and gravitational energy possible. Now if there are other undulations which have a different rate of progress, an almost infinitely swifter rate of progress let us say, we should come to the apparently absurd result that the wave would be in two places at the same moment. But since Time, apart from Space, is not an independent entity, since, indeed, there is no such thing as Absolute Time, the thing is not absurd. That seems to me clear and the moment that I saw it I realized that I might, if I could but identify and transform the waves I wanted, come into immediate contact with the outer universes, using something far swifter and subtler than the Hertzian waves of the infra-red scale employed in wireless telegraphy. Do you follow me at all?" "I think I do," said the rector, "and simply for the reason that your mathematical reasoning may possibly be translated into philosophical terms. Neither Space nor Time exist for pure ideas." "Exactly," said Mr. Wilsher, eagerly, "you are certainly no common juryman. Now where could we find such a force as would set in motion the waves I want." "Well," said the rector slowly, "possibly Memory is such a force; perhaps Hate, Love, or even the intellectual faculties." "Well," said the astronomer impatiently, "put all that into practical terms, what does it come to but this, that Thought itself acts, not at a distance, but by waves in some medium, call it Ether or what you like? That was my idea. If I could find a means, a transformer, for my thinking, and could set the waves moving, they would simultaneously at any point be ready to be picked up. I invented my machine, a sort of type-writing machine, and played my thoughts into it. I invented my receiver, and took thoughts

out of it. After all, there is nothing very wonderful in it. Mere speaking is the wireless expression of thoughts. Anyhow, I am in instantaneous touch with some world in the so-called Nebula of Andromeda. I could identify the Nebula from its light-spectrum. There is a definite relation between this spectrum and what I may call my thought-spectrum. It may be that others of those special nebulae, those universes which lie altogether outside our universe beyond the Milky Way, it may be that others of these rare and remote regions send forth and answer the Wilsher Waves. But I doubt it. It seems to me not improbable that each universe, amid the myriad universes of space, has its own wave, its own language with which it is enabled to communicate with the other denizens of space."

After supper Wilsher tells the rector what he has learned from Andromeda and the rector reports the matter to the bishop:

He said that the messages, being thought-messages from one mind to another, came through in the language in which he thought. I replied that for this purpose they must be received by his mind before passing into the machine for reproduction and that, therefore, the whole thing might be, and probably was, an illusion. Wilsher's answer to this criticism was that he, of course, had foreseen this, that he had only asked questions the answers to which were entirely unknown to him, and had practically eliminated his own personality. For my own part, I do not believe that this was the case. I should never think of trusting any human medium. However, the gist of the story comes to this: that in this Andromedan star a society, indistinguishable from human society, had at length exhausted the possibilities of physical and mental progress. The long struggle against nature, against ignorance, against wickedness and vice, against the defects of human or Andromedan nature, had ended. Birth and death alike were painless; sorrow arising from wrong-doing or sickness was unknown. The only sorrow was the parting caused by death which was extraordinarily postponed; the only joy was the enlargement of society by birth. Animal and intellectual nature had been raised to their supreme height. A perfect level of serene efficiency pervaded the whole society. This society knew the surrounding worlds and even our remote universe, in a way hardly to be conceived by our astronomers. In vain for centuries had efforts been made to secure communication with other worlds. In that effort remained the only hope of further progress. The mystery of death alone remained unsolved. If there had ever been any religion it had gone. A purely mechanical conception of things bound all, or almost all, of the Andromedans. The message, however, asked, "Is there anything beyond the grave?" Wilsher replied "Yes," and passed through the machine the text of the sixth chapter of St. John. A strange story, my dear pupil, and frankly one I do not accept.

But the bishop is not so sure. He replies:

Why not? There are none of the usual foolishnesses in the narrative. Wilsher is the sanest of men. Moreover, to me it bears the impress of truth; *de te fabula* with a vengeance. When I say "you" I am addressing our civilization. I do not know whether Wilsher is in touch with Andromeda, but he certainly is in touch with our weak spot.

But we should still like to know what the bishop proposes to do about it. Perhaps the people of Andromeda will not be satisfied with a few biblical texts. It seems highly doubtful. How the bishop must wish that his church had preserved the Gnosis.

A SUGGESTION.

(By Captain Victor A. Endersby.)

The suggestion herein contained is the result of several years quiet free-lance propaganda work among the people, of all creeds, trades, and social positions.

I believe that the number of ordinary people ready to accept the theosophical doctrines, if presented in a way to reach them properly, is very much larger than is generally supposed; and that that number also takes in much more of the so-called lower strata than may be imagined.

Now, if Theosophy has any mission on earth whatever at this time it is to stave off the worst dangers of Kali Yuga by reaching that very class as soon as possible and to the greatest possible extent. Personally, I have found that almost any casual man you may meet at once recognizes Karma and Reincarnation as logical and satisfactory; it is true he usually demands objective proof before actually taking up the doctrine, but even at that is very likely to be considerably impressed; often sufficiently to begin living in a different manner almost subconsciously. And there is always a large number willing to make the necessary sacrifices of time, effort, and personal interests to hunt for that proof, if earnestly assured that it does actually exist.

That Theosophy is not widely spread is due solely to the fact that it has not been accessible to them in a simple and striking form. The word appearing on the covers of our publications has altogether too abstruse and "Highbrow" a sound to arouse a desire for investigation; even

though to many it is rather awe-inspiring.

If the word could always be made to appear in connection with a simple and condensed explanation of its general meaning, I am convinced, from my own personal observation, we would very soon have a great increase in talk along Theosophical lines, and a considerable increase in active students as well.

Following up this line of thought, I make bold to suggest that all theosophical publications print immediately under the title on the outside cover a short exposition of somewhat the following nature, which I have found to be the most effective form for the purpose of attracting the attention of minds new to the subject:

What is the theosophical doctrine?

1. That our minds and souls develop by one life on earth after another, coming back each time a little wiser than before.

2. That our circumstances in each life are due to our action in the past ones.

3. That after we have studied enough along the right lines we will remember all our past lives.

4. That by unselfish living we only may come into that knowledge.

5. That one man is more able than another because he has studied more in his past lives.

Is it in accord with facts?

There are no known facts against it in any realm of science, and in addition it gives explanations of many things still mysteries to science as usually understood, including the working of the mind, hypnotism, spiritualism, etc.

Are there any proofs?

There are plenty, and all that is required is honest and earnest study.

Is it too deep for an ordinary man to understand?

At the beginning any one can understand it; and as you study your mind develops to understand the deeper things. As it explains everything if carried far enough, after a time it goes beyond all languages; but it can be followed even there, and men are doing so.

What kind of people are Theosophists?

All kinds; scientists, doctors, engineers, professors, laborers. A great number of medical doctors are Theosophists. The chief doctrine is Brotherhood, and we welcome all; but we earnestly warn all

who are selfish, lazy, or cowardly not to take it up.

I can see only two or three possible objections to this procedure:

First, that it would tend to eliminate mystery from the word and tend to destroy exclusiveness; but I am speaking to true Theosophists, who are more interested in the fate of humanity than in having an exclusive doctrine to hug to their bosoms.

A second and more real objection is that it might be casting pearls before swine to too great an extent. But who is to distinguish the swine? Certainly not I, who have so often seen men with all the earmarks of typical I. W. W. devouring occult literature with an avidity unsurpassed by any of the well-washed. Perhaps we may bring into our open meetings some of the unwashed; but are we Theosophists or sacrosanct Brahmins? Were the followers of Christ perfumed aristocrats? Is the Salvation Army to have a monopoly of our lowly brothers? Also I may say that some publications would certainly prefer their present beautifully colored and highly esoteric chromo covers to anything tending to a spread of Brotherhood. I will say also in passing that one of the greatest obstacles I have had to fight was the impressions created in many minds by the peculiar practices of the organizations of which said publications are organs.

I would suggest that all Theosophists make a special effort to place their publications in the reading rooms of public libraries; and it might be well if all would concert to distribute free copies of pamphlets along the line suggested.

These suggestions may fall unheeded; but I who was born of the rougher classes, who have lived in lumber camp and tent, who have served in the ranks of the army, say to you all that the opportunity can not be overestimated; neither can the danger of its neglect.

We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson*.

The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.—*Hume*.

A NEW FORM OF MATTER?

The announcement by E. P. Dutton & Co. that they will presently publish an English translation by Dr. Fournier d'Albe, formerly secretary to Sir William Barrett, of the work by Professor Schrenk-Notzing on "The Phenomena of Materialization," which has attracted much attention in Europe, will remind the reader of Mrs. de Koven's new book, "A Cloud of Witnesses," of the account she gives of one phase of Schrenk-Notzing's investigations. Some of his studies were conducted in Paris in connection with Mme. Alexandre Bisson and both investigators came to conclusions which coincide with those reached by Professor Crawford in his work on "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," and indicate that he and they are on the verge of proving the existence of a new form of matter, or, at least, a form of matter hitherto unknown to scientists. Mrs. de Koven thus describes, in the first chapter of her book, "A Cloud of Witnesses," lately published by E. P. Dutton & Co., the strange matter that seemed to emanate from the body of the medium with whom Schrenk-Notzing and Mme. Bisson were experimenting:

"The medium, undressed first, and then clad in a single garment, was rigidly examined by Professor Schrenk-Notzing and the experiments were witnessed by as many as one hundred other French scientists and physicians. She was placed behind curtains which were, however, left open, the medium's hands holding them apart and grasped firmly by the hands of the experimenters. The appearance of the substance usually announced itself by the presence of luminous spots, varying in size, which were scattered over the left side of the black smoke of the medium. Further emissions of larger extent appeared, coming from the crown of the medium's head, from the breasts, mouth, and from the ends of her fingers. The substance had three colors—black, white, gray. Sometimes it issued in threads, sometimes in thick cords or flat ribbons. A remarkable membranous form with fringed edges and swellings closely resembled the caul. Sometimes the amount of this substance was small and sometimes it issued in a mass of disorganized material like protoplasm and covered the medium like a cloud from head to foot.

The substance could be felt. It was cold and damp and sometimes slimy. Sometimes when it took the form of cords it was hard and dry. The threads were stiff, but elastic. The substance was mobile. Sometimes it appeared and disappeared simultaneously. It was sensitive and when touched by the hand of the observer caused pain to the medium. It was sensitive to light. A strong light caused the medium to cry out, but she could sometimes support full daylight and a magnesium flashlight, which permitted photographs to be taken, could be borne, although it caused her to start violently. It tended rapidly to assume organic forms which appeared enmeshed in it, and then, as if manipulated by the hand of an unseen sculptor, it took the shape of admirably molded hands and feet, of heads with thick hair upon solid skulls, of complete and sometimes beautiful faces. Complete figures also appeared and presented every appearance of the living human being."

Photographs of this substance in the various forms that it assumed were made by Mme. Bisson and Professor Schrenk-Notzing and many of them will appear in his forthcoming volume. Dr. Crawford, who is professor of applied science in the University of Belfast, found what he considered ample proof of the emanation of a similar substance from the medium with whom he worked, and in his books describing his experiments, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" and "Experiments in Psychical Science," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have published in this country, he works out the formulæ and draws the diagrams showing how it acted on the cantilever principle in the levitation of tables and chairs. He kept the medium on a scales platform and found that, as this substance emanated from her body and lifted articles of furniture, her weight decreased by the weight of the article lifted.

Were a truly learned Occultist-Alchemist to write the "Life and Adventures of an Atom," he would secure thereby the supreme scorn of the modern Chemist, though perchance also his subsequent gratitude.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The moment you become conscious of goodness you cease to be good.—*Buddhist Aphorism.*

IN DARKEST EINSTEIN.

(From the New York Nation.)

Imagine yourself in the middle of a compartment falling from a great height, and then imagine the compartment jerked violently to one side; imagine yourself traveling through inter-stellar space with the velocity of light; imagine yourself, with a yardstick in hand, speeding with nine-tenths of the velocity of light alongside an object whose length you were trying to measure; imagine trying to match yardsticks with another unfortunate individual traveling with equal rapidity in the opposite direction; imagine trying to tell the time from a clock on the rear of an express train going away from you with the velocity of light. The writers of Einstein articles seem to realize that these are predicaments usually found only in bad dreams, for they bait them with most intriguing conclusions. If such things were happening, then you would have eternal youth (though your consciousness would be a complete blank); you would not experience gravitation; you would have no mass; you would contract; the clock would stand still; your yardstick would prove to be only two inches long. In short, you would really understand the theory of relativity and could talk about Einstein intelligibly. We assume that none of the writers in question has actually undergone these experiences.

We can assure our readers, however, after an extensive perusal of the literature of the subject, that certain hypotheses have been indubitably proved. One is, that although Newton was not right about the law of gravity, it nevertheless exerts a force on light rays. Another is that there is no ether; if you wore an ethereal hat, it could not be blown away by the ethereal wind which scientists formerly supposed was set up by the motion of the earth through the ether. Another hypothesis of great interest, particularly to children, is that if there were a drop of water 732 million kilometers in diameter, there would be nothing else in space—in fact there would be no space at all outside of it. Concerning this conclusion, however, there seems to be some doubt. Perhaps it would be better to say that if instead of adopting an ordinary three-dimensional idea of space we drew a properly dis-

torted diagram, including four or five dimensions if we chose, but at least constructed according to principles quite unknown to Euclid, space would have limits, and all existence would exist, as it were, in the interior of a gigantic egg. This thought gives one a cosy feeling to counteract the sense of awful immensity which we ordinarily derive from looking at the stars and wondering where they end. The important thing to remember in this connection is that whether or not space is infinite depends not on space, but on the diagram you draw of it.

In the ordinary life of the commuter there are various Einsteineous experiences. One is walking up a moving stairway—which may, if properly viewed, give one the sense that the earth is falling as one rises. Another is leaving a city which saves daylight for a suburb which does not, so that one leisurely gets on the train at 5, and after an hour's ride leaves it at 5. The sobering aftermath of this triumph is that next morning you depart from the suburb at 7 in order to reach the city at 9—but, of course, the true Einsteiners never come back.

The final conclusion which is insisted upon by all the popular interpreters, and which we must enforce upon our readers, is that the difficulty of the subject is greatly exaggerated. If you do not understand it at a glance you are a dunce and a simpleton. Do not let the publishers trick you by leading you from article to article and from book to book in a vain hope of catching the will-o'-the-wisp. Read one exposition firmly and quietly, and if you do not at once see that nothing is fixed and absolute; that we are living in a glorious whirl in which time and space can gayly exchange places like partners in a Virginia reel, turn no more to Einstein, but to your private cellar. You can be intoxicated only by a brew beneath the attention of physicists.

Science is before a dead wall, on the face of which she traces, as she imagines, great physiological and psychic discoveries, every one of which will be shown, later on, to be no better than cobwebs, spun by her scientific fancies and illusions.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The soul alone is the medium by which spirit and body are united.—*Hermes.*

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SOUL?

(From Leslie's Weekly.)

The accompanying photographs are, perhaps, among the most remarkable which have ever been taken by man. They were made some years ago by Dr. Baraduc of Paris, and represent his attempts to photograph the soul at the moment of its departure from the body at death. His wife is seen lying upon the bed, and from her body issued, at the very moment of dissolution, three white, misty balls, which gradually condensed and consolidated into *one*—being bound together, apparently by the white threads which are also to be seen in the photograph. Dr. Baraduc took photographs, on specially prepared plates, every fifteen minutes for three hours after death, and on all these plates obtained these markings—showing the gradual process of the withdrawal of the soul from the body, and its final detachment therefrom some hours later. Dr. Baraduc was known for his work in neurology and general diseases of the stomach—in addition to his work in the field of psychical research. He has lately died, and the results of some of his investigations have been published. It will be noted that there is a systematic and positive progression in all his plates as the formation of the spirit-body took place, and it is impossible that these results could have been due to chance. These photographs, then, represent, so far as we can see, the first successful actual photographs which have been taken at the departure of the soul from the body at the moment of death.

They are not, however, the first "psychic" photographs which have been made, since Dr. Durville, in France, and others, have obtained successful marking upon photographic plates of radiations issuing from the human body. Dr. McDougall of Haverhill, Massachusetts, also, some years ago, succeeded (apparently) in weighing the soul at the moment of death. He found that it weighed about two and a quarter ounces. He placed the patient, bed and all, upon a delicate balance, and at the very moment of death, the balance showed a sudden and unaccountable loss of between two and two and a half ounces.

(It need hardly be said that the photographs, which are of a most interesting nature, have no necessary relation what-

soever to the human soul, which, having no material substance, could have no effect upon either the photographic plate nor the weighing machine. It is sufficient to say that something was seen to leave the body at the moment of death and that it was photographed. But it was not the soul.—ED. OUTLOOK.

QUATERMAIN RETURNS.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

In Sir Rider Haggard's latest we meet once again our old friend, that stalwart, taciturn adventurer, Allan Quatermain. He is doubly an "ancient" now—settled down in England with the intention of spending his remaining days in seclusion. But he receives an invitation from an old friend, Lady Ragnall to visit her at Ragnall Castle. Lady Ragnall and her late husband had spent many years in Egypt, both students of Egyptology and history. Before she left the Kenadah country the priesthood presented her with two ancient rolls of papyrus, also with a quantity of a certain herb not unlike tobacco in appearance, which was called by the Kenda *taduki*. "Once before our great homeward journey across the desert Lady Ragnall and I had a curious conversation about the herb, whereof the property is to cause the person who inhales its fumes to become clairvoyant or to dream dreams, whichever the truth may be."

Lady Ragnall believed that a time would come when she or Allan or both of them would be destined to inhale the *taduki* fumes and see wonderful pictures of some past or future existence in which they were both concerned. In her boudoir Lady Ragnall pointed to a little carved Eastern chest made of sandalwood. "With a groan I rose and opened it. Inside was a box made of silver. This I opened also and perceived that within lay bundles of dried leaves that looked like tobacco, from which floated an enervating and well-remembered scent that clouded my brain for a moment. *Taduki*, I murmured."

Reluctantly Allan consents to an experiment with the herb. First, however, he leaves a note providing against eventualities:

"Lady Ragnall and I, Allan Quatermain, are about to make an experiment with an herb which we discovered some years ago in Africa. If by chance this

should result in accident to either or both of us the coroner is requested to understand that it is not a case of murder or suicide, but merely an unfortunate scientific research."

After dinner in the museum of the castle Lady Ragnall prepares for the demonstration. Placing a quantity of the herb in a brazier standing on a tripod between them, they inhale the smoke. Then their adventures or troubles begin—and do not end until the story is told. In their dreams they are living many centuries before in the land of the Pharaohs. Lady Ragnall is wedded to Isis. Allan is metamorphosed into the mighty hunter of old, young, strong, and intrepid; he is known as the Egyptian hunter and noble Shabaka. Vividly described are the rushes of vapor driven by mighty winds; great seas for the most part calm; upheavals and volcanoes spouting fire; tropic scenes of infinite luxuriance; half-human, hairy jabberers, "sometimes they stood upright and sometimes ran on their hands and feet"; apemen, fat eunuchs, scented nobles, dwarfs, and black-maned lions. We are introduced to the dwarf, Bes, who becomes Allan's faithful and efficient slave; the eunuch, Houman; the great king, Prince Peroa, the Holy Tanosfer, the Lady Tiu, the high priest Amen, "I the Karoon," Karnema and Satraps, hermits and seers without number. There are rose-hued pearls, the "Cup," the Great White Seal—"signet of signets"—the City of Grasshopper, the City of Graves, Ethiopian chants, the Ordeal of the Matrons and scores of personalities, incidents, and accessories, all playing their parts in an astoundingly improbable tale which is yet told with fascinating skill. In a word, Sir Rider Haggard has lost none of his zest for wild yarning which held us breathless of old, and his indestructible hero runs true to ancient form.

The whole weight of the world can not crush out this individuality of mine. I maintain it in spite of the tremendous gravitation of all things.—*Tagore*.

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JUN 14 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 15, 1920.

Price Five Cents

PROPORTIONAL FORM.

When Samuel Colman, N. A., and C. Arthur Coan, LL. B., wrote "Nature's Harmonic Unity" it was evident that they were exploring a veritable mine of occult truth. Their discoveries were not, of course, wholly new. That there were laws of periodicity, of rhythm, of proportion, throughout nature had been commonly recognized for ages, but now almost for the first time we had some attempt at codification and synthesis. Their new book, "Proportional Form," is described as further studies along the same line.

The authors seem to believe that nature determines and regulates her revelations, that she consciously touches the minds of men with a vision of new truth:

She has a way of telephoning mankind a message to the effect that she feels it time he should develop a better knowledge along certain lines. Forthwith a mandarin in Chinese robes, and wearing a peacock's feather, or a Thibetan priest burning incense in some walled and forbidden city, will fall into a brown study. Bent he will be on de-coding Nature's telegram, and all unaware that perhaps studious Mahometans nodding in some far-off Sahn el-Gamia and lonesome astronomers on the peaks of the Andes, explorers in the heart of Africa, anæmic students in rooms too hot, and sturdy, practical scientists in tents too cold, separated by a whole world of land and water, have all been unconsciously impelled to take up the same questions at the self-same time. Telepathically perhaps they will transmute to each other their agreements and disagreements preparatory to disclosing a series of inventions, discoveries, and theories which

will seem in the final analysis to have come straight out of the blue. Thus, when Nature's chicks are ready to hatch, they merely peck the shell and step boldly out. In all this you will observe that Nature has simply set the stage, rung up the curtain, spoken the prologue, and dispatched Iris as her messenger and call-girl to warn the actors of their impending cues.

The law of proportion in nature has certainly never found a more fascinating presentation than here. Mineral, vegetable, and animal life are examined, and we are shown that everywhere may be found some dominant number that never varies. Why, for example, are the cells of the bee hexagonal? By what mysterious force is the snowflake stamped with an arithmetical sygil? Reaumer tells us that the best engineering skill of today, if faced with the problem of the bee, would solve that problem as the bee has solved it. But why is there some dominant number in every form of vegetable life? What strange powers are these that lie hid in numbers, what indications of those powers may we not find in the study of numbers?

The same law holds good in the great as in the small. The authors remind us of Bode's Law of planetary distances:

Can it now be stated that such a table shows accurately the position of the planets? With absolute accuracy? No. Nevertheless, the figures do bear a remarkable similarity to the facts. Now observe that this law was first announced to the world in 1772 and that at that time the interval between the position of Mars at approximately one and six-tenths astronomical units from the sun and Jupiter

at five and two-tenths, was still unexplained, and neither Uranus nor Neptune had been discovered. Then, visualize Herschel as discovering Uranus, which for a time bore his name. The edge was somewhat taken off this discovery by the fact that, for a considerable time, it was supposed that the new heavenly traveler was a comet and not until later was it determined that a planet had been added to our system. When, however, it was known that Uranus was a planet, interest instantly centred around the question of its position in relation to Bode's Law and we now know that it fell as exactly into its appointed spot as if the placing of chairs at the celestial table for unexpected wanderers were a matter of daily occurrence. Since a planet was obligingly found to fill every niche in the system except that between Mars and Jupiter, what more natural, then, than that speculation should be rife as to why nothing appeared to occupy this one existing cavity and make the system perfect. Universal search along these lines was quickly rewarded, and today we have, as a result, the records of hundreds of asteroids, little broken particles of a once-planet which circled around the sun in the orbit now vacant but for them. That, however, was not all, for the same research led to the final placing of Neptune, the outermost and farthest distant of all the known planets, making his majestic tour around the sun once in one hundred and sixty-four years, and circling in that solid darkness thirty-odd times as far from the sun as the little Earth we tread.

Sound is treated by the authors in a similar way, and with equally illuminating results. Here, too, is a law of periodicity, and one that seems almost exactly to correspond with the laws of color and heat:

Just as the harmony of combined sounds has been shown, I think conclusively, to depend on combinations in which the vibratory waves and nodes are most consonant and have the most in common, so color harmony depends on a similar consonance. We have found that in sound agreeable chords were formed of notes vibrating at common periods, and an examination of these will disclose the fact that in wave-value, harmonic notes were *never near neighbors*. The octave, representing the entire sound gamut mathematically, resounds so agreeably that whole choruses are composed to be performed in unison, or octaves. The next most agreeable combinations, third and tonic and fifth and tonic, are spaced nearly equally in the vibratory scale; and, desiring a combination of rough dissonance, who does not at once hit upon joining the seventh and octave, or the dominant and sub-dominant, as embodying the worst that the keyboard presents? The same is precisely true of color. The agreeable common chord of light is composed of those colors nearly equally spaced in the spectrum, and these are found harmonic, while those that are the nearest neighbors in vibration, such as two shades of green or two related reds, or red and pink, are, by public consent, voted impossible or worse.

Perhaps in some future volume the au-

thors will deal with the laws of number and periodicity as applied to the human mind. That there are such laws they evidently suspect. If uniform rules govern form, motion, color, and sound, "do you then believe that beauty and mathematics and geometry and reason can live together in peace and amity? Indeed, do you believe that beauty can exist or survive except with reason in her favor?"

PROPORTIONAL FORM. By Samuel Colman, N. A., and C. Arthur Coan, LL. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OSIRIS.

In my dream, then, behold, was Osiris.
Shattered in infinite fragments,
Filling all space like the dust!
And woe was among all the Particles,
Each sentient and striving for action
In the work for which it was fit.

Lest, blinded, bewildered and useless,
Blown by the great winds ethereal,
They tossed and drifted; or idled
In eddies passed by of the Current,
And strove with each other in vain.
For each to the god indispensable,
Their purpose was slain by disunion
And the scheme of His being was lost.

The millions and millions of fragments
Which, with similar shaping and purpose,
Had formed the right hand of His body,
Were severed asunder and scattered
And mingled with parts that were strange,
And those that were heart of His being,
Were lost in hopeless confusion
Mid atoms of other organs
With other directions and needs.

Yet with blinded remembrance of union,
Those that were thrown thus together—
Parts of all parts of the Body—
Assembled and reassembled
In unions discrete and abhorrent;
Seeking, though futilely ever,
The old lost order and strength.
For, dissymetric and jarring,
They jostled and strove together,
And burst apart in despair.

Lord God of the Light that is Perfect!
Send Thou some magnet among us—
Some magical shaft of Thy being—
To give us direction and purpose,
And bind us together again!

— M. E. Buhler in *New York Sun*.

LODGE ON THE UNSEEN.

"If our minds were open, as the minds of the mystics are, to the glory and magnitude of the universe we could scarcely do our work here. We live among the most extraordinary revelations, but they are veiled from us during the span of our earthly lives in order that we may do our jobs." This is the belief of Sir Oliver Lodge expressed in his recent lecture at Carnegie Hall. "The Reality of the Unseen" was his topic, and he said that the unseen, or unsensed, is all about us—that "there is no chasm between heaven and earth and the barrier which exists can be crossed by love."

Sir Oliver began his lecture by calling attention to some of the strange facts which scientists and astronomers have given us, and which we complacently accept. He drew a corollary to the heavenly bodies in the familiar objects about us, suggesting the dome of one of our downtown buildings as the central orb of an imaginary solar system, in which the earth would be about the size of a football over in Brooklyn somewhere, and the various planets scattered at distances varying from that of New Haven or Philadelphia to that of Buffalo. In a universe built on such a scale the stars would be three times as far away as the moon, he said. "In our own world, when we look toward Orion on a clear night we see light which started in the time of the Plantagenets and has been six hundred years on the way," he continued. "What if the atmosphere around the world had been opaque, as it is in the vicinity of other planets? We would never have known of the existence of the stars, and is it to be supposed that we are not blind to much that exists in the atmosphere?"

"Space," he went on, "is said to be empty because it is penetrated by light—but we only know that it is empty of all obstructive matter. The ether of space is a substantial reality filled with an immense energy, and of it, I believe, matter is made. That it is actually more solid than this desk"—Sir Oliver brought down his hand on the desk at his side—"is fairly orthodox physics. But it is legitimate to doubt, and the fact that ether makes no appeal to the senses gives the skeptical good grounds for doubt," he put in.

His next argument must have been

somewhat confusing to the skeptics, however.

"Electricity, of course, makes no direct appeal to the senses," he said. "It is only when we bring it into contact with matter to produce light, heat, force, that we can sense it—and yet it exists in the atmosphere."

And in discussing the senses as the one accepted source of knowledge, "it is significant how little information their senses give the animals, and how much ours give us," suggested Sir Oliver. "A dog would not be interested in a picture gallery, nor in an oratorio or a concert. He could hear the noise, but he could not apprehend the music, for the music is in the soul of man. The reality in any art exists in the mind of the artist and of the observer, and the inspired mind finds something in even the most ordinary objects which is unseen by others."

"A drama like 'Hamlet,' the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, are creations called into being by genius, and without genius they would never have existed. A poem is a message from one mind to other minds, and is made incarnate in the black and white of the print. The Panama Canal is the material demonstration of something which was conceived in the minds of your engineers, and which was necessary before it could be executed. The snow-capped mountains and the sunset sky could not have existed in themselves. They are the manifest rejoicing of the great Creator in his work. The reason for them is none other than the joy in beauty."

Sir Oliver said that the body was only a channel through which the soul might express itself, that the soul controlled the body, but did not wear out with it, passing instead to other spheres of life.

"No life goes out of existence, but it incarnates first in one form and then in another, and the connecting link between mind and matter is at present unknown."

He believes that a germ of life existed long before individuality came into being, and our present existence is a phase and not a beginning, but he gives out none of this hypothesis as fact.

"I do not wish to dogmatize, but I will say that when a man makes a constructive statement he is worth hearing; when he speaks only to make a negative statement and to deny he is probably not

worth hearing. He is likely to be discussing something of which he is ignorant.

Perhaps Sir Oliver was addressing himself to the many women in the audience who were in deep mourning when he made his closing remarks, for he expressed his well-known belief in the presence of those who have died.

"We are helped in our struggle by those who have gone before us. They know what we are doing and do all they can to help on—and to make us realize what man really is. We should think of them as with us still, not seemingly, but in reality. There is no need to cramp ourselves within the realm of what the animals perceive, for we can lift ourselves above this to perceive the realities of the unseen."

AN OPEN LETTER.

(By Charles Scribner's Sons.)

As every student knows, the early Christian church did not issue decrees about the books that comprise our New Testament. In its services many books that the modern church has rejected were read and were like daily bread to the hungry. It was not necessary to make decrees about them, for by their fruits their values and authority were known. Later, certain private individuals took upon themselves the responsibility of making lists of the books so used. In certain lists the compiler classified them under four heads: (a) best books; (b) trifle less good books; (c) poorer books; (d) poorest books.

Each of these lists might well have been called a catalogue of the books which should form the working library of a Christian.

Eusebius in the fourth century made the first list of books that is identical with our New Testament, but he expresses doubts as to the character of James, II Peter, II and III John, Jude, Hebrews, and Revelation. The famous Council of Nice in 325 A. D. did not attempt to decide what books belonged to the New Testament and what did not. A list prepared by Athanasius 367 A. D. includes all the books in our New Testament and adds to those, but on a lower plane, a number that are especially commended for reading.

During the first four centuries of the

church there was a wide difference of opinion as to the value and authenticity of the individual books now in our New Testament. No general council of the Christian church fixed its canon; in fact the decision during fifteen hundred years was left largely to the Christian reader.

Luther declared that five books were enough for any Christian. Erasmus questioned Hebrews, II and III John and Revelation. Calvin discussed seven disputed books freely and in his Commentary he left out II and III John and Revelation.

In 1546 the Roman Catholic Church made the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha and the present New Testament, the authentic Bible. The Westminster Assembly in 1643 and the Swiss Declaration in 1675 followed the lead of Rome and declared the whole New Testament undoubted Scripture, but omitted the Old Testament Apocrypha. From that date to the present, questioning the authenticity of even a word of Scripture has called forth, even in certain Protestant circles, the anathema set by the Roman Catholic Council upon that crime.

But notwithstanding, there never has been a generally received canon throughout the Christian church. The Ethiopic Church has thirty-five books in the New Testament. In the Syrian Church, II Peter, II and III John, Judge and Revelation were not a part of the New Testament. In the great Greek Church, Revelation has not, even today, a place among the Bible lessons that are read.

Many well-meaning Christians think that in some mysterious way, in perhaps the second or third centuries, our present New Testament, Matthew to Revelation, was gathered into a single large volume and that since that time the whole Christian church has held fast to just this book. This mistaken idea largely explains the opposition to any modern edition of the Bible. "The Shorter Bible" was issued because today the complete Bible is not read in hundreds of thousands of homes. It already has been the means of bringing the vital message of the Scriptures to tens of thousands who would not have read any of the older versions.

All the senses of man originate in one sense, which is sensation.—*Eckhartshausen.*

SOME POWERS OF THOUGHT.

There is nothing more suggestive than the insistent emphasis laid by the theological teachers upon the power of thought. In the *Secret Doctrine* we are told that the reflection of the Divine Thought, propelled into objective existence, becomes a "law that the universe shall exist." It is a metaphysical conception of an unapproachable sublimity and yet it is applicable to the smallest affairs of daily life in the light of the ancient occult axiom, "As above, so below." Whatever happens upon any plane of being is reflected by the law of correspondences upon all other planes of being. Man is a minute replica of the universe. He is an incarnated God that has forgotten its Godhood. There is no divine consciousness that is not also potentially his, no divine force that he may not make his own, no divine law, or order, or harmony, in which he may not share. The injunction of the oracle was to "Know thyself," for he who knows himself knows also God, and the powers of God are his inalienable heritage.

The strange and tremendous powers of thought are so close to daily experience that an excessive familiarity causes us to overlook their significance. Is there any one among us who can explain why and by what mechanism our thoughts are reflected upon our faces, why and by what mechanism a state of mind can alter the shape of our bodies. For unquestionably it does. We see joy and sorrow, malice, greed, and fear reflected upon the countenance by the mind that harbors them. We may see a dozen different emotions pass like phantoms across the face and in as many seconds. We say that a man has a cruel, a passionate, or a kindly expression, and we never pause to consider the marvel of it nor to realize that a type or kind of thought consistently harbored may change the shape of the features, not momentarily, but permanently. And since this is obviously true may we not logically believe also that thought leaves its impress, not only upon the face, but possibly upon every organ of the body, predisposing those organs to health or disease? May we not believe that the body is actually created by thought in its every detail? Every doctor in the world knows that the patient who is thinking hope-

who is thinking despondently. But why? What is that bridge by which thought passes to the physical plane? Is there any relation between Divine Thought that becomes the "law that the universe shall exist" and the human thought that stamps its impress upon its own little universe, or the human body? Is it possible that the human thought is also the Divine Thought, and therefore with creative powers, and that it misuses those powers because it has not yet reached divine self-realization in the human brain? And if that is so by why means shall it reach such self-realization? It is a question that we can not afford to overlook. It is a question far more practical than crop reports or stock quotations. Obviously it is human thought that is filling the world with unimaginable sorrows, but that might with an equal potency banish all those sorrows. It is our own personal thought either in this life or in some life that preceded it that has brought to us every misfortune that we have ever known, every grief, and every regret. The man who relegates the science of thought to the realm of the impractical is merely confessing himself to be a fool.

The Universe, says Patanjali, exists for the purposes of Soul. It exists in order that the consciousness that we call ourselves as well as other states of the One Consciousness that are below the human kingdom may become aware of their Divinity. It is the human brain that must be rarefied, and molded, and refined in its texture so that it may transmit the true spiritual consciousness instead of a parody of that consciousness inebriated by selfishness. It is through the brain that our human consciousness may become divinely self-conscious, and the instrument by which this is to be done is thought.

Thought, says even the materialistic science of today, alters the texture of the brain by marshaling its atoms into new groups and combinations. And the philosophic science of today says even more than this. Professor William James of Harvard tells us that we are now in possession of only a small part of the consciousness that actually belongs to us, that it is only a small arc of the circle of our consciousness that dips into the brain, and that in the nothing realm of conscious-

ness there are superhuman powers of which we are only dimly aware, but that might be ours almost for the asking. Professor Elmer Gates is even more precise, assuring us that we have possessed ourselves of only a fraction of the consciousness that is our rightful possession. Sir Oliver Lodge bears testimony to the same effect. Repeating the words of Emerson, he tells us that every man is potentially a genius and that the powers of genius show themselves as the divine consciousness dips more and more into the brain that has been prepared by thought to receive it. It is no new philosophy, this of James and Gates and Lodge. It is as ancient as the eternal hills. It is no more than a speculative approach to the Theosophy that has been taught age by age by the spiritual philosophers of the race who have urged men to train the brain by thought until it shall be able to receive the spiritual consciousness or rather to recognize that all consciousness is spiritual when once it is weaned from the unspirituality of selfishness.

How many of us realize that this spiritual consciousness with all its unthinkable powers of wisdom and knowledge is eternally around us and within us, "nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet," that it is continually striving to impress itself upon brains that are unable to receive it because they have been polarized into the forms of selfishness. The brain responds to every thought by a corresponding grouping of its atoms, and if all thought be of the same kind it is inevitable that a polarity or habit should at last be established, and that the brain should refuse to receive any thought of a kind to which it is unused. It is this polarity to selfish thought that we have to overcome. We must establish a new polarity to spiritual thought. We must make the brain transparent instead of opaque to the spiritual consciousness.

Every thought, however small, does one of two things. It must dispose the brain either to transmit the spiritual consciousness or to reject it, to receive the light or to repel it. This is no vague conjecture nor nebulous theory. It is a part of a science of the mind that is exact and precise, a part of the Divine Wisdom that hierarchies of Saviors and Sages have taught to men through immeasurable

cycles of time. It is a part of the one law of the universe that governs the leaf that is driven by the autumn winds, that urges all things upward and onward to the better and to the best, that seeks eternally to find expression through the complexities of matter for the divine consciousness of the Universe.

H. P. BLAVATSKY ON KARMA.

(The following extracts from the *Secret Doctrine* are worthy of the extraordinary study of those who would gain an adequate conception of the "law that moves to righteousness" and that would do more for the redemption of the human race than all the theologies that ever yet have vexed men's minds.)

Compare this blind faith with the philosophical belief, based on every reasonable evidence and on life-experience, in Karma-Nemesis, or the Law of Retribution. This Law—whether Conscious or Unconscious—predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is Eternity itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with Eternity, it can not be said to act, for it is Action itself. It is not the *wave* which destroys a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch who goes deliberately and places himself under the *impersonal* action of the laws that govern the *ocean's* motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmic Law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual liberty, like the God invented by the Monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex men; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary he who through study and meditation unveils its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the winding of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life—is working for the good of his fellow-men.

stant rebirths of one and the same Individuality throughout the Life-Cycle . . . it is only this doctrine, we say, that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities; when one sees honor paid to profligates and fools, on whom fortune has heaped her favors by mere privilege of birth, and their nearest neighbor, with all his intellect and noble virtues—far more deserving in every way—perishing of want and for lack of sympathy; when one sees all this and has to turn away, helpless to relieve the undeserved suffering, one's ears ringing and heart aching with the cries of pain around him—that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator.

Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of these ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate, while another sees in them the action of blind Fatalism, and a third, simple Chance, with neither Gods nor Devils to guide them—would surely disappear, if we would but attribute all of them to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors would no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, tribes, societies, and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the "ways of Providence." We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then we complain because these windings are so intricate and dark. We stand be-

wildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or in another life.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

The inner form characterizes man, also in his face. The same may be said of animals, herbs, and trees. Each thing is marked externally with that which it is internally and essentially. For the internal being is continually laboring to manifest itself outwardly. Thus everything has its own mouth for the purpose of revealing itself, and therein is based the language of nature, by means of which each thing speaks out of its own quality, and represents that for which it may be useful and good.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JUN 14 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 22, 1920.

Price Five Cents

GEORGE RUSSELL.

Mr. Robert Lynd devotes the latter part of his new book, "Ireland a Nation" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), to some of the "voices of the new Ireland," and among them is George Russell, perhaps better known as "A. E." Mr. Russell was one of the founders of the Irish Theosophical Society and the friend of H. P. Blavatsky, and if he is no longer nominally identified with the society—and on this point we are not informed—he has kept his mysticism alive and has expressed it in a hundred beautiful forms of verse and prose.

Mr. Lynd thinks that Mr. Russell is the greatest man that Ireland has produced since Parnell. But those who admire him most passionately are sometimes a little in doubt if they should take him seriously. Does he really believe in demi-gods and fairies and a direct memory of by-gone days on earth? But we can not dismiss these things, says Mr. Lynd. We must have faith as well as a sense of humor. "Sitting in your chair," says Mr. Russell, "you can travel further than ever Columbus traveled, and to lordlier worlds than his eyes have rested on. Are you tired of surfaces? Come with me, and we will bathe in the Fountains of Youth. I can point you the way to Eldorado":

A. E. gives us an account of a considerable number of visions, some of them prophetic, some of them explicable by thought-transference, which came to him in these early years. He began then to cultivate what may be called

the habit of vision. For this, one is interested to learn, he believes that no special genius is needed. "Genius!" he exclaims. "There is no stinting of this by the keeper of the Treasure House. It is not bestowed, but it is won. Yon man of heavy soul might, if he willed, play upon the lyre of Apollo, that drunkard be god-intoxicated." He does not pretend, however, that the power of evocation, the mastery of one's vision, comes without labor. He tells us how he himself set to work to attain mastery over the will. "I would choose some mental object, an abstraction of form, and strive to hold my mind fixed on it in unwearying concentration, so that not for a moment, not for an instant, would the concentration slacken. It is an exercise this, a training for higher adventures of the soul: it is no light labor. The plowman's cleaving the furrows is easier by far. Five minutes of this effort will at first leave us trembling as at the close of a laborious day." A. E.'s theory is that the body fights its hardest to suppress the spirit's attempt to become free. "Empires do not send legions so quickly to frustrate revolt as all that is mortal in us hurries along nerve, artery, and every highway of the body to beset the soul." At first, he tells us, his vision sometimes made him vain; he was like a person who at the rising of the sun would say: "This glory is mine." But he always paid the penalty for such vain self-deceptions. "By the sudden uprisings of such vanities in the midst of vision I was often outcast." He maintains, indeed, that those who make use of the higher powers of vision for selfish ends are in grave peril. "Woe to him who awakens it before he has purified his being of selfishness, for it will turn downwards and vitalized his darker passions and awaken strange frenzies and inextinguishable desires. The turning earthward of that heaven-born power is the sin against the Holy Breath, the power which can carry us from earth to heaven."

George Russell, says Mr. Lynd, be-

lieves even in the reality of dreams and of the mocking faces that sometimes present themselves to us as we close our eyes. He believes that in dreams and in imagination and in intuition the soul visits a many-colored world to which the normal senses are blind, and the explanations of Freud seem to him as absurd as would be the report of a dull dissector on the beauty of Cleopatra.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

William Dean Howells, America's foremost novelist, who died a few days ago, wrote in his department, "The Editor's Easy Chair," in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1919, an interesting discussion on death and the after life. It, like all else he wrote, was a vital thing, in touch with the thought of the day and of ancient days as well.

The discussion began with a reference to aviation and to the fact that men always get what they want.

We were both silent, as people are in novels when the author can not think of something for them to say. Then our own active mind turned to a question which had been occupying it rather constantly before a notion of an aerial ferry to Europe possessed it; and we said, "So you think that when people really want to know whether 'if a man die shall he live again?' they really *will* know?"

"People always get what they want," our friend placidly repeated.

"Ah, but they've always wanted to know that, and they don't know it yet," we insisted.

"Perhaps," our friend returned, "not enough people have wanted to know it. Plato's answer sufficed for his followers, and Jesus taught a good life here so wholly that the first Christians took the life hereafter for granted. The belief in a future life was coextensive with Christianity. In fact, there was no religion in the world which denied it; all religions were founded on it."

"And what largely blotted that belief out of the Christian world?"

"Well, you know, people say Darwinism, Evolution, or whatever. But the Evolutionists were not all agnostics. Wallace was as good an Evolutionist as Huxley, though he was as confirmed a Spiritualist as Sir Oliver Lodge. Our

own John Fiske could not go to the end without evolving the idea of God."

"And now that agnosticism is as dead as the faith that seemed to slay, you think that we may be on the verge of a revival of belief in a life hereafter?"

"Oh! don't say that."

"Then what is it you say?"

"That when we universally want to know whether we shall live again, we *shall* know, on the simple principle that people always get what they want."

"Oh! You said that before. Prove it!"

"Prove that the people really want to know it."

We were perhaps not so shocked as we pretended to be, but we put on the air. "Have you ever known of a time when people were so universally interested in the question? All sorts and conditions of men have taken it up. Spiritualism has become respectable through the quality of its followers. People of the first rank now consult mediums and accept their drivel as gospel."

"Not so bad as that——"

"Well, men of the first repute as scientists respect it."

"That's nothing new. Before Sir Oliver Lodge was, Sir William Crookes was. Lord Lytton was as firm a believer in mediumism as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is. You must remember that in England Spiritualism has always been better society than here—perhaps because we invented it, and knew what the mediums were from the beginning. The worst and the best of them have been Americans; occasionally a Russian or Italian has arisen, but they haven't lasted like our psychics," our friend said.

"Yes, that's very true, but all you say doesn't dispose of the impressive fact that there is a larger and wider interest in the life hereafter, as a question, than ever before," we maintained.

"I'm not sure that is the fact. My memory doesn't go back to the first notoriety of the Rochester Rappings, as we called them, but I remember that during the eighteen-sixties and well into the 'seventies there was a crepitation and agitation of the tables far beyond anything we have now; the walls of the average house, if they had no ears, had tongues, and few families were without their mediums, who were in constant communica-

tion with the sages of antiquity, and all the great poets of the past, as well as the spirits of the dead whom the bereaved neighbors came to consult them about. The thing became a joke before it became a religion. The mediums were girls of all ages, and the younger the girls the more fun they got out of it. But it did become a religion. There used to be Spiritualistic newspapers, and I don't know but reviews and magazines."

"Yes, we remember that, too," we said. "Then what's the reason that the other world was not, so to speak, discovered at that time? Why wasn't the question of a future life then settled once for all? Didn't people want to know about it, or enough of them?"

"Not *hard* enough, so to speak. Besides they were hearing from the other world as fast as the facts could be rapped out and tilted out or written out by hands under spirit control."

We held our breath, bridleing our impulse to say: "Oh, come! That won't do! They wanted as hard as they do now." But we suggested more respectfully, "Perhaps the passing of souls by millions from the battlefields of the recent war has carried our thoughts over the border of the other world with an intensity of longing not felt before, and the revelation will be proportionate."

"Perhaps," our friend admitted; but we felt his reserves.

"Isn't it imaginable that there is a pressure of interest from the multitude of the bereaved more intelligent than ever before at any one time, which will be of the effect of a longing to know from an overwhelming majority?"

"Why," our friend said, "that is an interesting question. One must consider it with a tenderness, a reverence which no demand of bereavement has heretofore made for a world beyond this. There is no denying a claim in the universal sorrow which has been wanting in the curiosity of earlier spiritualistic movements as we may call them. To deny verity to all the revelations of the mediums now, or to regard the mediums as charlatans, is in some sort to insult the sorrow which has found consolation in them—a sorrow so general as to be almost universal."

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.—*B. Disraeli.*

THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

W. B. Yeats writes some essays and notes as a contribution to Lady Gregory's "Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland," just published in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Some comment upon this work will be made in a subsequent issue of the *Outlook*, but in the meantime our attention is attracted by a note in reference to the vision of a Mrs. Shannon in which she describes a drawbridge, although she could never have seen such a thing in a picture or heard one spoken of. Mr. Yeats says:

I have had in my own family what seemed the accurate calling-up of an unknown past, but failing a link of difficult evidence still unfound, coincidence, though exceedingly unlikely, is still a possible explanation. I have come upon a number of other cases which are, though no one case is decisive, a powerful argument taken altogether. In "The Adventure" (Macmillan) an elaborate vision of this kind is recorded in detail and, accepting the record as accurate, the verification is complete. Two ladies found themselves in the garden of the Petit Trianon in the midst of what seemed to be the court of Marie Antoinette, in just the same way in which some countryman finds himself among ladies and gentlemen dressed in what seems the clothes of a long passed time. The record purports to have been made in November and December, 1901, whereas the vision occurred in August. This lapse of time does not seem to me to destroy the value of the evidence, if the record was made before its corroboration by long and difficult research. Accepting the good faith of the narrators, both well-known women and of established character, its evidence for some more obscure cause than unconscious memory can only be weakened by the discovery in some book or magazine accessible to the visionaries before their visit to the Trianon, of historical information on such minute points as the dress Marie Antoinette wore in a particular month, and the position of ornamental buildings and rock work not now in existence. There is a great mass of similar evidence in Denton's "Soul of Things," though its value is weakened by his not sufficiently allowing for thought transference from his own mind to that of his sensitives.

A "theosophist" or "occultist" of almost any modern school explains such visions by saying they are "pictures in

the astral light" and that all objects and events leave their images in the astral light as upon a photographic plate, and that we must distinguish between spirits and these unintelligent pictures. I was once at Mme. Blavatsky's when she tried to explain predestination, our freedom and God's full knowledge of the use that we should make of it. All things past and to come were present in the mind of God and yet all things were free. She soon saw that she had carried us out of our depth and said to one of her followers with a mischievous, mocking voice: "You with your impudence and your spectacles will be sitting there in the Akasa to all eternity," and then in a more meditative voice, "No, not to all eternity, for a day will come when even the Akasa will pass away and there will be nothing but God, chaos, that which every man is seeking in his heart." Akasa she was accustomed to explain as some Indian word for the astral light. Perhaps that theory of the astral pictures came always from the despair of some visionary to find understanding for a more metaphysical theory. It is, however, ancient. To Cornelius Agrippa it is the air that reflects, but the air is something more than what the word means for us. "It is a vital spirit passing through all beings giving life and substance to all things . . . it immediately receives into itself the influences of all celestial bodies, and then communicates them to the other elements as also to all mixed bodies. Also it receives into itself as if it were a divine looking glass the species of all things, as well natural as artificial," it enters into men and animals "through their pores" and "makes an impression upon them as well when they sleep as when they awake and affords matter to divers strange dreams and divinations. . . . Hence it is that a man passing by a place where a man was slain and the carcase newly laid is moved by fear and dread: because the air in that place being full of the dread species of manslaughter does, being breathed in, move and trouble the spirit of the man with a like species . . . whence it is that many philosophers were of the opinion that the air is the cause of dreams." Henry More is more precise and philosophical and believes that this air which he calls *Spiritus Mundi* contains all forms, so that the par-

ents when a child is begotten, or a witch when the double is projected as a hare, but as it were, call upon the *Spiritus Mundi* for the form they need. The name "Astral Light" was given to this air or spirit by the Abbé Constant, who wrote under the pseudonym of Eliphas Lévi, and like Mme. Blavatsky claimed to be the voice of an ancient magical society. In his "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie," published in the 'fifties, he described in vague, eloquent words, influenced perhaps by the recent discovery of the daguerreotype, these pictures which we continually confuse with the still animate shades. A more clear exposition of a perhaps always incomprehensible idea is that of Swedenborg, who says that when we die we live again the events that lie in all their minute detail in our memory, and this is the explanation of the authors of "The Adventure," who believe, as it seems, that they were entangled in the memory of Marie Antoinette. I have met students who claimed to have had knowledge of Lévi's sources and who believed that when at last a spirit has been, as it were, pulled out of its coil, other spirits may use its memory, not only of events, but of words and of thoughts. Did Cornelius Agrippa identify soul with memory when, after quoting Ovid to prove that the flesh and the spirit rises to the stars, he explains that if the soul has done well it rejoices with the almost faultless spirit, but if it has done ill the spirit judges it and leaves it for the devil's prey and "the sad soul wanders about hell without a spirit and like an image?" Remembering these writings and sayings, I find new meaning in that description of death taken down by Lady Gregory in some cottage: "The shadow goes wandering and the soul is tired and the body is taking a rest."

I was once talking with Professor James of experiences like to those in "The Adventure" and said that I found it easiest to understand them by believing in a memory of nature distinguished from individual memory, though including and enclosing it. He would, however, have none of my explanation, and preferred to think the past, present, and future were only modes of our perception and that all three were in the divine mind, present at once. It was Mme. Bla-

vatsky's thought, and Shelley's in the
"Sensitive Plant":

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never passed away;
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed, not they.

For love, and beauty and delight,
There is no death nor change; their light
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

Beside a path which girds a hill
In Greece lingers an ancient shrine,
Broken and desolate; its altars rifted,
Scattered with dead leaves, drifted
By remembering winds.

Beneath its ruined portal an old man
rested,
White-haired and wrinkled;
Belike some Priest forgot
By Death's quiet reapers in the fields of
Time,
Or Sage whose lot
'Twas to serve oracles.

And, as chance straws
Upon the stream of life meet and obey,
In sympathy, the call which draws
Each to the other, I left the modern day
Which glared upon the path, and
passed
To where the old man sat within the
shade
Of centuries dead.

Our greetings given
The past usurped the present. Nor speak
Would he of upstart races, Hun and
Turk,
But led our discourse unto days when
Greek
Was sung to Dian, and Pan did lurk
Among the reeds. We spoke of Hesiod
And his pageantry of gods; of quests
Odyssean; of the embattled ranks which
trod
Before the gates of Troy; of Pluto's
guests;
Of Ena, bringing from the underworld
Her gift, each springtime, of the fairy
flowers
Which winter hides; of Damæ's golden
showers;
And that strange fable of Narcissus,
So wrapt in love of his own beauty
That love of others and life's duty
Were all forgot and, at a look,
He sprang to his own image in the brook.

"So runs the tale," my friend asserted,
"But tales do oft-times miss the sense, or
feint

At facts, misleading men, and Truth
perverted
Leaves judgment false.

'Twas life, not death
That came, when, prone beside the
stream,
Narcissus gazed upon its mirror and
therein
Descried his inner strife."

"Is it not so?" I asked.
"That his own face, so often praised in
song,
Bereft the sight by its own beauty?"
"Son, they have told thee wrong.
Faultless it was in seeming; alas, that
mask should be
So false in semblance; for I was he,
The fair Narcissus, son of Cephissus and
Liriope,
Foremost in Thesbian grace.

"Yet not my face
It was which then I saw reflected,
Borne on the moving stream
Beneath my wondering eyes,
But to my soul's surprise,
The sequence of the lives that I had
lived;
Lives filled with powers neglected;
Many and base and loveless; stretching
far
Into the ages gone.
Each life did pass
Before me in pictured revelation, dis-
tinct
Like profiled cameo standing white
Against its ground of blue, instinct
With the feebleness and slight
Of days amiss and aright.

"And, in that moving glass
Of Truth, 'twas shown how poor a
thing
Narcissus was; how graceless, false in
ring,
How most unfair his soul looked in the
stream
Of life.

And from the dream
Of that clear sight, fraught with its past,
I learnt the aim of life, and that at last
Narcissus should be fair."
From "*The School of Sympathy*," by
Julian B. Arnold. Published by the
Marshall Jones Company.

A DEMOCRATIC GOD.

When Voltaire said that if God had created man in His own image man had certainly returned the compliment he referred to a kind of "God making" that is as much in evidence today as it was a century and a half ago. We are just as prone now as we were then to set ourselves up as the type and the model of all evolutionary ideals and to demand of God that He conform Himself with that pattern under pain of human indifference or extinction. It is evident that the salutary power to laugh at ourselves is not among recent evolutionary acquisitions.

Mr. Overstreet, writing in the *Hibbert Journal*, chooses as his topic "The Democratic Conception of God." Why democrats should have a special conception of God any more than free traders, or free silverites, or advocates of currency reform, it is a little hard to understand, but perhaps Mr. Overstreet can explain this, although he omits to do so. It would seem more appropriate to inquire into God's conception of democracy, but perhaps on the whole it is somewhat easier to change our gods than to change ourselves and to discard our deities as soon as they are discovered to interfere with our follies. At least the process is less painful—at least for the moment.

Mr. Overstreet can see nothing disquieting in the state of religion or of the world. Indeed from the standpoint that he chooses there is no reason why he should. His method has a certain simple charm that should commend itself to all. Religion is within the reach of every one by the easy expedient of deifying our own passions and then calling upon the world to admire our pieties. Society, he says, "makes itself"; he believes that "it is guided, if we may still use the word, by the infinite action and reaction of all its members." We do not know precisely what this means, nor, we suspect, does Mr. Overstreet himself. But like the blessed word Mesopotamia in which the old lady found so much solace the phrase has a comfortable sound about it suggestive of the profound truth that we can not go far wrong if we all do just what we want to do and "the devil take the hindmost." Like the man who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it we may well be surprised at our own unsuspected pieties, for this is precisely

what we have been doing with results not yet fully disclosed.

Mr. Overstreet confesses that he watches with delight "this man's life, seething, tumultuous, without compass, or guide, or will, or plan." He exults in the fact that the ship has no steersman, that it is innocent of compass or rudder, guided only by the "infinite action and reaction" of wind, waves, and its own parts. Heaven forbid that we should seek to temper Mr. Overstreet's joy, but at least we should like to share it if he would but assure us that there are no rocks nor shoals, and that anarchy is in very truth the law of life.

But if this be actually so we should expect to find anarchy elsewhere than in human affairs. Why should not the planets choose sometimes one orbit and sometimes another? Why should not oxygen and hydrogen produce sometimes water and sometimes molasses? Why should not the seasons introduce a little pleasing variation in their order, and the sun occasionally rise in the west and set in the east by way of relieving a monotony that must grow wearisome to the truly anarchist mind? Or may we assume that all the processes of evolutionary nature become reversed as soon as we reach the human kingdom, that inexorable law governs Cosmos to its outermost circumference, with the exception of man, that order, regularity, and periodicity are to be found all the way from solar systems to the amoeba, and that man alone is "without compass, or guide, or will, or plan?" Mr. Overstreet should enlarge his horizon. He seems to be suffering from inflammation of the collective ego. We may ask of him as it was asked of Job, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

Now if there is a law that governs human affairs it would be as well that we should know it, for it can be no small thing to break such a law as this. If there is a law that draws a line between right and wrong in human thought and human action it is not a matter that we can afford to overlook, for such laws are inexorable. Human enactments may be evaded, but there can be no evasions here. If there is a law great enough to swing the planets around the sun, and the sun himself around some greater sun,

if there is a force that preserves harmony and periodicity to the uttermost confines of space we may reasonably believe that we ourselves are not beyond its reach, that it may even be identical with that "law that moves to righteousness." It is only the fool who hugs himself in a fancied security from the law merely because he has denied the existence of the law-giver. And conceivably it may be just as fatal to hate one's fellow-man as to stand in the path of a bullet. The latter may be more speedy, but then as we all know:

The mills of God grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small.

We have only to compare the happiness of those who love their fellow-men with the happiness of those who hate their fellow-men, and we may perhaps recognize that here, too, is a law with a certain grim and inexorable quality that it would be prudent to note. It is a strange aberration of the human intellect that drives us into a veritable and humiliating panic of dread at the approach of a disease germ and that yet allows us light-heartedly to violate the law of human brotherhood. And it may be said in passing that it is just those who deny the moral law who show the most pitiable and cowardly terror when physical nature reminds them of her own peculiar penalties for the violation of physical law. For we are under no illusions about the laws that govern the health of the human body. Here at least we know better than to lie to ourselves. We work ourselves into feverish enthusiasms for hygiene and eugenics, for sanitation and for medication. No one is quite so foolish, not even Mr. Overstreet, as to talk of the human body as being "without compass or guide, or will, or plan." It is only the human mind, it seems, that is without rule or law. We shiver with an abject apprehension at the thought of violating the "will" or the "plan" that governs the body, but we have no hesitation in outraging the moral law that demands fraternity and self-sacrifice.

It seems, then, that there can be no great difference between the gods of democracy, aristocracy, monarchy, free silver, or currency reform. The inexorable wheels of Karma, the Law of Retribution, will go on undeterred even by our ballot-boxes, recalls, referendums, and

initiatives. Not even our self-made gods can free us from the burdens of sorrows and disappointments that we have earned by unbrotherliness in lives long gone by. Nor can even the complacencies of self-conceit free us from the piteous load that selfishness is now piling upon our backs to be carried through the drearinesses of lives yet to come.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Every atom in the Universe has the potentiality of self-consciousness in it, and is, like the Monads of Leibnitz, a Universe in itself and for itself. It is an atom and an angel.

The Eosteric Doctrine, like Buddhism and Brahminism, and even Kabalism, teaches that the one infinite and unknown Essence exists from all eternity, and in regular and harmonious successions is either passive or active.

Space is the one eternal thing that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective universe.

The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything, from an atom to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Thought propelled into objective existence, into a law that the Universe should exist.

Life we look upon as the One Form of Existence manifesting itself in what we call matter; or what, incorrectly separating them, we name Spirit, Soul, and Matter in man.

If the student bears in mind that there is but One Universal Element, which is infinite, unborn, and undying, and that all the rest—as in the world of phenomena—are but so many various differentiated aspects and transformations (correlations they are now called) of that One, from macrocosmical down to microcosmical effects, from super-human down to human and sub-human beings, the totality, in short, of objective existence, then the first and chief difficulty will disappear and the Occult Cosmology may be mastered.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JUN 22 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 29, 1920.

Price Five Cents

A REJOINDER.

Some good Theosophists have been much perturbed by the frank criticism of theosophical societies in general that has recently appeared in these columns. Would it not be better, they ask, to exercise the virtues of a kindly toleration and to believe that even the most eccentric actions are animated by the best of motives?

There has been no criticism of motives in the *Outlook*, nor will there be.

But there has been criticism of actions, and it will continue. It is not a virtue to avoid the statement of truth because the truth happens to be unpleasant. A disease is not covered by throwing a cloth over it, nor by asserting that it is not a disease.

There are a great many theosophical lodges that ought to be extinguished—perhaps the majority. They are not theosophical lodges, seeing that they do not teach Theosophy. Not only do they not teach Theosophy, but they teach so many ridiculous things that they bring Theosophy into contempt. To extend a weak sentiment toward them merely because they call themselves theosophical is unreasonable and mischievous. It would be much better that they should cease to exist.

The Society was founded by H. P. Blavatsky for a definite purpose. She was not at all interested in adding to the intellectual theories of the day nor in

gratifying personal curiosity as to the unseen side of nature. She said that the human race was threatened by colossal cataclysms, that civilization was likely to dissolve under the corrosion of materialism, that there could be no salvation for society except in the promulgation of a law of brotherhood. It was to that end that she put forward the philosophy known as Theosophy. It was intended as a demonstration of the law of human brotherhood and of the unnumbered ills that spring from its violation. If the Society could ameliorate the lot of humanity, then it would have succeeded. Otherwise it would have failed. A tree shall be known by its fruits.

Not even the staunchest advocate of the larger theosophical organizations will pretend that they have increased the practice of brotherhood. On the contrary they have often been the foe of brotherhood. They have not lessened human ills. They have increased them. They have displayed a sectarianism and an intolerance to which no parallel could be found in our village churches. Their leaders have constituted themselves a spiritual aristocracy, they have held themselves aloof from their fellow-men, refusing to shake hands with them, carrying with them their own eating utensils lest they shall be defiled by human touch. They have issued their creeds with an arrogance unsurpassed since the days of the mediæval papacy, and they have enforced those creeds with

the tortures of ostracism and the boycott. Of all the religious organizations of today it is to the Theosophical Society that we must turn for the finest flowers of intolerance.

These things are true. If we do not know that they are true it is because we do not know the Theosophical Society. There are very few theosophical organizations that are exempt. If they are now willing to revert to first principles they may yet do a great work in the world. Otherwise they are merely cumbering the ground.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Psychic research, from its spiritualistic aspect, may be divided into two departments. The first relates to the phenomena, and the second to their interpretation. The phenomena belong to the domain of fact, and here we must rely wholly upon evidence, as with all other inquiries into the material world. The table moves or it does not move. Objects are levitated or they are not levitated. In order to ascertain the facts we use the same mental and evidential mechanism that we should apply to a problem in electricity.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven is to be congratulated upon drawing so clear a line between the phenomena and their interpretation. She herself is a spiritualist, but she is none the less anxious to understand the mechanism by which the communications arrive. Indeed she shows a mind so open, so free from preconceptions that we are inclined sometimes to wonder at her conclusions. But our interest, for the moment, is with the phenomena themselves.

Mrs. De Koven tells us something of the history of psychic research and of its martyrs. Sir William Crookes began to investigate in 1872, and he asserted definitely that Home had performed feats of levitation in his presence, that he had handled live coals, and also that in his own laboratory he had seen a materialized individual appear who walked and talked with him and his witnesses. Her pulse was taken by Sir William, and he was photographed standing by the side of the apparition. None the less a storm of invective broke over the head of the honest and courageous scientist and he was compelled to bring his investigations

to an end so far as the public was concerned.

Dr. Maxwell seems to have been the first to attribute these phenomena to an emanation from the body of the medium. He tells us that he heard the sound of a thread scraping on a china statuette. It issued from the body of his friend, M. Meurice, a non-professional medium, who, from his chair, moved by this invisible but not inaudible thread, the statuette upon the mantelpiece. Eusapia Palladino gave similar evidence. She said she felt these threads upon her hands when she moved tables, wardrobes, and other objects. Mme. Alexandre Bisson gave similar testimony in Paris in connection with the experiments of Baron Schrenk-Nötzing. The experimenters saw and photographed the substance as it emerged from the body of the medium:

The appearance of the substance usually announced itself by the presence of luminous spots varying in size, which were scattered over the left side of the black smock of the medium. Further emissions of larger extent appeared, coming from the crown of the medium's head, from the breasts, mouth, and from the ends of her fingers. The substance had three colors—black, white, and gray. Sometimes it issued in threads, sometimes in thick cords or flat ribbons. A remarkable membranous form with fringed edges and swellings closely resembled the caul. Sometimes the amount of this substance was small and sometimes it issued in a mass of disorganized material like the protoplasm, and covered the medium like a cloud from head to foot. The substance could be felt. It was cold and damp and sometimes slimy. Sometimes when it took the form of cords it was hard and dry. The threads were stiff, but elastic. The substance was mobile. Sometimes it appeared and disappeared instantaneously. It was sensitive, and when touched by the hand of an observer caused pain to the medium. It was sensitive to light. A strong light caused the medium to cry out, but she could sometimes support full daylight and a magnesium flashlight which permitted photographs to be taken could be borne, although it caused her to start violently.

But a still more remarkable characteristic of the emanated substance was its tendency to assume forms. It seldom remained in a disorganized mass or in the shape of threads or cords:

It tended rapidly to assume organic forms which appeared enmeshed in it, and then as if manipulated by the hand of an unseen sculptor, it took the shape of admirably molded hands and feet, of heads with thick hair upon solid skulls, of complete and sometimes beautiful faces. Complete figures also appeared and presented every appearance of the living human being. The materialized

organs were not inert, but were apparently alive and grasped objects with intention. Sometimes the organisms were less than life size. Sometimes they were flat and assumed the natural dimensions under the eyes of the observers.

Dr. Geley confirms these phenomena in the most definite way. He says:

Before our eyes we have seen a single substance exuding from the body of the medium and we have seen that substance transferring itself into hands, faces, and complete bodies, possessing all the attributes of life, of flesh and bone. Then we have seen these forms dissolve and reënter in an instant the body of the medium.

The evidence is finally completed by the experiences of Dr. Crawford, professor of Applied Science in the University of Belfast:

In his book, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," Dr. Crawford has stated that he perceived by touch an emission of a thready substance from the body of the medium. The substance formed itself into a flexible rod and took the form of a cantilever which attached itself to the under surface of a table. In its flexible form it did not suffice to lift the table, but under the action of some invisible force it became hard and stiff and then not only lifted the table, but could make sounds as if from a sledge-hammer. Dr. Crawford could not see this cantilever, which he called a psychic rod, but he was able to photograph it. The photographic plate showed also other rods connecting the bodies of all the experimenters present with the body of the medium. Dr. Crawford concludes that these rods are stiffened by a molecular force allied to electricity, and that this electricity or magnetism is contributed by all the living organisms present, giving added power to the medium.

Here we may leave the matter of evidence, although there is much more. It is sufficiently established that a plastic substance exudes from the body of the medium and that this substance is used by some intelligent force either for the moving of solid objects or as building material for the construction of forms. This substance is eventually drawn back into the body of the medium on the cessation of the phenomena. The only question that remains is as to the nature of the intelligent force that thus uses the emanations from the medium.

Mediumship, it has been said, is separated from occultism only by a hair line, but it is none the less a separation between the mischievous and the salutary. Upon one side of that line is free will—may one say self-determination?—and on the other side is automatism. The me-

dium has no control over the phenomena that will occur. The occultist dictates those phenomena and governs them. And if he permits the building up of a form from his astral emanation he does so according to the rules of a spiritual theurgy and for purposes that only the initiate can comprehend.

An inquiry into the nature of the intelligent forces that seem to preside over the séance and to determine its nature must be largely fruitless. A certain unconscious egotism usually interferes with the judgment of those who are the recipients of these communications. They are all too apt to hear the "Thus saith the Lord" when the voice contains nothing whatever of the divine. However innocently, they feel themselves to be set apart and their messages become for them an evangel. Discrimination will come only through a longer experience and a more selfless estimate of spiritual values.

But there is at least one error that they might avoid. By what right do they say that these phenomena proceed either from the subconsciousness of the sitters or from discarnate spirits? Why do they thus limit the intelligence of the universe. What do they know of a thousand possible varieties of life and consciousness that are non-human and that may be bought into manifestation through a mediumistic invasion of the unseen planes of nature? If our psychical research friends would consider the possible existence of lives that are not human they might find themselves in possession of a key that would open many doors.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES. By Anna De Koven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$2.50.

The idea of Absolute Unity would be broken entirely in our conception had we not something concrete before our eyes to contain that Unity. And the Deity being absolute, must be omnipresent; hence not an atom but contains It within itself. —*Secret Doctrine*.

I produced the golden key of pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other methods could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.—*Henry More*.

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

MY DEAR E—: A thousand thanks for sending me your personal notes on the proceedings of the —— Society. That the verity of the phenomena was fully established I do not for one moment doubt, nor that the “communications” through the various mediums were more or less interesting and occasionally of a startling nature. Nevertheless—and since you asked me for a frank expression of opinion—I am not in the least disposed to regard them as necessarily coming from discarnate sources.

I gather from your letter that these experiences mark your first essay into the labyrinthic paths of psychical research. I do not wonder that you are both astounded and baffled by what you have seen, felt, and heard. As phenomena go—and I have seen a wearisome amount of it—that which you have encountered is rather remarkable. And that you, admittedly a dilettante, have not been completely swept off your mental feet is, if you will allow me to say so, immensely to your credit. Especially as the two world-savants of your group have, apparently, swallowed the spiritualistic theory bait, hook, and line. There is, you know, in all of us an avatistic tendency to “follow the leader” if he trumpet loudly and sonorously enough his re-explanation of something not yet properly explained. *Obscurum per obscurius*, as it were. But nevertheless the most independent thinker has constantly to be on his guard against it.

As you are already well aware, my interest in psychical matters is more than casual. (And, by the way, what a lot of ground we did cover in that month on the Marne and that other month of “invalided home,” which to you really meant home, but to me—just London. It is now going on two years since we clasped jubilant hands on armistice day, not dreaming that it stood for “good-by” also. However, there have been letters. I count that day good which brings me one from you.)

But to resume.

You will be interested to know that I have the rare good fortune to number among my friends a full half-dozen who consider the problems relating to the

mystery of the human soul well worth their trained and close attention.

We have, to a man, sheered clear of entangling alliances with “research societies” and whatnot “cults.” We refuse to burden ourselves with a *a priori* hypothesis of science or philosophy or theology, though, as a matter of course, we are familiar with their pronouncements.

Only one of us is an avowed member of any religious or fraternal organization; he is Lee Jordan, the archæologist. You doubtless know of him, since he is by way of being a big man in his profession. He became a member of the Theosophical Society in 1889, and he still maintains his affiliation. Their credo, if, indeed, they may be said to have one, is both utterly simple and wholly inclusive: it represents them as believing in the essential brotherhood of the human race.

Whatever may be said in just criticism of their halting, not to say contradictory, attempts at embodying their conviction in an harmonious international organization, the fact remains that “Universal Brotherhood” and their motto, “There is no religion higher than truth,” are noble pronouncements.

But to set aside the matter of Jordan’s personal opinions (and he can present them in fascinating and convincing argument, I do assure you, for he is a man of many parts) and to return to the subject from which I wandered a bit:

The six of us, all friends of many years’ standing, are loosely banded together into a sort of open-court counsel. We grew into the habit of dubbing ourselves “The Nomads,” more as a joking reference to our mutually-shared desire to be eternally upon the quest of the self for the self than as indicating our habits of life, though, oddly enough, four of us are in professions that not only allow our gipsying tendencies full rein, but also furnish us excellent opportunity for encountering all sorts and conditions of people, so bringing about a result whereby vocation and avocation flow along in amiable parallel.

Amongst us we have witnessed phenomena of every recorded character, and some of a kind that will never be recorded so far as the written page goes, of so terrifying a nature were they, and

so openly hostile to the well-being of mankind.

In our "round robin" letters we merely indicate them by a double X, with the name of the place, the date, and the hour where they were experienced. The accounting of them we reserve until such a time as we chance to meet in our endless prowling about the world.

It occurs to me that you might care to be one of us. There is but one obligation: it is that you shall add something to the "round robin" by relating your experiences, if any, or by commenting on those already set forth in the regular quarterly letter. Suppose you think it over.

And in the meantime I propose to undertake to match any of your weird "spook" tales with one as inexplicable, but having to do with the action of incarnate spirit upon incarnate spirit.

Not that I mean to preëmtorily throw the spiritualistic theory out of court, though, personally, I believe that is where it rightly belongs, but because I wish to call your attention to a phase of research that has not received anything like the study it deserves. I refer to the enormous powers that are, evidently, attributes of the will of man. Powers that lie curled up, so to say, in the inner chamber of his soul; powers seldom unleashed with conscious knowledge (which is doubtless a fortunate thing, since man is still pretty much of a predatory animal as to his instincts), but which now and again manifest themselves in startling fashion, once they are set in motion by the strong spring of an absorbing "wish," to borrow a Freudian term.

The first story that I have to tell you is one that illustrates in an extraordinary manner the operation of such released powers. I can not say that it explains their nature, but I do think that it furnishes certain clues well worth following up.

Freed from their progenitors, these powers appear to flash forth like a sword from its sheath or a flame from the central fires, and it may be that your analytical mind shall discover a resemblance to those forces that animate the phantoms of the séance rooms and invade the organism of the mediums.

(To Be Continued.)

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so;—Plato, thou reason'st well,

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates Eternity to man.

Eternity! — thou pleasing — dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold:—If there's a Power above us

(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in Virtue;

And that which He delights in must be happy:

But—when?—or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures: This must end them.

(Laying his hand upon his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,

My bane and antidote are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amid the war of elements,

The wrack of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—Addison.

He who truly prays coöperates with God internally, while externally he produces good fruit.—*Jacob Boehme.*

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Mme. Blavatsky is well advanced in years, and physically very infirm, so that she seldom goes beyond her own rooms, but every Saturday afternoon and evening her house is open to all who may be desirous of learning something of those mysteries to which she has devoted her whole life. A Russian by birth, and of good family, Mme. Blavatsky was as a child endowed with extraordinary powers of clairvoyance, and, following the guidance of her intuition, she gave her whole energy to the study and development of her higher faculties, and to the source of those mysteries and occult powers which underlie the secret wisdom religion of the ancients. . . . Mme. Blavatsky now resides in London, and is engaged in the publication of another stupendous work, entitled "The Secret Doctrine," a synthesis of science, religion, and philosophy. I found her *chez elle* at Notting Hill, seated at a table covered with green baize, which she presently makes use of as a blackboard for illustrating her discourse. She is smoking a cigarette; so, too, are many of those (of both sexes) who are listening to her exposition of the knotty questions which have been propounded. The subject under discussion as we enter is the definition of "spirit," and presently growing more eloquent and warm as the questions are pressed further and further back into the regions of the unmanifested, she propounds to us the vast evolution of the soul, the descent of the spirit into matter, and its journey through the manifested universe back to the eternal first cause. Beginning with this first cause—the causeless cause—which is everywhere, yet nowhere; having neither length, breadth, nor height, and represented by a mathematical point, she expounds in Eastern science phraseology the "Days and Nights of Brahma," the outbreathing and inbreathing of the spirit by means of which the manifested universe comes into existence. Starting with the mathematical point as the apex of an equilateral triangle, she shows us diagrammatically how the evolution proceeds by the two sides of the triangle (representing wisdom and knowledge); the base line completing the triangle, or Trinity, represents the Logos or Brahma or Osiris or Ormazd, according to which

system of philosophy we favor, but which mean the same thing. From this emanate the seven principles called variously the seven Rishis, or the seven Logoi, or the seven Archangels, and from each of these other seven. By this outbreathing of Brahma the manifested worlds come gradually into existence. Everything contains within it a portion or spark of the Divine or Ultimate Consciousness, and it is this spark or ray seeking to return to its source, and to obtain absolute self-consciousness, that evolves through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. Self-consciousness begins when it reaches the human form, but to obtain absolute consciousness, which is consciousness of everything, it must pass through every form and state of existence, from the highest to the lowest; in other words, it must become the absolute consciousness by experience of everything, which is the absolute consciousness. Seven planes or globes belong to the chain of worlds through which the monad has to evolve, our earth being the fourth in the system to which it belongs, the other planets of this system not being visible to us by reason of their being on another plane of matter. Seven times does the monad journey round this system, tarrying millions of years on each globe, and being incarnated in the human form over and over again, brought back to earth by reason of the desires which were unfulfilled in its past lives and in search of fresh experience, as it ever seeks its way back to its source. How many millions of years all this takes, the duration of each Manvantara, Kalpa, or Yuga, is accurately recorded by those who are the custodians of the knowledge of the Secret Doctrine, which is set forth in mystic form and allegory in many an ancient legend, and in many a sacred book inaccessible to any but those who through many incarnations have resolutely pursued the path that leads to mastership in the occult science. Such is but a brief and imperfect sketch of the eloquent words that fall from the lips of this gifted woman. All listen with eager attention, albeit the strain on the imagination is a severe one. To her it is the A. B. C of matter, but when she has somewhat relaxed, we forgive the man who exclaimed, "Ah! our board schools have not educated us up to that!"

The conversation now becomes more

general, and Mme. Blavatsky is asked some question concerning mediumship and spirit manifestations. "Do you know one medium," she asks, "who has made a profession of it and who has not had some serious physical disease, or has not become a drunkard, or a lunatic, or something horrible? What the medium accomplishes is at his or her own expense, it is an expenditure of their vital energy, it is demoralizing both to themselves and to the entities—call them spirits or shells or spooks, or what you will—who seek such persons in order to obtain a temporary vitality. In other cases the phenomena are produced solely by means of what I call a psychological trick, which, however, is not jugglery as it is commonly understood, but which likewise implies a large expenditure of energy on the part of the medium and can only be done by reserving and storing up the energy; and therefore when you expect a medium to give many séances a day, for which he is paid his guinea, or whatever it may be, you simply expect him to do that which he could not perform with his vital powers—in fact you simply pay to be cheated. Hundreds of persons have heard the astral bell and raps which I used to perform at will, but which if I were to attempt now would probably be fatal by reason of the weakness of my heart. I have made one gentleman (a leading scientific man) produce the 'astral bells' himself while I simply touched him with my fingers, he, meanwhile, concentrating his mind on the phenomena to be produced. He did not always succeed, because it requires long practice to do it at will, but I proved to him that it was nothing more than a manifestation of will power through psychological faculties which are not known to men of science, or are but partially acknowledged in the form of mesmerism or thought transference. For instance, many people have this power in the form of a magnetic or healing touch; this I never had, but I could produce various phenomena with inanimate matter. In New York I was given a test which created a great sensation at the time. A sheet of clean note-paper was brought to me from a certain club-room, having the heading of the club stamped on it. I laid my hand on the paper, and concentrating my mind on the features of an Eastern Yogi, with whose physiognomy

I was intimately acquainted, I presently removed my hand, and there was seen the portrait of the man on whom I had concentrated my thoughts and then projected on the paper by means of my will power. This portrait was examined by some of the leading artists in New York, and in sworn evidence they said that it was impossible for them to tell by what means the portrait was impressed on the paper; it was not done by any of the processes with which they, as experts, were familiar, and, moreover, with regard to the artistic qualities of the representation, it was such as could only have been produced by the greatest master in the art of portraiture who had ever lived. Science, so-called, does not know anything about these powers of the will, but they have been known to occultists for ages, and many more things which have been set down as magic or miracle. The portrait is still in the possession of Colonel Olcott, and you will find a full account of the circumstances, and the names of the artists and other gentlemen who witnessed it, in the book which has recently been published under the title of 'Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky.'"—*From Piccadilly, November 2, 1888.*

NOUS VERRONS.

BUDAPEST, May 29—(The Associated Press).—Startling prophecies relative to world peace, political changes impending in Europe, and the fate of prominent figures in the great war are made by Hungary's national soothsayer, Mme. Sybilline Rellaugh.

"Thrones will be reestablished all over Europe, including France, Germany, Austria, Poland, and Hungary, within a year," she says. "The Hohenzollerns will return to Germany, but the former emperor will go insane and the Crown Prince will be murdered. There will be sanguinary upheavals in France preliminary to the constitution of a kingdom. Bolshevism will end in 1921 in Russia. Mexico will be the starting point of the next war. High prices will abate and European exchange will be quoted at par in two years. There will be the greatest exodus from Russia and Central Europe in history, but they will not go to Palestine. They will, rather, emigrate to Argentine and Mexico."

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

306
GIFT
JUN 15 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 5, 1920.

Price Five Cents

IRISH BELIEFS.

There has been many books on Irish beliefs, but almost without exception they have one fatal defect. They are written without belief or sympathy and from the standpoint of condescension. But Lady Gregory in her "Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland" makes no such mistake. Not for her is the rôle of the superior person who observes from some intellectual height the mental vagaries of the less favored and records them for the edification of the elect. For Lady Gregory is Irish, and we strongly suspect that she herself believes these stories, at least in substance. We hope she does. We do ourselves, with reasonable reservations.

Lady Gregory covers the whole ground in her two volumes. Nothing is missing. She tells us of seers and healers, of the evil eye, of witches and wizards, of charms and wise women, of banshees and of the strange people called the Sidhe, who were the gods or the children of the gods, and who are now said to be the angels who were cast out of heaven, being proud. Moreover, Lady Gregory tells these stories as they were told to her. Thus she begins a chapter, "I was told by Old Deruane." And again, "I was told by a Man of Slieve Echtge." And yet again, "An Old Woman in the Lodge Kitchen says." And then follow the stories.

But it is the explanatory essay of Mr. W. B. Yeats at the end of the second

volume that particularly attracts us. Mr. Yeats finds that these Irish beliefs are consonant with the philosophies of the earlier mystics, and are explicable by them. Swedenborg, for example, describes post-mortem states that might conceivably manifest themselves to the clairvoyant. The soul, says Swedenborg, passes through a state so like that of the world that it may not even believe that it has died:

This earth-resembling life is the 'creation of the image-making power of the mind, plucked naked from the body, and mainly of the images in the memory. All our work has gone with us, the books we have written can be opened and read and put away for later use, even though their print and paper have been sold to the butter man; and reading his description one notices, a discovery one had thought peculiar to the last generation, that the "most minute particulars which enter the memory remain there and are never obliterated," and there as here we do not always know all that is in the memory, but at need angelic spirits who act upon us there as here, widening and deepening the consciousness at will, can draw forth all the past, and make us live again all our transgressions and see our victims "as if they were present, together with the place, words and motives"; and that suddenly, "as when a scene bursts upon the sight" and yet continues "for hours together," and like the transgressions, all the pleasure and pain of sensible life awaken again and again, all our passionate events rush up about us and not as seeming imagination, for imagination is now the world. And yet another impulse comes and goes, flitting through all, a preparation for the spiritual abyss, for out of the celestial world, immediately beyond the world of form, fall certain seeds as it were that exfoliate through us

into forms, elaborate scenes, buildings, alterations of form that are related by "correspondence" or "signature" to celestial incomprehensible realities. Meanwhile those who have loved or fought see one another in the unfolding of a dream, believing it may be that they wound one another or kill one another, severing arms or hands, or that their lips are joined in a kiss, and the countryman has need but of Swedenborg's keen ears and eagle sight to hear a noise of swords in the empty valley, or to meet the old master hunting with all his hounds upon the stroke of midnight among the moonlit fields. But gradually we begin to change and possess only those memories we have related to our emotion or our thought; all that was accidental or habitual dies away and we begin an active present life, for apart from that calling up of the past we are not punished or rewarded for our actions when in the world, but only for what we do when out of it. Up till now we have disguised our real selves and those who have lived well for fear or favor have walked with holy men and women, and the wise man and the dunce have been associated in common learning, but now the ruling love has begun to remake circumstance and our body.

Swedenborg makes no denial of the possibility of communicating with the dead, but he warns us not to attempt it lest we be plunged into a world of deception and invention:

He seems, however, to warn us against a movement whose philosophy he announced or created, when he tells us to seek no conscious intercourse with any that fall short of the celestial rank. At ordinary times they do not see us or know that we are near, but when we speak to them we are in danger of their deceits. "They have a passion for inventing," and do not always know that they invent. "It has been shown me many times that the spirits speaking with me did not know but that they were the men and women I was thinking of; neither did other spirits know the contrary. Thus yesterday and today one known of me in life was personated. The personation was so like him in all respects, so far as known to me, that nothing could be more like. For there are genera and species of spirits of similar faculty (as the dead whom we seek), and when like things are called up in the memory of men and so are represented to them they think they are the same persons. At other times they enter into the fantasy of other spirits and think that they are them, and sometimes they will even believe themselves to be the Holy Spirit," and as they identify themselves with a man's affection or enthusiasm they may drive him to ruin, and even an angel will join himself so completely to a man that he scarcely knows "that he does not know of himself what the man knows," and when they speak with a man they can but speak in that man's mother tongue, and this they can do without taking thought, for "it is almost as when a man is speaking and thinks nothing about his words."

The phenomena of the séance room sustain the philosophy of Swedenborg,

but Mr. Yeats should know, and of course he does know, that Swedenborg's philosophy finds far earlier expression in the writings of the Greek and Indian mystics. But Swedenborg will serve as well as another to explain the phenomena of Allen Cardec and Jackson Davis:

Allen Cardec, whose books are much more readable than those of Davis, had himself no mediumistic gifts. He gathered the opinions, as he believed, of spirits speaking through a great number of automatists and trance speakers, and all the essential thought of Swedenborg remains, but like Davis, these spirits do not believe in an eternal Hell, and like Blake they describe unhuman races, powers of the elements, and declare that the soul is no creature of the womb, having lived many lives upon the earth. The sorrow of death, they tell us again and again, is not so bitter as the sorrow of birth, and had our ears the subtlety we could listen amid the joy of lovers and the pleasure that comes with sleep to the wailing of the spirit betrayed into a candle. Who was it that wrote: "O Pythagoras, so good, so wise, so eloquent, upon my last voyage, I taught thee, a soft lad, to splice a rope."

This belief, common among continental spiritists, is denied by those of England and America, and if one questions the voices at a séance they take sides according to the medium's nationality. I have even heard what professed to be the shade of an old English naval officer denying it with a fine phrase: "I did not leave my oars crossed; I left them side by side."

All spirits, says Mr. Yeats, and some of them for centuries, keep the shape of their earthly bodies and carry on their old activities, wooing or quarreling, or totting figures on a table, in a round of dull duties or passionate events:

Those who have attained to noble form, when they appear in the séance room, create temporary bodies, commonly like to those they wore when living, through some unconscious constraint of memory, or deliberately, that they may be recognized. Davis, in his literal way, said that the first sixty feet of the atmosphere was a reflector and that in almost every case it was mere images we spoke with in the séance room, the spirit itself being far away. The images are made of a substance drawn from the medium who loses weight, and in a less degree from all present, and for this light must be extinguished or dimmed or shaded with red as in a photographer's room. The image will begin outside the medium's body as a luminous cloud, or in a sort of luminous mud forced from the body, out of the mouth it may be, from the side or from the lower parts of the body. One may see a vague cloud condense and diminish into a head or arm or a whole figure of a man, or to some animal shape.

I remember a story told me by a friend's steward in Galway of the fairies playing at hurley in a field and going in and out of the

bodies of two men who stood at either goal. Out of the medium will come perhaps a cripple or a man bent with years and sometimes the apparition will explain that, but for some family portrait, or for what it lit on while rummaging in our memories, it had not remembered its customary clothes or features, or cough or limp or crutch. Sometimes, indeed, there is a strange regularity of feature and we suspect the presence of an image that may never have lived, an artificial beauty that may have shown itself in the Greek mysteries.

The appearance of forms has been rare of late years, it being more usual to hear voices or for the medium herself to become identified, so to speak, with the visitant and to be employed for impersonation results:

Yet we never long escape the phantasmagoria nor can long forget that we are among the shape-changers. Sometimes our own minds shape that mysterious substance, which may be life itself, according to desire or constrained by memory, and the dead no longer remembering their own names become the characters in the drama we ourselves have invented. John King, who has delighted melodramatic minds for hundreds of séances with his career on earth as Henry Morgan the buccaneer, will tell more scientific visitors that he is merely a force, while some phantom long accustomed to a decent name, questioned by some pious Catholic, will admit very cheerfully that he is the devil. Nor is it only present minds that perplex the shades with phantasy, for friends of Count Albert de Rochas once wrote out names and incidents but to discover that though the surname of the shade that spoke had been historical, Christian name and incidents were from a romance running at the time in some clerical newspaper no one there had ever opened.

All these shadows have drunk from the pool of blood and become delirious. Sometimes they will use the very word and say that we force delirium upon them because we do not still our minds, or that minds not stupefied with the body force them more subtly, for now and again one will withdraw what he has said, saying that he was constrained by the neighborhood of some more powerful shade.

Mr. Yeats draws most of his theories from Henry More, Plotinus, Porphyry, and Plato, and from the translations of Mr. Meade:

We should not suppose that our souls began at birth, for as Henry More has said, a man might as well think "from souls new souls" to bring as "to press the sunbeams in his fist" or "wring the rainbow till it dye his hands." We have within us an "air body" or "spirit body" which was our only body before our birth as it will be again when we are dead and its "plastic power" has shaped our terrestrial body as some day it may shape apparition and ghost. Porphyry is quoted by Mr. Meade as saying that "Souls who love the body attach a moist spirit to them and condense it like a cloud," and so become visible,

and so are all apparitions of the dead made visible; though necromancers, according to Henry More, can ease and quicken this condensation "with reek of oil, meal, milk, and such like gear, wine, water, honey." One remembers that Dr. Ochrowicz's naked imp once described how she filled out an appearance of herself by putting a piece of blotting paper where her stomach should have been, and that the blotting paper became damp because, as she said, a materialization, until it is completed, is damp vapor. This airy body which so compresses vapor, Philoponus says, "takes the shape of the physical body as water takes the shape of the vessel that it has been frozen in," but it is capable of endless transformations, for "in itself it has no special form," but Henry More believes that it has an especial form, for "its plastic power" can not but find the human form most "natural," though "vehemency of desire to alter the figure into another representation may make the appearance to resemble some other creature; but no forced thing can last long." "The better genii" therefore prefer to show "in a human shape yet not it may be with all the lineaments," but with such as are "fit for this separate state" (separate from the body that is) or are "requisite to perfect the visible features of a person," desire and imagination adding clothes and ornament. The materialization, as we would say, has but enough likeness for recognition. It may be that More but copies Philoponus, who thought the shade's habitual form, the image that it was as it were frozen in for a time, could be again "colored and shaped by fantasy," and that "it is probable that when the soul desires to manifest it shapes itself, setting its own imagination in movement, or even that it is probable with the help of dæmonic coöperation that it appears and again becomes invisible, becoming condensed and rarefied." Porphyry, Philoponus adds, gives Homer as his authority for the belief that souls after death live among images of their experience upon earth, phantasms impressed upon the spirit body. While Synesius, who lived at the end of the fourth century and had Hypatia among his friends, also describes the spirit body as capable of taking any form and so of enabling us after death to work out our purgation; and says that for this reason the oracles have likened the state after death to the images of a dream.

Here we must leave Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, and with their treasure chambers nearly untouched. The student can hardly do better than rifle them for himself.

VISIONS AND BELIEFS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. Collected and arranged by Lady Gregory. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in some body or other.—*Joseph Glanvil.*

VIA CRUCIS.

The subway crush is fierce tonight; I've stood

The whole way—swaying, stifling, pushed and pressed;

Submitting mutely to the crowd's behest;

Accepting odious contacts, undesired
By both, with set teeth and impassive face.

One long half-hour have I read and read
(Because my brain is tired)

That placard on the wall, the one that says:

"Spitting upon the floor is punishable."
Such dreary mockery! There is no room
To spit upon the floor! There is no floor—

Only a mass of feet, whose owners strive
(As drowning people fight to keep alive)
For space enough to stand in.

These were men
And women once; perhaps they are so still,

When they have reached the places they call "home";

But now, transfigured by their misery,
They show the snout and hoof of Circe's swine.

Is it for this I give my heritage
Of sun-warmed pines and babbling mountain brooks?—

For bread and meat and shoddy clothing pay

My right to ocean's blue, and God's free air?

O little son, who sits across from me,
Sharing with childish zest the dear-bought food.

Whose eyes are holden, that they may not see

The shadow of my crucificial rood,
I, too, may say, as once of old said He:
"Take! Eat! This is my body and my blood!"

—*Florence Van Cleve in New York Times.*

Shall I return good for evil? What then should I return for good? My son, deal justly with all, and so shalt thou prosper.—*Laotze.*

There never was a false god, nor was there ever really a false religion, unless you call a child a false man.—*Max Muller.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued)

BEGINNING THE STORY.

In October of '18 I was ordered to Paris on special duty, and there I fell in with Dr. La Jeunesse, a psychologist of international reputation, and to whom I bore various letters and messages of a nature that did not admit of their being sent by the usual carriers. We had many mutual friends, but previous to that time had not met.

Of course I found the celebrated doctor extremely interesting. A man of his calibre could not be otherwise. In appearance he was a quick and vivid little person, with a massive head that he carried a bit on one side, as if he were forever engaged in the act of listening for sounds that could not be heard with ordinary attention. And he had a trick of thrusting out an aggressive chin, darkened by a sharply-cut black beard, when he spoke with any degree of emphasis, which was a good deal of the time. He dearly loved to talk and, even for a Frenchman, he had an amazing vocabulary and an amazing facility for putting it to use, accompanying it with innumerable gesticulations.

I used to amuse myself by speculations as to his chances for successful practice in America (a very futile speculation indeed, since nothing short of judgment day will ever pry him loose from France), and I came to the conclusion that they would be very slim. To the American temperament, at least, his endless mannerisms would induce the state of perturbation which it is the aim of the psychologist to modify and then eliminate.

Quite evidently it was to him a matter of continual and puzzled amazement that I, a physician of some twelve years' active practice, had given up my profession to take up one that, so far as the world knows, is in an wholly unrelated line of work. The facts are, in reality, very much the contrary. My work furnishes me almost unexcelled opportunity for furthering my deepest interest, my most absorbing study, which is, as you know, to learn as I may something of that mysterious motive power back of the riddle that is man; in other words, I seek to know something of his soul.

For, lacking that knowledge (it seems

to me) the elaborate machinery of psycho-analysis is useless. Or perhaps something worse than useless: a factor of endless confusion. The machine, as a machine, is in a well enough agreement with itself; it runs smoothly and swiftly, set in the mortar of fixed materialism, and we observe its revolutions with grave attention; we know a good deal about its complicated parts, we can judge somewhat the effects it will produce, but what do we know of its motive energy? If there is a man amongst our clan that really does know, he chooses to be silent. Nor can he be blamed for doing so. The zeal of his discovery would, verily, have to be in a fair way toward eating him up before he would tempt the fate that seems invariably to await all pioneers.

But to return to the doctor. First and last he is the scientist, the mental vivisectionist, the cold atomist of brain structure and function. Only secondarily is he the healer. I should suppose that his value to the world lay, primarily, in his aptitude for minutely careful research work rather than in the number of patients restored to normal living. His great intelligence literally pounces upon clew after clew, relating hitherto unrelated effect to effect, and bringing out of the chaotic mass a discernible, mosaic pattern.

Yes, the doctor was a born "arranger" if I may use the term, and a tireless tabulator too boot. We struck up a kind of wary friendship. I knew perfectly well that his interest in me lay chiefly in that he had not yet classified me to his entire satisfaction. When I ceased to be a subject for scientific probing I would, automatically and at that identical moment, cease to exist so far as he was concerned.

And I frankly admit that my interest in him was pretty much of the same character, but mine was not likely to be so readily satisfied. I was trying, as has become my inveterate habit, to trace the ego that certainly existed behind the flare and the fume of the doctor's very considerable egotisms. (For I consider that the existence of an Ego, a *something* other than the personality, and not in the least dependent on the personality, is an authentic fact; that it has been proven to be one by evidence of a nature that no one in his senses, or else totally

blinded by prejudice, can possibly doubt.)

The hours we spent together were, of necessity, most infrequent. Paris, in those days, was half vast machinery for turning out war supplies, and half hospital. My work had to do with the first; the doctors, of course, with the second, since there were almost as many shattered minds to be dealt with as mutilated bodies.

Sometimes it would happen that we would sit for a whole quarter of an hour without exchanging a word. And for the garrulous doctor to be silent for so long a time meant but one thing: he was in the toils of that awful depression that waited to swoop down upon us the instant we ceased to be anything more than madly driven automatons. But invariably the true Gallic temperament would assert itself. Talk he would and must, if only to give voice to the indirect cause of his trouble. Many and many were the appalling abysses down which the unhinged brain hurls itself that he pictured to me in a graphic phrase or two.

Again, it would be my turn to relate cases of more than ordinary interest; cases that had to do with the abnormal mental states, and that had come under my observation, and, in a sense, my personal care.

I soon learned to gage the quality of his arrested attention by the curious blankness of expression that would sweep over his usually mobile face. It was as if the keenly inquiring personality of the man were whisked away, and, with an amazingly swift gesture, another personality, an older one, somehow, *one who knew more and therefore inquired less*, took its place. Yet the invading personality was very like the other; perhaps it would be better to say that an indefinable expansion of personality came about, as one drop may merge into a pool, and lose its identity only to take on a larger one.

Those were the moments when, it seemed to me, I caught brief glimpses of the larger self, the "immortal fugitive," as somebody has called the soul; and there would come to me fresh wonderment at the infinite variety of its expression, and (this most particularly) its abiding quality, in that it waited, buried deep in the tomb of human nature, for

the circumstance and the hour that should set it free to function freely and richly through its vehicle—the human body. It was then that my mind would revert to Lowdry's ideas of reincarnation, and it would suggest itself anew to me as being an eminently reasonable one. For I could not avoid the Scylla of an (admittedly) invading personality distinct from, and perhaps hostile to, the doctor's real ego, without postulating in its stead some sort of a theory that should explain the very evident superiority of the other, the older one, as I called it. It remained, then, that one of two ideas had to be taken as hypothesis. The first would allow for pre-existence in an individual form, and with a connecting link of continuing consciousness, even though it be of the type called "subconscious" or "subliminal." The second would have to admit, in some tentative form or another, the universality of knowledge and the possibility of drawing it at need or merely by the attractive power of aroused attention, as a cup of water may be taken from a river, or as the magnet attracts steel filings. For all I know the one theory—pre-existence—may postulate the other, or include it within the range of probabilities. And there, if you like, is a Charbydis from which only an expert swimmer can ever hope to extricate himself.

I dare say you are, by this time, asking yourself what has happened to the story I promised you. Well, the doctor is part of the story, and a very essential part, too. And, besides, one has to lime in the canvas, doesn't one?

(To Be Continued.)

CLAY HILLS.

It is easy to mold the yielding clay
And many shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie shattered and forgotten in
a dingy corner.

But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock. . . .

I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life,
And make one strong thing,
And set it in a high, clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my desire. —*Jean Starr Untermeyer.*

THE HEART OF MEMORY.

Where the white dust of Sappho sways
In dim green caverns of the sea,
Through all these changing nights and
days

Is there no ancient memory?

Is there not one wild Lesbian note
Tossed on the bright flame of the
waves

That knew the clear, immortal threat
That sang dead hearts out of their
graves?

Oh, long ago Alcæus' lyre
Was crumbling earth before the wind,
And Phaon of the heart of fire
Went on the great adventure blind.

The tyrant, Pittacus, is dead
And all his splendor is a name;
Yet there is not, uncomfortable,
The nightingale to sing of fame?

The voice of Sappho moves and cries
In dim green caverns of the sea,
And in the mournful mist there sighs
The ancient heart of memory.

—*Herbert S. Gorman in New York
Evening Post.*

MOUNTAIN SONG.

I have not where to lay my head;
Upon my breast no child shall lie;
For me no marriage feast is spread:
I walk alone under the sky.

My staff and scrip I cast away—
Light-burdened to the mountain height!
Climbing the rocky steep by day,
Kindling my fire against the night.

The bitter hail shall flower my peak,
The icy winds shall dry my tears.
Strong shall I be, who am but weak,
When bright Orion spears my fears.

Under the horned moon I shall rise,
Upswinging on the scarf of dawn.
The sun, searching with level eyes,
Shall take my hand and lead me on.

Wide flaming pinions veil the West—
Ah, shall I find? and shall I know?
My feet are bound upon the Quest—
Over the Great Divide I go.

—*Harriet Monroe.*

The pantheistic idea of a general
Spirit-Soul pervading all Nature is the
oldest of all the philosophical notions.—
Secret Doctrine.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

This Doctrine teaches that the whole Universe is ruled by intelligent and semi-intelligent Forces and Powers.

The religious and esoteric history of every nation was imbedded in symbols; it was never expressed literally in so many words. All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early Races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. Why? Because the spoken word has a potency not only unknown to, but even unsuspected and naturally disbelieved in, by the modern "sages." Because sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients; and because such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken the corresponding Powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be.

The first manifestation of the Kosmos in the form of an Egg was the most widely diffused belief of Antiquity.

Satan never assumed an anthropomorphic, individualized shape, until the creation by man, of the "one living personal God," had been accomplished, and then merely as a matter of prime necessity. A screen was needed; a scapegoat to explain the cruelty, blunders, and but too evident injustice, perpetrated by him for whom absolute perfection, mercy, and goodness were claimed.

One can not claim God as the synthesis of the whole Universe, as Omnipresent and Omniscient and Infinite, and then divorce him from Evil. As there is far more Evil than Good in the world, it follows on logical grounds that either God must include Evil, or stand as the direct cause of it, or else surrender his claims to Absoluteness.

Cronus with his scythe cuts down even the longest and, to us, seemingly endless cycles, which, for all that, are limited in Eternity, and with the same scythe destroys the mightiest rebels. Aye, not one will escape the scythe of time. Praise the God or Gods, or flout one or both, that scythe will not tremble one million-

eth of a second in its ascending or descending course.

Pantheism manifests itself in the vast expanse of the starry heavens, in the breathing of the seas and oceans, and in the quiver of life of the smallest blade of grass.

THE NEW LITERATURE.

(New York Times Book Review.)

I am inclined to think that the wave of spiritualism has receded—in the book world at least—during the last two or three months. The editor of a popular periodical, who has been catering for the public demand, tells me that there are unmistakable signs that his readers are getting bored and he is going to cut the subject out of his contents at the earliest opportunity. I hear that similar symptoms are becoming manifest in the publishing trade. Also one does not hear quite so much about the lectures by distinguished spiritualists. It is too early yet to say to what extent is this falling off in public interest, but I should not be surprised if active concern with spiritualism is eventually confined to a comparatively small number of the educated classes. The mass of the people find it difficult to keep up their interest, because, for one thing, they have neither the time nor the money to consult mediums.

But if the British public is getting a little tired of reading about spiritualistic phenomena, it is not weary of reading about the occult so long as the literature is of a frankly imaginative nature. There is a growing demand for good occult fiction, and the popular magazines are making a big feature of this kind of story, though I do not think that publishers are keen on the spiritualistic novel if the spiritualism is the main interest of the plot. What the fiction writer has got to steer clear of is the occult story which is merely a ghost story. The subject of reincarnation has been appealing very strongly to several of our popular fiction writers. During the last four or five months I have read two new novels and two short stories, all dealing in very much the same manner with this theme. It is quite certain that each of these four authors was unaware that others were engaged writing similar work. All four stories were good, but they lacked the touch of a Poe.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

544
GIFT
JUL 9 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 12, 1920.

Price Five Cents

AUTHENTICITY OF MESSAGES.

A theory of telepathy, as applied to messages purporting to come from departed spirits, works admirably in many cases. In others it involves such extraordinary coincidences and improbabilities that, unless some hitherto unrecognized law could be formulated to explain these improbabilities, we should not be justified in accepting telepathy from the living as an inclusive explanation of the facts. At the same time the only other way open to waverers at the cross roads seems equally repugnant to common sense. The ordinary intelligent man and woman can not equably face the possibility of such a future existence as is depicted for them in such recent works as the well-known "Raymond," or "The Letters of a Living Dead Man," or the two books of the distinguished J. S. M. Ward, the Rev. Vale Owen's communications and the general descriptions given in the flood of new spiritualistic literature. Moreover, although these accounts support one another reasonably well in many particulars, there are immense discrepancies which it is almost impossible to accept on the hypothesis of an unimpaired persistence of a consciousness that corresponds with that of physical life.

Such is the gist of an article by the distinguished student of psychical research, Dr. J. L. Beresford, whose fame in this country as a successful novelist has eclipsed his fame as a student of the "occult." Writing in the *Westminster Ga-*

zette of London, this competent student, after a long survey of the field of psychical research, thinks there is "just a trace of a way" out of our hesitations "about the sign post." The track, he admits, is still very faint. He permits himself, in spite of this, to make some suggestions with regard to the conditions surrounding the spirit immediately after it leaves the body. Professor Beresford confesses that he begs the question in assuming survival, but he submits that he does so in a scientific spirit. What we want to discover, he contends, is an hypothesis that will at once provide a reasonable basis for further investigations and follow the main trend of present psychology:

My first assumption is that after losing touch with the material complex which has been the main instrument of response and expression throughout its earth life, the spirit enters a world of illusion, in which it is at first guided by its terrestrial reactions. This condition may bear some analogy to the normal dream life. There is a sense of reality, but of a reality that will not bear investigation, since it is created out of the thought or will of the percipient, and would dissolve under the test of a doubting inquiry. Thus, the greater the certainty or conviction of the mind, the more definite and substantial the illusion of matter in the old familiar forms.

My second assumption is that this world of illusion, or of idea, is influenced to a certain extent by the action of other minds just in so far as there is some form of response between the thoughts and ideas of these other minds and those of our postulated percipient. This second assumption implies that the rapport between certain persons observable in everyday life increases when the spirit is

freed from the immense distractions imposed by the needs and sensibilities of the material body. Thought, though probably not much more under control than it is in our present condition, would after death become the sole means of inter-communication; what we know now as telepathy becoming the single instrument; and no doubt the newly arrived spirit would have to learn the use of a new language, just as the child learns the use of a spoken language on earth.

The third assumption is an almost inevitable consequence of the second:

There must be a strong tendency for a congregation of similar minds, or, alternatively, of minds that have had common interests in the flesh. It is, for example, conceivable that an alien manner of thought, or a different concept of reality, would tend to dispersion of idea, a process that might cause an effect equivalent to what we now know as pain. The result of this would inevitably lead to a withdrawal from the sphere of unpleasant influence, and so bring about, more or less slowly maybe, a segregation into specific groups. . . .

The fourth assumption is that both this theory of the means of communication by thought and that of the tendency to segregation apply equally to contacts between spirits released from the flesh and those which still inhabit a physical body; although the relation is complicated and the difficulties of communion greatly increased by the difference of condition peculiar to the two entities. For even though the medium or recipient be in a state of trance, it is obvious that any transmission of the message involves the use of his or her physical functions, a use that we must assume to be a perpetual cause of distraction. The relevant question of why this power of communicating with discarnate spirits is held by so few individuals can not be discussed here; but I would point out that we can not under any hypothesis deny the phenomenon of what we know as "mediumship." The investigation of that phenomenon is a matter for the psychologist.

These are the four most important assumptions, but Professor Beresford would add yet another, which concerns the physical side alone and might even be made the subject of a separate inquiry. This fifth assumption is that the "control," or assumed intermediary between the medium and the communicating spirit, is, in every case, the unconscious (subconscious or subliminal) personality of the medium.

Under the hypothesis which he thus elaborates in his assumptions, Professor Beresford believes we may accept as "relatively true" such messages as purport to come from the spirit of Raymond Lodge:

The whole force of adverse criticism adduced against these messages rests upon the argument that Raymond's experiences are

typical of the life after death; whereas we may now assume (1) that his account would only apply to the state of illusion which he and his particular group had created by expectation, and the persistence of their objective thought forms; and (2) that even this account must have been confused both by the difficulties of transmitting ideas, and by the interferences of the recipient's consciousness due not only to a failure of sensitiveness, but also to a contradiction of idea and of expectation. Thus, in regard to (2), we find that when Raymond communicates with his mother he drops into a vein of piety that is hardly traceable when he is trying to convey ideas to his father. And, generally, we see very clearly that the expectation and desire of the recipients, as indicated by their character and attitude, rather than by the limited content of their conscious minds at any given moment, has an invariable effect upon the nature of the message. How strong this effect would probably be may be inferred from the difficulty of conveying an idea in the exchanges of ordinary life. As an example, any convinced skeptic who happens to read this article will remain completely uninfluenced by it. He will resist both consciously and unconsciously any suggestion that might, if accepted, alter his own opinion; all such unacceptable suggestions being either rejected or altered to accord with his own more or less rigid judgments. So, also, the patient under hypnosis can not be induced to perform an act that would outrage any of his strongly prevailing moral standards. It is, therefore, only reasonable to assume that any message delivered by the complicated medium of telepathy from a spirit to the unconscious mind of a living recipient, and more particularly a message implicating a controversial question of doctrine, would be considerably distorted in transmission. And it must be remembered that every message of this kind does involve the unconscious mind, whether it come through automatic writing, table-rapping, trance-mediumship, or dream.

Another difficulty of importance that may be partly resolved by these assumptions is the frequent refusal of the supposed spirits to answer a direct question or to carry out a proposed test:

But if we consider the assumed conditions, this refusal is exceedingly probable. If we ask a child to give an account of a particular incident, he is commonly unable to respond. Given a perfectly free choice, he will translate his more readily accessible memories into such language as he has at his command. But a child's language is always so obviously deficient in the symbols for the expression of an idea that the effort of translating a particular incident into spoken metaphor imposes too great a strain on him. The same reluctance is evident in adult life. The request for detailed description instantly affects the response. In reply to it, we are inclined to volunteer only those incidents that are, by use, more readily translated into language. The demand for accuracy imposes an act of concentration and effort that is hardly possible for the average individual—a fact that is fully recognized by psychologists in connec-

tion with the giving of evidence. And I would submit that the troubles of delivery may be greatly increased by the inability of the discarnate spirit itself to use written or spoken language. For it is evident, under the assumptions made, that all messages given and received would be purely conceptual to the spirit mind, which we do not credit with powers of sight, hearing, or speech as we know them. And although there is no reason why the assumed spirit should not think in words—a process that we have good reason to infer as the typical method of communication in most cases—unless some considerable and antecedently improbable change takes place in the intellectual processes after death, that method, as used by any but the trained thinker, would inevitably lead to a characteristic discursiveness. I may note as a comment on this that Feda reports the spirit of A. V. B. as saying, "It's never so good if I try too much," a statement admirably consistent with the observations made by psychologists on the child mind.

—*Current Opinion.*

ELSIE INGLIS.

Who is it lies here
Betwixt the wind and the water,
Whom all Scotland mourns
As a mother for her daughter?

"I was Elsie Inglis
When I trod the ground;
Now I am lying here
In a long sleep and sound."

What did you do, Elsie Inglis,
To prove your heart's worth?
"I labored all my life long
To serve women on earth."

And what was it you did
Earned you this requiem?
"When men went out to fight,
I went out with them."

What could a woman do
In such unholy revel?
"Men fought with each other,
And I fought with evil."

When men fought with men
What foe could you hold?
"The foe they left behind them,
Fever, Famine, and Cold."

Which was the bitterest
Of all you saw fight?
"My foe slew blindly,
But men in broad light."

"My foe slew blindly,
The children with the mother;
My foe slew men,
But men slew each other."

—*Maurice Hewlett in London Mercury.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

The month drew to a sudden close. I stood, early one particularly dismal morning, looking down at the procession of bedraggled humans, wondering whether any among them felt as helplessly futile as I did. Things were going badly at the front, and with maddening slowness—for me, at least—at headquarters. It appeared that I was to be hung up in Paris for an indefinite period. If there be anything more calculated to corrode one's very soul than is the acid of enforced inaction while crisis follows crisis, so many ominous, mounting waves, I have yet to become acquainted with it. The day and I were of a piece as to mood. And then the telephone rang. It was Dr. La Jeunesse. The connection was vile—it always was—but I managed to make out that he had run across a countryman of mine, Cardall by name; that he was seriously but not necessarily fatally injured; that when, by some chance, my name had been mentioned in his hearing he had asked that I be told that he was in Paris, and that he would be grateful if I would look him up when I could. I would find him, the doctor said, at base hospital number— Here the infernal caterwauling of the wires rose to a shriek and then ceased altogether. The connection evidently had given up its last ghost. For twenty minutes I banged at the offensive instrument and then I got myself into a rain-coat and set out for the doctor's rooms, some ten squares down the avenue.

Cardall! It must, of course, be Horace Cardall. Horace, the giant half-back of Yale's team of '15. I remembered hearing that he had enlisted with the French army before America entered the war—his mother was of Huguenot blood—and that he had had considerable difficulty in getting himself transferred that he might fight under his own flag. But how, I asked myself, did it happen that he remembered me? I had seen the youngster three or four times at the most, and then with a crowd of fellows on Class Day when the campus was aswarm with visitors. Moreover, that was at least seven years ago. It was before China, before Russia; yes, it was before that winter in Constantinople, when it seemed

nothing short of absolute fatuity could fail to perceive that the fuse of war was thoroughly well laid, and that the first sparks were sputtering evilly.

With the memory of Constantinople there flashed on me the conviction that not Horace, but Selmin Cardall, lay wounded somewhere in the city. Selmin Cardall, the artist through whose splendid genius, so Europe freely acknowledged, America had won an established and a unique place in art. Selmin, more the elder brother than the uncle of Horace, whose only living relative he was. How well I had gotten to know him that five months in Constantinople! He was there in search of the beautiful; I in search of the unbeautiful. We both found, after a measure, exactly that for which we "went out to see."

The conviction established itself. It was not to be reasoned aside. Though I reminded myself that the thing was outside the range of all probabilities, I had also to reflect bitterly that in a world gone so completely mad anything was possible. But the ghastly incongruity of it! That I, of no particular importance or use in the world, sound as a nut, save for a slight limp that never inconvenienced me, should have been shoved by the powers that be into a comparatively safe berth, while a man of commanding genius was used to stop a German bullet, was unthinkable, but, alas, like many inconceivable things, it might be the truth. As I bent into the driving rain I recalled the words of a usually taciturn Britisher to the effect that, for his part, he failed to see that it mattered much if Westminster was blown up by channel-defying bombs, for if the war went on another year there would not be left in all England a man worth burying there when his time came. A rather terrible comment on the waste that is war, and a dark prophecy as well. Since it is by the torch of genius that nations grope toward their destiny, how shall it be with them if that light be in darkness?

Absorbed in such fruitless speculation, I nearly collided with a messenger from the embassy, sent post-haste in search of me, and, like myself and most of all Paris, afoot in the storm. Just one hour later I left Paris in the most rheumatic, not to mention asthmatic, gas contrivance it has ever been my lot to deal with.

The time of my return was dependent solely upon my success in the matters entrusted to me. There followed a week I shall not forget, and on the eighth day I was able to report to my chief. That duty attended to, I hunted up Dr. La Jeunesse, and together we set out for the hospital where Selmin Crandall lay. For it was Selmin. The doctor's description left no doubt on that score. Moreover, he had taken a decided turn for the worse.

"It is not alone for the shattered right hand," said the doctor, "though that is a tragedy of the most pitiful, is it not? But it is the *idée fixe* that is wearing him to the death. Within his brain the elements of a great picture had assembled themselves. They obsess him. He is in travail with them that they shall be born. Mon Dieu, that it can not be!"

Tragedy indeed! Why not the left hand, or a foot, or a leg even, if Moloch demanded that particular flesh as sacrifice! But that delicately sensitive right hand of his, instinct with a master genius—"shattered"! The word the doctor has used was graphically complete. I turned suddenly sick, as when I first saw a crucified body. . . .

We were close to the hospital. The pungent odor of antiseptics was heavy on the air. In silence we mounted the steps. We entered the corridor. A surgeon came forward to meet Dr. La Jeunesse. I got through the introduction somehow, fighting back a fearful nausea, seeing, all the while, a figure hanging by the weight of one torn and bleeding hand, and another figure, nailed to the side of a cattle barn; the two were inextricably mixed in my mind. And then we were walking down a long ward, and I saw Selmin's eyes on me in glad recognition. My hysteria vanished as quickly as it had come. I was able to smile and to speak with quiet evenness, though a hot rebellion shook me as I grasped his thin left hand.

I can not say why, as the first commonplace but difficult words of greeting fashioned themselves, a department of my consciousness busied itself with rehearsing a certain thing that Selmin had said to me as we stood together on the edge of the white Siberian waste, those "bare steppes where desolation walks." (We were three, just he and I and the Slav

servant, (wandering apart from men and cities for the two weeks' leave to play granted me after Constantinople.)

"I should like to go on and on," he spoke with eyes to the east, "until we reached the rim of the world. There is a rim, you know" (he chose to be whimsical, but a rich meaning underlay his words) "and at the rim there is a scroll, carefully locked away. It is hid behind that ragged curtain of the last mountain. If we could get to it, if we could read its record when we did get to it, what wouldn't we know!"

I said truly that I do not know why that scene and those words came before me. Perhaps the expression of his eyes, searching mine with swift and clear appraisal, had something to do with it. One never knows what flashing glance, what trick of gesture, shall be the genius that unrolls the panorama of memory. I met his gaze fully, warm to the soul to see that in their gray depths the luminous vision still abided. And that in the face of war, and what war had done to him! But I saw something else; something not easily defined, but clearly evident. I saw that they held a hint of austerity, and an odd suggestion of spiritual authority that I did not recall having discovered in them before. The man's bold spirit had traveled far and high since last we met, and it had won for itself much treasure. He was thin to painfulness, wan as a peasant's Yuletide candle; nevertheless there played about him, as heat waves play about a glowing furnace, the radiance of an incalculable power.

All this my brain registered with clear definiteness, while my tongue was busy with some inconsequential speech, and as though he read my thought he stopped me in the middle of a sentence. "Well, David, it's a long way from those Russian steppes, isn't it? And, by the way, have you run across any key that is likely to be of use to us when we arrive at the rim of the world and find that locked scroll?"

I was startled. Before I could think of a reply he lifted that frail hand in greeting to some one. I turned, and there, wheeling himself down the aisle, came young Rollins, the "kid" of our little group of the Constantinople winter, cruelly nicknamed "The Yapper" because of his habit of baying, hound-like, at the

first hint of moonlight. He called it singing, and he invariably accompanied himself with a twangy guitar. But we loved him well, in spite of this heinous failing. And here he was, to the first glance blithe as ever, but it did not need a penetrating intelligence to see that now he was cheerful with resolute purpose. Rollins will walk again; oh, yes, they do amazing things with wood nowadays; but he will never again climb—Etna, for instance.

And then we did, indeed, go over old ground. We ignored the war. Bit by bit the old days lived a vicarious life. And then, unwitting, I said the thing of all things that should not have found mention. I spoke directly to Selmin:

"Do you remember that banshee, icy wind that blew off the Caucasus at dawn, and how you used to say that it was Gaea, wailing the plight of Prometheus?"

(To Be Continued.)

All that we are is a result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, a pain follows him as a wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. All that we are is a result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—*Dhammapada*.

HE BUILDETH HIS HOUSE.

He hewed him the gray cold rock

To make the foundations under,

The walls and the towers should lock

Past the power of the earth to sunder,

Then, masking the bastions' frown,

Art came, embroidered and gilded

That beauty and joy might crown

The palace which power had builded.

God sighed: "Why build so tall

Thy prison wall?"

—*Lily A. Long in Poetry*.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.—*Jacob Boehme*.

THE MENACE OF THE WORLD.

The diagnosis of a world degeneration for which some of the mystically minded have been reproached seems to be confirmed by some writers who are wholly free from mystical tendencies. Thus we have an article on "The Menace of the World" by Sisley Huddleston, which appears in the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is written wholly of European conditions, but the author seems to think, and rightly so, that the problem is also American:

Standing as I stand, in the capital of the world—Paris—I sweep my eyes round from this centre and I see about me a world which dances and makes merry in the midst of death and destruction and in the menace of tomorrow. America is beyond my vision; and it may be held that in some respects the materiality which has gripped America is different—America, at any rate, is not a great graveyard. But although the immediate consequences of the war are not so terrible as in Europe, and although on your side of the Atlantic can be urged that there is no special reason for sitting tight on the chest of Pleasure, still all the reports that reach me make it clear that the symptoms are the same. There is a new world-disease; an epidemic that spreads from red Moscow to gaunt Vienna, to hectic Paris, to morbid Berlin, to London lively as a galvanized corpse, out to the Balkans (even Constantinople is afish), and right to the States.

The world was completely disrupted by the war. Conventions disappeared and the moralists went with them. Men asked themselves of what value were order and decency if actual war and threatened revolution were to set all their plans at naught. Do not let us worry, they said. "After us, the deluge." And the deluge, in very truth, seems to be near:

People were torn up by the roots. Their habits were shattered. Their beliefs were destroyed. Their very soul was melted in the fiery furnace of war, and molded and twisted into new shapes. To straighten it back will be a prodigious feat. They have trampled on their religion. They have abandoned those good prejudices which kept society together. They have become cynical and selfish. If I were asked what is the most conspicuous trait of the modern man and woman in Europe, I should unhesitatingly reply—Egoism. The instinct of the hive has gone. We are indifferent to what happens to others. The only person who matters is one's self

There was a time since the war when the doctrine of the solidarity of the human race seemed to be listened to. There was an "accepted time" and a "day of salvation," or so it seemed. But it

passed. We returned to the trough, to the Egyptian darkness:

Alas! whatever may happen to the projected Society of Nations as an institution, it is certain that the first fine rapture is over, and that, except for a comparatively few earnest spirits, altruism, the human religion, even, to express it in more material terms, the instinct of the hive, is dead; and that for the majority of men the practical creed of life is "Every one for himself and the Devil take the hindmost!" Never was Carlyle's image of a basket of serpents, each struggling to get its head above the rest, so expressively precise a picture of humanity as it is today.

The world is indulging not only in an orgy of extravagance, but of an orgy of vice. All restraints have disappeared. We seem to be all saying: "Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." But Mr. Huddleston talks disquietingly of the sword of Damocles that hangs over our heads:

At present the waves are being energetically breasted in a happy enough mood. The swimmer rather enjoys the experience. The glittering amusements in every European capital—even those which are suffering most—are amazing. True, Voltaire once said, "Lisbon burns, but Paris dances." After Waterloo there were one thousand five hundred balls a night in the French capital. Every *grand crise* in the world's history has been followed by this outbreak of more or less artificial gaiety. There is, then, a cause in human nature. It is not a special perversity of our generation. Nevertheless, the spectacle is disturbing, not because it is a joyous one, but because the joyousness is hollow, and because not the most unconscious dancer can altogether escape the feeling of impending doom. A Damoclean sword is suspended above all heads. Yet, knowing that work and not play is essential, knowing that there are flames of new wars, flames of revolutions, flames of a threatening financial holocaust in the house, knowing that it is a house of death, we go on dancing, and our laughter is broken uneasily, and the gay music seems to sob sometimes.

Crime, of course, has been enormously on the increase. Violent death has been the order of the day for years. No one minds prison or punishment. Men have no neighbors and social shame has lost its terrors. Pity has disappeared as horrors have become commonplace:

If transportation is disorganized, if the monetary system is in disorder, if society is confounded, morals too are in chaos. What most appalled me, perhaps, was the cynical disregard of suffering displayed by governments and peoples: Austrian children could starve, millions of Russian babies could perish in misery, without moving the rest of mankind. A few people pleaded for them: the most shocking revelations, which had not the smallest character of propaganda, which were

obviously exact, perfectly sincere, only brought forth the mockery of several of the best-known and most powerful newspapers. Anything more disgusting than such sneers, anything more calculated to make one despair of humanity, I can not conceive. The men who wrote like that had surely lost all sense of pity, all sense of justice. Yet they wrote like that because what they wrote corresponded with the brutal feelings of their readers—who made up the "largest circulation."

The picture is a dark one, but who shall say that it is overdrawn. We had our warning in the war itself. We have disregarded it. We have allowed the day of grace to pass us by. Now, says Mr. Huddleston, "the dominion of darkness has spread over Europe, and a slimy progeny of cruelty, of bestiality, of insensibility, of egoism, of violence, of materiality, has crawled into the light of day. . . ."

FROM A JESUIT.

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., M. A., in the concluding chapter of his book, entitled "Theosophy," says: "I have sometimes been reproached for 'taking Theosophy seriously'; I frankly confess I take it quite seriously. It is a form of religious belief and practice, and I can not conceive myself taking any such form, however unprepossessing or remoter, otherwise than seriously. What means to deal with God can not be trivial. Moreover, Theosophy consists of its ultimate doctrines, and of their popular presentment. Its elaborate historical, philosophical, and 'occultist' *mis en scene* is probably what attracts the very great majority of its adherents, and this is serious."

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—*Myers.*

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.—*Jacob Boehme.*

FACTORIES.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;
I who ranged the meadowlands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing time was done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?
I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she go scathless through the sunlit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister, was it I? Was it I?
I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that can not rest—
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!
—Margaret Widdemer.

He (the soul) is not woman, he is not man, nor hermaphrodite; whatever body he assumes, with that he is joined; and as by the use of food and drink the body grows, so the individual soul, by means of thoughts, touching, seeing, and the passions, assumes successively in various places various forms in accordance with his deeds.—*Upanishads.*

A man there was, though some did count him mad.
The more he cast away the more he had.
—*Bunyan.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Bal

GIFT
JUL 9 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 19, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT.

What becomes of us when we have painted our last picture and the tubes are twisted and dry? What and where are those forces that lie quiet for so long and then burst forth volcanically like the war? What gendered them and in what limbo did they lie, and whence came the voice that summoned them from their slumbers? Can we know these things? Has any man ever known them? Will any man ever know them?

Mr. Elworth Pound asks such questions as these in the current issue of the *North American Review* in an article entitled "The Mysterious Great." Strange questions, truly, to appear in such a quarter and significant of the revolution in human minds. Still more significant is the way in which he answers them. Here is no learned nonsense of the subliminal and the veridical, no modern witchery tricked out in the garb of the schools:

A solution is possible. The question has been answered. There is a group of men in the world who not only claim to have discovered the riddle of the Sphinx, but who modestly admit possessing the power of Life. Most of these men travel under no name; a few call themselves mystics. All of them are overwhelmed with their discovery; most of them want to impart their possession to their fellows. None of them quite knows how to do it. They say that the thing they have come into is so consuming that when they try to tell of it, it is like a dumb man endeavoring to describe the taste of some sweet food. At best he can only intimate that it is "sweet"; the Taste he can put neither in words nor gestures.

Richard Maurice Bucke in his book, "Cosmic Consciousness," says that this power has been in the possession of every great man in the history of the world—Moses, Gautama the Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Paul, Plotinus. Says Bucke:

Like a flash there is presented to his (the subject's) consciousness a clear conception (a vision) in outline of the meaning and drift of the universe. He does not come to believe merely; but he sees and knows that the cosmos, which to the self-conscious mind seems to be made up of dead matter, is in fact far otherwise—is in very truth a living presence. He sees that instead of men being, as it were, patches of life scattered through an infinite sea of non-living substance, they are in reality specks of relative death in an infinite ocean of life. He sees that the life which is in man is eternal, as all life is eternal; that the soul of man is as immortal as God is; that the universe is so built and ordered that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world is what we call love, and that the happiness of every individual is in the long run absolutely certain. The person who passes through this experience will learn in the few minutes, or even moments, of its continuance more than in months or of years of study, and he will learn much that no study ever taught or can teach. Especially does he obtain such a conception of The Whole, or at least of an immense Whole, as dwarfs all conception, imagination, or speculation, springing from and belonging to ordinary self-consciousness, such a conception as makes the old attempts to mentally grasp the universe and its meaning petty and even ridiculous.

This experience, says Mr. Pound, is the first step. It is a sort of initiation. Having entered the world of reality it must now be learned. "Except a man be

born again, he can not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Of course the scientist will scoff. He is willing enough to believe in God if God can be brought into the laboratory to be weighed and measured:

The believer replies that "Science" is only an evolution of old magic, that it has little basis in truth because, working only with the reasoning brain which is an almost irrelevant key to the lock of Knowledge, it can know little of what Truth is. He will refer you to the mathematics, the chemistry, astrology, of the ancient Indians, Persians, Egyptians, pointing out that without reason those races ferreted out more of the "scientific" secrets that perplex man than the surface brains of modern wise men have been able to conceive. He will say that in bridges or skyscrapers or subways no vestige of happiness, of wisdom, of "God," will ever be found. He all admit that these "modern improvements" are well enough in their place, but he will say that their place certainly is subsidiary. He will tell you that in a moment he can fly spiritually farther and faster than the speediest aeroplane can transport one bodily in a day. He will suggest casually that matter does not matter because there is no such thing. He will say that there can be nothing deeper in life than one's individual appreciation of Life, and that this appreciation is intensified and perfected, not primarily by accomplishments, not by objective activity, but by subjective, introspective if you will, experience. He will remark with "A. E." (George Russell) that, "sitting in your chair you can travel farther than Columbus traveled and to lordlier lands than his eyes had rested on."

That such persons are abnormal does not matter. Genius is always abnormal. Surely such claims are worthy of investigation:

Bucke lays down ten criteria of experience that the illumined exhibit. (1) The subjective light. At the moment of illumination the subject often feels himself enveloped in a flame or rose-colored light or aura which surrounds him. (2) A moral elevation. A feeling of rising above love and hate in the ordinary implication of the terms and coming into another love, similar to that felt by artists and poets when they are creatively expressing themselves. (3) An intellectual illumination. The subject *sees* the Whole of the Universe, or comprehends its inherent unity or oneness, for the first time. (4) The sense of immortality. Feeling this oneness, the concept of life and death drops away; only the living heart of things, the *elan vital*, exists. With this feeling comes: (5) The loss of the fear of death. And: (6) The loss of the sense of sin. (7) The illumination is always instantaneous and sudden. (8) The previous character of the subject, intellectual, moral, and physical, undoubtedly is a factor. (9) A tremendous charm or magnetism is added to the personality, and: (10) The experience is of such intensity as to "transfigure the subject" to the extent that the change is visibly

noticeable by others. It is then that a man comes into his real power and force.

It is not that men will not believe, says Mr. Pound, but they will not believe enough. But that time will come, and then they will go all the way. They will outlive friends, possessions, selfishness. They will outlive bank accounts and churches. There will be no obeisances to churches or to men:

With the acceptance of the mystical experience comes a new appraisal of current spiritistic, psychic, telepathic, clairvoyant, new thought, phenomena. It is a casual appraisal, for the true mystic is well aware of the real force of the universe and can not be surprised by any trivial manifestations of this force. For him there is something far greater than talking with dead relatives, or reading inconsequential thoughts that one's friends may happen to have, or deciphering the mind, or locating the burial spots of personal treasures of gold or health, or teasing oneself into the knowledge that one is strong enough to sell a hundred boxes of shoes more each year or powerful enough not to get "sick" when consuming meat poisons three times daily. The mystic is interested in none of these things. They still savor too much of the material world; too often they are only the selfish cravings of centered people for more selfhood. Far too seldom are they first steps towards the goal of reality.

Mr. Pound quotes Schelling, who says in his "Philosophical Letters Upon Dogmatism and Criticism":

In all of us there dwells a secret marvelous power of freeing ourselves from the changes of time, of withdrawing to our secret selves away from external things, and of so discovering to ourselves the eternal in us in the form of unchangeability. This presentation of ourselves to ourselves is the most truly personal experience, upon which depends everything that we know of the suprasensible world. This presentation shows us for the first time what real existence is, whilst all else only appears to be. It differs from every presentation of the sense in its perfect freedom, whilst all other presentations are bound, being overweighted by the burden of the object. . . . This intellectual presentation occurs when we cease to be our own object, when, withdrawing into ourselves, the perceiving image merges in the self-perceived. At that moment we annihilate time and duration of time: we are no longer in time, but time, or rather eternity itself (the timeless) is in us. The external world is no longer an object for us, but is lost in us.

There we have the secret—the identity of the seer and of the thing seen; the breaking down of the poisoning walls of personality, the complete merging of the self with the Self. The mystic knows the secrets of sea and sky because he himself is sea and sky. The world of matter

melts away like a smoke-screen in a wind. "Foregoing Self, the Universe grows I."

THE EINSTEIN THEORY.

(Reprinted from the *Theosophical Quarterly*.)

Something was said, in the *Theosophical Quarterly* for January, 1920 (page 258), on the theories of the Swiss mathematician, Einstein, and their relation to the conception of space of four dimensions. We may give here an outline of the crucial experiment by which it is held that Einstein's theory has been demonstrated. It is contained in the report of a lecture delivered at the end of 1919 in London, by Dr. Charles Davidson, F. R. A. S., stating some of the results of observations of the eclipse of the sun on May 29, 1919:

"The result of the British eclipse expeditions to Sobral, in Brazil, and the island of Principe, off the west coast of Africa, stated in non-technical language, is to prove that light has weight in proportion to its mass, as matter has. . . .

"There are two theories of light—the corpuscular and the undulatory. The corpuscular supposes that light is composed of a stream of particles shot across space with great velocity. This is not accepted now, but was the theory held by Sir Isaac Newton, who himself suggested that it would be in consonance with the law of gravitation that light, in passing the sun, would be deflected from the straight path.

"In the early part of the nineteenth century the corpuscular theory gave place to the undulatory theory, which supposes that light is a wave motion in the ether. Ether is a medium hypothesized for the transmission of light.

"Light is a form of electro-magnetic energy, and therefore has mass, but the question to be solved by the eclipse expeditions was whether light had weight. If light had weight as well as mass, it would be deflected on passing near the sun.

"The only way in which this could be tested was by observing stars close to the sun, and the only time at which this could be done was during a total eclipse.

"The eclipse on May 29 (1919) last was a favorable one for the purpose, as at the time of totality the sun happened

to be in the midst of a group of bright stars called the Hyades.

"If light were subject to gravity, following the Newtonian law, a star grazing the limb of the sun would be displaced outward by a quantity rather less than the two-thousandth part of the diameter of the moon. Of recent years, however, a new gravitational theory has been put forward by a Swiss mathematician, Professor Einstein, and, according to this theory, the deflection would be twice as great. The eclipse expeditions went in order to determine whether light was deflected at all or not, and, if deflected, whether it was according to the Newtonian or the Einstein law.

"Having secured the eclipse photographs of the Hyades, it was necessary for the Sobral observers to remain a couple of months in order to secure the same field of stars in the night sky, the whole test consisting in whether the presence or absence of the sun made a difference in the apparent relative positions of the stars. These photographs were secured in July, and the observers returned to England. The photographs have now been measured, and the result is in accordance with the theory of Einstein."

If time and space permitted, it would be of value to go into the further question suggested: the controversy between the corpuscular and undulatory theories of light. For the present, we can not do more than refer readers to the highly suggestive section in the *Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, "An Lumen Sit Corpus Nec Non":—"Whether light is a body or not." It would appear that at this point also the occult teaching, given out a third of a century ago, is being vindicated."

MOON-WORSHIP.

I hear them singing in the open spaces

The old, old rites, the music of the moon:
The rougher and the sweeter voices blending
To lift the joyous tune.

I see them dancing in the open spaces

As moonlit nights grow long;
Clasped hands and circling steps and charmed
face
And witchery of song.

A harmony of hearts to rule the singing

As loud and low they croon;
I see them dancing in the open spaces
The worship of the moon.

—Edwin Ford Piper in *The Midland*.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them
white;

She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,

Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,

Tho gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right;

She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.—*Alice Meynell.*

“A SUPERIOR WILL.”

M. Hilaire Belloc, eminent alike as historian and military expert, has written a book on one of the great battles of the recent European conflict. With M. Belloc's opinions of strategy and tactics we are in no way concerned, but we are very much concerned with a view that he casually expresses and to which he seems to have been forced by a consideration of some otherwise inexplicable events. Speaking of a great military mistake, he says: “But this blunder in its turn is so difficult of explanation, its commission by men who though stupid are yet methodical, is so extraordinary, that in reading it the mind is insensibly haunted by the conception of a superior Will, within whose action that of the opposed combatants were but parts of a whole.”

Quite so. The conclusion does indeed seem so obvious that we may attribute its neglect to a certain perversity that closes the eyes of the mind even to the most aggressive of truths. For there are times and seasons in human affairs when the gods do intervene, and give direction to those smallest currents of human events that are presently to show themselves as the irresistible torrents that sweep nations and kingdoms onward to triumph or to ruin.

Indeed the ultimate causes of all human events are so small that we like to attribute them carelessly to chance. A single cast of the dice has turned poverty into wealth, and the wealth thus

gained has brought debauchery in its train, and then shame and suicide, and so a curse upon the unborn. Rome would have been destroyed but for the cackling of the capitol geese, and the whole face of civilization would then have been shaped upon some other model, if indeed civilization would ever have arisen from the wrack. An epileptic fit clouded the mind of Napoleon at a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, and his dream of an united Europe was dissipated like the smoke of his cannon. In the individual life there is no event so great that it may not be traced back to some other event so small as to be unnoticed. There can be no such thing as an insignificance. The roads branch fatefully at every moment, and we never know what unutterable destinies depend upon the decision of an instant.

Can there then be such a thing as chance? Assuredly yes. But if this be our answer let us at least have the courage to face the consequences. For if there is chance anywhere, then there must be chance everywhere. If we can discern law anywhere, then the universe is filled with law and there can be no room at all for chance. Law and chance can not exist side by side. We must choose.

If it was a part of world design that Rome should not be destroyed in its early days by the barbarians, that Rome should become the mother of nations, then we can not relegate to chance the salvation of Rome by the cackling of the capitol geese. If the subjugation of Europe by Napoleon was not in the scheme of things, then we must not attribute to chance the epileptic fit that brought with it his defeat and downfall. If the result was in any way preordained then the cause, too, must have been preordained. We can not draw a line and say that here chance ends and law begins. Still less must we be guilty of the folly of saying that law concerns itself only with the big things, but that the small things are left to chance. Once more, we must suppose that law is everywhere—or nowhere.

That the mechanism by which fate or Nemesis unfolds itself should be an inconceivable one is not to be wondered at, or that we should be unable to trace the links of cause and effect as they pass from the insignificant to the colossal.

All things in their ultimates are inconceivable, alike atoms and suns. We have no true standards by which we can say that this is great and this is small. The spark that explodes the powder magazine is not small. The glance or the word that makes an enemy is not small. The breath by which we inhale death in a microbe is not small. These things are but the implements of a tremendous fate, an intelligent fate. They are concentrated centres of force. They are the results of causes and also the causes of results. Their power is their opportuneness. And they are engined and steered by the moral law. Somewhere, if we could but see it, we should find a duty done or undone, and so snatched like a thread into the loom of fate, there to enter into ordered combinations and so to make or to mar the pattern that we call life.

OUIJA AGAIN.

A new book, entitled "To Walk with God," has created a sensation in Washington. It is another purported spirit communication by way of the ouija board or planchette, and is publicly acknowledged as having been so obtained by two women prominent in social and government circles. The co-authors are Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the former Secretary of the Interior, and Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, daughter of James G. Blaine. There is no questioning the integrity or sincerity of these two women. It was at a party that the ouija begged Mrs. Lane to "write book," and directed that Mrs. Beale be sent for.

"Mrs. Lane considered it a great joke," said Mrs. Beale, when interviewed in her Washington home, "but she telephoned me to come to tea the next day and told me all about it. We tried the ouija and the communication received was of so serious a nature that we decided to continue." The result is the recently published book. The messages came in the form of lessons, and are said to be of high ethical and moral tone. Dodd, Mead & Co. publish the book.

Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Transmigration of souls: that, too, is no fable.—*Emerson.*

Though from gods, demons, and men your deeds are concealed, they remain as causes in your own nature.

NEUTRALITY.

(From Dante's "Inferno.")

Here sighs, complaints, and deep wallings resounded through the starless air; it made me weep at first.

Strange tongues, horrible outcries, words of pain, tones of anger, voices deep and hoarse, and sounds of hands amongst them,

Made a tumult, which turns itself unceasing in that air forever dyed, as sand when it eddies in a whirlwind.

And I, my head begirt with horror, said: "Master, what is this that I hear? and who are these that seem so overcome with pain?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode the dreary souls of those sustain, who lived without blame, and without praise.

"They are mixed with that caitiff choir of the angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God; but were for themselves.

"Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair; and deep Hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them."

And I: "Master what is so grievous to them, that makes them lament thus bitterly?" He answered: "I will tell it to thee very briefly.

"These have no hope of death, and their blind life is so mean, that they are envious of every other lot.

"Report of them the world permits not to exist; Mercy and justice disdain them; let us not speak of them; but look and pass."

And I, who looked, saw an ensign, which whirling ran so quickly that it seemed to scorn all pause;

And behind it came so long a train of people, that I should never have believed death had undone so many.

After I had recognized some amongst them, I saw and knew the shade of him who from cowardice had made the great refusal.

Forthwith I understood and felt assured that this was the crew of caitiffs, hateful to God and to his enemies.

These unfortunate, who never were alive, were naked, and sorely goaded by hornets and by wasps that were there.

These made their faces stream with blood, which mixed with tears was gathered at their feet by loathsome worms.

HOW TO REMEMBER.

The problem of the memory of past births seems to be an attractive one if we may judge from the frequency of questions upon that topic. Now whether such a memory would necessarily be a desirable one need not be considered here. We may suppose that under normal circumstances it would not be desirable, but none the less for those who are anxious to experiment the road is always open. There is no obstacle except ourselves to the attainment of this or any other goal.

It may be said then that the only way to acquire a knowledge of past eternities is to think and live as eternal beings. In other words, we must change our whole standard of time values. Our estimate of the importance of events is based entirely upon our time standards. We measure everything by what the insurance companies call the "expectation of life." A period of some seventy or eighty years has become a sort of yardstick by which we estimate the value of all events. For the gnat with a life span of a day a cloud over the sun becomes a tragedy and a rain shower a cataclysm. Its time standard is a day, and the events of the day have a corresponding magnitude.

Now we can not expect to remember the eternities of the past when every normal thought is a practical denial of those eternities. Imagine the incongruity between these yearnings for a memory of past lives and the normal thought habits that cause us to shiver with apprehension at the anticipated loss of money or of some unaccustomed pleasure, that allow us to resent even the most trivial injuries, or to harbor grievances, prejudices, and spites. We seem to act like the gnat with its life of a day, like children that cry over broken toys because they have no time perspective from which to measure the true magnitude of occurrences. And then we wonder why we do not remember our past lives. But the mind, like a telescope, must be focused upon the thing that we would see.

If we would remember our past lives we must think and act as though we did remember them. In other words, we must change our standard of values. We must continually ask ourselves how we would look upon life if we had a consciousness of thousands of years instead of decades. It is not easy to imagine

such a consciousness, but at least we know that it would instantly drive from our minds all the worries, pettinesses, greeds, and ambitions that now plague us. They could not exist for a moment in the withering light of a realization that we had lived always and could never cease to live or to be conscious. All these things would become at once small and invisible before such a background as this. They seem to be large because their present background of seventy or eighty years is so small. The seeming magnitude of earthly events is always in inverse proportion to the magnitude of the time standard.

And a realization of the eternity of life would destroy forever the fear of death. Why should we fear an experience that must already have come to us a hundred times and that we now see to be as naturally recurrent and as beneficent as sleep? And how could we mourn for those that have left us, knowing now that there is no power in nature that can sever the bonds created by love and that all pure associations must be renewed while time itself endures?

Therefore if we would invite the waters of memory we must first of all dig the channels. In other words, we must compel the mind to shape itself upon standards of eternity. We must learn to think in ages and to do it perpetually. We must allow no thought or word that is inconsistent with the perpetuity and continuity of life and of consciousness with eternity in both directions.

REINCARNATION.

(From "The History and Power of Mind," by Richard Ingalese. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Since we have spoken of the reëmbodiment of man by the term popularly known as reincarnation, it may be well before we take up other aspects of it to answer a question which is now in the minds of a number of you, and that is: What becomes of man between the times of his embodiments or incarnations?

As there are different states of matter in this objective physical world of ours, such as gases, liquids, and solids, so there are different states of matter in the subjective world; and these different grades do not lie separate and distinct from each other. For example, on the

physical plane there are conditions where substances interblend, as it were, as they do in a syphon bottle of aerated water, or in a water-soaked sponge, where each substance occupies the same space while lying within the other. Again, we have the solid earth with certain waters within and on the earth. Outside the earth we have water or vapor in clouds and yet within both the earth and the clouds is air or gases which extend still further out into space.

On the subjective side of life there are finer forms of matter which interpenetrate our earth, water and gas. Around our earth there are belts or zones composed of finer matter very much like the rings around Saturn, and the densest of these rings interpenetrates our earth, while each of the other rings extends further and further into space—according to its rarity and size. These rings are material, but each is of a different tenuity of matter caused by its different rates of vibration. We might crudely picture our world as a porous wooden ball floating in a tub of water. The water would correspond to the first subjective plane and would not only surround the ball, but it would be through the ball as well. Outside the water and surrounding it would be a belt of atmosphere representing the second subjective plane and outside of that would be a belt of ether representing the third subjective plane.

It is to these several belts that man goes between his incarnations; and it is to the first belt, that one which interpenetrates the earth, that the souls or minds of the animals go. According to a man's rate of vibration or specific gravity is he drawn into one or another of those inner belts or spheres which corresponds to, or is harmonious with, his own vibrations. The subjective belts or sphere are not, as many think, for the growth and development of man, but are places of rest where he reviews the experiences and assimilates the knowledge gained on earth. For it is impossible for man to pass beyond the photosphere of this earth and incarnate upon other planets—as some modern metaphysicians claim he does—until his vibrations, which control his specific gravity, have become so high, so God-like, that the law of gravity operating here can no longer con-

fine him to the earth or to the subjective planes surrounding it.

A man's thoughts are the cause of his vibrations, hence a man who is material, sensuous, and sensual, is by harmonious vibration drawn to the first subjective plane and becomes earthbound. He can not rise higher than any other animal, and so he remains in the first belt which surrounds and interpenetrates the material world until he is ready to reincarnate. But as a man's mentality overcomes his emotions, in his course of evolution, and as his subjective mind learns to control his objective mind, he becomes more spiritual; his rates of vibration become higher, and then when the time comes to rest between incarnations he is drawn to the belt which is of a higher rate of vibration, and goes further away from this earth. So, according to the theologians, there is a Heaven and according to Occultism there are several Heavens.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Had our wise men of Science known as much of the mysteries of Nature as the ancient Aryans did, they would surely never have imagined that the Moon was projected from the Earth.

The scientific hypothesis, that even the simplest elements of matter are identical in their nature, and differ from each other only in consequence of the various distributions of atoms in the molecule or speck of substance, or of the modes of its atomic vibration, gains more ground every day.

To live as a conscious entity in the Eternity, the passions and senses of man must die before his body does.

The importance attached to the number *seven* throughout all antiquity was due to no fanciful imaginings of uneducated priests, but to a profound knowledge of Natural Law.

The Occultist sees in the manifestation of every force in Nature the action of the quality, or the special characteristic of its *Noumenon*; which *Noumenon* is a distinct and intelligent Individuality *on the other side of the manifested mechanical Universe*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JUL 19 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 26, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE OPEN VISION.

Dr. Horatio Dresser is among the most attractive of the New Thought writers. He is luminous, sympathetic, and sincere, broad of vision, tolerant and persuasive. There is no doubt that his new book, "The Open Vision" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), will make its due appeal to the wide audience that it deserves.

None the less it is sadly lacking in a robust and constructive philosophy. It is good to teach the divinity of man, but something more is needed than what may be called a saccharine assertiveness. The divinity of man implies the divinity of the universe, and divinity implies law, order, purpose, design. It is comforting to believe that "all's right with the world," but this belief can never be anything more than emotional unless we are afforded a glimpse of the mechanism, unless we have some substantial philosophy that shall serve not only as a compass, but also as a chart.

Dr. Dresser may be said to base his new book on the war and on the questions with which the war has crowded our minds. But he answers none of these questions except by vague generalities. He tells us that he is not a spiritualist, that he has never seen a medium receive a communication, that he does not write automatically, and that he is very skeptical of any messages coming through the ouija board. And yet in his foreword he tells us of the soldiers that "some of these

have gone from our midst and they seem to be looking back." We must "follow these leadings." Over and over again we find references to spirit messages, to automatic writings, and to the current volumes of post-mortem communications. Dr. Dresser may not be aware that he is a spiritualist, but actually he is one.

With all respect it may be said that he has nothing to tell us about survival that is worth the telling. We are immersed in an ocean of sugary generalities about after-death progression, purgation, and progress. Dealing with a life after death we are given no hint of the nature of the life before birth, although one must imply the other. We are not told how infants "progress" after death nor idiots. We are not told how any one can "progress" except under a law of cause and effect, nor how any one can be purified except under the same conditions and in the same environment that produced the need for purification. A volume that professes to deal with after-death conditions and that makes no reference to reincarnation seems to lie under the suspicion of prejudice.

As a matter of fact Dr. Dresser is suffering from the malady that we may call modernism. He seems to suppose that psychic research, even spirituality, were born with the present century and that Margaret Cameron's "Seven Purposes" is a larger event than the philosophy of Plotinus or Iamblichus.

The New Thought writer should seek

to acquire modesty, not so much personal modesty as racial modesty. He should avoid that form of conceit that regards his own epoch as peculiarly significant, critical, or evolutionary. There is no new thing under the sun. There is not a single problem of the day that humanity has not already faced a score of times. Our feet are making no new imprints in the sands of time. They are doing no more than trace the old imprints. There have been no new discoveries in psychic research, only the revival of ancient ones. Humanity is not in any special sense at the "turning of the ways." The things that are, are the things that have been, and the cycles follow each other like the eternal beat of the waves upon the shore.

PREJUDICES.

Mr. H. L. Mencken in his "Prejudices" (Alfred A. Knopf) has something severe to say about Will Levington Comfort. But then Mr. Mencken is always severe, a veritable Thersites, a devil among the tailors, a sort of modern Sheimei who sits by the wayside and curses. But he does it all so well.

There is now a thin incense of mysticism, says Mr. Mencken, in the midst of the prevailing materialism, and Mr. Comfort is one of its prophets. "As a relief from money drives, politics, and the struggle for existence—Rosicrucianism, the Knights of Pythias, passwords, grips, secret work, the thirty-third degree. In flight from Peruna, Mandrake Pills, and Fletcherism—Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement, the New Thought." Mr. Comfort writes a sort of intellectual "milk toast." It is a "mixture of Dr. Frank Crane and Mother Tingley, of Edward Bok and the Archangel Eddy." Mr. Mencken concludes, "So far, not much of this ineffable stuff has got among the best sellers, but I believe that it is on its way. Despite materialism and pragmatism, mysticism is steadily growing in fashion. I hear of paunchy Freemasons holding sacramental meetings on Maundy Thursday, of senators in Congress railing against *materia medica*, of Presidents invoking divine intercession at cabinet meetings. The New Thoughters march on; they have at least a dozen prosperous magazines, and one of them has a circulation comparable to that of any 20-cents repository of lingerie fiction.

Such things as Karma, the Ineffable Essence, and the Zeitgeist become familiar fauna, chained up in the cage of every woman's club. Thousands of American women know far more about the subconscious than they know about plain sewing."

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

"Gaëa, wailing the plight of Prometheus." It was as though my words had created a channel through which poured a blast of those strange airs that blow from the mountains of a world alien to this. I bent over Selmin in an agony of bewildered remorse. Wherein lay the nature of my offense I could not guess, but, clearly, I had said that which precipitated a grave crisis. Selmin's face was ash white, and the ghastly blue that all physicians dread flooded the hollows under his eyes and etched sharp lines about his mouth. There was an instant when I thought that he had gone from us. The heart action diminished until it seemed no more than the faint echoes which follow the stroke of a hammer. Then, abruptly, the diffused vitality steadied, drew toward its centre, renewing its flame at the almost consumed wick of the body.

Rollins had summoned the doctor, but before he reached the bedside the critical moment had passed. The heart had resumed its functions slowly, indeed much too slowly, but with even rhythm. Trained fingers on the feeble pulse, the doctor waited, and at his elbow, hypodermic in hand, the nurse also waited for an order that was not forthcoming. Dr. La Jeunesse evidently was aware of some symptomatic phenomena that contradicted the use of strychnine. Five, ten minutes passed, and then Selmin's eyes opened reluctantly, as though impelled to the act by an indomitable will. His gaze was curiously foreshortened, intent, so it seemed, upon an impalpable something in the immediate atmosphere. I stood in his direct line of vision, but I am positive that several moments elapsed before he saw me. Also I was certain that the commanding of objective sight was the automatic signal for the withdrawal of the subjective sense of perception. The required foci are, apparently, radically different and probably opposed.

Immediately the outer faculty asserted itself Selmin spoke to me. His voice was surprisingly clear, even vibrant, though not with the resonance we associate with physical strength. Strength it was, to be sure, but strength of a subtle character. Strength that had its rise, doubtless, in some mysterious fountain of the soul, and from thence flowed outward in obedience to a spiritual behest.

"May the just gods reward you, David, friend"—all my life I shall cherish the benediction of his eyes on mine—"for at your words the dry bones of my imagination came together and stood alive. The Titan . . . 'chained to the friendless rock with iron bonds' . . . there is the figure above all others able to carry the idea of the spiritual desolation, the bleak abandonment, that is the fate of every compassionate savior the world has known. Prometheus, arch-type of them all, he who the 'bright-rayed fire, mother of all sciences, arts and flower of potency' fished from the gods and gave to men! And Gaea, mother earth, weeping the endless agony of her immortal son, and weeping, too, the blind arrogance of her lesser brood, the 'puny race called men,' looking aghast at their monstrous perversion of bright powers. . . . Does not the image compel your imagination?"

His voice faltered, ceased for a moment, but his eyes, twin suns of light, held straightly to mine, kindling in my dull soul an answering flame. I nodded my response. I could not have spoken; indeed I could barely breathe, so torn was I with conflicting emotions. Within the half-hour I had seen a splendid soul go close to death, only to return that it might accomplish a purpose that would not brook denial. What that purpose was, how it was to fulfill itself, I could not know, but the inmost fibre of my being thrilled to its high will with astonished reverence.

As though he had now gathered sufficient energy from the secret source, Selmin resumed speaking. Phrase after phrase, alive with power, charged with suggestive beauty, he poured forth. And as I listened to those pregnant sentences I was able to catch some faint understanding of his lofty ideas. In themselves no more than fragments, they re-

lated themselves each to the other as the sweeping, clean stroke of a master's brush relates one line to another.

Intact, the majestic metres of the second of the Æschylean trilogy rolled their thunderous music from his lips. I knew genuine physical oppression as that timeless grandeur loomed at the portals of my brain, even while I marveled anew and with keen joy at the pictorial magic of the Greek, at the amazing radiant quality of his words. On the immense canvas of his conception he wrought the figures of mighty gods, of wraith-like, aimless men, of elemental forces that warred together in the dawn of creation. One saw them, heard them, nay, more, one felt with and in them. It would appear that the evocative powers of genius could reach no further, but with utter daring Selmin wove into the fabric of that sublime theme the essence of a new, a profoundly prophetic, and withal a darkly ominous note.

" . . . through the slow-grinding ages the Christos-spirit hangs both on Caucasus and on the Golgotha of men's wicked minds. So have they done with the Anointed One." (Remember, this was late in the year 1918. The delusion that war was ever a righteous thing had gone the way of all delusions. We knew the glittering horror for what it was: an incubus that had slided us over, had turned our blood to gall and whose hydra-headed form we fought with sick loathing. Purgation of evil war might conceivably be, but "holy"—never.)

"Prometheus, whose 'element is pain, as men's is hate,' and Gaea . . . ah, David, who shall say that is not the earth today? A Gaea who, as she surveys the wreckage of centuries, their mad futility, may conceivably refuse to bear new generations of men. . . . Why bring to birth a breed which secretes in its own system the poison that shall accomplish its swift doom? The wind may indeed be knocking today at the gates of dawn, but what a dawn! Was ever one more sinister? No wonder Gaea mourns as one from whom all hope is fled. Jove is not Jove if he relent. What, then, shall free Prometheus from his awful bonds save a tool forged in the concentrated, sacred fire, the fire now dispersed, wantonly spilled, all but extinguished?"

"David," his voice shook with pas-

sionate feeling, "I can imagine that the granite ribs of earth are bending, breaking, as rotten timbers break, under the awful weight of tortured divinity. I can imagine that, even now, the fluid acid of her direful woe, seething within her as wild tides boil against too close a shore, are working to bring about the inevitable dissolution of her close-knit but ageing frame."

Now, in very truth, I heard a Selmin whom I had not known existed. Artist and prophet were welded into a sombre unity. My friend of Constantinople had looked keenly at life, had in a measure felt its miseries and its ecstasies, but he had not been made one with it. What had taken place since then? Where? How? I had only conjecture to fall back upon, and that of the vaguest character. But something had occurred. A something was gone; a something had come to take its place. Perhaps the metamorphosis had come about in an obscure corner of Asia where he loved to roam, or, mayhap, on the very battlefield itself, reeking with human flesh and vile gases. This much was beyond dispute: a power had overtaken him, had wrapped him in its fiery, dross-consuming embrace, and, ere it had swept onward, had bestowed upon him a measure of its own intrinsic nature.

The early twilight crept around us as we three—the doctor, Rollins and I—listened to Selmin without venturing an interruption, each in his own fashion and as best he might, following the leaping swiftness of that extraordinary thought. I felt that it was given to us to witness the travail of a mighty genius. That the doctor's judgment was, for once, at fault; that somehow, in some inexplicable manner, Selmin's tremendous conception should come to a living birth.

I believe that in that very hour, and not in the succeeding ones I spent with him before he died, his indomitable spirit found the way whereby it impressed its authoritative, its indelible signature upon the world. That it was then his soul spanned what we call the barrier of space, compelling its exalted will upon a kindred soul as clearly, as justly, as ever the die stamps its device upon the coin.

For that, no less, was what took place, inaugurating, establishing, and bringing

to fruition its designed intention within the exact period of twenty-eight days. The impossible is always the true.

(To Be Continued.)

THE WANDERER.

Some time ago the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* conducted a sort of forum in its columns. Questions of the hour were stated and opinions invited for publication. The response was large and the interest most marked, so much so that these questions and answers have been collected into a volume and published by Boni & Liveright under the title of "The Wanderer." The work of compilation and editorship has been well done by Mary Ethel McAuley.

The questions cover a very wide range and many of them are of interest to Theosophists. For example, there is the question, "Have you ever lived before?" Among those who reply is Claude Bragdon, who says:

There is no "before," no "after"; time itself is an illusion. There is only the eternal now. The angel of the Apocalypse declared that "there shall be time no longer." To consciousness in its free state, past, present, and future, exist not in sequence, but simultaneously. The spatiality of time—let us see if by a simple analogy we can not get this clear.

You are sitting in a room and you observe a cockroach emerge from a crack in the baseboard and begin its pilgrimage to the opposite wall. Become this cockroach in imagination; let it represent your personal or lower-dimensional self, related to your real self there in the chair, as that is related to its own higher self, or to the Apocalyptic angel of four-dimensional space.

To your cockroach self the boards of the hardwood floor will measure, not space, but time—the time it takes to traverse them; the rug and its pattern, successively unfolding, will be inextricably bound up with the idea of time, for all come out of some obscure "future" and vanish irrecoverably into some soon forgotten "past."

But to your Olympian self in the easy chair, with the entire room under observation, your cockroach sense of past, present, and future will be seen to be measures, not of time, but of space. The cockroach is subject to a time illusion of which you are free, and in similar manner we are ourselves subject to a time illusion of which we some day shall be free. Time is an imperfect sensing, by a limited consciousness, of a higher-dimensional space.

So to the question, "Did you ever live before?" I can make out but one answer: Because I live I have lived and shall live on eternally, and this infinite and unified existence will have for me the aspect of separate personal lives until "there shall be time no longer."

Another good reply is furnished by Harry Shaw, who writes:

I believe I have lived before, that I will live again. Where I have lived, I do not know; where my next life will be I do not know. But I shall live, I am convinced of that.

I am not a Theosophist. I do not believe in the many interesting things that make up that interesting cult. I do not believe in a God. But I do believe that the ego of a person lives on in a series of lives. I believe it is nature and not a God that makes our ego live on.

I have often met a person I have never seen before who is as familiar as though I had always been with him. I know so well the expression of his eyes. I know his hands, his voice. How do I know this person so well? Because I have been so closely associated with him in another life. I have often met a woman—one that I have never seen before—yet every movement she makes, every expression she has, how well I know. Why? Because she has been closely associated with me in another life—perhaps she was my wife.

I have often seen a piece of furniture—a chair, a mirror, a lamp—for the first time, and at the first glance I am filled with vague associations. They are so familiar to me; they seem like things I have always had around me. Why? Because they are things I have lived with, or owned, in another life.

A series of lives is the only satisfactory religion. I like the thought of living on and on and on, and trying all states of life. It is a pity that one can not remember these different existences, to have a chance to compare them. And I believe this secret will never be revealed to us—that we were never meant by nature to know.

Dr. Ralph Adams Cram is among those who reply to the question, "Is it possible for the dead to materialize?" Dr. Cram has recently attracted much attention by his mystical writings. He says:

It is not so much whether "materialization" is possible, as it is whether any direct, conscious commerce is possible between the living and the dead. If no, then "materialization" takes care of itself; if yes, then this is a detail of slight importance; the fact of communication is the essential thing.

I am fully persuaded that in its absolute sense communication between the living and the dead is impossible; that "spiritualism" is a delusion, and that the agency responsible for psychic messages, manifestations, and phenomena is not the essential personality, the ego, of the dead. This does not mean that I deny the perfect authenticity of a great mass of psychical phenomena.

All communications may be divided into two classes: (a) accomplished events, (b) future happenings. The source of the first is probably a persisting element of a definite personality, but not that personality in essence; the source of the second is that category of created beings known in the Christian religion as angels.

In my opinion human personality is multiple; there is spirit and there is matter (soul and body), but there is also a third element, "that part which remembereth," and there may be others as well. Death dissolves the unity in multiplicity; the immortal soul goes on to its own (and to us unknown) place; the body, in time, is resolved into its elements; "that part which remembereth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet."

All earthly experience has two results: (a) the result, eternally incorporated with the soul; (b) the material record, in itself valueless and destined to ultimate dissolution and recombination. Life (the union of matter and spirit) builds up a sort of shell of material experience (memory, we call it) just as it builds up the physical body. Death frees the soul with its added wealth of the essence of experience, leaving the body and the "carnal soul" (the memory record) to their ultimate destiny of dissolution and recombination.

I think the present physical fever is closely allied, and that the efforts now being made by unearthly forces to take possession of men and control their actions, is an essential part of a greater Armageddon than was the late war. Increasingly Protestants of every denomination are slipping insensibly into explicit psychism and the time may not be far off when the great contest will be joined; on the one hand a great mass of former Protestants, who have surrendered to spiritism in one form or another, and under the direct control of destructive rather than constructive psychic forces, and on the other—the Catholic Church.

The question, "Is the mystic a human need?" calls forth an interesting answer from Howard Thurston, the magician. Mr. Thurston says:

If a mystic's teaching tends to stimulate our belief in the supernatural he is decidedly a human need. To a great majority of the people of the world the belief in things they can not understand is the greatest factor for moral conduct. Only those who are returned to earth through many reincarnations have sufficiently survived the selfish human instincts to do good from purely philanthropic motives.

Mr. Michael Whitty, editor of *Azoth*, replies to the question, "Are thoughts visible or invisible?" He says:

It goes without saying that to the physical eyes thoughts are quite invisible, but we know well enough that there is a psychic sight which we may call psychic eyes, developed in some persons and probably inherent in all, whereby the thought form can be seen.

A distinction must be made between a thought and a thought form. In actuality a thought, like the soul, is ever invisible to any kind of sight; that which is sensed in both cases is the vehicle of the thought or soul, viz., the form.

A thought is a vibration of extremely subtle matter, called by many mental or mind matter. This vibration gathers round itself molecules of this matter which respond to its particular vibration, and hence takes definite form and color according to the thought. This thought-form may be evanescent or more or less per-

manent according to the strength and definiteness of its generation.

There is an unanimity among those who are sufficiently clairvoyant that they can see thought forms, and they are one in stating that thought forms of anger are colored red, though they differ somewhat in describing the colors of other emotions.

Dr. F. Homer Curtis also replies to the same question:

Thoughts are visible to those who have eyes to see, while the effects of their creative power are visible to all.

Every thought creates a particular form in the substance of the mental world. This form is characteristic of the idea conceived, and is clear and definite to the extent that the thought producing it was clear cut and definite. The thought-form is strong and powerful or weak and impotent in proportion to the amount of will-power embodied in it and the number of times it is repeated.

In other words, if the thought was vague and indefinite the resulting thought-form will be cloudy and vague in shape; if the will was weak and the thought not repeated frequently its life will be short and its effects feeble.

These thought-forms react upon and find expression through their creators, and also upon and through other minds which are attuned or affinitized to their keynote or rate of vibration.

These thought-forms have been photographed by Dr. Baraduc of Paris and also have been made to crystallize in certain salt solutions by experimenters in this country, thus proving in a material way that their shape is not a mere theory.

Some eyes are so sensitive that they can see and recognize shades of color which are invisible to others. In a similar way there are those whose inner sense of sight is so sensitive that it is able to respond to the much higher vibration of the thought-forms, hence can literally see them. Such persons are called "clear-seers" or clairvoyants.

But there is another sense in which thoughts are visible, and that is that they become visible in the expression of those who are thinking or responding strongly to them. When certain classes of currents of thought are expressed repeatedly they carve themselves in the living flesh or leave their impress upon the faces of those who give expression to them.

The volume as a whole is a most interesting one and well repays perusal.

In human nature, evil denotes only the polarity of Matter and Spirit, a "struggle for life" between the two manifested Principles in Space and Time, which principles are one *per se*, inasmuch as they are rooted in the Absolute.—*Secret Doctrine*.

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man.—*Emperor Asoka*.

REBIRTH.

Along the Asphodelian way
'Tis said that life and death are one;
There is no dawning of the day,
Nor any setting of the sun.

Nor time nor space are any more,
For none are born, nor do they die;
There is no after nor before,
All things in one great calmness lie.

We do not die on that green shore,
Nor any one a birth time knows;
There is no less, nor any more,
But all in one fulfillment flows.

All things to us a seeming are,
All things are but the type and proof
That trembling to us from afar
Come presage of the eternal truth.

Yet not from far, for all is here,
Did we but only wake to know,
All fixed within our spirit's sphere
That seems to us to come and go.

We do not die, nor are we born,
Only our souls in slumber dream,
Till waking to the eternal morn
We know instead of seem.

—*May Stranahan*.

WHEN I AM A SPIRIT.

When I am a spirit—leave me alone!
Don't prick at the tough-skinned riddle!
Would you turn from a feast to gnaw on a bone?
Go, dine while the fiddlers fiddle?

Why lure me back to play the fool—
To bridge your brief hour's yearning
With maudlin talk through a three-legged stool,
With raps or table turning?

I'll lend no aid to an old dame's trance,
As she plucks at the air with her fingers.
She'll bid no spirit of mine to prance—
Let her cluck to the spook who lingers!

Oh, leave me alone! Go, drink your wine,
And look to the moment's living!
Lest you in your world, I in mine,
Lose precious drops of living,
—*Mildred Plew Merryman in N. Y. Times*.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac d'Israeli*.

IMMORTALITY.

The day when materialism met no other resistance than a pious protest or a volley of texts has evidently passed, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's book on "The Assurance of Immortality" is one of the many proofs of this. The author makes no effort to prove the fact of immortality. He admits that it can not be demonstrated by any process of intellection, and in this connection he quotes Paulsen, who wrote: "The proposition that thoughts are in reality nothing but movements in the brain, that feelings are nothing but bodily processes in the vasomotor system, is absolutely irrefutable; not because it is true, however, but because it is meaningless. The absurd has this advantage in common with truth, that it can not be refuted."

Dr. Fosdick's arguments are usually of the sledge-hammer variety. Speaking of the materialistic contention that the mind and brain are identical because of an apparent and present dependence of the mind upon the brain he says:

If a man is riding in his limousine, he is dependent on the windows for his impression of the outside world. If the glass is covered by curtains or besmeared with mud, he can not see. All that happens to the windows affects his power either to receive impressions from without or to signal to his friends. Yet the man is not thereby proved to be the glass, nor is it clear that he may not some day leave his limousine and see all the better because the old mediums are now discarded. A man's dependence on his instruments can never be used to prove that he is his instruments or is created by them.

The author's argument would have been strengthened if he had gone on to suggest that a man, although dependent upon his instruments, is himself the creator of those instruments, and that the extent of their efficiency is absolutely within his own control. But Dr. Fosdick is equally good when he brings his artillery to bear on the materialistic theory that thought and feeling are the results of a combination of brain cells:

The lobe of the brain with which function of thought is associated is made up of a definite number of physical cells, reticulated by innumerable nervous avenues of communication. How can these cells be pictured as conspiring to write "Hamlet" or to compose the sonatas of Beethoven? Has each cell a mental aspect? If each cell has, how can it communicate its mental power, and arrange with its neighbors so to contribute theirs, that altogether they shall produce an Emancipation Proclamation or a determination to die

on Calvary rather than be untrue? The thing is inconceivable. . . . It is sufficiently strange that a man should build a violin and play upon it, but that a violin should fortuitously build itself, organize its atoms, shape its body, and then with no one to play upon it, should play upon itself Joachim's "Hungarian Concerto," how shall a man make that seem reasonable? Just such an unimaginable thing must one believe who asserts that brain creates the mind. This affirmation of materialism is the one unbelievable mystery. A "mobile cosmic ether" as Haeckel calls it, that can arrange itself into mothers and music and the laughter of children at play; a "mobile cosmic ether" that can compose itself into Isaiah and Jesus and Livingston and Phillips Brooks; a "mobile cosmic ether" that can organize itself into the Psalms of David and the dramas of Shakespeare, into Magna Charta and Declarations of Independence; what intellectual gymnastics must a man perform to make such a process thinkable?

This is undeniably good. Indeed we should have to look a long way for anything of its kind that is so good. And we can all of us supplement it for ourselves. We can imagine for ourselves a "mobile cosmic ether" that does not arrange itself into anything, but that is *arranged by the consciousness behind it* into all the forms that make up the visible universe. We can see that consciousness eternally drawing matter to itself in exactly those combinations, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, that express or correspond with its own states, and when that consciousness reaches the human stage we can see it creating the human body by precisely the same processes, and so by every thought, even the least, making that body either more transparent or more opaque to the divine light. Dr. Fosdick has written a good book, but how much better it would have been had he followed his own arguments to their full conclusions. Then he would have reached something resembling Theosophy, although, of course, he need not have said so.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald.*

I will not believe that it is given to man to have thoughts nobler or loftier than the real truth of things.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.** Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JUL 19 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 27.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 3, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE POWER OF MIND.

A new edition of "The History and Power of Mind," by Richard Ingalese, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author has evidently read much of Theosophy, although he makes slight acknowledgment of that fact. He is also well versed in the literature of what is called New Thought and he advocates many practices that will be repugnant to the Theosophist.

Many points in cosmogony we find well expressed by the author. For example, in speaking of the solar year, he says:

Now, as modern Astronomy correctly states, it takes the Sun something over twenty-five thousand years to complete its circuit through the Zodiacal signs, and this period of time is called a Solar Cycle. In occult or semi-occult literature a solar cycle is designated as an "Age of the Earth," a "Period of Mundane Evolution," or "Race Period." There are seven such Sun-Cycles or Periods of activity in which man may evolve on this planet. These Sun Cycles are divided into twelve sub-cycles or periods, each consisting of about two thousand years, or the length of time it takes for the Sun to pass from one sign of the Zodiac to another.

In Oriental literature these are called "Sub-Race periods," and they are also known, among Occultists, as a "Nation's Age," for it is during such a period that a Nation is born, matures, grows old, and dies. It is interesting to verify this fact in history, especially in contemporaneous history, for the leading Nations of Europe are now ending their two thousand year cycle.

This, in a measure, answers the questions so often asked, "Have we finished the Sun Cycle of Pisces and are we in the Aquarian Age?" To both questions the Occultist would answer,

No. We are now concluding the Age of Pisces and hence the disturbances in every line of human endeavor.

At the end of each Sub-Cycle, and peculiarly at the end of each Solar Cycle, a re-adjustment in men's affairs and in the Earth takes place. Those are the days of Judgment for that Period or Cycle, and it was in reference to the end of the Piscean Age that the Nazarene Occultist gave the prophecy concerning the "end of the World," as the St. James version has it, or the "Consummation of the Age," as the revised version of the New Testament puts it.

A knowledge of Occult Law may be gained, says the author, in two ways, by original research and by teachers:

Who are the Teachers? They may be grouped into three great classes—Masters, Adepts, and Students. The Masters of Occultism are those who, in a prior period of Cosmic evolution, passed upward through the human stage until they reached the Divine, and became Gods. When a new Cosmic Day commences, and new planets are formed, and men are brought into existence for the purpose of unfolding more and more of the Deity within themselves and enlarging their consciousness as individualized parts of nature, the Masters are they who lead and teach the evolving race. The Adepts are those advanced men of our race who are students of the Masters, while at the same time they are teachers of their less developed brothers. They are men who have perfected themselves along certain lines, but have not reached perfection along all lines. The Students are they who are studying under these Adepts; they are persons who desire to know the truth, and have devoted themselves to the study of these particular sciences. They hold the same relation to the Adepts as the Adepts hold to the Masters.

The author is less satisfactory in his

dealings with evolution and the dual mind. He speaks of consciousness sweeping through the lower kingdoms of nature until finally it reaches the animal such as the dog. Then these individualized animal minds "pass into the ape forms, and thence into physical human bodies," the animal minds eventually becoming the objective minds of men.

This is nearly wholly wrong. Man, so far as his body is concerned, does not come from the animal kingdom, as it is now. The animal kingdom comes from man. The human body was contributed by the Lunar Gods or Pitris, and apes have nothing to do with it. Considering that the author so obviously obtained his information from the "Secret Doctrine" one is inclined to wonder why he has so perverted its teachings in this respect. With regard to the Higher Mind, as opposed to the Objective Mind, the author says:

When these quasi-human forms have reached the point of development where they are capable of becoming vehicles for the Divine Subjective Minds, then the union of the subjective and objective takes place. The subjective minds come to earth for the purpose of getting experience upon this material plane, that they may become wiser, and more strongly individualized; also that they may raise the animal minds or objective consciousness, which they ensoul, to a higher and a better condition of development; for with the interblending of the Divine Subjective mind with the objective or animal mind comes a permanent union, and those "whom God hath joined together" can not be separated without a tremendous loss to each. . . .

After the union of the subjective and objective minds has taken place, this united entity continues to incarnate and reincarnate as its physical bodies wear out. Understanding this, you will be better able to appreciate the meaning of Chapter Six of Genesis, where it says: "And it came to pass, when (animal) men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born to them (that is, when sufficient forms were created), that the sons of God (the subjective minds) saw the daughters of men (the objective minds) that they were fair; and they took them wives (blended with them) of all which they chose."

The author's chapter on reincarnation is well expressed and he emphasizes various admirable points that are usually overlooked.

The defect of the book, and it is a grave defect, is its advocacy of New Thought methods for obtaining material advantages. One is inclined to wonder what would become of the world if we were all to cease our more or less use-

ful occupations under the delusion that wealth can be obtained in some other way or by some dubious process known as "holding the thought." The only wealth is commodities. Money is no more than a convenient mechanism for the exchange of commodities. To receive the products of other hands, whether in the form of goods or money, without producing something of equal value, is to steal. It is probable enough that money can be obtained by "holding the thought," but it is obtained by robbery and it is in no way different from the crime of the burglar. That such processes should be recommended in a work purporting to deal with occultism is deplorable and reprehensible.

A MODERN TRILBY.

(From the Sun and New York Herald.)

PARIS, June 19.—A generation ago Du Maurier astonished the literary world by a description of Trilby manifesting marvelous musical talent while under the hypnotic influence of Svengali. Today French scientists are equally mystified by modern proof that this is a psychic reality by a medium named Louis Aubert assuming a Trilbylike rôle while in a trance.

In an exhibition before the International Metaphysical Institute of Paris last week Aubert, who ordinarily is unable to play the simplest chords on the piano, relapsed into a trance. As musical experts testify, he promptly played the most difficult compositions of Schubert, Chopin, Rubinstein, and Bizet with an interpretation leaving nothing to be desired. The savants were further startled when Aubert named the composers, although his education is so limited it is impossible that he has memorized such details.

With closed eyes, apparently no will power over his finger movements, and arms insensitive up to his elbows, Aubert reproduces musical feats associated with names of the most famous pianists. His explanation is that the composers themselves, although long dead, personally direct his work. The institute is continuing its experiments, considering that the discovery of Aubert's power will eventually shed an unexpected light on psychical mysteries.

LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

Suddenly, from the far corner of the room, a baritone voice rose in fragmentary chanting:

Gratia plena, gratia plena, mater Jesu,
Dominus tecum, benedictu tu.

Pitched at the sharp intensity of delirium, yet flexible with the exquisite resilience of youth barely past its adolescence, it lifted to another *Dolorosa*:

Nuc et in hora mortis nostrae.

The "amen" was never sounded. White moths against the dusk, two nurses circled around the boy. There was a moment of flurry; a sibilant, sighing breath; a silence; a screen. *Vite, vite est la vie, mais plus vite est la mort!*

The machinery of living—and dying, the tragical monotony of existence, snatched at us, flung us back upon its iron wheel.

I glanced down at my cramped and numbed body with a kind of shocked amazement. It was incredible that such insignificance had housed the tremendous emotions of the last hour. Listening to Selmin's word-magic I had had bigness of vision thrust upon me. With the encroachment of the material world I knew painful diminishment. I dwindled away. I thinned into the merest possible sentient film.

Concentrated attention, urged inward upon the pivot of thought, reversed with a deranging abruptness its contracting, rotary motion. The magnetic pool that had narrowed in circumference that it might gain in focal power (as if, to use a fantastic analogy, it were proposed that the oceans be pulled like thread through the eye of a cambric needle), now disobeyed the vortical attraction. It eddied outward, diffusing itself into the accustomed circular shallows.

So much for an attempt at conveying to you some idea of the extraordinary inversion of habitual states of consciousness which made that hour forever memorable, though every word I use convicts me of inefficiency. They distort, they meanly betray, that which I would bid them declare. I fall back upon the meagre solace that such experience is, by its very nature, all but incommunicable. I was subject to its transcendent

influence, but I make no pretense at understanding it.

Yet this much is fairly intelligible to me: The three of us, each according to his temperament, had made entrance into that hyper-sensitive state of mind wherein sounded words, the images they evoked, and the emotive appeal they made alike to intuition and to formal cognition were as one. The several modes of perception rayed together as though attention played the part of a spectroscopic instrument from whose refracting hands there shot forth a dazzlingly bright object. The formless yielded up form. In our induced and transient state of illumination we contemplated it. It stood a flawless symbol of that which is eternally above and beyond thought, but which is, also, a precise index of that which is discoverable by empirical methods.

We had been lifted, as on great wings, by Selmin's arch-spirit traversing the vast boundaries of a superconsciousness that, it appeared, was to him familiar territory. But now the strident vibrations of earth rushed at us with roaring menace. They set upon us, flaying our quivering nerves, blocking the sweep of the blood through its arteries.

I shrank, as under a blow, at a sudden movement of the doctor, the noise of his overturned chair. He bent, a dark silhouette, over the bed. I reined my nerves into something approaching obedience, for I saw that another crisis was upon us. In a breath complete syncope had set in, accompanied by alarming rigidity of the body. The eyelids drooped not quite to the normal, closing over the eyeballs. The effect was ghastly. It was more: it was unhuman. For beneath those fixed lids the eyes gleamed, scintillars of burnished light. Their expression was awe-inspiring to a degree, but it was not sinister; it did not menace; though it brooded, suspended, as a sword is suspended in the sun that incalculable instant before it cuts the wind in its downward stroke. Rather did it suggest some inner counseling, some brief soliloquy of a Being charged with a mysterious but wholly benign purpose, prodigal of power to execute it.

The condition bordered perilously upon the cataleptic. And now the doctor laid his thumbs against the stony lids, pressing downward and outward with

firm and even stroke. He spoke with authority. "You are asleep, asleep. Only asleep. You shall gain strength while you sleep. Presently you shall awake, refreshed. You are asleep, only asleep." Over and over he repeated the words.

I had not before had the opportunity of observing the doctor at work. I judged that he had in a measure foreseen such a conclusion to the unnatural and excessive stress under which Selmin had labored. I even thought that he welcomed it, that relief mingled with the quiet confidence with which he handled the situation. A climax of exhaustion is, perhaps, more amenable to remedial suggestion than is vehement and unnatural energy. The dam must go down; the waters must expend their mad force. Healing may follow in the wake of demolishment. I assumed that something of the sort represented the doctor's diagnosis. He won my genuine admiration and my gratitude as well, for I felt that his strategy was that of a general who astutely seizes upon the one point of attack where victory is humanly possible.

His tactics were justified. Science won, for the nonce, a triumph. The rigors grew less; presently they gave place to the quiet laxness of normal sleep. Obedient to the doctor's gesture, I wheeled Rollins into the lobby. I brought up in the semi-seclusion of a recessed window. I found myself a chair and got out my cigarette case. We smoked in silence. Through the corridor, singly and in groups, came and went the men soon to receive their discharge. Most of them wore decorations of some sort. I observed them with a depressed curiosity. These grim relics (I use the word advisedly) of the war, these living, moving, cerebral atoms called "men," what, in God's name, were they?

Against the background of the cosmos they registered in their totality no more than a casual speck of finite matter. They were so terrifyingly small; they were inconsiderable to the vanishing point. Yet something within them was able to reach outward and touch the hem of the garment. Here and there, as the ages flowered upon the stalk of eternity, there appeared among them a Buddha, a Christ, a Plato, weaving anew upon the spread loom of the world-mind the pattern of a stupendous and timeless philos-

ophy. A philosophy to which the words divinely arrogant might be applied, since it dared to link these tiny, ephemeral humans with God-head itself. It declared that there was in him, or, rather, that he was, actually, a spiritual essence that would outlast the stars. That for Beings like unto himself, though as far removed from him in the scale of spiritual development as is the mature man from the human embryo, Beings whose law was the law of self-consciousness, were the worlds and the systems of worlds born from the womb of primordial matter.

The sacred books of the world, from the Vedas down to the Christian Bible, are but the compiled records of this metaphilosophy of the soul of man. Its fundamental concept, the just pattern of its presentation, has been kept inviolate throughout the series; only by ornamentation of figurative speech are they differentiated.

To grant such awe-inspiring Theosophy a measure of abstract truth is to be immediately confronted with the sordid contradiction that is our manner of living. God-creatures content to wallow in a filthy sty, ruthlessly trampling to death those who disputed their right to the trough! Cold rationality, pointing to the red stains that have fouled the earth since the advent of man, denies to him such genesis, and, on the face of it, with absolute justice.

What, then, of those others, who sing together like the stars of the morning, and on the one theme? What of those lesser but surely closely akin souls, the saints, the sages, the prophets, the mighty men of genius, who empty themselves of themselves, that they may stand as a congregation of white pillars amongst whose colonnades that celestial music may echo evermore?

Mentally I fled the problem. It was too much like trying with damning impudence to rend the veil of the temple with hands unwashed and corroded by long clutching of Cæsar's pennies.

I glanced at Rollins. His face showed sagged, old. He slumped down in his chair as if physically exhausted. A dead cigarette hung between his limp fingers. I did not offer him another. I had not the slightest interest in keeping my own alight. I felt as completely fagged as

he looked. I wanted *not* to think with the same intensity of yearning that seizes a man, long wakeful, for the blessed oblivion of sleep.

The endless drizzling rain that is the accompaniment of French winter worked itself into a momentary passion of protest. It hissed and beat against the carefully curtained windows. Occasionally there was a flash of lightning, a roll of thunder. I found a dull comfort in listening to the sounds of elemental mourning.

The clock showed seven before Dr. La Jeunesse joined us. I suppose that up to then Rollins and I had not exchanged a dozen words. Yet there were many things that I wanted to ask if only I could drag myself out from abysmal lethargy. I made a determined effort. I could see that Rollins was similarly disciplining himself. We managed to appear not wholly devoid of life.

The doctor, it seemed, could not sit quietly down. He marched back and forth before us with restless little strides. His first words had a good deal the effect of a bomb. He paused just long enough to hurl them at us.

"That all men are a trifle mad is of an evidence. But I had supposed that I, Jules La Jeunesse, had taken the measure of my own *malade*, and that I had what you call 'the whip hand.' But *regarde*: I have been close to sharing the *hysteric* of my patient! And you, *mes enfants*!"—he eyed us shrewdly—"you are not far behind, eh?"

Such is the icy temperature of innate materialism. It would indeed be a perfervid body that did not experience uncomfortable reaction under its frigid deluge. It was unfitting; it was even outrageous. Yet I have to confess that, for me, at least, it tended to restore somewhat my badly disturbed mental equilibrium.

I indicated an affirmative. I had no inclination to interrupt. The doctor had the floor. Let him keep it. I watched him with an interest that presently bordered on faint amusement. In the poor light his tense little figure gave rather the effect of a perambulating interrogation point from which there popped out, at regular intervals, a troop of lateral, smaller ones, as he made sudden outward trusts with that black-bearded chin, or performed some sleight-of-hand ges-

tication as running accompaniment to his words.

The spell-binder had known the odd sensation of being himself spell-bound. Plainly he was thoroughly bewildered and resentful as well. Nor did his uncomfortable state of mind find amelioration in acknowledging that he had, for the moment, come face to face with a department of his consciousness that he had not, hitherto, admitted as existing.

The postulate of a transcendent, divinely illuminating consciousness had no manner of place in his materialistic philosophy. He could burrow, a willing and tireless slave, under the commandatory ultimatums of his masters Hegel and Freud (weird combination, those two!), but he balked at the idea of soaring clear of the rabbit hutches. Yesterday he would have contemptuously denied the possibility of so doing. Today he had had the dizzying experience. Tomorrow he would scoff at the idea that it really did occur. But the bitterness of his decision would betray an uneasiness. For there would remain, however sternly submerged, the conviction that since there was a below there must be an above, and that the true above is as far removed from the threshold of our ordinary modes of consciousness as is Arc-turus from our insignificant luminary.

(To Be Continued.)

It (Ethereic vibratory force) will be in its appointed place and time only when the great roaring flood of starvation, misery, and underpaid labor ebbs back again—as it will when the just demands of the many are at last happily attended to; when the proletariat exists but in name, and the pitiful cry for bread, that rings unheeded throughout the world, has died away. This may be hastened by the spread of learning, and by new openings for work and emigration, with better prospects than now exist, *and on some new continent that may appear.*—*Secret Doctrine.*

If the eye were not of the nature of the sun, how could we behold light? If divine force were not at work in us, how could divine things delight us?—*Goethe.*

All souls are preëxistent in the Worlds of Emanation.—*Book of Wisdom.*

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

(Editorial in New York Times.)

For skepticism with regard to spiritualistic phenomena there is ample precedent. Hamlet, whom William Dean Howells once suggested as first honorary member of the Psychical Research Society, himself admitted doubts. In the presence of the majesty of buried Denmark, the prince exclaimed:

Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
seat

In this distracted globe.

But it was only a little later that he spoke of

The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns.

It is an experience sadly familiar. Upon the death of William James (who was, however, willing to believe rather than a believer), there were hopes that word would come back from beyond; but they faded and are forgotten. The case of Dr. Hyslop seems destined to a similar course.

In the message reported to the *Times* by an investigator from Canada, "Dr. Hyslop" promises a "scientific communication" which is to be "transmitted through an involved, complex, intricate cross-correspondence." But unfortunately a cross-correspondence was already being "transmitted" which, though by no means involved, complex or intricate, will be to most minds conclusive. According to the Canadian report, Dr. Hyslop was rather dazed and weakened in his first moments of life beyond, but was being carefully attended by William James, who conveyed his messages. Meantime, according to a report in the *World*, a medium frequently employed by the Society for Psychical Research was enjoying direct communication. She said: "I received my first message Thursday afternoon, just as Dr. Hyslop was dying." The two reports cross, but do not correspond.

Something of the sort was to be expected from the nature of the Canadian communication. Speaking of those who had attended him on earth, the supposed spirit said, "delicacy prohibits the mention of their names." Surely the friends of a sincere scientist who stood on the brink of so momentous a revelation would not have shrunk from establishing

this primary cross-correspondence. Nowhere is there suggestion of a truly spiritual presence. Very few will be moved to curiosity as to the "mechanical invention" which Sir William Crookes is perfecting in his "astral laboratory." Even more disillusioning, to those familiar with Dr. Hyslop's genial and human way of speaking and writing, is the whole tone and tenor of the supposed message.

It by no means follows that our guests from across the border intend deception. The presumption is quite the contrary. In such cases the medium is generally in a trance, unconscious of his own words, the messages being framed by what is familiar to psychologists as subliminal personalities. These often possess extraordinary powers of mind and of imagination, deeply impressive to all but the most practiced and expert. The evidence for the spiritual hypothesis is as yet tenuous to the vanishing point; but for the scientific student of abnormal psychology trance controls present a most fruitful field of investigation, establishing the presence of human faculties which were undreamed of a generation ago.

WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

The Secret Doctrine is an uninterrupted record, covering thousands of generations of seers, whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions, passed on orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted Beings, who watched over the childhood of humanity.

Where is that daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals a *consciousness of their own*? All he can say is that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.

So long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving Ego from the thralldom of these senses—so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of "things in themselves," or Substance.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifesta-

nion, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

Each week has a distinct occult character in the lunar month; each day of the twenty-eight has its special characteristics; for each of the twelve constellations, whether separately or in combination with other signs, has an Occult influence for good or for evil.

The wise men . . . who invented a method to make the incomprehensible assume a tangible form could only do so by resorting to numbers and geometrical figures.

The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the Forces we know are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about.

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.

The Future, like the past, is ever alive in the present.

It is well known that sand, when placed on a metal plate in vibration, assumes a series of regular figures of various descriptions. Can Science give a *complete* explanation of this fact?

The man's lower principles are disintegrated in time, and are used by Nature again for the formation of new human principles; the same process also taking place in the disintegration and formation of Worlds.

Since no single atom in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more then must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter even into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?

Wide opened is the door of the Immortal to all who have ears to hear; let them send forth faith to meet it.—*Buddhist Suttas*.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand:

Its storms roll up the sky;
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh,
The night is darkest before the morn;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
Come! for the earth is grown coward and old,
Come down, and renew us her youth,
Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare!
Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age
of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of
God,

And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age, too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern
work to do

In the day of the Lord at hand.

—Charles Kingsley.

Two little books that will be attractive to those who are interested in psychical matters have just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co.—“Children of the Dawn,” by E. Katherine Bates, and “Through Jeweled Windows; or, Spiritualism in the Church,” by Frank C. Raynor. The former, by the author of “Our Living Dead,” offers in the space of a hundred and fifty pages the conclusions to which a lifetime of study have brought the author. The latter, by the author of “The Angels of Mons” and other books, is an endeavor to bring into harmonious relation the modern developments and tendencies of investigation into spiritual things and the existing Christian church. “We must dare,” the author says, “to jettison whole crates of mediæval theological salt if it has lost its savor—and certainly much of it has lost its savor in these days—and above all we must dare to look through newly unveiled windows.”

A man may do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—*Carlyle*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco .

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

30
GIFT
JUL 29 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 28.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 10, 1920.

Price Five Cents

GONE WEST.

There are now scores of volumes of supposed communications with the dead. Most of them have appeared since the outbreak of the war and have been directly called forth by the war. They must be received with a certain respectful sympathy because most of them represent poignant grief even though it be an unreasoning grief, or even a selfish grief.

But this should not be allowed to deaden the critical faculty nor to inspire toleration for practices that are believed to be mischievous. These communications are either authentic or spurious. They must be judged coldly, unsentimentally, and by the usual standards. And our verdict, whatever it may be, will carry with it no imputation of a lack of good faith on the part of the messengers.

Without at the moment venturing on a critical analysis which would demand a volume instead of a column it may be said that these communications are in hopeless disagreement as to the nature of the post-mortem life that they attempt to describe. It is necessary to stress this point, since there are large numbers of people who read one or two volumes only and who are impressed by the reasonableness that seems to pervade so many of them. It is only when they are placed side by side that their antagonisms become perplexing and bewildering. One of the best and most scholarly of these productions, for example, represents the

after world as a great mechanism for Catholic propaganda. Every human expectation is confirmed by one or another of these productions, every variety of conjecture is represented, every creed is championed and proved. It is a hopeless medley of testimony that becomes comprehensible and orderly only to those who understand the nature of Kama Loka with its vast picture gallery in which we see only the reflections of our own hopes and fears.

A case in point is furnished by a little volume entitled "Gone West," just published by Alfred A. Knopf. It is supposed to be written by a "Soldier Doctor," who died in the war and who now relates his post-mortem experiences. On Page 66 he is represented as saying: "One interesting psychological study for me has been the spiritual advance the boys have attained in making the supreme sacrifice. It is as if a bit of heavenly grace had been cast upon them, and I am told by the Masters that many a soul has progressed more through that one achievement by way of spiritual growth than in several incarnations."

Now here we have a practically direct assertion of reincarnation. The writer recalls at least half a dozen volumes of "spirit messages" that have made a similar assertion—and at least twenty others that have vigorously and derisively denied it. These "messages from the dead" have been reaching us for nearly half a century, ever since the re-birth of spir-

itualism as an organized movement. Until a very few years ago they were contemptuously unanimous in denying the truth of reincarnation. But with this exception, that French controls unanimously affirmed it. All the "spirits" on one side of the English Channel affirmed reincarnation. All the "spirits" on the other side denied it. But why the contradiction? The reply is simple enough. Alan Kardec was the founder and leader of French spiritualism, and Kardec was a reincarnationist. Once more we find that the basic conception in the incarnated mind is the controlling factor of these communications. In Kama Loka we find whatever we expected to find because we are looking at an objectivised panorama of ourselves.

ON GROWING OLD.

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift-
flying,

Is soon too lame to march, too cold for
loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by
minute

The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I can not sail your seas, I can not wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor
your valleys,

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squad-
ron rallies:

Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their
grace,

Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand

Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its
fashion,

Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and
passion,

Bread to the soul, rain where the summers
parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness
close,

Even the night will blossom as the rose.

—From "*Poems*," by John Maschfeld. Pub-
lished by the Macmillan Company.

THE OPEN VISION.

(From the Review.)

The "Open Vision," by Dr. Horatio W. Dresser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a book about relations with the dead. It is also a book about the life of God in the human spirit. Its art lies in the combination of these elements. The occupancy of the human soul by the divine spirit is the highest conception of the highest religions, a conception that may almost be said to attain the grandeur of the superhuman without falling into the cheapness of the miraculous. Spiritism rests on a far lower plane. Communication with the dead merely as the dead is neither high nor low; it is neutral with the same neutrality that attaches to communication with the living. But historically the instrumentalities, human and mechanical, which have furthered the alleged communication have been sordid. Dr. Dresser's object is to clear spiritism of its dross, and to raise it to a level where it can act on equal terms and in close conjunction with the life in God. Accordingly, he throws away the mediums, and what we may call for brevity the media. He has no interest in tables, no faith in experiments. In his scheme for exchanges between the two worlds, spirit is to act upon spirit without the intervention of a medium, and mind is to influence mind without the intervention of the senses.

If these are tactics, they are admirable tactics. In robbing spiritism of half the charms which make it interesting to its disciples, they strip it of half the objections which alienate and irritate its opponents. The question is whether the shift of base is possible. To the vast majority of seekers the agency of mediums seems more effectual than their personal efforts in producing a sense, authentic or illusory, of communication with departed spirits. Moreover, disenchantments await the reader who pauses over the examples of mystic intimations supplied by Dr. Dresser from the storehouse of his personal experience. He is informed of the perilous nearness of a train, of the whereabouts of a missing diamond. It is strange that a divine being who prefers the uniformity of his operations to the safety of Pompeii. San Francisco, or Messina, should think the life of Dr. Dresser or the recovery of a

lost jewel a sufficient reason for a breach in that routine. Dr. Dresser's reasoning is systematic, but not powerful, his piety refined but not robust; his style expands discreetly in the calm of a featureless level.

THE DEATH OF LULLY.

A little volume of short stories entitled "Limbo," by Mr. Aldous Huxley (George H. Doran Company), contains an account of the death of the alchemist Raymond Lully, who was murdered for his heretical opinions somewhere on the African coast of the Mediterranean. Mr. Huxley's stories are of the boldly unconventional kind, and it may be said that he sometimes strays into brutality. But with that we are not now concerned in our pleasure at so worthy a treatment of a topic that is usually the target either of contempt or of superstition.

Over the fictional element of the story we need not linger. It concerns a couple of aristocratic lovers on a ship at anchor in a Mediterranean port. Word is brought of a fracas on shore in the course of which a holy man has been killed. The lovers learn the news from the captain:

Towards evening they received a visit from the captain. He was a large, handsome man, with gold ear-rings glinting from among a bush of black hair.

"Divine Providence," he remarked sententiously, after the usual courtesies had passed, "has called upon us to perform a very notable work."

"Indeed?" said the young man.

"No less a work," continued the captain, "than to save from the clutches of the infidels and heathen the precious remains of a holy martyr."

The captain let fall his pompous manner. It was evident that he had carefully prepared these pious sentences, they rolled so roundly off his tongue. But he was eager now to get on with his story, and it was in a homelier style that he went on: "If you know these seas as well as I—and it's near twenty years now that I've been sailing them—you'd have some knowledge of this same holy man that—God rot their souls for it!—these cursed Arabs have done to death here. I've heard of him more than once in my time, and not always well spoken of; for, to tell the honest truth, he does more harm with his preachments to good Christian traders than ever he did good to black-hearted heathen dogs. Leave the bees alone, I say, and if you can get a little honey out of them quietly, so much the better; but he goes about among the beehives with a pole, stirring up trouble for himself and others, too. Leave them alone to their damnation, is what I say, and get what you can from them this side of hell. But, still, he has died a holy

martyr's death. God rest his soul! A martyr is a wonderful thing, you know, and it's not for the likes of us to understand what they mean by it all.

"They do say, too, that he could make gold. And, to my mind, it would have been a thing more pleasing to God and man if he had stopped at home minting money for poor folks and dealing it round, so that there'd be no need to work any more and break oneself for a morsel of bread. Yes, he was great at gold making and at the books, too. They tell me he was called the Illuminated Doctor. But I know him still as plain Lully. I used to hear of him from my father, plain Lully, and no better once than he should have been.

"My father was a shipwright in Minorca in those days—how long since? Fifty, sixty years perhaps. He knew him then: he has often told me the tale. And a raffish young dog he was. Drinking, drabbing, and dicing he outdid them all, and between the bouts wrote poems, they say, which was more than the rest could do. But he gave it all up on the sudden. Gave away his lands, quitted his former companions, and turned hermit up in the hills, living alone like a fox in his burrow, high up above the vines. And all because of a woman and his own qualmish stomach."

The captain explains that Lully as a young man had fallen in love with a beautiful woman, only to discover that "another lover was already in her bosom, and his kisses had been passionate—oh, burning passionate, for he had kissed away half her left breast. From the nipple down it had all been gnawed away by a cancer." Under the shock of so revolting a disclosure Lully had become an ascetic, and now "they were always clapping him into prison or pulling out his beard for preaching." The captain has a bier prepared for the corpse, which he has ordered to be brought on board the ship in his pious effort to do reverence to a saint:

A plash of oars announced the approach of the boat. The captain halloed in the darkness: "Did you find him?"

"Yes, we have him here," came back the answer.

"Good. Bring him alongside and we'll hoist him up. We have the bier in readiness. He shall lie in state tonight."

"But he's not dead," shouted back the voice from the night.

"Not dead?" repeated the captain, thunder-struck. "But what about the bier, then?"

A thin, feeble voice came back. "Your work will not be wasted, my friend. It will be but a short time before I need your bier."

The captain, a little abashed, answered in a gentler tone, "We thought, holy father, that the heathens had done their worst and that Almighty God had already given you the martyr's crown."

By this time the boat had emerged from the darkness. In the stern sheets an old man was lying, his white hair and beard stained with

blood, his Dominican's robe torn and fouled with dust. At the sight of him, the captain pulled off his cap and dropped upon his knees.

"Give us your blessing, holy father," he begged.

The old man raised his hand and wished him peace.

They lifted him on board and, at his own desire, laid him upon the bier which had been prepared for his dead body. "It would be a waste of trouble," he said, "to put me anywhere else, seeing I shall in any case be lying there so soon."

The ship puts out to sea and presently the dying alchemist opens his eyes and sees the two lovers on the deck:

"I, too," he said, "was in love once. In this year falls the jubilee of my last earthly passion; fifty years have run since last I longed after the flesh—fifty years since God opened my eyes to the hideousness of the corruption that man has brought upon himself.

"You are young, and your bodies are clean and straight, with no blotch or ulcer or leprous taint to mar their much-desired beauty; but because of your outward pride, your souls, it may be, fester inwardly the more.

"And yet God made all perfect; it is but accident and the evil of will that causes defaults. All metals should be gold, were it not that their elements willed evilly in their desire to combine. And so with men: the burning sulphur of passion, the salt of wisdom, the nimble mercurial soul should come together to make a golden being, incorruptible and rustless. But the elements mingle jarringly, not in a pure harmony of love, and gold is rare, while lead and iron and poisonous brass that leave a taste as of remorse behind it are everywhere common.

"God opened my eyes to it before my youth had too utterly wasted itself to rottenness. It was half a hundred years ago, but I see her still, my Ambrosia, with her white, sad face and her naked body and that monstrous ill eating away at her breast.

"I have lived since then trying to amend the evil, trying to restore, as far as my poor powers would go, some measure of original perfection to the corrupted world. I have striven to give to all metals their true nature, to make true gold from the false, the unreal, the accidental metals, lead and copper and tin and iron. And I have essayed that more different alchemy, the transformation of men. I die now in my effort to purge away that most foul dross of misbelief from the souls of these heathen men. Have I achieved anything? I know not. . . .

"I have had eighty years of it," he said; "eighty years in the midst of this corroding sea of hatred and strife. A man has need to keep pure and unalloyed his core of gold, that little centre of perfection with which all, even in this declination of time, was born. All other metal, though it be as tough as steel, as shining-hard as brass, will melt before the devouring bitterness of life. Hatred, lust, anger—the vile passions will corrode your will of iron, the war-like pomp of your front of brass. It needs the golden perfection of pure love and pure knowledge to withstand them.

"God has willed that I should be the stone

—weak, indeed, in virtue—that has touched and transformed at least a little of baser metal into the gold that is above corruption. But it is hard work—thankless work. Man has made a hell of his world, and has set up gods of pain to rule it. Goatish gods, that revel and feast on the agony of it all, poring over the tortured world, like those hateful lovers, whose lust burns darkly into cruelty.

"Fever goads us through life in a delirium of madness. Thirsting for the swamps of evil whence the fever came, thirsting for the mirages of his own delirium, man rushes headlong he knows not whither. And all the time a devouring cancer gnaws at his entrails. It will kill him in the end, when even the ghastly inspiration of fever will not be enough to whip him on. He will lie there, cumbering the earth, a heap of rottenness and pain, until at last the cleansing fire comes to sweep the horror away.

"Fever and cancer; acids that burn and corrode. . . . I have had eighty years of it. Thank God, it is the end."

"Lord," says the captain as he bustles away, "life is a tangled knot to unravel."

PSYCHIC STORIES.

One of the large public libraries in Brooklyn reports that the day after putting on the shelves several copies of "The Best Psychic Stories," edited by Joseph Lewis French and just published by Boni & Liveright, they were obliged to double their first order for the book. The librarian at this institution says: "The demand for books on the psychic and supernatural seems to increase instead of diminish. Our readers, who are preponderantly of Anglo-Saxon origin, seem to have forsaken the orthodox schools of philosophy and are almost pathetically endeavoring to confirm a belief in the hereafter in the manifestations which have been supposedly established by the new school of which Sir Oliver Lodge is the leading exponent.

Our whole trouble in our lot in this world rises from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed; let it be kept in that disposition, and the man shall stand at ease, in his affliction, like a rock unmoved with waters beating upon it.—*T. Boston.*

The design of God is rather to rectify the will than to satisfy the understanding. If there were no obscurity in religion, the understanding might be benefited, but the will would be injured.—*Pascal.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

As might be expected, our talk was so much milling about. It got us nowhere. From causticity the doctor descended to mere peevishness. For the most part Rollins bore the brunt of his wordy attacks.

Rollins insisted, and with a quiet assurance that was not without its effect, that we were not suffering from hysterical delusion concerning the verity of that singular Power under whose outshooting, magnetic rays we had experienced extraordinary extension of normal faculties.

He quite staggered the doctor by remarking that, since in conspicuous ways we perceived heat and light and various forms of electricity, and since their several designations were, admittedly, but the convenient names by which we differentiated our organic response to the stimuli of certain rates of vibration, he did not see but that it was reasonable to allow that, in ways not so conspicuous, we were constantly subject to vibrations of a variety, a range, and an intensity far exceeding our present knowledge.

He offered the idea that the human nervous system is forever receiving their subtle impact and that there is in man a principle, call it soul if you like, that acts toward them as a kind of psychogovernor, selecting, classifying, in a sense assimilating them, and, on rare occasions, sending them to the brain along the delicate nerve filaments in sublimated, wholly unrecognizable states of consciousness. They have undergone a most wondrous sea-change. The larva has birthed the butterfly; the phoenix has arisen from its ashes. The man is become aware of a mysterious inrush of knowledge that in genus ranges from a brief flash of intuition to a condition loosely called "cosmic consciousness." There would have to be taken into account, of course, the possibility, indeed the grim certainty, that if there be that in the human soul which craves darkness and the things of darkness, rather than light and the things of light, there will issue forth from that leprous, inner chamber monstrous intimations of evil. But the *modus operandi* would, in either case, be exactly the same.

It was rather neatly done. The doctor's own pet weapons were turned against him in a way that out-Freuded Freud himself. The divine quality of consciousness was set to one end of a scale at whose other extremity nested the *libido* of the German analyst. Between the two there hung the balance, the governor, the human soul, imperially free, shifting toward the one degree or the other in accordance with its predominating desires.

At the time of his speaking Rollins' words aroused in me no appreciable surprise. They seemed a part, a necessary and an appropriate part, of the bewildering drama of the evening. I listened with a dazed receptiveness. Those eight immediately preceding days had rather taken it out of me. But later, when I had slept the clock around, and was able to consider the happenings of that night without blinking like an owl, stupid with light, it dawned on me that Rollins, like Selmin, had gone a very considerable way toward the new norm of spiritual and intellectual consciousness whereunto, it seems, the finest minds of the century are tending.

His remarks set the doctor thoroughly by the ears. When he gave voice to fresh heresy by saying that he, for one, thought it not at all impossible that physical catastrophes might sometimes be the result of a collision, so to say, of accumulated evil thought-forces set over and against the smoothly rhythmic powers of nature, obedient to its God-direction, I thought that the outraged doctor would have an apoplectic stroke on the spot.

The idea is not a new one to me. Lee Jordan, my Theosophist friend, whom I mentioned a while back, had expressed himself as so believing. The biblical story of the Deluge he counted as being but the refurbished tale of the terrific cataclysm that overtook the all but mythical continents of Atlantis and Lemuria, the final remnant of which was Plato's island that sank "in three days and nights under the bombardment of titanic storm from without and fire from within." With their disappearance went every vestige of the enormous material intellectualisms of ancient civilization, arrested in its headlong flight toward absolute evil by the operation of that devastating law it had itself set in motion. And the obscuration of races was not, so he

held, without its beneficent results. Banned into some inscrutable dark for the while mother earth rid herself of their accumulated evil magnetism, they were sent back again in due time, the slate washed clean, the problem patiently indicated to them once again, that, happily, they might apply their energies to the solving of it. And in that solving, so Jordan said, they should discover those laws of just proportion by whose gracious measure they should be able to establish the foundations of a structure that, unlike the walls of Nineveh and Tyre, should never fall, because they were builded after a pattern which is set eternally in the heavens.

That was Lee Jordan. His beliefs were more than bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; they were spirit of his spirit. It is now upward of fifteen years since I met him, and the intellectual world in general was just beginning to recover from a prodigious inoculation of Haeckel and Spencer, not to mention Darwin. I recall that at the time I listened to his theories with an incredulity that would have bordered upon open contempt had not his expositions been, invariably, postulated with a daring and persuasive brilliancy.

But where in the world had Rollins, that mere boy, gotten hold of such notions? Or, to put it more accurately, in what unexpectedly fertile soil of his nature had they found lodgment and conditions favorable to sturdy growth?

Seizing a moment when the arrows of the doctor's wrath were comparatively few, I dodged between broadsides, as it were, to put a question to Rollins, with the result that I learned that, by one of the strange fortunes of war, he had been in Selmin's regiment the better part of the year. They had both won commissions, and Selmin, so Rollins boasted, "a whole string of bally medals." The boy had his own, but concerning them he was the original oyster. But what interested me far more than medals just then was to learn that Selmin's prophetic note and the peculiarly magnetic and almost weirdly pictorial quality of the words whereby he embodied it was not due to any semi-lucid acumen. It had been in evidence, in almost continual evidence, the entire ten months of that close intimacy that is singular to comrades of the trenches.

According to Rollins, Selmin had "forecasted" (the word is a cheapened one, but it will serve) certain crises of war, and correctly in every case. Particularly did he seem to have a faculty for pre-visualizing country with which he was not in the least familiar, tracing geography with the closest fidelity, and indicating by the most definite prognosis the nature of that battle, that skirmish, that decisive occurrence that should presently take place on that particular territory.

"It was strange," said Rollins, "that always when that prophetic disposition began to show itself I got the sense of a sort of super-power in operation. Not that it was external or in any manner dissociated from Cardall himself; on the contrary it appeared to blaze up within him, rather as if a candle had been taken away from a window and an arc light put in its place."

Exactly. I had felt something of the same thing that very night, though I was far too bewildered to put it into words. And then the boy made his great avowal: he was very simple about it, and very brave. To face the scorn of an unbeliever (and such an one as Dr. La Jeunesse) is no less than spiritual martyrdom. There comes, I suppose, to all of us who have settled convictions on any subject an hour wherein we must express them, hold to them in the fire of derision, perhaps go down to humiliation with them, if we are not to show the yellow streak of the cad. Rollins had all the courage of his convictions. He was a good soldier and a gentleman of the finest calibre as well.

"The night I 'got mine'" (ah, the heart-rending familiarity of that familiar trench slang) "I was left pretty much alone. We had gotten, a handful of us, to the last barbed wire. Then a shell came along, and, well . . . presently I found I was captain of a company of—just me. I really can't imagine how it came about, but suddenly I began to run. I couldn't make my legs stop. They carried me to the tangle of wire, just as many a better man than I has been propelled in the wrong direction by his renegade members. I wouldn't speak of it," the boy apologized in abject embarrassment, "if I didn't want to make clear to you that, all the while, Something that was distinctly *not* I went with me. It

swept me on, and in spite of the horrible din I could hear it whirring about me with a kind of immense rhythmic singing . . . singing that had no words, and yet conveyed the idea of words to me, words that told me what I should do. And then I cut the wire, and I found under my hand three rockets, and I sent them up in the fashion that spelt 'come on' to the main body that had gotten left behind somehow or another."

(I learned about the affair from headquarters afterward. Rollins had cut the wires and by incredible luck (did I say "luck"?) had found the rockets, but he had maintained that signaling flare while flat on the ground with a cruelly shattered leg and a scalp from which half the flesh had been lifted as though neatly carved away.)

He continued: "The whirring got stronger. It was like the beating of wings. I found myself repeating the words of a Psalm that my mother loved, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the almighty wings.' It had been only a rather solemn and musical phrase until that hour. Then I knew it for utter truth. *Death did not mean anything to me then*; I think it never will. And with the great whirring that was so strangely comforting, and along with the sound of my own voice muttering that verse, I listened to something in me that echoed certain words that Selmin had spoken a week before: 'By next Friday we should be holding S——, by the little river. We should attack by the rise of ground just to the north, and this side of the stream; it can easily be forded there. I hope I shall be there. I know that place as I know my own Massachusetts back yard.' Well, he wasn't there. He was wounded that very night as he led his division along the left flank. Or was he there, some part of him? I do not know. But I do know right well that I did not have the remotest idea of the lay of that land. My legs, or something, took me to the place where I should go, and showed me the rockets that, as they say, turned the tide in our favor."

Singular! I should think so. On Rollins' act, as upon a fulcrum, rested the outcome of a four days' battle, with victory on the British-American side.

(To Be Continued.)

HISTORY.

The attention is arrested by an advance note of a little volume by Professor Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt., F. B. A., entitled "Our Great War and the Great War of the Ancient Greeks," just published by Thomas Seltzer, New York. The note in question says:

A knowledge of the past is of little value unless it can be harnessed to do service for the present. Professor Gilbert Murray is pre-eminent among those scholars who have made the past live for us again. He has modernized the ancient Greek classics. Under his pen Euripides, Aristophanes, and the other Hellenic writers become imbued with a life that has as intimate a meaning to us as it must have had to their own contemporaries.

But no other work that Murray has written touches us so deeply as does this little book. It is the story of the great war of the old Hellenic world, the Peloponnesian war, the war between Athens and her allies and Sparta and her allies, the war that destroyed the civilization of Greece. We read it, and we wonder whether we are reading of that war and its consequences or of our own war and its consequences, whether we are in ancient Athens or in Paris, London, or Washington. In the Athens of antiquity there were the bitter enders and the pacifists. There was the denouncing of the Spartans almost in the very terms in which the Germans were denounced. There were profiteers and secret service men and everything else with which our great war has familiarized us.

The historian can tell us of other parallels even more striking than this, but he is unwilling to draw the inferences. We are all agreed that "history repeats itself." But why? Is it because great groups of soul are reincarnated more or less simultaneously and carrying with them the old impulses, the old ideals, the old patriotism—and perhaps the old vices of which the shadows still lie like a curse across the face of the world?

I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagine full fronts me, and
God is seen God,
In the star, in the storm, in the flesh, in
the soul, and clod. —*Browning*.

Every kind of subjugation to another is pain, and subjugation to one's self is happiness: in brief this is to be known as the characteristic marks of the two.—*Manu*.

Emotionalism is not a philosophy.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

32-
GIFT
AUG '9 '920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 29.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 17, 1920.

Price Five Cents

WHY DO WE DIE?

Dr. Edward Mercer, D. D., formerly Bishop of Tasmania, describes his little book "Why Do We Die?" as an essay in Thanatology. This is not quite the same question as: What happens after death? But the two problems are closely allied and indeed the author trespasses more than once across the frontier line.

The author suggests wisely that the will-to-live may be reversed and become the will-to-die. Toharski quotes a female centenarian who said: "If you come to live as long as I have lived, you will understand, not only that it is possible not to fear death, but to feel the same need for death as for sleep." Metchnikoff says: "The instinct of death seems to lie, in some potential form, deep in the constitution of man. If the cycle of human life followed its ideal course, according to physiological function, then the instinct of death would appear in its time, after a normal life and an old age healthy and prolonged."

The Roman Stoics were content to regard death as a natural operation and to be indifferent to an after life. Nature was wise, they said, and would do all things right. It was a wholesome doctrine so far as it went, but it was not enough for the Eastern philosophers:

Eastern Pantheism took quite another line. For Hinduism life is death, and death is life. The Trinity, Brama, Vishnu, and Siva, are but one God, who fulfills alternately the part of creator, conservator, and destroyer. Thus death, and life conjoined to produce a series of sub-

stitutions. Hence the doctrine of reincarnations; each reappearance succeeds a death which marks a stage in the history of an individual life. This doctrine was subsequently developed on more mystical lines. The body is ignored; the true deliverance is found in the complete crushing of the will-to-live, and in absorption into Nirvana.

The Nirvana development is evidently useless in arriving at any rational view about the meaning and function of death. But the reincarnation doctrine is full of promise. For life is then regarded as advancing by stages, and each appearance in a body has its place in a morally ordered succession. Death can thus be regarded as a transitional happening which admits a persistent will centre to a new series of experiences.

That the reincarnation doctrine is "full of promise" is a significant admission for a bishop, and if he fails to elaborate it we may remember that he is more concerned with the process of dying than with its results.

None the less the author ventures into some speculations as to those centres of consciousness that are normally hidden from view, but that may sometimes spring into evident activity. In this way he explains the "split personality" in which the Ego seems to abdicate its place, and admits to the seat of government some centre which normally is in subjection:

Have we here a key to those harrowing changes in behavior and character which have so often induced a belief in demoniacal possession? It is at times hard, even for a modern mind, to resist this mode of explanation when some quiet and loving nature is transformed into a monster of passion or of homicidal impulse. The idea almost forces itself

upon us that there is an importation of some alien agency which swamps, if it does not replace, the normal self. And yet it should not be admitted until all more "natural" suppositions have been exhausted. From the standpoint of the compositeness of an organism, these tragedies would arise when some lower centre, at an imperfect stage of intellectual and moral development, has asserted itself and taken the bit in its mouth. So long as it was controlled by the higher centres, all was well; but when it is released from restraint, the higher centres are overpowered, and the old mental balance is destroyed.

The author's conjecture is doubtless correct, although we need feel under no compulsion to seek a single theory that may be applied indiscriminately to all cases of split personality. The Ego stands in relation to all the other monads that make up the human being as a captain of a ship stands to the crew. He is in no way different from the crew except in experience and knowledge. There is an ascending scale from the common seaman to the captain. Now if we suppose a mutiny on the ship and the displacement of the captain by a deck-hand or a coal-passer we have something analogous to insanity in a human being. The displacement may be temporary or permanent. There may be alternations of control. At the same time there may be instances of actual invasion by alien agencies, true cases of possession.

The chapter on monads is particularly illuminating. We must recognize the "independent individuality" of the monads, each intent on its evolution and forming its combinations to that end. If sometimes the combinations are chaotic we may attribute it to a perverse human will, but without losing our hope in ultimate harmonies:

May not the "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" be dimly apprehended by following up this train of reflection? May not a large cosmology provide a basis for the hope of a time when every monad, as a fully developed conscious centre, shall find its place in an all-inclusive organism in which, with ideal perfection, the parts shall exist for the sake of the whole, and the whole for the sake of the parts?

WHY DO WE DIE? By Edward Mercer, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$2.

Happy is he who has seen the Mysteries and then descends into the hollow earth. He knows the end of life, and he knows the beginning promised by Zeus.—Pindar.

MYSTICISM.

The *Nineteenth Century* for March, with a keen eye to the drift of public thought, prints an article on "The Psychology of Mysticism," by M. Emile Bertroux, the authorized translation being by Fred Rothwell. M. Bertroux deals first of all, unnecessarily one might think, with the contention that mystics are diseased:

An attempt has been made to prove that Socrates was a diseased person, because he was found to have a leaning towards mysticism. Nothing is more improbable; he was a strong, healthy-minded individual, an indefatigable reasoner, who both preached and practiced self-possession above all else. Were Francis of Assisi, Saint Bernard, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, in whom there was a large—even overwhelming—element of mysticism, diseased persons? One may bring forward the case of Pascal and affirm that the pit he constantly saw by his side and the accident on the Pont de Neuilly had affected his brain; but these paltry tales are groundless; present-day criticism has eliminated them from his biography. As regards his ecstasy on November 23, 1664, an account of which he gave in what may be called his memorial, this phenomenon, which was partially physiological in its nature, was not a cause, it was an effect, of mysticism. It was a case of thought concentrated for whole months on one and the same object, which, at a given moment, sets up corresponding sensations in the organism. Something analogous, though dissimilar, happened to Descartes, a most calm, unexcitable person.

What is mysticism? M. Bertroux is becomingly cautious in his definitions. Perhaps there is no definition that will wholly satisfy those who are without experience:

Plotinus gives a fine definition of mysticism, which, he says, consists in seeing with closed eyes, with the eyes of the soul whilst those of the body are shut. The essential phenomenon of mysticism is what is called ecstasy, a state in which, all communication with the exterior world being broken off, the soul feels itself communicating with an interior object: infinite being, God.

All the phases of mystic development are not equally common to all mystics. It is only by comparing one account with another that we can gain an adequate idea of the whole:

The point of departure, the first stage, is a mental state difficult to define, though tolerably well characterized by the German word *Sehnsucht*. This is a condition of vague, uneasy desire, very real and susceptible of being an intense passion of the soul, indeterminate or rather inexplicable as regards its object and cause. It is an aspiration towards something unknown, some good thing necessary for the heart, something of which the intellect

can form no clear idea. A state of this kind, indeed, may be found in altogether dissimilar human beings, and it may present different meanings. In the case of the mystic it is both profound and lasting; it leaves the soul no peace, so that this latter gradually comes to form an idea of the object of its inspiration. This revelation is not a direct one. But, according to mystic experience, with a greater or less degree of suddenness the things amongst which we live and upon which our judgment seemed based now appear to us in another light. That which charmed us loses its attractiveness; that which we admired becomes indifferent to us; our most cherished affections no longer fill the heart. The objects of the world cease to attract us, each of them has the effect of awakening within us the idea of its opposite. In everything that meets our gaze we see only the perversion, the empty, dull, dead image of a living, perfect, and infinite model which the realities of sense are powerless to express. We form a conception of the infinite, the eternal, the perfect God, as the one supreme object of our desires. And as we reflect on the feeling that constituted the origin of this conception we understand why it combined a sense of uneasiness with one of necessity, why we could neither escape from this feeling nor satisfy it. It was the idea—as yet unconscious—of an infinite object creating in our consciousness an indefinable *malaise* regarding the possession of all finite objects. In the transition of this idea from the realm of the unconscious to that of distinct consciousness the first phase of mystic development consists.

The second phase is the effort to confirm oneself with this idea and so overcome a certain mental polarity toward the world of sense. The effort is a painful one because it brings with it a realization of our attachment to the world:

The third is what is called ecstasy: the sudden instantaneous transition from temporal, movable, imperfect life, to the one immovable, simple, eternal, perfect, and divine life. Ecstasy is the union of the soul with its object. Now there is no medium between them, the soul sees its object, touches and possesses it, is in it, it is it. No longer is it faith, which believes without seeing; it is more than knowledge itself, which grasps being only in its idea; it is perfect union wherein the soul is conscious of existing in all its fulness from the very fact that it gives and renounces itself, for that to which it gives itself is very being and life.

The consciousness of this union is love. Love alone possesses the virtue of uniting persons without absorbing the one into the other, but rather increasing their reality and awareness as persons. Moreover, to the love which expresses the union of the soul with its object is added the intuition of the intellect, pure, complete light, certainly in the full sense of the world. Love and light create in the soul a state of blessedness and perfect joy in the harmony and foreshadowing of eternity. This is the third stage.

The desire for union is in itself attain-

ment. Then comes the desire for continuation, and finally the abstract idea:

From this point of view, looking upon the state of bewilderment in which he originally found himself, the mystic forms a totally different conception of disease and suffering from that of the natural man. The latter, judging disease by his own suffering, endeavors to free himself of the latter and thinks himself cured when, in one way or another, he has succeeded in doing so. In reality, however, he was diseased before he noticed the fact. We may even say that it was the latent character of this diseases that constituted its gravity; that which, in our aversion from suffering, we call disorder and disease, is rather the effort of the healthy part of ourselves, the effort of the pure being to which we are linked, to throw off and eliminate the germs of destruction accumulating within us. What we call disease is really a salutary crisis, the first step towards a cure. Instead of the knowledge of our disease inducing us to seek the remedy for it, it is only in proportion as we are cured of an evil that we discover its existence, its nature, and extent. Evil is perceived as evil only by the resistance it offers to the good with which it is contrasted.

There are two kinds of mystics, says M. Bertroux. There are those who look upon the world as the obstacle to the vision that they covet, and this is the ascetic mystic. But there is another order of mystic who perceives the world as God sees it. That which he has found rehabilitates the world and makes it innocent and health-giving to live in:

Thus, along divers ways, mystics proceed to their goal: the infinite increase of that consciousness wherein the natural man regards himself as confined, and, as it were, imprisoned. Man is born an individual, he desires to become a person. This he will achieve by returning to spirit, the source of all personality: by deriving his distinctive life from this universal principle. In loving God, he will love all creatures; for by our love of one another we know that we love God. This possibility of breaking their material envelope and permeating one another, possessed by different consciousnesses; this faculty, belonging to beings that seem alien to one another, of understanding and truly loving each other; the living of one common life without annihilation as distinct beings; and, finally, union with God as the principle of this universal communion; such is the idea that governs the mystic life.

The reality of the objects of mysticism, says the author, are auto-suggestion and mono-idealism:

The mystic's whole life is auto-suggestion: he knows this himself and by this process carries out his method. First, he presents to himself a certain idea and then uses all the means at his disposal to transform this idea into force and feeling, desire and act. He suggests to himself as despicable, the earthly

joys in which he took delight, and infinite the spiritual joys that once seemed to him vain and worthless. He is satisfied only when the idea, which before was external to himself, has become one with his soul and body.

This idea, likewise, in the mystic's thought, must efface all others by reason of its excellence. The mystic's aim is to free his soul from all alien thoughts; he considers that he has attained to the goal of his efforts, when, in a state of ecstasy, one idea alone, without a rival, fills the entire field of his consciousness.

Auto-suggestion and mono-idealism: there is nothing more, objectively, in the manifestations of mysticism.

But this does not mean that mysticism is no more than individual illusion. It all depends upon the value of the idea selected for meditation, which should be a symbol of the ever-present and ever-acting divinity.

IS LIFE ETERNAL?

(Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck contributes an article entitled "Is Life Eternal" to the March issue of the *Forum*. The portion selected for reproduction here is in answer to the question, "Do we possess a soul independently of the body?")

The materialists answer: "No soul without a living brain; the soul is a secretion of cerebral substance."

To this statement in objection, insistently reiterated, we had till now no proof to oppose, nor even any beginning of a physical or scientific proof.

But in the last few years great events have occurred in the domain of the biological and surgical. In the meantime they provide us at the last with the kind of proof we have been seeking. Or at least with the beginnings of proof, which allow us to attack the materialists on their own ground, no longer among the metaphysical clouds. Reviewing briefly these grounds:

As to "No soul without a living brain," we answer, that is, we who find in human thought an adventurous journey into eternity, with new proof. We say in effect: "No living brain without some precious thought, some mind, some intelligence. Some nameless thoughts, vaster, more complex than any we have, existed before the brains of men and animals were formed."

This is a statement of fact, but after we have succeeded in showing that thought existed before the brain, we shall still have to show that thought can live

outside the brain and survive it. This will be less easy.

If we firmly believe that everything is ended with the extinguishment of the brain—everything ends with nothingness, and we must content ourselves and act, consequently, like people under sentence of death.

If, on the other hand, we believe it to be highly probable that thought survives the brain, new vistas of hope opening a whole new state of morals is sure to spring up.

First, however, how can we prove that eternal life is ours? We can reasonably gather reinforcement to human thought in the tomes of the ages.

Before the appearance of man and intelligent animals, nature was more active. She had achieved the marvelous inventions that excite our wonder to this day. Where was then the brain of nature?

We are still drawing on her vast stock of knowledge.

Our pumps used every day are nature's pumps of the heart. The connecting rods we use are but the joints of nature.

The X-rays are but a form of the power of clairvoyants by which they read letters through sealed metal cases. The wireless apparatus is but telepathy.

From life in its infinitesimal forms, we discover the inventions of nature.

What of nature's inventions in the kingdom of insects? Besides the idea of political and social organization, whence comes, for example, the energy that enables the flea to leap a distance that would be equivalent to 400 or 500 feet by a man?

Whence is derived the power by which a scorpion lives nine months without food? Whence the source of the energy by which the Minotaurus beetle grows to ten times its size in absolute isolation? And occultists draw energy from the circumambient air.

These are circumstantial proofs that nature's riddles are designed to lead human thought to the very borderland of eternal life.

It seems that nature, at least on this little earth, has grown wiser and no longer commits such mistakes as at the beginning, when she created monsters by the thousands that were not fitted to survive. But we shall not cease for a long time to draw on her vast stock of knowl-

edge that she has accumulated through the ages. Thus:

Let us suppose that in consequence of a cataclysm of our globe all the brains and cerebral substance, from amœba to man, were annihilated. Do you believe that the earth would remain bare, barren? It is unthinkable.

It is probable that then there would be proof that thought was not dead, that it can not die, that it takes refuge elsewhere, above—in a word, that it is independent of matter.

I said at the beginning that living brain has had previous thought, and then, what follows?

Where was our brain at the moment of conception, when we were visible only through a microscope? Yet we were then ourselves, with virtues and vices, and all that our ancestors had been, with all their wisdom, their habits, their defects and their merits—all swarming within the compass of an invisible speck.

We already bore within us all our children, and our children's children through all time, all their destiny, all their future, and in an atom so minute that it almost escaped the microscope.

Human thought, functioning through living brains, has also been functioning since, that is, before and after these living brains passed on in processes of which nature still holds the secret.

The materialists say that thought ceases as soon as the brain is damaged. I doubt this, I even believe that exactly the contrary is true.

That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss,
Like an unfathomed vapor that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveler. I was lost:
Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—
"I recognize thy glory"; in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make
abode. —Wordsworth.

I heard with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plans of the Physiologist, of the gradual secretion of matter, and its becoming endued with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence. —*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

Abruptly our conversation came to a close. A message from my chief (I was never out of touch with headquarters) informed me that certain long-coveted papers were at my disposal. I left immediately, taking Dr. La Jeunesse with me.

From that hour on to the day of the armistice I had no further cause for complaining of intervals of inaction. I made a most thorough and first-hand acquaintance with William James' celebrated theory of "reserve energies," with the curious result that, like a muscle once developed, I have to continue to use the acquired commodity or go uncomfortably flabby. And this must stand as a sort of excuse for so inordinately long a letter. That wretched knee of mine is putting up a shindy with its near neighbors that amounts to internecine warfare. Heaven alone knows why, after years of amicable relations with the rest of my anatomy, it should set up such a riotous revolution. But the unpleasant fact remains. My professional brothers (of whom I am truly suffering many things) have sternly forbidden me to so much as hop about the room on it. Time is heavy on my hands, therefore, my dear E——, this infliction on your patience.

To my infinite regret I saw Selmin but once more before he died. He had then become very weak. That oriflame of mystical power before whose energies I, for one, leaving the doctor and Rollins out of the matter, had stood amazed and not a little shaken had furled itself. Its standard belonged on the hills of that loftier country of which he was soon to receive enfranchisement. To our untrained eyes its prodigal splendor was blinding, oppressive, and even bodeful of actual injury to ordinary humanity. Like a display of the aurora borealis, it drew the nerves to an agonizing tautness; it ran in the blood like licking flame; it lit with momentary brightness those devious caverns of heart and brain all unaccustomed to entertain such fiery visitors.

By which token it showed itself immeasurably removed from that mediumistic laxness, that enfeeblement of powers, which is the price of participation in purely psychic phenomena. The norm of

nervous stability, to say nothing of moral stability, to which we as a race have reached would not profit by any wholesale display of powers so far beyond our sensible apprehension. They would tend to produce a state of painful unequilibrium in the various mental and physical departments that go to make up useful living.

Yet to have experienced, though never so briefly and lightly, its accoladic touch, was to be forever after less the materialist and the atheist. Henceforward the soul of the man would stoutly affirm, "I know, though my knowledge is but experimental knowledge," and the stupid brain, lagging far behind in matters of perception, would have, willy-nilly, to tackle the problem for itself some future day.

The three weeks that have intervened between that forever memorable night of early October have not lessened my conviction that I had witnessed the operation of genuine spiritual energy, though I was at a complete loss to know why it was released in such superabundance if the resultant benefit was to accrue only to three more or less inconsequential human beings. Yet so far as we then knew its sole achievement was the unsettling of ingrained convictions as to what was possible and—with equally dogmatic conviction—what was impossible. If the aim and end were merely to exploit our insignificance to us, it had most truly succeeded; but if that were all, it implied an extravagant expenditure of force for the accomplishment of so inconsiderable an end. It was rather like using a harpoon to spear a trout. It was not reasonable. Yet I had to admit to myself that, granting it had wider aim in view and had somehow accomplished that aim, neither would that accord with what we are pleased to call the laws of reason.

The fact of the matter was that I was experiencing the unwelcome sensation of having had thrown over me the corner of an Elijahian mantle of faith that did not rightly belong to me. I lacked the hardihood (or shall I say the real desire) to fling it aside; but neither did I have the courage to gather it closely about me with a gesture of complete acceptance. I wanted above all things, so I assured myself, to know the truth of the incredible matter. But I distinctly wanted knowl-

edge as a possession: I did not propose to allow it to possess me, which would be a radically different thing. For in that way would lie fanaticism with all its attendant evils. I held that whatever of truth the mind of man is capable of grasping must, of necessity, be but relative truth, and I did not intend to lend myself to the obsession of partial wisdom, however august the trappery in which it showed itself.

You will see that I was experiencing a most unenviable frame of mind: that of the mental teeterer. I called it, of course, by a much prettier name; I said that I held myself open to conviction.

But to go back to the main issue of my story. You have by this time, I dare say, become more or less resigned to my inevitable habit of wandering about in my writing very much after the fashion in which I wander about the countries of the world. I dearly love to poke about in side excursions that are sometimes idle ones, and again of considerable profit.

My brief hour with Selmin had to do for the most part with matters relating to his nephew, Horace Cardall. I learned that the lad, who had been one of the "lucky ones" so far as injuries gotten in action went, would be a hopeless invalid the rest of his life owing to paralysis of important ganglia of the spine. Another instance of the diabolical macabre of war, for the condition was brought about by repeated and over-zealous inoculations against ills that could not conceivably have been worse. And he was just turned twenty-six, and had married a wife the week before joining the American army, a girl who, so Selmin felt, would not presumably view the idea of being tied to an invalid with any degree of equanimity.

Selmin's rather wistful request that I keep an eye out for his boy gave me the opportunity of offering whatever service I might, and the upshot of the matter was that, besides being the bearer of a personal message or two, to be delivered in that distressingly uncertain time "after the war," I was empowered to attend to important financial arrangements having to do with the guaranteeing of Horace's welfare without possibility of intervention or chance of miscarriage from any mistaken notions Horace might entertain as to what was due to his wife should she desire a divorce.

Horace's wife, it appeared, had established herself in considerable state in one of the edifices of Mammon that line Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, and this in spite of the fact that its maintenance was costing an unholy amount of money, sums that cut deeply into the modestly adequate patrimony of a man who would never be able to earn an additional dollar.

It happened that I had had at one time peremptory dealings with her rapscallion of a father, who was then carrying on a disreputable bucket-shop business on lower Madison Avenue, and knowing what I did of the man I was more than a little disposed to believe that Selmin had good warrant for mistrusting the daughter. Poor Horace! Impetuous youth is more often than not tricked into forging for itself iron chains under the notion that it is but gathering noseegays.

I was in Belgium when the news of Selmin's death reached me, and it was some weeks later before I was in possession of power as administrator and trustee of his affairs. Legalities in France hang fire a frightfully long while in times of peace. In war the situation is impossible. But I did what I could and shifted the burden upon the shoulders of a sadly overworked Providence.

I wrote Horace, of course, but it transpired that he never received my letter. The days went forward, each one incredibly full of things that had to be done. We plowed through them almost as literally as we plowed through the oceans of liquid glue that went by the misnomer of roads. Rumors that some sort of a peace was soon to be offered and that it would doubtless be accepted flew thick and fast. The judgment of the political powers was set toward that end, and their mandate would be an all-potent leverage. There were those of us who, much as we dreaded the thought of seeing the wearied armies face another winter in the trenches, felt that the sort of peace that would find favor with the enemy would be a dubious alternative.

I got a glimpse now and then, in those last days of fighting, of Commander-in-Chief Foch, and it was evident that his spirit was near to breaking with anxiety for the future of his beloved country. There came a day when, in council with his peers, he wept openly. There were those of us who could have wept with him.

However, what is done is done. *Voilà tout*. The sun shone in Paris on the day the armistice was signed; let us hold it as good augury.

An exasperating lot of detail kept me trotting to and fro over the continent until the following February, and when I took passage for New York and "home" it was with the fixed resolve to stay there with the tenacity of a Pacific abalone to its rock. Owing to that plaguey knee of mine, I am likely to keep strictly to the last letter of my promise.

I wired Horace immediately on reaching New York, and within a few hours I had a reply from the caretaker of the Chicago house to the effect that I could reach him at the old Cardall homestead, a way out of Salem, Massachusetts.

I knew the place; I had spent a day there with Selmin before the war, and I concluded that instead of further wiring or writing, I might as well be on my way. It was not likely that, in his invalid condition, Horace would be running about the country. I wondered a bit as to whether his wife had accompanied him to that out-of-the-way abode. On second thought I gave her the credit for having done so out of common decency. It did not seem possible that a woman with one drop of the milk of human kindness in her blood would let a man of his condition go off by himself to a place both remote and primitive.

But it turned to be exactly what she had done. Horace was entirely alone, save for a stupid though faithful manservant.

(To Be Continued.)

A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes. . . . The portraits of our friends or landscape views may be hidden on the sensitive surface from the eye, but they are ready to make their appearance as soon as proper developers are resorted to. A spectre is concealed on a silver or glassy surface, until, by our necromancy, we make it come forth into the visible world. Upon the walls of our most private apartments, where we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of our acts, silhouettes of whatever we have done.—*Dr. Drapier*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 30.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 24, 1920.

Price Five Cents

FROM DR. STEINER.

"The Lord's Prayer," by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, otherwise described as "an esoteric study," is printed from notes of a lecture delivered by this eminent mystic and now translated by A. M. W. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

Dr. Steiner asks how far do systems of religion show their foundation in occult science? What relation has Christian prayer to the theosophical conception of the universe? Occult students have heard of another way, the way of meditation, but what relation has meditation to the more usual and conventional ways?

Any one meditating, even in the simplest way, on one of the formulas derived from the spiritual leaders of mankind, and therefore allowing one of these formulas embodying a great thought to be present in his mind—you know that not every expression of thought will do, but it must be one which has been given by the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion—any one thus meditating and letting these formulas live in his heart, is in the current of the higher spirituality; a higher power streams through him, in which he lives. At first he obtains power with which to strengthen, increase, and vivify the ordinary forces of his soul; and, if he has enough patience and perseverance to let the power flow into him sufficient to strengthen him morally and intellectually the moment comes when deeper forces, latent in every human soul, may be awakened by such a form of meditation. From the smallest gain in moral strength and power up to the highest attainments of clairvoyant faculty, there is every possible stage to be reached by this kind of meditation. For most people the attainment

of the higher degrees of clairvoyance is only a question of time, patience, and energy.

Man could not come into touch with higher beings unless he himself were an emanation from higher beings. But man is of a two-fold nature. He has the four lower principles, the physical body, etheric or vital body, astral body, and ego. But within the ego lie the unfolded possibilities of Manas, Buddhi, and Atma:

If we would rightly understand the connection between these two natures we must go back for a little to the period of the origin of humanity. You all know, from previous lectures, that man, as he now is, represents the blending of the two natures: the three possibilities for the future, Manas, Buddhi, and Atma, the three higher principles, and the four lower ones: the physical body, etheric body, astral body, and ego; and that he was developed into this kind of human being in a far distant past, which we will call the Lemurian period of the earth. If we go back through the present human race to the Græco-Roman one, to the Egypto-Assyrian-Chaldean, then to the Persian and Indian races, and then go still further and further back, we come by and by to the great Atlantean flood which appears in the deluge traditions of all nations, and then we come to those ancestors of ours who lived in the country situated between Europe and America, the country we call Atlantis. Going further back, we come to ancestors living in a primeval period in a country lying between Australia and India. Only in the middle of that period did that which we call the higher triad of man, the Spirit-Self, Life-Spirit, and Spirit-Man, unite with what we call the four lower principles of human nature, the physical body, etheric body, astral body, and ego.

Dr. Steiner explains the incarnation of the Higher Mind. He compares it

with the drops of water sucked up by a sponge and thus becoming individualized. The Higher Mind sacrifices itself for the sake of its image, now reflected in man, and here the author uses an illustration not without a wider significance than he thinks it well to indicate:

You will be able to form an idea of what is meant by the great sacrifice, the highest expression of will in the Divine Nature, if you imagine the following: Imagine yourself standing before a mirror in which your image is reflected. This image is an illusion, completely resembling yourself. Now imagine yourself dying in order that by giving up your own existence, your feeling and thought, your very being, you might put life into that image, and make it into what you are yourself. To sacrifice self, to give life to the reflected image, is what occult science in all ages has called the outpouring or emanation. If you were able to do this, you would see that you were no longer here—because you have renounced everything in order to awaken life and consciousness in the reflected image.

Dr. Steiner explains the difference between the functions of the vital and astral bodies. The astral body concerns itself with the impulses and desires, while the etheric body preserves and represents the more permanent and abiding qualities of the soul:

You have often heard me compare the respective development of the vital and astral bodies to the hour-hand and minute-hand of a clock. I have reminded you that if you think of what you knew and experienced as an eight-year-old child, and what you now know and have experienced, there will be a great difference observable. You have learned infinitely much, and have absorbed many ideas. Much of what you then did has passed away from your soul in experiences of joy and sorrow, and not only has passed away from it, but through it. But now compare this with your temperament, character, and lasting tendencies, and you will find that if at eight years old you were a passionate child, you are probably still passionate in later life. Most people keep their whole lives long what forms the basis of their nature. It has often been emphasized that occult training does not consist in theoretical knowledge, but in starting evolution in the organism of the etheric body, otherwise so stationary. The student has done much if he has changed one of these qualities of his temperament, his original disposition, and thereby moved the hour-clock on a little faster than would otherwise have been the case.

When man revised his Higher Mind he became responsible and therefore capable of evil. But evil is not the same as "trespass," and "temptation" is different from both. Dr. Steiner thus explains the distinction:

Thus evil is the fault proceeding from the

ego. Trespass, or debt, is the fault committed by the etheric body of man in social life with his fellows. Temptation is what may assail the astral body, in so far as it is individually and personally in fault.

The fault of the etheric or vital body—Trespass or debt.

The fault of the astral body—Temptation.

The fault of the ego—Evil.

If we consider the relation of the four lower principles of human nature to their environment, i. e., the planetary conditions surrounding them, we see that the physical body is continually taking in physical substance as nourishment, and thereby maintaining its existence. We see that the life of the vital or etheric body is made possible in a finite condition by man's maintaining fellowship with fellow-men into whose community he has grown; we see that the astral body is maintained by not yielding to temptation; and lastly, we see that the ego is maintained, and undergoes its development in the right way, when it does not succumb to what is called "evil."

Dr. Steiner's little work is full of suggestions. It should be read in its entirety.

WHY DO PLANTS CLIMB?

Certain plants that are too weak to sustain themselves upright by their own stalks do so by twining about neighboring objects (says an Eastern newspaper). Sometimes the stem itself turns spirally, sometimes it is supported by twining tendrils.

Numerous researches with respect to climbing plants have failed to furnish a satisfactory explanation of how the thing is brought about. It must depend on vital laws hitherto inaccessible to our means of investigation. Electricity applied either to the twining plants themselves or to their supports is without any influence; light, heat, and moisture are equally without direct action on the movement itself, and may only hasten or retard, as they produce the same effect on non-twining stems. In addition, light, which ordinarily attracts the young organs of plants, such as shoots and leaves, seems here to exert repulsive action and solidifies the side of the stem on which it strikes.

It has been remarked that in the bean the twining accelerates as the plant grows; whereas the stem makes at first barely one turn a day; it makes eight in the same period later in its existence. The twining stem approaches more or less closely to its support according to the species and the time of day.

The spirals are longer or smaller ac-

cording to the size of the support, but if the support exceeds a certain diameter there is no twining. Climbing plants that are not near a support trail the ground and do not thrive.

In every plant the growing stem describes with its tip movements of what is called "cicumnutation"—that is to say, it points successively toward all points of the compass, describing an elliptical spiral. In climbing species these movements are greatly accentuated and their stems describe in the air ellipses that are often very elongated; they seem to be searching for a convenient support, and in any case these movements facilitate the twining.

The direction of the motion is almost constant, not only in plants of given species, but in the same genus, and often in the same family. Sometimes twining takes place in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a clock and sometimes in the same direction.

Attempts have been made to find a relation between the direction of the sun's daily courses and the spiral direction of climbing plants, and the belief has been expressed that for the same species this direction should be opposite in the two hemispheres. That opinion, which was quite hypothetical, was advanced after certain investigations of whirlwinds and whirlpools in the watercourses of Central Europe, a connection being imagined between the cause that determines the direction of these whirls and that which brought about the twining of plants.

But this theory is quite improbable, in the opinion of most authorities. In fact, there are known, on both sides of the equator, "right-handed" climbing species and others that are "left-handed," and, besides, the divers species of the same genera that grow in the two hemispheres maintain the same direction of curvature. Finally, the tendrils of climbing plants, whose curvature is certainly due to the same mechanism as that which causes the stems of twining plants to wind about, present in certain species a change of direction in the middle of their course. This may easily be seen in the grapevine and other plants.

The wise have no doubts; the virtuous no sorrows; the brave no fears.—*Confucius*.

AN OLD CIVILIZATION.

Prehistoric civilization of a high type prevailed in the Panhandle region of Texas, Western Oklahoma, and South-western Kansas, according to archaeological discoveries that have been made by Warren K. Moorehead, archaeologist of Boston, Massachusetts, and assistants. The fact of these important discoveries has just been made public by J. B. Thoburn, secretary of the Oklahoma Historical Society, who is associated with Mr. Moorehead in the research work.

The prehistoric people who once inhabited this part of the country bore no relation to the mound builders or the cliff dwellers, it is stated. They were of a much higher type than any civilization of the early period of which any knowledge has been obtained. The results of the discoveries so far made have not been fully analyzed and the chronological era of the people has not been fixed. Some of the most interesting of these discoveries were made on Wolf Creek, a tributary of the Cimarron River, a few miles south of Perryton, Texas. Mr. Thoburn in discussing the work said:

"Warren K. Moorehead, archaeologist, of Boston, has been conducting an archaeological survey of the valley of the Arkansas River and its principal tributaries for four or five years past. Mr. Moorehead and his party have been working recently in the valley of the upper Canadian and the Panhandle country. Recent investigations have extended into the valley of the Beaver and of the Cimarron further north into Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado.

"The investigations have been chiefly among the remains of ruins left by prehistoric stock of unknown identity. They might have lived 500 years ago and they might have lived 1500 years ago. We don't know about that. We are not concerned so much about placing them chronologically as we are about obtaining specimens and relics which will serve as a basis for judgments later.

"The remains found thus far in the present undertaking consist principally of the stone foundations of buildings. The foundations are composed of flat stones on edge. There is no evidence of any considerable skill in masonry. Mr. Moorehead believes that he has found the

beginnings of a new cultural development.

"Numerous graves, most of them shallow and fenced in by rock, have been found. Occasionally what appears at first to be a grave turns out to be either a fireplace or an altar supposed to have some religious or ceremonial significance.

"Thus far Mr. Moorehead and his party have been engaged in investigating ruins along Wolf Creek in Ochiltree County and Cottonwood and Tarbox creeks in Hutchinson County. At present they are at work on Alibates Creek in Potter County.

"One of the most interesting discoveries made recently is the remains of prehistoric irrigation ditches or canals in Oklahoma and Texas Panhandle and Southwest Kansas. The expedition has had opportunity to examine but few of these.

"It is known that they were old before the coming of the white man. Some of them show a high degree of engineering skill. Whether they are the handiwork of the same prehistoric stock which was responsible for the buildings and foundations of which have been examined by the expedition or not remains to be determined. It is possible that there is some relationship."

Eldridge J. F. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania is Mr. Moorehead's chief assistant. Most of the specimens being collected go to the museum at that institution.

PSYCHOTHERAPY.

The eighty-eighth annual meeting of the British Medical Association is the first to be held since the war, and one's memory naturally goes back to the Aberdeen meeting, which took place under the shadow of the oncoming storm and was indeed broken up by it. Naturally there are many faces missing, perhaps the most notable being that of the late Sir Victor Horsley, for a long time the most prominent and powerful personality in the association.

Sir Clifford Allbutt's presidential address was delivered in the Cambridge University Senate House: its subject was "The Universities in Medical Research and Practice." We must be trained, he said, not only to learn particulars, but to handle ideas. Having beaten the classical men in many fights, he sometimes thought

that classics would have to come back as a modern side.

Turning to psychotherapy, the lecturer expressed no sympathy with the school of Freud and the psycho-analysts. He lay, he said, in an ignorance with which as a philistine he was content. A distinguished professor in another field had said, concerning certain transcendentalists of his own science: "Of their opinions I can give no judgment, for I have not soared into their regions. I can only say that when perchance they stray within my orbit they are generally wrong."

After a little ridicule of some of the recent jargon of this school, of the man who gets ahead of us by calling mind mentality, Sir Clifford described them as people whose instinct prompts them generally to avoid facts by making their nouns more and more abstract, and he challenged the theory that the sexual instinct is the strongest in mankind, and was thankful it did not fall to his lot to seek pearls in that sty. He issued a warning against the methods adopted by the psycho-analysts in treatment. Let us see to it, he said, that doctorism shall not come to sit beside militarism and ecclesiasticism. While not denying the power and importance of suggestion, he said that after all it made for credulity. It is the method of the conjurer, and he repeated that its methods must be hedged about with precautions. "It is a resort, if but for a while, to a lower plane; it uses an intolerable deal of emotion to a half-pennyworth of reason."

If, as sometimes happens, a student in the course of his training develops mediumship, this fact is a sign that he is absolutely incapable of proceeding any further, and all that his teacher can do is to cure him and then leave him. The influences which appear in séance rooms are among the most destructive on earth, even though, as in the majority of cases, they assume the garb of angelic visitors and profess to give new revelations from God. The purity of sitters is the only safeguard; when once that is removed the most terrible results may ensue. Irresponsible mediumship is but one step from black magic; this the Hindus know full well, and hence the daily precautions they take to prevent the occurrence of the phenomena which delight so many thousands in the West.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

I wonder if it has ever occurred to you as odd that there should be, close to the environs of a city and even within the city itself, certain small but determinate areas around which civilization swirls and eddies exactly as a stream eddies about a rock in mid-channel and then passes onward. It is as though astute nature holds them in reserve for some hidden and specific purpose of her own, and, in order that they be kept inviolate, she throws about their frontiers a cordon of magnetic force repellent to the enterprises of men, while (that she may lure as well as command them away) she sees to it that other localities hard by are charged with affinitive magnetism whereunto they shall be drawn to congregate densely and so, all unconsciously, submit themselves to her ruthless amalgam. Perhaps they act as mysterious valves, regulating the flow of the arterial life-stream to those complicated plexuses that are modern communities.

"Cardall Grant," whither I was bound, lay outside the city of Salem, Massachusetts, only some twenty miles away, yet as remote from its mode of life as though hundreds of miles and centuries intervened between it and the metropolitan clamor of one of the very first settlements in America. And there, if anywhere, was characterized to the full that extraordinary aloofness to the concerns of ordinary mankind, that elemental withdrawal from their petty operations (which was nevertheless truly benign to their best and their lasting interests), that I have tried to suggest to you.

Its sixty acres of stony ground came into the possession of the first American Cardall in the early years of the seventeenth century under a patent issued by Governor Endicott. They fronted a coast than which there is none more bleak, nor, for the matter of that, more sternly beautiful in all the world. At their most riotous bloom the brief New England summers are not able completely to hide its granite nakedness. You who are unfamiliar with our Eastern shores may be able to visualize it to yourself if I suggest to a comparison with the coast of North Wales, with its Archean rocks jutting the Irish Sea.

What virtue the Pilgrim Fathers wrested from that thin Massachusetts soil was gotten with the utmost toil.

However, all this is neither here nor there, so far as the getting on with my story. That has to do, when all is said and done, first and last with Selmin Cardall and his nephew Horace. They were the two principals for whom the drama was staged. Dr. La Jeunesse, Rollins, Zida (Horace's wife), and I were spectators for the most part, actors only now and then in trivial and wholly unessential rôles.

I arrived in Salem late on a March afternoon. Across the steel-blue sky the clouds scudded like ships before a gale. I lost no time in negotiating with a man to drive me out to Cardall Grant, for I knew a bit of the ways of the Ides of March along that particular stretch of coast. I settled deeply into my fur ulster as we careened out of the city and met the wind from the open water, head-on. Within an hour the air was full of salty spray flung inland by the steadily rising wind. I was glad enough when I got my first glimpse of the homestead, set squarely in the middle of a massive triangular slab of rock that projected out over the water for all the world like the nose of a great ship.

The many diamond-paned windows glittered in the last rays of the coldly setting sun as we drew up to the low gate. Around the corner of the house bounded a huge Dane, baying deeply. A face appeared at the window. I recognized it as that of the man Timothy, long in Selmin's service. In a moment he was on the path, coming hurriedly to meet me, and pathetically fragile he looked, too, blown along by the wind at his back. In his honest face shone something that I labeled as relief beside genuine welcome. I inquired of Horace while I fumbled for money and he gathered up the bags, a process more or less hindered by the nosing of the gravely inquiring dog.

"Mr. Horace" was lying down before dinner; and he was not so well as he had been the month before. Of that Timothy was anxiously certain. "Not that he complains; oh, no, indeed! But I'm that worried, sir, what with being here all alone and so far from folks." It was so I learned that Horace's wife was not

with him. I put in a word or two intended to cheer the old man, but without success. "Not that I can really tell you what is wrong with him," he said, "but I know something is, and it's not his poor body, either. He looks too much like his uncle to suit me; it's as if Mr. Selmin himself looked out of his eyes, some days; it's uncanny, that's what it is. And besides he's took to——" What Horace had "took to" I did not learn. The great dog at that moment reared up lovingly against the bag-bestrewn figure with the result that he completely lost his balance. I got him upright and collected my stuff, allowing him only the portfolio, and we made for the house, I, for one, glad enough to get out of the biting wind.

I did not in the least wonder that Timothy was worried. Cardall Grant, with the back of a New England winter hardly broken, was no place for a sick man. Yet so far as immediate material comfort went the house was well provided. A modern heating apparatus had been installed in the rambling rooms, no two of which were on the same level, and in addition to its equable warmth an enormous fire blazed on the huge stone hearth of the one-time kitchen. This low, heavily-raftered room faced the ocean, and years ago Selmin had refitted it for his own use. Rugs of heavy wool and fur were strewn plentifully on the uneven oak floor; from the blackened rafters hung ship's lanterns; the walls were lined with books; there was a bust or two, and a wonderful old oil of an ancestral Cardall, "a renegade Englishman," as Selmin used jokingly to call his famous grandfather. Close to the fire was drawn a specially constructed chair for Horace's use, and by it was set a low deal table cluttered with materials for modeling and bearing one miniature figure, an Icarus, evidently, still in the rough, and the torso rather awkwardly posed, but showing suggestions of marked individuality of treatment. I had not known that Horace was in the least an artist, and I had a moment of fleeting wonder that Selmin had not mentioned it to me.

I shed my coat and had time to get thoroughly warm before Horace appeared, leaning heavily upon two canes, and dragging those long limbs of his in the most painful fashion. I was prepared for the appalling change in him,

and, on the whole, I thought, at first sight, that he looked rather better than I had dared hope. I reflected with an involuntary surge of homage that it took more than physical torture to break the Cardall spirit.

Our talk was desultory. It skirted many things while evading their issue. As I get on in years I am more and more convinced that words are, verily, fashioned with the one idea of concealing, contradicting by inference, or giving the direct lie to that subtle communication that goes on between people who are in genuine sympathy one with the other. Silence says too much; words must be brought to its relief; must veil in clumsy fashion its true meaning; must twist and warp its simple truth into compliance with conventional usage.

In such manner I came to understand that Horace's wife had cast him off as carelessly as she would a misshapen glove, though every word that he said of her was scrupulously chosen to convey to me the exact opposite of the contemptible fact. I understood as surely that he obstinately contemplated making over to her (in fee simple as it were) the remainder of his fortune. "An invalid, you know, needs but very little to make him quite comfortable." Of his own future he made light. "It will arrange itself. One finds one's niche in the most unexpected fashion." His eyes, as he spoke, rested on the little Icarus. I found myself unable to follow his lead. The bit of plaster was well done, in a way. It showed talent, perhaps even a breath of something more than just talent. But Horace was the nephew of one of the greatest of modern artists, and (you may be sure this was in spite of myself) I could not avoid the instinctive wish that Horace's "niche" might prove to be other than art, in any form. A true artist is one from his mother's womb, and adolescence will find him bending before the rush of his master passion as a sapling bends before the wind. He can not gain-say his destiny. Certainly Horace, under the keen and loving eye of his uncle, would have been well along the road to the achieving of something lastingly good had he been born with that particular caul that lends itself to the clairvoyance of genius.

(To Be Continued.)

WISDOM FROM THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

The Fallen Angels, in every ancient system, are made the prototypes of *fallen men*—allegorically, and *those men themselves* Esoterically.

Let us note one more thing in relation to the mysterious number Five. It symbolizes at one and the same time the Spirit of Life Eternal and the spirit of life and love terrestrial—in the human compound; and, it includes divine and infernal magic, and the universal and the individual quintessence of being.

This "Central Sun" of the Occultists even Science is obliged to accept astronomically, for it can not deny the presence in sidereal space of a central body in the Milky Way, a point unseen and mysterious, the ever-hidden centre of attraction of our Sun and System. But this "Sun" is viewed differently by the Occultists of the East. While the Western and Jewish Kabalists—and even some pious modern astronomers—claim that in this sun the God-head is specially present, referring to it the volitional acts of God—the Eastern Initiates maintain that, as the Supra-divine Essence of the Unknown Absolute is equally in every domain and space, the "Central Sun" is simply the centre of Universal Life-Electricity; the reservoir within which that Divine Radiance, already differentiated at the beginning of every "creation," is focused. Though still in a Laya, or neutral condition, it is, nevertheless, the one attracting, as also the ever-emitting, Life Centre.

Questions with regard to Karma and Re-births are constantly being put forward, and great confusion seems to exist upon the subject. Those who are born and bred in the Christian faith, and have been trained in the idea that a new Soul is created by God for every newly-born infant, are among the most perplexed. They ask whether the number of Monads incarnating on Earth is limited; to which they are answered in the affirmative. For, however countless, in our conception, the number of incarnating Monads, still, there must be a limit. This is so even if we take into account the fact that ever since the Second Race, when their respective Seven Groups were

furnished with bodies, several births and deaths may be allowed for every second of time in the æons already passed. It has been stated that Karma-Nemesis, whose bond-maid is Nature, adjusted everything in the most harmonious manner; and that, therefore, the fresh pouring-in, or arrival of new Monads, ceased as soon as Humanity had reached its full physical development. No fresh Monads have incarnated since the middle-point of the Atlanteans. Let us remember that, save in the case of young children, and of individuals whose lives have been violently cut off by some accident, no Spiritual Entity can reincarnate before a period of many centuries has elapsed, and such gaps alone show that the number of Monads is necessarily finite and limited. Moreover, a reasonable time must be given to other animals for their evolutionary progress.

Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the Law of Re-birth, or of the reincarnation of the same spiritual Individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of Personalities. The latter are like the various characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real Man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet only for the brief space of a few acts, which, however, on the plane of human illusion, represent the whole life of Hamlet. He knows also that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night. And though the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and in actual life that ignorance is, unfortunately, but too real, nevertheless, the *permanent* Individuality is fully aware of it, and it is through the atrophy of the "spiritual" Eye in the physical body that that knowledge is unable to impress itself on the consciousness of the false Personality.

When the spiritual state is arrived at, I and mine, which belong to the finite mind, cease, and the soul, living in the *universum* and participating in infinity with God, manifests its infinite state.—*Peary Chand Mīttra*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

• 126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

122

GIFT
AUG 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 31.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 31, 1920.

Price Five Cents

"A. E."

(St. John Ervine in the North American Review.)

If it be true that Sir Horace Plunkett is less well known to his countrymen than some fellow with flashy wits, it is more certain to be true that his great colleague in coöperation, "A. E.," is still less known to them. It would be difficult for any intelligent person to come into the presence of "A. E." and remain unaware that he is a man of merit. He fills a room immediately and unmistakably with the power of his personality. A tall, bearded, untidy man, with full lips and bulkily built body, he draws attention by his deep glowing brown eyes. When he speaks, other people listen. If you were to meet him in the street, unaware of his identity, and he were to ask you for a match with which to light his pipe, you would do more than civilly comply with his request. You would certainly say to yourself, "That's a remarkable man!" It is said, with what verity I can not say, that Mr. Bernard Shaw and "A. E." met for the first time in a picture gallery in Dublin, each ignorant of the other's identity, and that they began to talk of art. They impressed each other so greatly that they continued in argument for a long time, and only when they parted did they become to know each other.

In everything that "A. E." writes and does, there is a consciousness of some spiritual presence, not the spiritual pres-

ence of the Christian theology, but that of the Pagan Legends. One night, in his house in Dublin, I drew the attention of a lady to one of "A. E.'s" pictures . . . a dark landscape, in the centre of which a very brilliant and beautiful creature was dancing. "A. E." turned to us and said, "That's the one I saw!" and I remembered the story I had been told earlier in the evening, that he saw fairies, that he actually took penny tram-rides from Dublin to go up into the mountains to see the fairies! I do not remember what the lady said, but I remember that she looked exceedingly astonished, and, indeed, I myself felt some astonishment. If Mr. Yeats had said that he had seen a fairy, I should have smiled indulgently and should neither have believed that he had seen one nor that he himself believed that he had seen one. But while I do not believe that "A. E." saw a fairy, otherwise than in his imagination, I am certain that he believes he saw one, not as a creature of the mind, but as one having flesh and blood. He claims no peculiar merit for himself in seeing visions. "There is no personal virtue in me," he writes in "The Candle of Vision," "other than this: that I followed a path all may travel, but on which few do journey. He tells his readers how they, too, if they have the wish, may see the things which he has seen, and he gives descriptions of some of his visions. People as incredulous as I am can very readily dispose of "A. E.'s" visions as the

fantasies of a man suffering perhaps from inadequate nourishment . . . for "A. E." was careless about his meals in those days . . . just as I dispose of the visions of St. Catherine of Sienna by attributing them to the feverishness of mind that comes to people who are starving themselves.

FROM THE ENNEADS.

(By Plotinus.)

Now often I am roused from the body to my true self, and emerge from all else and enter myself, and behold a marvelous beauty, and am particularly persuaded at the time that I belong to a better sphere, and live a supremely good life, and become identical with the Godhead, and fast fixed therein attain its divine activity, having reached a plane above the whole intelligible realm; and then after this sojourn in the Godhead I descend from the intelligible world to the plane of discursive thought. And after I have descended I am at a loss to know how it is that I have done so, and how my soul has entered into my body, in view of the fact that she really is as her inmost nature was revealed, and yet is in the body.

The soul has naturally a love of God and desires to be united with Him. . . . In the higher world we find the true Beloved with whom it is possible for us to unite ourselves when we have seized and held it, because it is not clothed with flesh and blood. He who has beheld this Beloved knows the truth of what I say, how the soul then receives a new life when she has gone forth to it, and come to it and participated in it, so that in her new conditions she knows that the giver of true life is beside her and she needs nothing else. Such a one knows also, however, that we must put all else away, and abide in the Beloved alone and become only it, stripping off all else that wraps us about; and hence that we must hasten to come forth from the things of this world and be wroth at the bonds which bind us to them, to the end that we may embrace the Beloved with all our soul and have no part of us left with which we do not touch God. It is possible for us even while here in the body to behold both Him and ourselves in such wise as it is lawful for us to see. Ourselves we see illumined, full of the light of the intelligible, or rather as that very light itself, pure, without heaviness, up-

ward rising. Verily we see ourselves as made, nay, as being God Himself. Then it is that we are kindled. But when we sink to earth again we are, as it were, put out.

It is a bold thing to say, but in the vision a man does not see, or if he sees he does not distinguish what he sees from himself nor fancy that there are two—the seer and the seen. On the contrary it is by becoming as it were another than himself, and by neither being himself nor belonging to himself that he attains the vision. And having surrendered himself to it he becomes one with it, as the centres of two circles might coincide. For these centres when they coincide become one, and when the circles are separated there are two centres again. And it is in this sense that we speak of a difference. It follows that the vision is hard to describe. For how could a man report as something different from himself that which at the time of his vision he did not see as different, but as one with himself?

Now since in the vision there are not two, but the seer is made one with the seen, not as with something seen, but as with something made one with himself, he who has been united with it may, if he remembers, keep by him some faint image of the divine. He himself was one (in the vision), with no distinctions within himself either as regarded himself or outer things. There was no movement of any sort in him, nor was emotion or desire of any outer thing present in him after his ascent, no, nor any reason or any thought, nor was he himself present to himself, if I may so express it; but as wrapt and inspired he rested isolated in his unmoved and untroubled essence, inclining nowhere and not even reflecting upon himself, at rest in all respects, yea as if he had become rest itself. Nor did he concern himself with the beautiful, but had passed beyond beauty and had transcended the series of virtues as one might penetrate into the holy of holies, leaving behind in the temple the statues of the Gods. And these he would not see again till he came out after having had the vision of what lay within and communion there with what was no statue or image but the divine itself—of which the statues were but secondary images. Or perhaps his experience was not a vision, but some other kind of seeing, ecstasy,

and simplification and self-surrender, a yearning to touch, and a rest and a thought centered upon being merged into the divine.

DEATH.

In a long vanished age whose varied story
No record has today,—
So long ago expired its grief and glory,
There flourished far away,

In a broad realm whose beauty passed all measure,

A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,—

Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying,—
Could ever enter there—
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side,
Within the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died,

O, happiest of all earth's favored places:
O bliss to dwell therein—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no grave between.

To feel no death damp gathering cold and colder,

Disputing life's warm truth—
To live on, never lonelier or older—
Radiant in deathless youth.

And hurrying from the earth's remotest quarters,

A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad streams and mighty waters,
To find that blest abode.

Where never death should come between and sever

Them from their loved apart,
Where they might work, and will and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds and laid up store of treasure,
And never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving,

With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet, listen, hapless soul whom angels pity
Craving a boon like this—
Mark, how the dwellers in the wondrous city,
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying—
So long had it been crossed—
The blessed possibility of dying,—
The treasure they had lost;

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide—
Till none were left within the city's portals—
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death.

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied,
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died.

—*Author Unknown.*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Holts' Psychic Series will start August 10th with the publication of E. M. S.'s "The Unseen Doctor," L. M. Bazett's "After-Death Communications" and Mrs. Kelway-Bamber's "Claude's Second Book." The first (known in London as "One Thing I Know") is an astonishing account by an invalid, bedridden for fifteen years, of her cure through a medium from an ostensibly post-carnate source. In Bazett's book the accounts given are strictly accurate, the statements made by communicators having been verified, wherever possible. Claude, a young aviator killed in the war, continues his revelations of the next world, which saw the light under the auspices of Sir Oliver Lodge. On October 1st Henry Holt's "Essays in Psychological Research" (reprinted from the *Unpopular and Unpartisan Reviews*) will be added to the series. The author's two-volume work, "The Cosmic Relations and Immortality" has been universally recognized both as one of the most interesting and most authoritative works in the field of psychics. These will be followed by books by Mmes. Reginald de Koven and Effie Halsey, the Hon. Gerald Balfour and others.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

(The following letter has been contributed to the *New York Weekly Review* in reply to some recent strictures of Professor Jastrow.)

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY REVIEW: For some time past I have been struck by the apparent scientific egotism which seems to lie behind many recent criticisms of the work of the psychical research investigators. Professor Jastrow's recent article impels me to call attention to what seems to me to be the weakness of his type of criticism.

I have read none of the books reviewed by Professor Jastrow, and am not prepared to express an opinion regarding them. His verdict may be correct. I merely venture the opinion that in the article in question he by no means proves his case.

The central point of Professor Jastrow's contention is his belief that the phenomena reported by the psychical research investigators are logically inconsistent with the general body of modern science. This inconsistency is so obvious to Professor Jastrow that he is content with reiteration unaccompanied by elucidation. He says:

Professor Crawford, the engineer, in the daytime believes in gravity and the parallelogram of forces; but once a week, at evening in the séance-room when Miss Goligher, the medium, joins the society of the balances and cantilevers, gravity yields in deference to the psychic lady, and the parallelogram of forces finds its occupation temporarily gone. The two orders of thinking keep house together in many minds, just because the mental house-keeping is so commonly loose and irregular and impressionistic—and does so much on the credit basis—that the incongruity escapes notice.

In another place we find the following passage:

Obviously, if the rare, psychic "facts" reported at Belfast or Paris or Munich were true, were not so palpably false, it would certainly be the immediate duty of scientists to drop all other work and appoint an international commission to establish what, if proved, would make the X-ray and the airplane and the wireless insignificant back numbers. What the religious-minded psychic researchers . . . , and the scientific psychic researchers . . . , and the far greater following of amateur believers fail to remember is the solid integration of science without which modern life and rational thinking in the environment which it has slowly created would be impossible.

And in a final slightly arrogant passage he remarks that "what the revival of the

belief in occultism proves is the weak hold which principle and logic have gained upon minds otherwise of fine quality and more than ordinary calibre."

Your correspondent, a physicist, is reminded of a story told him years ago of a gentleman who, returning to his laboratory after a vacation, had great difficulty in getting his quadrant electrometer to behave properly. The deflections of the delicate little instrument were irregular, and it showed an unaccountable tendency to "kick," when by all the laws of science it should have remained steady. Finally, in anger, he took the instrument apart and found to his disgust that during his absence a spider had woven its web about the top of the suspension. Perhaps Professor Jastrow will find a flaw in the analogy, but it does seem to your correspondent that the assertion, "if the alleged facts of psychical research were genuine and real, the labors of science would be futile and blind" is at least very nearly on a par with denying the laws of physics because of the discovery of a spider.

I venture to suggest two reasons for believing that the statement last quoted above is wrong.

(1) Let me, in the first place, call attention to the fact that practical science is merely a detailed description of Nature's ordinary *modus operandi*. It is absurd to suppose that any psychic discovery, however true, will alter that *modus operandi*, and therefore it is absurd to suppose that any such discovery can affect the body of practical science. The acceptance of the Einstein theory of relativity has brought with it an entirely new science of mechanics. Does this send Galileo, Newton, and Poincaré to the scrap heap? Must we teach beginners the theory of relativity before we can explain to them how to calculate the torque required to accelerate a fly wheel at a given rate? By no means. The classical mechanics remains the mechanics of engineers and of ordinary life. Within a certain limited field it gives an essentially correct and very much simpler account of the facts than does the more exact theory of Einstein. The discovery of new phenomena may add to the field of scientific inquiry, may modify old theories, and alter our philosophical interpretation of well-known facts, but nothing

ing short of a revolution in the order of Nature itself can relegate established practical science to the scrap heap.

(2) In the second place, I would observe that there is no present reason to allege that the supernormal phenomena reported by the scientific spiritualists, if true, constitute a break in the reign of law any more serious than that involved in the behavior of any small boy. The laws governing the spiritistic phenomena have not yet been formulated, and the origin of the forces behind them is as yet mysterious, but, despite all the work which has been done on child psychology, who would be so bold as to say that the laws governing small-boy nature have been formulated, or that small boys have lost all elements of mystery? And be it remembered that small boys are much more common and more easily investigated than the alleged phenomena of spiritism.

If there is any true logical inconsistency involved in the belief in the reality of the phenomena reported by the psychical research investigators, Professor Jastrow and his fellow-critics will do all the world a service by pointing it out. If they can not do this in a clean-cut manner, their strictures on the mental house-keeping of those who maintain an open mind with regard to these phenomena may recoil on their own heads.

Behind a very large part of the opposition to psychical research from both popular and scientific sources seems to lie the superb confidence which nearly every man seems to have in his theory of the universe. His mind is a semi-orderly place where, rightly or wrongly, things are tagged and pigeonholed. The gaps in his knowledge are unconsciously filled with the works of his own imagination as the maps of the ancients were extended beyond the regions of actual exploration. He is at home, and more or less at ease, in his mental world and meets any attempt to upset its order with an opposition nearly as violent as that which he bestows on those who would undertake to undermine the social structure.

Perhaps no antidote for this attitude would be better (if it were possible for the average man) than a study of the progress of the science of physics in the last two decades. The period in ques-

tion has been marked by an extraordinary double revolution which has recklessly overturned many of the basic principles which in 1900 seemed established beyond question. The public is more or less familiar with the Einstein relativity theory, which in its primary limited form is meeting at present with well-nigh universal acceptance from those who have studied it. The public is much less familiar with the even more subversive and more powerfully illuminating "quantum" theory, the discussion of which has for some years filled the pages of the journals of physics the world over. The fundamental ideas of these theories did as great violence to the preconceptions of the physicist of fifteen and twenty years ago as do the alleged phenomena of spiritism now. And they met with violent opposition. Today, in spite of the fact that they bring with them great unsolved problems, they are proving the key to a thousand mysteries, and we begin to see how little we knew in 1900. If the basic ideas in the highly developed and relatively simple science of physics could undergo such a complete revolution at the beginning of the twentieth century, are we to believe that the fundamental hypotheses of modern biology and psychology are so firmly established as to make it possible to ridicule those who report phenomena which seem to conflict with them?

EDWIN C. KEMBLE,

Cambridge, Mass., July 12, 1920.

The real spirit which comes to itself in human consciousness is to be regarded as an impersonal pneuma—universal reason, nay, as the spirit of God Himself; and the good of man's whole development, therefore, can be no other than to substitute the universal for the individual consciousness.—*Fichte*.

To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul requires but a perfectly pure mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight.—*Porphyry*.

Combining the testimony of all these facts, we are bound to admit that there prevails in organic nature a law of septiform periodicity, a law of completion in weeks.—*Grattan Guinness*.

THE MYTH OF ER.

(The following stanzas are selected from a versified translation of Plato's "Myth of Er; or, The Immortality of the Soul." The translation is by Lord Curzon of Kedleston and it appears in "War Poems and Other Translations," published by the John Lane Company, New York.)

I sing of that strange chance which fell to Er,

Armenius the Pamphylian's son,
In ghostly realms sole mortal traveler
Ere yet his days were done.

For that he died not, but the Judgment saw,
To Socrates the Seer was told,
Which thing did God-like Plato for a law
Of Spirit-Life unfold.

Ten days the warrior's corpse amid the slain
Lay slain, yet no corruption knew;
Then waking on the pyre of life again,
This marvel passed in view.

"In a strange shadowy place 'twixt earth and sky,"

Quoth he, "the Judgment-thrones are set,
Before whose steps a pallid company,
The unnumbered dead, are met.

"And there on either hand, in sky and earth
Twin cloudy gulfs, above, below,
Wrap up the destinies of mortal worth,
Which none unjudged may know.

"Forthwith the doom is spoken, and those souls

To left and right their journeys wend;
An heavenly gulf for these its mist unrolls,
Earthward must those descend.

"The wicked they, and on their backs are bound

The tokens of what sins were theirs;
But the white forehead of the righteous-found
The seal of blessing wears.

("Howbeit to him 'A Prophet shalt thou be,'—
The Judges spake—to earth from here.
Behold and hearken! Eyes hast thou to see,
And ears withal to hear!")

"Thus evermore they vanish in the void,
The while from each comforting arch
Are poured two companies; one travel-cloyed
As from a weary march,

"But fair and fresh the band from upper air.
Then do these pilgrims, one and all,
Flock to the meadow, and encamp them there
As at a festival.

"And sweet the courtesies and questioning
Of friends unseen since long ago;
'In Heaven was such the mode of wayfaring?
What cheer was theirs before?'

"Strange sights the earth-stained saw, sad
suffering his!

For very ruth he needs must weep;
One tells of joys and magic mysteries—
He scaled the heavenly steep!

"A thousand years—so long has been the way—

Ten years to every year of man,
Tenfold the recompense that each must pay,
Once in each age's span.

"He that was traitor, or guilt-stained, or vile,
Ten times in agony atones;
Likewise the just and holy-lived erewhile
Tenfold fruition owns.

"But richer measure is for him decreed
That 'gainst the Gods imagined ill,
Or wrought confusion on his parents' need,
Or blood of man did spill.

"Deep in the luminous dim void a light,
Straight as a pillared shaft and high,
Glitters like Iris' bow, yet is more bright,
And pierces earth and sky.

"Thro' all one day that wonder grows apace—
And now, the middle rays among,
They see where from the invisible cope of space
The chains of heaven are hung.

"In sooth the belt of heaven is that great light,
Bracing the mighty circle round,
What wise with cables girded trimly-tight
The ocean-hulls are bound.

"And lo! down reaching from those chains begun
The spindle of the Law Sublime,
Necessity, whereby the world is spun
Through endless grooves of Time.

"Of steel the shaft is wrought, the hook of steel,
But of mixed fashioning the whorl,
Wherein seven other circles, wheel in wheel,
Continuously curl.

"The word of Lachesis, the eldest born
Of the dread law, Necessity,—
Lo now, ye souls of mortals, a new dawn
Of mortal life is nigh!

"Yours is the choice of fates! He first
shall choose
Who draweth first. Of Righteousness
That knows no master, each shall gain or lose
Honouring her more or less.

"His be the blame—but blameless is High God!

This said, the lots he scatters wide
And spreads the types of life. And at his nod
They take them and decide.

"For there all lives of men and living things,
Fair and ill-fortuned, and the mean,
Beggars and heroes, citizens and kings,
And birds and beasts, are seen.

"Yet is no life ordained for good or ill;
Man's is the choice, and man's alone.
On earth the knowledge and the changeless
will

The wise man makes his own.

"And evermore resounds the herald's voice;
'E'en for the last is favour fair.
Let not the first be heedless of his choice,
Nor the hindmost despair!"

"Then one with blinded witless eyes of greed
Elects a bloody tyrant's lot.
Anon remorsefully bewails the deed
And weeping ceaseth not.

"Yet in his pride himself he doth acquit;
At Fate and the High Gods he raves;
Right had he known erewhile, and walked
in it,
But lacked the truth that saves.

"So many that one life fulfilled of old
Seek diverse lives—such hope hath change—
Pitiful it is and wondrous to behold,
Yea, laughable and strange!

"Then each to Lachesis must pass aside,
In order of the lot he willed,
To whom she giveth a celestial guide
To see his choice fulfilled.

"First beneath Clotho's hand the angel leads—
She on the whirring shaft the lot
Weaves close. Then Atropos the labour
speeds
That none may loose the knot.

"Thence onward passing 'neath the awful
throne,
Necessity's, they journey on
Thro' heat and scorching to a desert lone,
The Plain Oblivion.

"There doth no herb begotten ever bless
The utter waste. At eventide
They see the river of Unmindfulness
And camp the wave beside.

"Marvelous the water that no cup can fill;
Thereof each soul must drink somewhat,
And he that drinketh of the sleepy rill
Hath straight all things forgot.

"Then slumber laps them, till at middle night
With earthquake-shock and thunder-jars
Suddenly scattered they are whirled to light
Shot up like flying stars!"

These things the hero saw, but of that stream
Might he not slake his least desire.
Naught knew he after, till the morning beam
Thrilled on the funeral pyre.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Every atom in the Universe has the potentiality of self-consciousness in it, and is, like the Monads of Leibnitz, a Universe in itself and for itself. It is an atom and an angel.

The Esoteric Doctrine, like Buddhism and Brahminism, and even Kabalism, teaches that the one infinite and unknown Essence exists from all eternity, and in regular and harmonious successions is either passive or active.

Life we look upon as the One Form of Existence manifesting in what we call matter; or what, incorrectly separating them, we name Spirit, Soul, and Matter in man.

Space is the one eternal thing that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective universe.

The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything, from an atom to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Thought propelled into objective existence, into a law that the Universe should exist.

The idea of Absolute Unity would be broken entirely in our conception had we not something concrete before our eyes to contain that Unity. And the Deity being absolute, must be omnipresent; hence not an atom but contains It within itself.

Drs. Jevons and Babbage believed that every thought displaces the particles of the brain and, setting them in motion, scatters them throughout the Universe: they also think that "each particle of the existing matter must be a register of all that has happened." Thus the ancient doctrine has begun to acquire rights of citizenship in the speculations of the scientific world.

The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric Philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

300

AUG 01 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 32.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 7, 1920.

Price Five Cents

"QUEEN LUCIA."

We have no complaint against Mr. E. F. Benson for his gentle raillery against the cult of Yoga as practiced by the unemployed of the fashionable world. Indeed, he is abundantly justified. Nothing can be better calculated to bring an unfamiliar philosophy into contempt than its adoption, or pretended adoption, by idle persons intent upon their own amusement and incapable of understanding anything that can not be twisted into the service of their vanities.

Mr. Benson lays his scene in an English country town with its rival society leaders whose competition in novelties and sensations is unceasing. But the acknowledged queen is Mrs. Lucia*Lucas, although she has to resist the competent rivalry of Mrs. Quantock. The dominant characteristic of Mrs. Lucas may be described as silliness. She uses baby talk to her playful intimates and chatters Italian sentences to her husband, who is nearly equally silly. When Mrs. Lucas returns from a trip she receives a report from her husband as to the social happenings during her absence, a report in which Mrs. Quantock plays a large part:

"Well, as I told you in one of my letters," said he, "Mrs. Quantock showed signs of being a little off with Christian Science. She had a cold, and though she recited the True Statement of Being just as frequently as before, her cold got no better. But when I saw her on Tuesday last, unless it was Wednesday, no,

it couldn't have been Wednesday, so it must have been Tuesday——"

"Whenever it was then," interrupted his wife, brilliantly summing up his indecision.

"Yes; whenever it was, as you say, on that occasion Mrs. Quantock was very full of some Indian philosophy which made you quite well at once. What did she call it now? Yoga! Yes, that was it!"

"And then?" asked Lucia.

"Well, it appears you must have a teacher in Yoga or else you may injure yourself. You have to breathe deeply and say 'Om'——"

"Say what?"

"Om. I understand the ejaculation to be Om. And there are very curious physical exercises; you have to hold your ear with one hand and your toes with the other, and you may strain yourself unless you do it properly. That was the general gist of it."

"And shall we come to the Indian soon?" said Lucia.

"*Carissima*, you have come to him already. I suggest that Mrs. Quantock has applied for a teacher and got him. *Ecco!*"

It was quite by chance that Mrs. Quantock had learned of the new philosophy. She had found a book on Orientalism, and it had opened, "all of its own accord," at the section devoted to Yoga. Further inquiries had elicited the fact that one must have a teacher, and then the teacher had suddenly arrived with the statement: "Beloved lady, I am the teacher you asked for; I am your Guru. Peace be to this house! Om!" Mrs. Quantock writes to Mrs. Lucas and tells her all about it:

Mrs. Lucas had by this time got her view of Mrs. Quantock's letter into perfect focus, and she read on without missing a word. "Is it not wonderful, dearest Lucia," it ran, "that

my desire for light should have been so instantly answered? And yet my Guru tells me that it always happens so. I was sent to him, and he was sent to me, just like that! He had been expecting some call when my letter asking for guidance came, and he started at once because he knew he was sent. Fancy! I don't even know his name, and his religion forbids him to tell it me. He is just my Guru, my guide, and he is going to be with me as long as he knows I need him to show me the True Path. He has the spare bedroom and the little room adjoining, where he meditates and does Postures and Pranyama, which is breathing. If you persevere in them under instruction, you have perfect health and youth, and my cold is gone already. He is a Brahmin of the very highest caste, indeed caste means nothing to him any longer, just as a Baronet and an honorable must seem about the same thing to the king. He comes from Benares, where he used to meditate all day by the Ganges, and I can see for myself that he is a person of the most extraordinary sanctity. But he can meditate just as well in my little room, for he says he was never in any house that had such a wonderful atmosphere. He has no money at all, which is so beautiful of him, and looked so pained and disappointed when I asked him if I might not give him some. He doesn't even know how he got here from London; he doesn't think he came by train, so perhaps he was wafted here in some astral manner. He looked so bewildered, too, when I said the word 'money,' and evidently he had to think what it was, because it is so long since it has meant anything to him. So if he wants anything, I have told him to go into any shop and ask that it shall be put down to me. He has often been without food or sleep for days together when he is meditating. Just think!"

The Guru takes up his residence with Mrs. Quantock and manages to conciliate Mr. Quantock—who has no mystic leanings whatever—by his skill as a cook. None the less Mr. Quantock would like some further information:

"Well, now, about this Golliwog—haha—I should say Guru, my dear," he began, "what's going to happen?"

Daisy Quantock drew in her breath sharply and winced at this irreverence, but quickly remembered that she must always be sending out messages of love, north, east, south, and west. So she sent a rather spiky one in the direction of her husband, who was sitting due east, so that it probably got to him at once, and smiled the particular hard firm smile which was an heirloom inherited from her last rule of life.

"No one knows," she said brightly. "Even the Guides can't tell where and when a Guru may be called."

"Then do you propose he should stop here till he's called somewhere else?"

She continued smiling.

"I don't propose anything," she said. "It's not in my hands."

Under the calming influence of the fish curry, Robert remained still placid.

"He's a first-rate cook anyhow," he said.

"Can't you engage him as that? Call to the kitchen, you know."

"Darling!" said Mrs. Quantock, sending out more love. But she had a quick temper, and indeed the two were outpoured together, like hot and cold taps turned on in a bath. The pellucid stream of love served to keep her temper moderately cool.

"Well, ask him," suggested Mr. Quantock, "as you say, you never can tell where a Guru may be called. Give him forty pounds a year and beer money."

"Beer!" began Mrs. Quantock, when she suddenly remembered Georgie's story about Rush and the Guru and the brandy-bottle, and stopped.

"Yes, dear, I said 'beer,'" remarked Robert a little irritably, "and in any case I insist that you dismiss your present cook. You only took her because she was a Christian Scientist, and you've left that little sheep-fold now. You used to talk about false claims I remember. Well her claim to be a cook is the falsest I ever heard of. I'd sooner take my chance with an itinerant organ grinder. But that fish-curry tonight and that other thing last night, that's what I mean by good eating."

The thought even of food always calmed Robert's savage breast; it blew upon him as the wind on an Æolion harp hung in the trees, evoking faint sweet sounds.

"I'm sure, my dear," he said, "that I shall be willing to fall in with any pleasant arrangement about your Guru, but it really isn't unreasonable in me to ask what sort of arrangement you propose. I haven't a word to say against him, especially when he goes to the kitchen; I only want to know if he is going to stop here a night or two or a year or two. Talk to him about it tomorrow with my love. I wonder if he can make bisque soup."

Mrs. Lucas makes great progress, both in the breathing exercises and the postures and she is presently able to relieve the Guru of some of his minor duties by devoting herself to the less advanced pupils:

Lucia now received special instruction from the Guru in a class all by herself, so prodigious was her advance in Yoga, for she could hold her breath much longer than anybody else, and had mastered six postures, while the next class which she attended also consisted of the other original members, namely Daisy Quantock, Georgie, and Peppino. They had got on very well, too, but Lucia had quite shot away from them, and now if the Guru had other urgent spiritual claims upon him, she gave instruction to a less advanced class herself. For this purpose she habited herself in a peculiarly becoming dress of white linen, which reached to her feet and had full flowing sleeves like a surplice. It was girdled with a silver cord with long tassels, and had mother-of-pearl buttons and a hood at the back lined with white satin which came over her head. Below its hem as she sat and taught in a really rather advanced posture showed the toes of her white morocco slippers, and she called it her "Teacher's Robe." The class which she taught consisted of Colonel Boucher, Piggy Antrobus,

and Mrs. Weston; sometimes the colonel brought his bull dogs with him, who lay and snorted precisely as if they were doing breathing exercises, too. A general air of joyful mystery and spiritual endeavor blew harmily round them all, and without any doubt the exercises and the deep breathing were extremely good for them.

We have a description of one of the sessions of the Yoga class from which it would seem that there were difficulties on the road of spiritual progress. But then there always are:

It was quite clear at the class this morning that though the pupils were quite interested in the abstract messages of love which they were to shoot out in all directions, and in the atmosphere of peace with which they were to surround themselves, the branch of the subject which thrilled them to the marrow was the breathing exercises and contortions which, if persevered in, would give them youth and activity, faultless digestions and indefatigable energy. They all sat on the floor, and stopped up alternate nostrils, and held their breath till Mrs. Quantock got purple in the face, and Georgie and Lucia red, and expelled their breath again with sudden puffs that set the rushes on the floor quivering, or with long quiet exhalations. Then there were certain postures to be learned, in one of which, entailing the bending of the body backwards, two of Georgie's trouser buttons came off with a sharp snap and he felt the corresponding member of his braces, thus violently released, spring up to his shoulder. Various other embarrassing noises issued from Lucia and Daisy that sounded like the bursting of strings and tapes, but everybody pretended to hear nothing at all, or covered up the report of those explosions with coughings and clearings of the throat. But apart from these discordances, everything was fairly harmonious; indeed, so far from Daisy introducing discords, she wore a fixed smile, which it would have been purely cynical to call superior, when Lucia asked some amazingly simple question with regard to Om.

The Guru eventually disappears, after robbing the houses of his patrons, and Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Quantock then devote themselves to spiritualism, with a somewhat similar result. It is all capital fun, but we reach the last page with an uneasy conviction that Mr. Benson's story is not wholly an exaggeration, and that Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Quantock may be found almost anywhere.

"QUEEN LUCIA." By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The pantheistic idea of a general Spirit-Soul pervading all Nature is the oldest of all the philosophical notions.—*Secret Doctrine.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

It is, I should suppose, one of the most difficult things in the world to maintain a wholly dispassionate attitude toward those adverse matters and qualities that have to do with one's friends. The sympathetic timbre that is at base of all true friendship almost invariably negatives cool judgment, if, indeed, it does not override it. It will darken counsel with excuses; it will strangle conviction and scatter it to the winds rather than admit so much as a flaw in the beloved. The king is the king, and the king can do no wrong.

Most certainly I am not above this failing. For a failing it is, as I very well know, though it is one I court with assiduity on my own behalf. I do not like the glimpses I get (oh, most inadvertently, I do assure you!) of myself, and I pray devoutly that to none of my friends shall I ever be really disclosed.

And so, when Horace's gaze wandered to the Icarus, I leaned forward as though with sudden interest. Of my heart I did this. With my head, with whatever of critical faculty I possessed, I had already judged it, and my conclusion was of a luke-warmness. But Horace was the nephew of a man whose very name I delighted to honor, therefore my affection went out to him easily and the more strongly in that he was in himself decidedly worth caring for. Instinctively one longed to shield him from fresh discomfort. He was so broken of body, so intrepid of spirit. . . .

I hastened to overlay my inner criticisms with a rush of words that were at once truthful and untruthful. You know the kind. They are the accepted coin of polite verbiage. I was both ashamed and relieved when the dear lad smiled at me a bit quizzically. I had no stomach for buoying him up with false hopes. (Yet how was I to tell him that his work, though good, was not good enough, and that it was too late in the day to expect that it should become radically different?) He said, very quietly, very simply, that he worked with the clay because it told him something of those strata of consciousness of which he was only vaguely aware until he gave his groping, hesitant fingers leave to objectify them

in tactile fashion. (Once again, you see, I had met a man observant of himself, curious to know "what am I?" and not at all inclined to accept as answer the suave conventionalities of familiar surfaces.) He had, he told me, done many miniature figures in the year; at first to wile away the tedious hours; later, with interested wonder to find that they revealed him to himself, just as a mirror, set in an unexpected angle, reflects to the passer-by his own face in a sometimes startlingly disconcerting manner. Together they formed a representative series of his moods of inner consciousness, roughly, of course, but, so he judged, with fidelity. They were like the marked trees by which the woodsman indicates a trail through the forest. They were the arrows pointing "straight on"; they were not in themselves "the niche" which he spoke of finding.

"I used to daub about with paint—in secret, of course—when I came here in vacation time with Uncle Selmin. Three summers in succession he made the journey from queer places of the earth 'just to paint water,' so he said. It was big work he did; even I, a lank, rough youngster, felt that. The water was out there, yonder, and it was on his canvas just as truly. It was fixed forever in its translucent, heaving tonnage—yes, tonnage is the word, though it sounds queer enough—all on a square of stretched cloth, with the daffodil yellow of the New England summer sun lying over it a veil of fairy gold, or, again, darkened by the shadow of a scudding cloud. It was June magic, right enough. It woke something in me—the sheer wonder of it. But I was only the moth, after all, beating against the flame of his genius. He was the eagle, unconsumed, wheeling in mid-heaven. I lost the urge when I was away from him. You see, I had no real talent of my own, but I had, perhaps, a mimetic instinct."

Here spoke Selmin's "boy." Not in the least afraid to face truth about himself, and never dreaming of falsifying her severely just disclosures. I wish I had his courage, his single-heartedness.

Timothy came and went as we talked, replenishing the fire, laying the service for dinner. Presently we sat down to a meal of grouse, of roast deliciously brown from turning on a spit in the old fashion, of corn pone, of native honey

and cheese, and of coffee clear as amber.

Horace barely touched his food, though Timothy was a rare cook and I did rather more than justice to his art, arriving at my cigar with the ridiculously blissful feeling that accompanied, I dare venture to say, every "homey" meal we war-men sat down to for many and many a day after our return to the land and the customs of our fathers.

Horace did not smoke, so I took myself off to the porch that extended across the entire east side of the house. The night could not have been more black. The moon, then on the wane, had not come up the sky, nor, had it done so, would it have shone through the blanket of clouds, heavy, if I mistook not, with an immense burden of snows. Toward them, with leviathan ponderousness, reared the terrible crest of the open sea. Close against the house, dimly outlined by the lights shining through the uncurtained windows, grew a clump of silver-birch trees, slender, naked, beaten almost to earth by the flail of wind, their small moaning lost in its prolonged and angry shrilling.

Decidedly, we were "in for a spell of weather" as the Yankee has it. The barometer was dropping with plumb-like steadiness, and I made my solitary promenade a short one. I stepped into the cheerful room feeling that I had brought weather with me, that it clung to me tangibly, that it was about me like a mailed cloak. The opened door sent a great gust of pungent wood-smoke pouring out into the room. It trailed along the polished, fire-gleaming floor, a swiftly moving serpent; it rose, buoyant, against the frosted windows; it swerved back into the middle of the room, lifting to the raftered ceiling only to twist back upon itself toward the hearth, blindly admitting the obstacle in its path that was Horace, stretched in his long, cushioned chair, feeling him over with multitudinous, ghostly touches before it slid, finally, into the chimney's cavernous mouth.

Horace turned his head, smiling at me as I dropped into a chair opposite him. But the smile revealed, rather than concealed, a forlorn yearning that was heart-breaking to see. One is so utterly helpless before the tragedy of the human soul. And so pathetically did he look the mere boy, so much "the reed that is youth,"

and, like the silver-birch just outside, ruthlessly beaten to earth, but oh, so proudly indifferent to suffering, so determinedly unaware that his was a losing fight. I said to myself that I was only "just in time," and caught myself up hastily, wondering what I meant, and, also, only too well knowing exactly what I did mean.

I set my teeth against an exclamation of distress when he hitched himself out of his chair and with that difficult co-ordination of his body made his way to a cupboard from whose interior he took a folio, laying it, as he returned to his seat, on the modeling table close at hand. The passage from fireside to a wall fifteen feet away was an exertion; it was more, it was an all but interminable pilgrimage. I watched him with anxiety, but covertly. One does not offer a man of his stamp too open a sympathy. Commiseration he would have abhorred, and, rightly enough, resented.

Gradually his breath eased. I could see the pitifully quivering muscles relax from that tenseness to which they had sprung under the command of his indomitable will, a will to which they would fain have yielded quick and adequate obedience. He opened the folio. It contained a sheaf of drawings and three small canvases. One by one he handed them to me. In all there were a dozen-odd pencil sketches and a few crayons; the oils were mere blurs of atmosphere, as though done in order to fix certain effects of light and shadow. As a matter of fact the drawings, like the oils, were oddly lacking in form. Taken separately, they did not suggest any definite idea; they were but tentative blockings of lines and angles and complicated curves. But as I spread them out on the table in their order I became sensitive to the impression that, throughout the series, ran the pulse of a unified intention.

Also they were strangely reminiscent of something that I had seen, or heard, or, mayhap, only dreamed of. Collectively, they spoke to me, but of what, exactly, I could not for the life of me have told. They woke a feeling of beauty, of grandeur not altogether divorced from terror. There were studies that resembled tremendous wings in lightning-swift motion. There were diaphanous shreds that suggested gauzy

draperies blown in winds bitterly cold. There were blurs of crayon that, held at arm's length, resolved themselves into the grim flanks of unspeakable chasms, while others, by some supreme handling of curved lines, became a chain of mighty mountains, with summits remote as heaven.

I studied them long, tormented by the thought that I almost knew what they meant. But I was rewarded only by a deepening sense of their august suggestion. I felt that they were the accurate symbols of a proposition whose equation evaded me. That they were, all of them, Selmin's work I recognized at first glance. None other artist than he had such power to endow a half-dozen strokes of pencil or brush with the authority of genius itself.

I broke the silence. "They are, perhaps the last studies your uncle made?" As I spoke a sudden light dawned on me. They were, indeed, the last drawings that Selmin had made, whether Horace knew it or not. They were the beginnings of that great picture of which Dr. La Jeunesse had said "he (Selmin) is in travail with it that it should be born." I marveled at my blindness.

Horace met my gaze with an intensity for which, at the moment, I could not account. "Not quite the last. There is a picture, more or less finished, for which these sketches were made in early October, nineteen-hundred-and-eighteen."

I interrupted: "But how can that be? Your uncle lay in a hospital in Paris in September and October of last year, his right arm completely shattered. He must have made these studies and the picture of which you speak in the fall of the previous year."

Horace smiled strangely, his eyes never wavering from mine. He looked disturbingly like his uncle at that instant. "There is no mistake about the date nor the year. My uncle was in Paris, wounded, as you say, as you well knew, since you were there. I was in Chicago, just beginning to use these legs of mine a very little, not aware, even by so much as a fleeting premonition, that he was in France, let alone wounded, until he died. *Until he died*, mark you, and stood before me in another, finer body, but like the old, and, so standing, he showed me, in a way that I can not at all make clear

to you, these sketches and the finished picture. That was on the night of October the seventh."

"But my boy, your uncle——" I stopped, lamely enough. How was I to tell him that Selmin was alive in that very hour when he had "seen" him, and had supposed him dead? How on earth did such a misapprehension come about? Had he never received official notification of the exact date of his uncle's death? Nor my letter, written from Belgium? And (as if all this were not sufficient to put me to my wits' end) however in the name of possible things *did* these sketches come to be? I would have given my oath that they were Selmin's own, that no hand other than his executed them, they were so palpably the work of his peculiar genius making for itself a medium of necessary but inferior matter. After his pencil, as after Wordsworth's infant soul, there trailed clouds of glory brought down from the ethereal realm that was the true home of his exquisite and noble art.

(To Be Continued.)

HOW TO SEE YOUR "AURA."

That the human body has a radiating atmosphere, emanation, or "aura" has long been held. A simple experiment will enable the reader to test the reality of this aura for himself. Hang a black cloth upon the wall, or over the back of a chair. Have the room lighted from only one source, fairly low down, on the opposite side of the room, and sit facing the black cloth, with your back to the light, in such a position that your body throws your hands into shadow when they are held in front of you against the cloth. Now place the tips of the four fingers of one hand against the tips of the fingers of the other hand (the thumbs need not touch) and keep them thus tightly pressed together for about fifteen seconds. Now slowly separate the fingers, drawing them apart, when fine, misty, white, vapor-like streams may be seen to extend from the tips of the fingers of one hand to the fingers of the other—becoming more and more attenuated, or thinner, as the hands separate, until they finally break and snap altogether. If, after separating the hands, they may be moved up and down slightly, the misty hands can be seen to follow the hands, showing that

it is not a mere optical illusion. This may be repeated any number of times, and practically every one can see the aura, visible by this means. The great point to remember is that the hands must be pressed together firmly for at least ten or fifteen seconds before they are separated. This will be found much stronger with some individuals than with others—showing their naturally psychic qualities.—*Hereward Carrington in Leslie's.*

PROPHECIES OF PARACELSUS.

(The following prophecy of Paracelsus is taken from a volume entitled "The Prophecies of Paracelsus," translated by J. K. and published by William Rider & Son, Ltd., London.)

I bear in mind that you may not believe me when I tell you that my (at this time) despised writings shall yet be held in great value and esteem by wise and judicious men.

It will, however, not happen until the great and fearful eclipse of the sun is passed.

I say that then there shall overflow as the waters of a mighty river all kinds of revolts, riots, wars, slaughter, murders, conflagrations, and all evil into the northern countries.

Then beware Brabant, Flanders, and Zealand, and ye who like my Swiss countrymen feed upon cheese.

Then will the Lily be altogether decayed, exhausted, and cast down.

In the same wise will the Eagle be plucked, dishonoured, insulted, and despised.

Othman will be foremost and the Eagle will cringe before him.

Good times shall then be. Fruit and what is necessary for life will thrive, but the poor will enjoy little thereof.

The Spiritual will grow and increase as the Moon.

Then those of the East will for a time have a great victory and exalt the Golden Tower.

The people without a head will not remain untouched.

Then shall the high nobility be punished as though they were criminals.

The Lion having Blue and White for associates will march in, in a high manner.

Beware, thou beautiful city, that wast formerly a lustre and eye of Europe.

The Rue wreath dwindles to nought.

Doth there not remain of this conflagration one spark, that shall soon after begin to burn and light an inextinguishable fire?

Now when these things come to pass, neither truth, nor faith, nor fidelity, nor honor will be esteemed.

But there will be many truths, many fidelities, many honors; but they will be of such a kind that they may be known and considered as no faith, no truth, no fidelity, and no honor.

The White will for some time overcome the Black and will accomplish great things.

The Pomegranate will burst and throw out his seeds and will let them perish.

Then shall the Rue-plant or Rue-wreath incline its root or natural origin to the Lily and shall stand as a shield before her that the Wind of Health may not blow upon her.

The people of the earth shall then be in commotion, and no ties of brotherhood, marriage, or friendship will be respected.

The Lion will join himself to the Fishes.

And the Crown will be subject to the Fine Hat.

Then will the Rue-wreath be soiled with Milk.

And the Pelican shall be devoured by his young.

But the Phoenix shall be consumed in the fire, and when the dew moistens the ashes he will again revive according to his nature.

But he will become a noble Phoenix, and will press hard upon the Toad, and he will take the Lion and will give him a choice.

The Lion will select the best and no more.

Upon the other Wild Horse this Phoenix will place a bridle and will ride it with spurs and without a saddle.

Then a new generation of beasts with various strange heads shall be born. They will have many mouths and stomachs, but only one natural draught.

The most profligate will maintain his magnificence, and his angels will be clothed in blood. They will be intent upon one work alone.

A pair of horses will appear and in all places will the wail of the fugitives be heard.

The Dragon of Sleep will cause the

Eagle to become weary of all magnificence.

The Fountain of Life will commence to flow.

And a white Eagle will be changed into a black.

Milk and Blood will decrease, and the animal Tree will begin to grow.

An old Lion will be bound and a young Lion will become free. He will please all those animals which the old had vexed.

He will do even more, for he will change his mane and hair into silk.

The Bear will lay snares, and the Ox-head will seek to gore him.

The Griffin will fly over him, but will not harm him.

Then shall the Pearl, so long lost, be found by one of humble estate, and will be set, as a jewel, in gold.

It will be given to the Prince of all beasts, that is to the right Lion.

He will hang it about his neck, and wear it with honor.

He will resist the Bear and the Wolf, and rend them asunder; so that the beasts of the forest shall be safe.

Then will the Old Art flourish and no heed will be given to the New.

Then will the New World begin, and the White and Black shall disappear.

All Vain glory will be ended, and the plumes of the bird of the East shall be burnt by the Sun of the South.

How then will it be with thee, Oh thou Lion and earthly one who art painted and bound with gold?

All thy doings shall be changed, and the seven heads shall become one head.

Out of this one, a head shall be born that shall be armed with a horn.

This horn shall bruise all that which so long brought sorrow to Ifinos.

And the great City shall be the head of the less and shall become free from servitude.

Europe shall be the head, Asia the crown, but Africa shall be the jewel.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

hol

GIFT
SEP 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 33.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 14, 1920.

Price Five Cents

BIRTH DREAMS.

(The following is taken from an appendix to "Religion and the New Psychology," by Walter Samuel Swisher. Published by the Marshall Jones Company, Boston (\$2). The student may supply his own interpretation.)

In our exploration of myth and folklore we are struck with the fact that certain types of legend and myth recur again and again. There is the tale of the prince, for instance, set down by the genie in a half-clothed state before the gate of a strange city. This we saw was analogous with the dream of nakedness which nearly every one has experienced. We noted that the myth is the dream of a whole people, it is the individual dream projected upon the nation. In this connection we noted the sex-imagery which occurs in every primitive cosmology. On the same basis we may explain the arbitrary gender of the names of inanimate things in many languages. It is not chance that makes the word "heaven" (*der Himmel*) masculine in German, and "earth" (*die Erde*) feminine. To the ancients the sky seemed a bowl that embraced the earth; it was thought by early peoples that the sky, or the sun, impregnated the earth and caused it to bring forth fruit. The poet has taken full advantage of this arbitrary gender. Von Eichendorf, in his poem "Mondnacht," which Schumann set to music, takes advantage of the arbitrary gender to create the beautiful image of heaven (masculine) bending over to kiss the earth (fem-

inine), an image entirely untranslatable into English. "*Es war als hätt der Himmel die Erde still geküsst*" (It was as though the heavens had silently kissed the earth).

All of these conceptions root in early myths. A circumstance that we frequently encounter in myths of all races is the descent of the hero into an underground passage, tunnel, or cavern. That gold mine of folklore, "The Arabian Nights," has countless tales that recount such an adventure. Ali Baba descends into the cave where the forty thieves have hidden their treasure; the Kalendar Prince, after the fall of the brazen statue from the island mountain, descends into a cavern, where he finds the prince hidden whom he is fated to slay; Aladdin, through the agency of the lamp, opens the underground cavern and discovers hidden treasure. Modern mystery tales deal with the underground, whether it be a tunnel connecting an old castle with the seashore, or a tunnel leading through the heart of the earth, or a coal hole down which the detective follows the villain. These underground passages, tunnels, and caverns have a mysterious glamour for which it is hard to account unless we know the origin of such tales.

We have but to remember that to the ancients the earth was the mother of all things to get light on the subject. "The bowels of the earth," "the womb of the earth," are figures of speech encoun-

tered frequently in both ancient and modern literature. We have seen that primal creation myths are a projection of the individual birth story upon the cosmos, an objectification and enlargement of individual experience to embrace creation. Inasmuch as we are now familiar with the origin and mechanism of dreams, it is but a step (in fact, the only logical step) to a realization that the dream of the individual of passing down into a cavern, through a tunnel, or into some subterranean passage, which at length leads upward (usually obliquely upward) to the light, is a dream based on the memory of his own birth. This somewhat startling fact was made clear to Freud in the analysis of many such dreams; to Pfister, who recounts a number of them in his "Psychoanalytic Method," and to Coriat, whose experience is very broad. Jung, Adler, and Brill are also familiar with this phenomenon.

These dreams are strikingly similar. There is often a descent into water (the amniotic liquor), then a passage into some sort of dark cavern (the uterus); then a feeling of being *pushed* forward from behind (as in actual birth); the movement obliquely upward (as through the vagina) to the light. There is frequently a great fear felt in this exit of the dreamer to the light. The child first knows fear when it emerges from the warm security of the uterus into the light of day. It is no longer protected, safe and warm in the mother's body. It has become an independent being, an individual thrust into life, to sink or swim, survive or perish. Many neuroses which demonstrate the shut-in or introversion tendency, with certain hysterical symptoms, really mean that the individual would like to return to the dark, warm security of the mother's body; thence, to be born again a whole man. We have already seen that Jesus was aware of this unconscious desire so common among mankind, and idealized it into the conception of being re-born and entering the Kingdom of Heaven.

The most striking birth dream that I have encountered is the under-water dream of the Dakotan, recounted in Will Levington Comfort's "Child and Country." I do not know whether Mr. Comfort is familiar with Freud and the theo-

ries and procedure of psychoanalysis. If he is I should suspect him of "tampering with the evidence," this dream is so complete and its interpretation so true to form. I shall assume, however, that the dream is recounted actually as it occurred and that the narrator has not been influenced by the Freudian psychology.

The Dakotan states that he has had many under-water dreams, beginning with his childhood, and in these dreams he "learned the deeps of fear." He goes on to tell the instigators of the dream he is about to relate. It was a cold rainy night, he tells us, and he was in a cottage on the Pontchartrain that leaked badly. When he retired he was both wet and cold. So much for the instigator or the immediate cause. Suddenly he felt that he was submerged in deep water. There was a "low monotonous lap and wash of water and a slight heaving, lifting sensation, as of my being swayed gently to and fro." It was cold, but not extremely cold; he had hardly a sense of *being* at all; the cold was really a low state of consciousness rather than an actual, physical cold. It was dark, and he seemed to be a single cell floating in a space, which he seemed entirely to fill (!). "No sense of self or body in comparison to outer things was existent, except when a larger form instilled me with fear. Then he seemed to sink slowly into the depths. He lay on a soft, oozy silt, surrounded by slimy, snaky fronds and stems of water-plants. Some of these had dim phosphorescent lights at their extremities. The ray of light filtered down again and again filled him with fear. Now he reached the lowest ebb of consciousness; then he felt renewed fear of the Ray (of light). He desired to flee, but was without means of locomotion (a common experience in dreams). "Through sheer intensity of panic, I expanded. Then there was a thrusting forward of the inner vital centre against the forward wall of the sack. It was the most vital part of me that was trust forward, the heart of a rudiment, so to speak. That which remained followed in a kind of flow. The movement was an undulation forward, brought about by the terror to escape.

"Fear is always connected with Behind. With the approach of danger I had started *forward*. There had been no for-

ward nor backward before. Now a back, a dorsal, came into being, and the vital centre was thrust forward within the cell, so as to be farthest away from danger. It is in this way that the potential centre of an organism came to be in the front, in the head, looking forward and always pointed away from the danger—protected to the last."

Then he seemed to flow forward, striving to cling to the oozy bottom, but to no avail. The Fear increased; he gained in strength and speed of locomotion, going faster and faster. He feared the Ray, but was thrust forward with increased acceleration into the light. As he emerged, he of course awoke.

OUR "UNSPEAKABLE" MUSIC.

(Arthur H. Folwell in Leslie's.)

Popular music of the day in America was described as "unspeakable" by Mrs. Marx Obendorfer of Chicago, addressing the music conference of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Des Moines, Iowa, today. "Ninety per cent. of it," she said, "would not be allowed to go through the mails if it were literature."—*Extract from a news dispatch.*

Peppy Beach, N. J.—A raid by Federal officers, made this afternoon upon a stack of new dance music just received from Tinpan Alley, New York, occasioned much excitement here. Eighty-seven notes, one hundred and ninety-four halves, three hundred and forty-three quarter notes and nine hundred and fifteen eighths were taken in the government's dragnet, and arraigned on a charge of corrupting youth. They were held without bail for hearing next week. The only dances here tonight were the Minuet (Beethoven's) and "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

Jazz Casino.—Four saxophones were arrested here this evening on warrants sworn out by the local Society for the Suppression of Jazz. A piano and a set of kettle-drums were warned to leave town at once, and did so on the 8:10 train. The saxophones, it is said, are old offenders, their music, according to the officials of the society, having been responsible for three elopements, five divorces, and eighteen broken hearts since the opening of the Casino on June 20th.

Double Bar, Me.—Three worn-out

songs, who gave their names respectively as "Jamaica Ginger Jazz," "Whoop-de-doodle-ding-dong-doo," and "Meet Me When the Moon's Behind a Cloud" drifted into the police station here today and asked to be sent on indeterminate sentence to the Old Songs' Home. They said they had once been popular, but that they had met with reverses. A report that "Jamaica Ginger Jazz" is wanted in Boston for having sent improper notes to young musicians is being rigidly investigated.

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

"The night of October the seventh," Horace stressed the words, "I saw my Uncle Selmin as plainly as I see you now. In fact I saw him far more clearly than I see you, or than I have ever seen those whom we are pleased to call 'living' men. Yet it is they, the 'dead,' who are the vital, pulsing realities, beside whom we are the uneasy, drifting ghosts."

Again he scrutinized me with that odd intentness, as if to gage the likelihood of my understanding. It was evident that, believing as he did that his uncle had died in October, he had come to accept, as the only possible solution of his experience, what in spiritualistic parlance is called "spirit return." I sensed that he found in that belief a measure of reverential peace, if not of satisfactory comprehension. Know what I did (which was little enough, having to do for the most part with the bare facts of dates), his conviction was acutely distressing to me. How I was to acquaint him with the truth of the matter without inflicting a painful and perhaps a demoralizing physical shock was more than I could tell. In desperation I concluded that the wisest course lay in persuading him to tell his side of the story straight through, from start to finish, without comment, hoping that, once he had put it into words, I might catch at some clew, some slight opening, whereby I could cautiously prepare him for the correct knowledge of what actually did take place on the night of October the seventh.

"Do you know," his gaze wandered to the fire, "that after experiencing those moments of what, I suppose, one would call clairvoyance I have come to regard

our ordinary sight as but a poor, bungling affair, not even perfectly adapted to registering the perfectly obvious things about us."

I answered quietly, "Very likely you are right, although I can not affirm it first-hand. But your verdict is identical with that of other seers."

He did not reply. He lay relaxed in his chair, a fit of musing upon him. I, too, was silent. But though my tongue was without speech, my mind was not. Inwardly I was a maze of confused questioning. Thinking on the magnitude of mental energy that Selmin had displayed on that memorable night, I was disposed to believe that Horace had seen something that is not, perhaps, so uncommon a sight as we suppose: the apparition of a "ghost," a "double," of a living, human being, projecting out over space under the impetus of an unswerving, an imperious will.

But how to account for the sketches there before my bewildered eyes, or for the picture of which Horace spoke, I had not the remotest idea. Nothing that I could call to mind of the devious and uncanny ways in which psychic phenomena operated gave me any theory to go on.

You are possibly familiar with the daubs that go by the name "spirit pictures." I am unhappily so. I had the chastening experience of having to cultivate a certain group of people (Austrians, they were) who were hot upon the trail of the mediums who perpetrated execrable things. They were mad enough to buy them up, and at a good round price, too, whenever they could. I used to be called into consultation over them, ostensibly to give my "candid opinion," but as a matter of fact nothing so grievously honest was expected or desired of me. Quite the contrary. And I was supposed to be overcome at first sight with amazement at their perfections, and a veritable geyser for fulsome praise. Had there been nothing at stake save the amity of social relations I would have rid myself of their company in short order; but, as matters stood, I had to swallow my gorge as best I could, and keep my imprecations for the privacy of my own ears. The lithographs of any self-respecting advertisement board are better than the best of them, and as for their subject-matter, only a diseased imagina-

tion could conceive of the abominations.

These drawings, however much in the rough they were, belonged to an infinitely different category. They no more resembled "spirit pictures" than a diamond resembles bottle-glass. They were, I repeat, the work of Selmin Cardall, stamped to the least line with the distinguished something that was his genius. On that point, though on none other, my mind was clear.

While I puzzled over it, getting more befogged every minute, Timothy appeared, muffled to the eyebrows and bearing a generous armful of oak logs. "Snowing, sirs," he said, dextrously mending the fire; "I'll be about closing the shutters against the drifts."

He eyed me as he laid his mittened hand on the door. "You'll be staying the week, I'm thinking, Mr. Brewster, sir, what with the storm and all." I saw that he was hopeful about it. My staying would, automatically, shift the burden of responsibility from his shoulders, a responsibility far too heavy for a man of his age and untutored mind to assume. On the instant I made up my mind that when I went Horace should go with me, on some pretext or other. Timothy looked positively happy when I answered that, storm or no storm, I was not going to hurry away.

I strolled over to the east windows, scratching a place in the frosty glass through which to peer into the night. Truly, the snow had come; it slid down, a prodigious, skyey mass, while, all along the rock-bound shore, the ocean roared it a boisterous greeting, and, with the tiniest possible hiss and swish of icy crystals, element answered element in a mutual language. Once more I thanked the gods that I was not twenty-four hours later.

"Horace," I said, returning to the fire, and just touching his shoulder before dropping back into my comfortable chair. "Horace, I have something to tell you of those last days with your uncle in Paris." I spoke with deliberate care, hiding my eagerness to hear his story lest it awaken in him undue wonder. "But first won't you tell me exactly what you have seen in those clairvoyant visions and"—I indicated the sketches—"how *these* came to be?"

He sighed, a just barely perceptible

sound, but it was confession enough that he, poor lad, was glad to talk. That wife of his would have made a poor showing in the rôle of confidante if (but I could hardly imagine it) he had been disposed to make her one.

"I will. Indeed," he hesitated, "I *must* tell some one; some one who is likely to understand, who will not think me entirely mad, and who can advise me as to what I shall do about the picture. It belongs, not just to me, but to the world. Yet how . . . what . . ." He came to a complete stop.

I waited a minute, then ventured: "Take your time about it, Horace, but first hadn't you better start at the very beginning?"

He nodded, and presently tried again. "I was alone. Zida was . . . out. My nurse, a big fellow who lifted me around when I needed help, had gone to bed hours before in a room adjoining mine. I had fallen into a very good sleep. Sleep then was something to be sought with patience, and, once overtaken, to be clung to as a child clings to its mother. I couldn't then move about much, and the hours were interminable.

"It was, I think, getting on toward 1 o'clock when I woke, struggling, as I had come to do, against returning consciousness. But something imperative laid hold on me, commanding me to full alertness. I felt chilled to the bone, yet through my veins ran a golden singing, and there grew on me the sensation of motion, as though something moved back and forth in the room with a kind of rhythmical, rocking swing. Steadily it increased in speed. I was cradled in it; I yielded without struggle to its inevitableness. It was the pulse-beat of an ineffable energy, and in some occult fashion that energy was instilled into my body as surely, as definitely, as ever arterial blood is transfused from one human being to another. I felt within me a power the like of which I had never experienced. It unchained me, gave me wings. I could have shouted for sheer joy had I not feared that it would break the mysterious spell. It flashed over me that doubtless I had died in my sleep, and that this was the moment of awakening, freed of my enervated body.

"Carefully, slowly, I opened my eyes. By the bedside burned the night-lamp.

Beyond its tiny radius the room lay in darkness. Over the windows to the south the curtains were closely drawn, but through those open to the west came a glimmer of pale moonlight. Clearly I was not dead. I was a bit disappointed about it. Death seemed to me, just then, to be an adventure decidedly worth while, nor have I since seen any reason to alter my opinion.

"Though I now knew myself to be wide awake, the feeling of power, of exquisite well-being, did not diminish, and so unearthly sweet was the sensation that I no longer concerned myself as to its origin. And then, without the slightest warning, there came an instant of absolute loss of any sensation whatsoever. Afterward it occurred to me to liken it to being suspended between two worlds at that hypothetical distance where the gravitational pull of the one sphere was exactly counterbalanced by the attraction of the other. And I, equilibrated by them, was but an insignificant decimal, a point, having neither length nor breadth, nor thickness, but merely position in that boundless space.

"I suppose the condition did not endure more than a fraction of a second, but it seemed an eternity. It gave place to a terrific pounding of blood against my temples and in the upper part of my head. My whole body throbbed and jumped under the harsh vibration as does the floor directly under a whirling dynamo. The room became an utter blank before my eyes. Then, out of that void, I began to glimpse flashes of meteoric light. They revolved, a brilliant rim around a dark centre, rather after the fashion of a blazing pin-wheel. They showed forth and were gone, and showed forth again, churning the darkness. And then there appeared what I can only compare to a nebulous vapor. It became cohesive, as if mist turned into white cotton, and cotton solidified into a marble image that, fine for line, feature for feature, was the representation of my uncle. And then (it was as if all this was but the making of a necessary shell) through the image there shone the reality, the living, breathing reality of the man who was more to me than any one else on the earth. . . ."

His voice broke completely. He covered his face for an instant with a

shaking hand. I was more stirred than I can tell you. I, too, loved Selmin; loved him well. I did not venture to speak lest I should, inadvertently, block the flow of his reminiscence. The fore-log burst asunder, sending up a wild torrent of golden sparks. As if it were a signal for which he had waited, Horace resumed:

"To see him standing there and to know that he was alive, *alive*, at the very hour when, so I was notified later, he was called 'dead,' was in itself a wonder and a joy that carried me far past the confines of personal grief at losing his dear physical presence. For I felt, when I saw him that night, that to him, and not to me, as I had for a moment believed, had come—freedom. I understood, moreover, that I could never lose him in any real sense of the word; that, like the strange energy that was at once both within and without me, I was on the threshold of a new, a deeper and more satisfying intercourse with him. I was *myself* in that hour in a way that I had never been before; and I was more myself, for I felt that I was also an integral part of him as well. I can not hope to interpret it to you; I can not interpret it to myself, for that matter, but I feel it with every fibre of me. And it is not merely fancy; there are—results. . . ." He fell silent again.

I spoke quietly: "I believe I do understand, somewhat. But," here I threw caution to the winds, ignoring what hard experience had taught me: that a direct question is almost always fatal to the rehearsal of that which has to do with subliminal tracts of consciousness, "you have, you say, been conscious of his presence since then, but *have you seen him?*"

He frowned at that, as if my words recalled to him a by no means new problem. He spoke slowly, plainly groping for the right words: "I believe that I am always conscious of him, sometimes with a rush of that same unearthly power, but it is not so glorious; it is dimmed; it is as if . . ." He mused openly, trailing his thought with half-consciously spoken words, as men who are much alone get in the habit of doing: "As if it were receding, like a tide going out. I would like to go out with it, if I only knew how to do so. . . ."

"But, Horace"—I could not, for the

life of me, refrain from repeating my question—"have you *seen* your uncle since that night?" I felt that the clew to the enigma swung on the pivot of his reply.

"Twice, very plainly; once, when I could not be certain that it was he; I only felt a something in the room."

I ventured once more: "And that was—in October?" In my anxiety I fairly jerked the word.

He glanced at me, momentarily aroused from his reverie, and a bit puzzled at my question. But its significance, of course, escaped him. "Why, yes, in October."

I felt that I could not conceivably make any worse blunders than I had already done, so I asked another question, choosing the one uppermost in my mind as being also the one most likely to swing his attention back to the central idea: "Horace, you said, a while back, that your uncle showed you a picture and these sketches; *but who made them? Whose flesh-and-blood hand put them on canvas and paper?*"

He straightened in his chair, turning his full face to me. There was a blaze in his eyes not the reflection from the fire; it was perilously close to fanatical, yet there was also in it a certain noble serenity, the outshining of a very clean and candid soul. His words fell with a crisp definiteness, unlike those that had gone before:

"My hand made them. Yet they are as truly the work of Uncle Selmin as anything he ever put his hand to. Have I not tried to make plain to you that on that wonderful night he infused me, *stepped me*, with the power of his genius. I was the medium—hateful word!—for a work he longed to do when death cut him off from this physical world. I have done for him all I could do, but the picture is not finished, and the power . . . the power recedes." There was sheer anguish in his last words.

(To Be Continued.)

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald.*

HE COUNTED DEATH A VICTORY.

(Frank Putnam in St. Louis Mirror.)

Reedy "died" at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, July 28th, in San Francisco.

I talked with him at 3:30 o'clock Sunday morning, August 1st, in Milwaukee.

He came into my half-waking dream—call it that, if you like—clad as in life and prone upon a sable bier.

Just beyond the bier, at his left hand, was a wall and on the wall a tablet with names inscribed upon it.

As I stood at his right, looking sorrowfully down at my old friend, he lifted himself slowly on his left elbow, shaded his eyes with his right hand and peered at the tablet.

"Frank Putnam," he read, then turned to me with smiling face and gripped my right hand with his right hand.

"We'll settle it all in heaven, Frank," he said; "there 'aint no hell."

As he ceased speaking a lady whom I did not recognize materialized beside me, uttered a piercing shriek, and in a tone of mingled terror, disbelief, and frantic hope, exclaimed:

"Is he *alive* again!"

She then fell fainting on my left shoulder.

Reedy's gay smile faded into wistfulness; he gave me a last grip of the hand, saying:

"Aren't *they* hell, Frank?"

Then, releasing my hand, he eased himself down and fell asleep again.

Instantly wide awake, I got up and wrote this faithful narrative.

Its meaning? How should I know? I only know that others dear to me have similarly visited my dreams and talked cheerfully with me soon after their departure from this life. I believe little, disbelieve less. Certainly it was exactly like Reedy, ever the most considerate of friends, to drop in on his way to the Elysian Fields and give gay greeting to a long-time friend and fellow-worker.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCHERS' CREED.

I fully agree that the vast majority of the communications received through ordinary mediums are utter drivel; but then we psychical researchers do not believe that these "messages" emanate from

"spirits" at all in the majority of cases. They are the products of the medium's subconscious mind. Only very rarely are genuine traces of spirit communication obtainable, and every experienced psychical student would admit this. We psychical researchers have almost as great a quarrel with the spiritualists as we have with the materialistic scientists! We believe they are both wrong! One says "It is all fraud," and the other "It is all spirits." We do not believe this. We believe that there exist many genuine, supernormal phenomena of a remarkable character, well worthy of serious, scientific study and investigation. We believe that the majority of these are probably due to unknown biological and psychological powers within ourselves—while admitting that a certain small percentage of the phenomena point to the exercise of an independent intelligence—that is, a spirit. But that we should accept as Gospel everything coming through a medium is absurd. Of course, there is the temptation, when once one has been convinced of the reality of the spiritual world, and the possible—if rare—communication with it—to believe what comes from that source—i. e., what we are *told*. And it is these "statements" which have been woven into a new philosophy and a new religion. Personally, I think this premature. But "there are all kinds of minds to make a world," and we must not deny the right to any one else to believe what he chooses. Undoubtedly there is much fraud, error, and delusion in spiritualism. There is also in it a profound problem, calling for solution—and for the application of impartial, scientific, and critical methods of investigation.—*Hereward Carrington in Leslie's*:

Lord of a thousand worlds am I
And I reign since time began,
And night and day, in a cyclic sway,
Shall pass while their deeds I scan;
Yet time shall cease, ere I find release,
For I am the soul of man.

—Edward Carpenter.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Gift
SEP 20 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 34.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 21, 1920.

Price Five Cents

TESTING THE SPIRITS.

Among the almost innumerable books of so-called spirit communications that are now being given to a long-suffering world comes a volume entitled "So Saith the Spirit," by a writer who describes himself as "A King's Counsel" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The author tells us that every word of these communications reached him through one or other of his two daughters, who do not go into trance or any other abnormal condition. It may be said that these messages are of a high order as such things go. They are well expressed and usually dignified.

But the present object is not to review the book, but rather to call attention to one of its features and to answer one of its questions. In his first chapter the author presents his objections to the theory of the "Cosmic Memory," which has sometimes been advanced in explanation of spiritualist phenomena. Why, he asks, must we adopt an intricate and unproven theory, when a more simple and obvious one is available. But here are his words:

"That this theory—so novel and extravagant, and unsupported by any evidence—should have been seriously put forward shows how deep is the prejudice against adopting the simple, natural, and obvious explanation for these writings, that they are what they purport to be, messages from the spirits of persons who have passed from this life."

Now if this explanation were "simple,

natural, and obvious" it would doubtless be received without objections. But this is not the case. If these communications actually emanate "from the spirits of persons who have passed from this life," we should expect some sort of agreement as to the experiences that all must share, more or less in common. But there is no such agreement. The testimony is as wide apart as the poles. It is often contradictory to a most marked degree.

By way of example we may cite the strong repugnance toward reincarnation expressed by "A King's Counsel" and based, of course, upon the revelations of the "spirits." They will, it seems, have none of it. It is unnecessary and mischievous.

But we now turn to another volume that comes almost at the same time. It is entitled "Claude's Second Book," edited by L. Kelway-Bamber and published by Henry Holt & Co. Here, too, we have a collection of "spirit communications." They are equally well written and equally dignified. And they not only assert that reincarnation is a law of nature, but we may infer that all the "spirits" know it. By way of confirmation we may quote a few relevant sentences:

In the first place, you must understand he only returns to earth when, and if, he is ready and desirous of doing so. The higher guides in consultation decide on a suitable environment, and then explain and discuss their reasons with him; they also give him special teaching in company with others who are

ready to return also. When the time arrives and the physical body of the infant is in the early stage of its growth, the chosen spirit is sent to earth, where it remains in close juxtaposition with its future mother till by degrees the spirit becomes merged into her aura, and the "cord," which will ultimately connect the spirit with its new body, forms and, penetrating the mother's physical organism, attaches itself to the child. The spirit then gradually decreases in size (concentrates, as it were), and at the time of birth is suitable for the little body, which it envelopes and partly interpenetrates. The process is exactly the reverse in this one respect to that of a new soul, which has to grow from the "drop" I told you about, but is analogous in every other respect. From the time the spirit comes to earth for this reincarnation his spirit-mind becomes numbed and unconscious, and he awakes in the new body with a new consciousness, a "clean sheet," as it were.

Now, how shall we explain this direct conflict of testimony? If we are to place ourselves under the tuition of the "spirits"—and the "spirits" naturally think that we should—which "spirits" shall we choose for the purpose? Will they not make some effort to agree among themselves? At present they are in hopeless disagreement, not only in the matter of reincarnation, but in all other matters. What are we to do?

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

(By George Santayana.)

Among the blind, the retina having lost its function, the rest of the skin is said to recover its primordial sensitiveness to distance and light, so that the sightless have a clearer premonition of objects about them than seeing people could have in the dark. So when reason and the ordinary processes of sense are in abeyance a certain universal sensibility seems to return to the soul: influences at other times not appreciable make then a sensible impression, and automatic reactions may be run through in response to a stimulus normally quite insufficient. Now the complexity of nature is prodigious; everything that happens leaves, like buried cities, almost indelible traces which an eye, by chance attentive and duly prepared, can manage to read, recovering for a moment the image of an extinct life. Symbols, illegible to reason, can thus sometimes read themselves out in trance and madness. Faint vestiges may be found in matter of forms which it once wore, or which, like a perfume, im-

pregnated and got lodgment within it. Slight echoes may suddenly reconstitute themselves in the mind's silence; and a half-stunned consciousness may catch brief glimpses of long-lost and irrelevant things. Real ghosts are such reverberations of the past, exceeding ordinary imagination and discernment both in vividness and in fidelity; they may not be explicable without appealing to material influences subtler than those ordinarily recognized, as they are obviously not discoverable without some derangement and hypertrophy of the senses.

That such subtler influences should exist is entirely consonant with reason and experience; but only a hankering tenderness for superstition, a failure to appreciate the function both of religion and of science, can lead to reverence for such oracular gibberish as these influences provoke. The world is weary of experimenting with magic. In utter seriousness and with immense solemnity whole races have given themselves up to exploiting these shabby mysteries; and while a new survey of the facts, in the light of natural science and psychology, is certainly not superfluous, it can be expected to lead to nothing but a more detailed and conscientious description of natural processes. The thought of employing such investigations to save at the last moment religious doctrines founded on moral ideas is a pathetic blunder; the obscene supernatural has nothing to do with rational religion. If it were discovered that wretched echoes of a past life could be actually heard by putting one's ear long enough to a tomb, and if (*per impossibile*) those echoes could be legitimately attributed to another mind, and to the very mind, indeed, whose former body was interred there, a melancholy chapter would indeed be added to man's earthly fortunes, since it would appear that even after death he retained, under certain conditions, a fatal attachment to his dead body and to the other material instruments of his earthly life. Obviously such a discovery would teach us more about dying than about immortality: the truths disclosed, since they would be disclosed by experiment and observation, would be psycho-physical truths, implying nothing about what a truly disembodied life might be, if one were attainable; for a disembodied life

could by no possibility betray itself in spectres, rumblings, and spasms. Actual thunders from Sinai and an actual discovery of two stone tables would have been utterly irrelevant to the moral authority of the ten commandments or to the existence of a truly supreme being. No less irrelevant to a supramundane immortality is the length of time during which human spirits may be condemned to operate on earth after their bodies are quiet. In other words, spectral survivals would at most enlarge our conception of the souls physical basis, spreading out the area of its manifestations; they could not possibly, seeing the survivals are physical, reveal the disembodied existence of the soul.—*From "Little Essays."* Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE IDEAS OF PLATO.

Vast, huge, portentous, they loom
Behind the world of men, and things, and gods,

The Ideas:

Taller than the tallest stars,
They stand forever poised in that swift, ethereal stream

Which flows beyond the world's wall,
Beyond the moon and all the stars,
Beyond the heavens, the wheeling earths, and flaming suns;

Their shadowy brows are filleted with Eternity and Creation,

They were old when time began,
They will be old when time shall cease to be,
Bright, burning centres of all
From which all has come and all will come;
Flaming fountains of the ever-living thought,
To which the lesser—the Olympians—
Come pilgrim-wise to refresh their immortality.

The Ideas—The Archetypes:

The God-Idea—from which sprang all gods.
From that first, rude-fashioned, wooden thing
Which some savage man held up
Between him and the fury of the storm;
Until Zeus the Mighty, and Christ the Humble,
And Dionysos the Laughing—
And on from them

Into the shadowy groves of the future,
Where sleep all the gods to be,
All the gods which man shall waken,
One by one, up to the end of time,
And shall place, like a wall of shields,
Between himself and his hate of death.

For him who maketh no sacrifices
there is no part nor lot in this world;
how then shall we share in the other.
O best of the Kurus?—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

Some part of me, I dare say, knew all along what his answer would be. It offered the only possible solution (and, at that, a solution in name only) to a problem that multiplied its darkness as we advanced toward it.

I had heard—who has not?—of phenomenal creatures who, in an entranced condition, performed marvels of a musical nature, or conversed fluently in languages of which they had not the slightest knowledge in their normal state. I had even observed several of the most celebrated, and though I freely acknowledge that their performances were odd enough in all conscience, they did not, in my opinion, confirm the excellence that popular vote conceded to them. But, most assuredly, I had never laid eyes on a picture of any sort, painting, crayon, or pencil, which was executed by mediumistic processes that was other than a travesty of the art. Yet not even these, when unmistakably genuine, were inexplicable by the ordinary spiritualistic pattern. In fact, all the phenomena I had seen, whether good, bad, or indifferent, invariably impressed me as being the exuberances, the pathological sports, cast off in the workings of an inscrutable law.

In this connection I had many and many a time pondered a theory advanced by Lee Jordan. It had to do with the accepted theorem of the conservation of energy, applied in a plus-ultra fashion to the properties of the metaphysical world. Its fundamental concept was that thoughts, when definite enough to warrant the name, were so many congeries of energy that went to make up distinct entities, and that their life, or duration, was governed by the intensity of the master desire that called them into being.

Admitting the idea to be a reasonable one, it was easy to allow the consistency of the second postulate, which declared that during the physical life of their progenitor they gyrated about him in the orbital mode common to all satellites. The concluding inference being that when that attractional centre was disrupted by the physical change called death, the swarm of satellites became wanderers in the thought-universe. Then,

according to Jordan, just so long as their form, or anything approaching form, persisted they would be drawn irresistibly, as steel to magnet, toward those men whose master desires were in sympathetic agreement with their intrinsic nature. They were subject to the law of their affinities, exactly as, on a larger but not less definite scale, were the human recipients. And these recipients, who might or might not be conscious of the constantly operating law, were consistently reacting to it, their native worth enhanced, their lurking degeneracies swollen by the contact. I recollect that when I acknowledged, rather grudgingly, that the idea might contain the germ of truth, Jordan replied that science, having accepted as proved the hypothesis that thought is energy, would at no distant date discover for itself the rest of the occult tenet and herald it abroad with a flourish of trumpets. "For," said he (and this with a calm assurance that was disconcerting, to say the least), "science as the modern world knows it is but the classified fragments of an all but forgotten occult wisdom."

Setting aside that startling pronouncement (since it can neither be proved nor disproved), I had, as I said, found in the basic principles of his idea a great deal of food for reflection. I applied them now to the problem in hand with a measure of satisfaction. For I could not fail to perceive that genius, developing for itself one form after another, must necessarily in the process create thought entities of a vivid and enduring character. The genius of Selmin Cardall would be a case *par excellence*, since the richest gift of his rich art to the world was his astonishing ability to convey thought through the medium of his brush, and of awakening responsive thought in the mind of the beholder. Of modern sculptors perhaps two or three have achieved this beneficent necromancy; of painters, other than Selmin, none, at least in my opinion.

But how and under what law had this inmost essence of his genius, this brightest jewel of his dowry of the high gods, become, so to say, deflected from its parent source to enter the orbit of a lesser luminary?

I asked myself this question with no thought of depreciatory comparison of

Horace with his uncle in so far as the integrity and native nobility of their individual characters were concerned. The one was the stripling youth, the other the mature man, each with the worth and charm of his estate. My concern was with the open fact that while Selmin Cardall had had genius of a rare order, Horace Cardall had no genius at all, unless, and of this I was doubtful, his but lately developed talent was genius in the seed stage, and, in such case, destined to but meagre growth and no harvest at all, in so far as this life went.

What I learned from him that night, with what I pieced together in the light of subsequent events, confirmed my belief that Jordan's theory was probably a very nearly correct one. For I made use of the several propositions, exactly as we employ algebraic symbols, to the case in hand, and I found that they lead to logical deductions save in the one exception I have mentioned. Wherein lay the principle by which the giant sun had released its chief satellite that it impacted the smaller body? Or had the sun itself, plucked from its station in the heavens and hurled into the arc of a new and wider circle, drawn near the other, and, ere it swept past in headlong flight, ignited it to an all-pervading splendor?

Mental gymnastics (and I employed them with industrious humility), though they did give me a bit of ability, resulted in landing me, all unexpectedly and in somersault fashion, to a place of chasms over which intuitional conceptions, rather than intellectual calculations, must provide a bridge, if you were ever to get across. Moreover, that bridge, it appeared, could not be constructed by the engineer of mind, however great the technical skill; it had to be latent within one, and you spun it out of yourself at need, as a spider spins his web.

And as I had, alas, no capacity for building that sort of aerial suspension, nor the slightest intention of retracing my steps along that precipitous mental trail I had come, there was nothing for me to do save orientate myself to this mountainous region as expeditely as possible.

I suppose Horace was as candid with me, as free from mental reservations, as it is possible for one human being to be

with another. Yet, for all the will in the world to be meticulously truthful, it is, perhaps, only once in a thousand years, a dreary cycle of Cathay, that we meet with that one to whom we do, indeed, tell all, for the simple reason that in the nature of things there can be no barriers between us. The living essence of our being flows out to them and merges, like with like, as inevitably as does water with water. And that communion needs not the clumsy lumber-wagon piled with still more clumsy words.

But Horace's need of a confidant was very great, and I had, at any rate, the merit of being a sympathetic one. We talked, or rather Horace talked while I listened, until day began to struggle up the snow-smothered east. And then, before I allowed myself a brief nap, I took care to set down, while they were fresh in mind, certain things that he said which impressed me as having special significance. I copy them for your benefit.

"From the moment I saw the picture, there before me in the atmosphere, it was as if the womb of the ethers had become transparent; that I beheld that which was to be brought to birth, and that my inefficient hands were to be as those of a mid-wife, delivering the newly-born. How such a singular notion should have seized upon me, I can not for the life of me say. It was as foreign to my habits of thought as is the Hebrew language. But there was in it an authority and a finality that would not be gainsaid. Other thoughts, as strange as this, ran through my head while I lay, wide awake, impatient for the hour when I might, without arousing comment, summon my nurse, and, having gotten through the tedious massage he gave me each morning, I might get a servant to bring to me from the attic paraphernalia for painting stored there for Uncle Selmin's use and establish it in the north room, adjoining mine.

"There was not lacking a cynical counter-current of thought, reminding me of my mental and artistic poverty and of my physical weakness. How could such as I produce an even recognizable copy of that marvelous, if embryonic, picture? It warned me that I was most probably mad. I did not argue the point.

I thought it likely that I was already mad; but it was, at that, a madness I deliberately preferred to the restricting, light-cutting-off rationalities of the days that had gone before.

"I got at it before noon. No one thought it strange. It was taken for granted that I had found a way to amuse myself. Later my physician warned me against overdoing, and that was about all the comment that was ever made.

"I shall always remember the wave of despondency and of unreality that swept over me when, canvas mounted, palette and brushes beside me, I—waited. How had I come to dream that Uncle Selmin, past that bourne whence, I had hitherto believed, 'no traveler returns,' had really shown himself to me and instilled me with the idea that I had a commission to perform for him? And then, when doubt had all but broken me, it came . . . the winged power. It fused with me. There was no grandeur, no beauty, no wisdom, that was alien to me in that hour. As from incredible heights, I looked down on the accumulated knowledge of the ages and knew them for the a, b, c of a child's primer.

'For the veil between spirit and matter had disappeared. I perceived them to be but two modes of an all-pervading consciousness. I was made free of knowledge that I could not conceivably ever use, that I did not quite encompass intellectually, although I felt it to be related to a principle that was a primal, even a rudimentary condition of my being. I can not tell what that awful knowledge was, but I do know that my ordinary, everyday self shuddered away from it, and that another self leapt up to welcome the responsibility it brought.

"Then, in a breath, came that utter blankness and an immediate emergence, and I—my hand—began to move, to lay in the first bold lines of the picture I had seen.

"But though nerves and muscular system were the docile instruments that *the power* used, my mental integrity did not undergo the shadow of an obscuration. On the contrary it took on a temporary brilliance. As in the night, thoughts alien to me, poetic, powerful, strange, presented themselves with kaleidoscopic swiftness. I had the feeling of being myself and yet far more than myself; and

always the power was knit, indissolubly, with the thought of Uncle Selmin and the sense of his presence.

"The energy that flooded me during those hours left a healing residue. I grew noticeably stronger with each passing day. My sleep was dreamless, and invariably I awoke with the joyful sense of being once more a useful human being. It is not easy to adjust oneself to being—a clog. . . . I had been pretty rebellious about it.

"You may think it unnatural when I tell you that not once, all that month, did I mourn my uncle as dead. I did not have any feeling of separation from him. There were, it is true, moments when I was aghast at myself, when I felt that I must be living in an ecstatic delirium, that I was mad as no man before me had ever been mad, but one look at the picture was enough to contradict the idea; a disordered imagination could not produce what I saw there.

"I awakened one clear, cold morning with the conviction that some part of him had become one with me; that he was, literally and actually, within my physical heart. Afterward, when my hand mixed the paints, handled the brushes, I got more of the single-unit feeling that we have in using accustomed tools. There was a sense of coördination, rather than blind obedience. And the picture developed with incredible rapidity. . . .

"But there came a day when, for no discernible cause, I went completely lax, physically. I could not so much as lift my head from the pillow, and I would surely have cried like an hysterical woman if it had not been too much of an exertion. I lay and endured through ten dragging days, and then, as inexplicably and as suddenly as it had gone, a portion of strength flowed back into me.

"The picture was then well along, almost as you will see it. When I attempted to resume work, if you could call it that, I found that there was in me no facility for response to that august power, if, and of this I could not be sure, the power was there to respond to. I was like a man who had had a god-faculty loaned him only to be withdrawn with jealous haste, leaving in him a desolation and a void that nothing can fill and that no words may describe.

"For many days I hoped against hope

that the condition was but a physical one, and that if I could command myself I should presently be once more enwrapped and glorified by it. Again, I would feel that it had grown too utterly majestic for human recognition, however heightened by clairvoyant vision; that it had enormously diffused itself; that it had become as expansive as the ether and as incognizable.

"But if it were true that the vast and impersonal power had retired into its undiscrete state, it was also true that the dear, comforting presence within me remained constant. I came to understand that the presence *without* me was a fulcrum by which the power operated to perform the miracle of the picture, and that the presence *within* me was a channel for an ineffable *something* that communed with my heart with the immediacy and the loveliness of a sunbeam.

"It was, I believe, in that week that I felt rather than saw my uncle for perhaps the last time. . . . Until? I can not say. It may be well that he has gone far away from this earth. That he has crossed a divide over whose boundaries he may not return to me. But of one thing I am persuaded; there will be an interval of time, days, months, years—how should I know?—and then—I shall go to him.

"Never again, no matter how long that time of waiting shall be, will I attempt to compel him back, as, for a while, I deliberately tried to do, only to be overwhelmed with the sense of having ruthlessly aroused a tired man from trance-deep slumber, and that, although he arose at my bidding, it was as a sleepwalker, an automaton, the vital soul remaining apart, absorbed in the contemplation of I knew not what.

"I felt also that, in an hour that was gone and whose striking I could not definitely place, the power, so far as it had to do with me, had reached its culminating point, and thereafter each surge (supposing that I should be so fortunate as to be aware of them) would be like that of the outgoing tide, falling just short of that mark it had laved but a moment since.

"I dared but a few touches on the picture, and those were with a hand spasmodically galvanized to a false show of energy. I did a small cloud effect, a

singular thing that reminded me, when done, of a flock of low-flying birds. I was restless beyond endurance.

"Then, late in December, I got official word of Uncle Selmin's death. It was, in a way, a great relief to me. It furnished a reasonable excuse for the moodiness that, do the best I could, I was not able to entirely conceal. Zida wished to join friends in Florida, and no sooner she was gone than, in the face of Dr. Develin's wrath and poor Timothy's frantic dismay, I came here. It seemed to me that in this old house, that Uncle Selmin loved so well, I must determine two things: the first is the lesser, yet its immediacy is urgent. . . . What shall I do with myself? I must find a place and a work, however small. The power, though so far receded, has left, like the waters of a river, a deposit of silt. . . . The soil of my mind is more fertile than it was previously; it has to bring forth something or I will indeed, and that shortly, go mad. . . . The second, and because of its nature I shall be more grateful than I can say to you if you will give me the benefit of an impartial and a seasoned judgment, has to do with the picture. What shall be its fate? Is it to remain locked away or given to the world? And, if the latter, under what conditions? Who, if it were advisable to explain, would believe my story? Dare I send it out with no comment other than to say it is the last work of Selmin Cardall and unfinished as it is unsigned? Is it really of a technical excellence that would not shame his finest work? Of this I am in an agony of doubt. It seems to me that it is; but I am involved, hampered by lack of critical judgment, and I am also fearful that both my 'superstition' (though that is not at all the right word) and my affection combine to blind me to faults which may be obvious to any one else."

So much for the notes. I may as well confess, here and now, what is doubtless already plain to you: I had yet to break the truth to Horace. I acknowledge that I was a coward about it. But I could not help but feel that I had good excuse for not doing so, there in that desolate, snowbound place, with no possibility of summoning aid should the shock prove disastrous.

(To Be Continued.)

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—

I have been used to bear the load so long.

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road. . . ."

"Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood Straight-limbed and lithe, in newfound maidenhood,

Amid long, sunlit fields: around them sprang A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!" Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:

"Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:

"Knowest thou not this kingdom nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied; "but this I understand— That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:

"Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death."

—Charles Buxton Going.

If the student bears in mind that there is but One Universal Element, which is infinite, unborn, and undying, and that all the rest—as in the world of phenomena—are but so many various differentiated aspects and transformations (correlations as they are now called) of that One, from the macrocosmical down to microcosmical effects, from super-human down to human and sub-human beings, the totality, in short, of objective existence, then the first and chief difficulty will disappear and Occult Cosmology may be mastered.—*Secret Doctrine*.

From Gods to men, from Worlds to atoms, from a Star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being—the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, the links of which are all connected. The Law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem.—*Secret Doctrine*.

I was an ingenuous child, and received a good soul; nay, more, being good, I came into a body undefiled.—*Solomon*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Sal

GIFT
SEP 27 1920



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 35.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 28, 1920.

Price Five Cents

"A. E."

(Under the title of "Impressions of My Elders," Mr. St. John Ervine writes an article on Mr. George Russell in the August issue of the *North American Review*. The following extract from this article will be read with interest.)

▲. ■

But the Coöperative Movement did not absorb the whole of his energies. He is as many-sided a man as William Morris was, almost as many-sided as Leonardo da Vinci. His work on the *Irish Homestead* would seem to be sufficient to employ all the vitality of a healthy, active man, but "A. E." can not be contained within the pages of a weekly review, and so, while writing four or five pages every week of the finest journalism to be found in the British Islands, he has also produced seven remarkable books and painted many pictures, engaged in political and economic controversy, and sat as a member of the Irish Convention which endeavored, in 1917, to discover a solution of the Irish problem. In a strange and, to me, incomprehensible book, called "The Candle of Vision," he has wrought his mysticism to such a pitch of practicality that he is able to offer his readers an alphabet with which to interpret the language of the Gods! It manifests itself in some of his pictures, so that strange, luminous, and brightly-colored creatures are seen shining in some ordinary landscape, creatures that seemed to me, when I first saw them, akin to Red Indians. In everything that he

writes and does there is a consciousness of some spiritual presence, not the spiritual presence of the Christian theology, but that of the Pagan Legends. One night, in his house in Dublin, I drew the attention of a lady to one of "A. E.'s" pictures . . . a dark landscape, in the centre of which a very brilliant and beautiful creature was dancing. "A. E." turned to us and said, "That's the one I saw!" and I remembered the story I had been told earlier in the evening that he saw fairies, that he actually took penny-tram-rides from Dublin to go up into the mountains to see the fairies! I do not remember what the lady said, but I remember that she looked exceedingly astonished, and, indeed, I myself felt some astonishment. If Mr. Yeats had said that he had seen a fairy I should have smiled indulgently and should neither have believed that he had seen one nor that he himself believed that he had seen one. But while I do not believe that "A. E." saw a fairy, otherwise than in his imagination, I am certain that he believes he saw one, not as a creature of the mind, but as one having flesh and blood. He claims no peculiar merit for himself in seeing visions. "There is no personal virtue in me," he writes in "The Candle of Vision," "other than this that I followed a path all may travel, but on which few do journey." He tells his readers how they, too, if they have the wish, may see the things which he has seen, and he gives descriptions of some of his visions. People as

incredulous as I am can very easily dispose of "A. E.'s" visions as the fantasies of a man suffering perhaps from inadequate nourishment . . . for "A. E." was careless about his meals in those days . . . just as I dispose of the visions of St. Catherine of Sienna by attributing them to the feverishness of mind that comes to people who are starving themselves. Here is an account of one of his visions. You are to understand that it is not a dream such as you and I have when we are asleep, but something seen by a man who is awake at broad of day, something actual, something that you who read this might also see if you were to follow the path on which he has traveled:

So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of color as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it, but that it had never passed away from the world.

The Golden Age is here, at this moment, and all the noble creatures who filled it with chivalry and beauty are crowding about us. We have only to open our eyes and we shall see! . . .

Once, suddenly, I found myself on some remote plain or steppe, and heard unearthly chimes pealing passionately from I know not what far steeples. The earth-breath streamed from the furrows to the glowing heavens. Overhead the birds flew round and round crying their incomprehensible cries, as if they were maddened, and knew not where to nestle, and had dreams of some more enraptured rest in a diviner home. I could see a ploughman lift himself from his obscure toil and stand with lit eyes as if he, too, had been fire-smitten and was caught into heaven as I was, and knew for that moment he was a god.

It is very vague, the disbeliever feels, and there is nothing in it to make one accept it as a vision of a thing actually seen, rather than fancied; but there can be no doubt of the intensity with which "A. E." believes in the actuality of it. These visions of his form the foundation of his political and economic faith. He

advocates coöperative enterprise because he believes in his visions as actual happenings. In a poem called "Earth Breath" he says:

From the cool and dark-lipped furrows
breathes a dim delight
Through the woodland's purple plumage to the
diamond night.
Aureoles of joy encircle every blade of grass
Where the dew-fed creatures silent and enrapt-
tured pass.
And the restless ploughman pauses, turns, and,
wondering,
Deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a
king.

This verse is obviously a poetical account of the experience he underwent "on some remote plain or steppe," and the final couplet of it gives the explanation of his belief in democracy. If he had no faith in the god in man, if he were not certain that "the restless ploughman . . . deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king," he would probably offer his allegiance to autocracy and believe in government by a caste; but since he has seen visions and is convinced that there is a god in man, he can not be other than a democrat. All his political strivings have been directed towards making this "a society where people will be at harmony in their economic life," as he writes in "The National Being," and "will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will, by reason and sympathy, comprehend each other, and come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities, as in that multitudinous diversity which is the universe, powers and dominions and elements are balanced, and are guided harmoniously by the Shepherd of the Ages." Whether such a world, balanced in that way, can be rightly described as a democracy is not a matter on which I offer any opinion here, though it seems to me to be a very long way from what the common man considers a democracy to be.

REINCARNATION.

The soul of man
Is like the water,
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
It must back to earth,
Forever changing. —Goethe.

LEMURIA.

Another problem which will be dealt with by the Pan-Pacific Scientific Congress at Honolulu August 2d to 20th, according to W. A. Bryan, professor of Zoölogy and Geology, University of Hawaii, who arrived in San Francisco recently, is the truth or fallacy of the theory that at one time there was a great continent located in the Pacific Ocean and connected to the American continent. This has been a problem for discussion by scientists for the past generation, and according to some of the geologists all indications now point to the truth of the theory.

According to Bryan, who has devoted years to the study of the lands surrounding the Pacific Ocean, the indications now show a close connection between the flora and fauna of Chile, Juan Fernandez, Easter Island, and the entire Polynesian group. This connection is further confirmed by the affiliation of the fishes off the Chilean coast and those found in the waters surrounding the islands of the Pacific Ocean, which are, according to scientists, the peaks of a volcanic formation that at one time was the backbone of the lost continent.

In regarding the plant life of these islands Bryan says:

"Some of the plants found on these islands are a few surviving specimens of a life which became extinct before the American continent was even thought of. The one possible proof of this theory is to be found on 'El Yayunki,' an inaccessible mountain in Juan Fernandez, where the walls of the cliff fall away so sharp that a man can span the road on top of the ridge. The trip up this mountain is easy up to a certain point, where a mammoth boulder blocks the way. If it were possible for a man to get around this, the vegetation would probably be such as was on earth before civilization.

From my observations I am strongly convinced that at one time Chile and all the islands of the Pacific were parts of the same continent. The possible cause of the dropping away of this continent was that one time there was a great fault which slipped and broke off along the western coast of South America. This, in a manner, will account for the ragged coast line of Chile. I have worked on

this theory for years and am in hopes of soon proving it.

The Pan-Pacific Scientific Congress will hold its initial meeting under the direction of Dr. Herbert E. Gregory, active director of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, and according to Dr. Bryan the meeting has created international scientific interest. It is expected by the directors of the congress that all the nations bordering on the Pacific Ocean will send representatives.

MYSTICISM.

(The following is extracted from an essay on Mysticism which appears in "Letters to X," by the distinguished journalist, H. J. Massingham. The volume is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Personally I do not see why a belief in a plurality of lives, past and future, should not one day become of commonplace acceptance. The writers of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" and of "Evelyn Hope" were not censored for positively affirming it. Christianity indeed, while admitting the immortality of man, is reluctant to grant him preëxistence—as though this terrestrial life were his jumping-board into ether—or the abyss. But that conjecture is based on an ethical concept, and I see no reason why Christianity should not in time accept man's present span of years as a portion in a periodic mortality instead of conceiving it as an anticipation of a final eternity. Is the absolute of God disintegrated because the potential lot of man may be many lives rather than one life, many deaths rather than one death? Such a doctrine would not abolish, but postpone the ultimate consummation of man in God. Ah, what would not the generations of men give for an assurance that after multiple experience, after æonic pilgrimage, after the flux of centuries, after the defeats of the unconquerable spirit and the triumphs of immediate matter, they might in an undiscovered future more remote than death, more desirable than life, redeem the frustrations of their several efforts? But who is there, who has there ever been, so conscious of the unspeakable radiance of perfection that he can leap from the tomb of this present life full into the bosom of Abraham? . . .

That vast numbers have so believed is only another symptom of the ludicrous conceit of men, who actually deny a fu-

ture beyond death to the sinless and life-intoxicated birds and beasts, while complacently assuming it for their muddled and systematized selves.

SUMMER EVENING AND NIGHT ON THE LAKE.

Now toil quits his hammer,
The day that is over
Leaves the mountains to silence,
The woods to the plover,
The sky to the sunset,
The lake to her lover.

Now falls on her waters
The stillness of even,
And mirrored in splendor
The glory of Heaven.

No pomp of the sunset
Is lost in the wave,
It gives back to Heaven
The glow Heaven gave.

No tiniest cloudlets
Of purple and gold,
But revealed in that mirror
Their beauties unfold.

Now a hush that is sacred
Falls down with the night,
Unveiling new glories
That day hid with light.

Oh! wonder of wonders!
The Heavens afar
In the dark lake repeated
Shine there, star for star!

Arturus and Vega,
The Bear and the Crown,
The Eagle and Dragon
To the water come down.

A star in the Heavens,
A vast orb of flame,
A point in the water,
The light is the same!

O Father! Thy glory
Shines down on Thy child,
May my soul be a mirror,
Like this, undefiled.

And may man rise in pureness,
Birth gaining on birth,
Till no gleam of Thy glory
Is lost on the earth!

Then no star in Thy Heaven
Shall shine all unknown;
And the heart of Thy children
Shall come to its own!

—From *"The Heaven of the Moon,"* by
Samuel R. Calthrop.

Life and death are found in our living
even as in our dying.—*Heraclitus.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

The blizzard raged all the following day, but as night came on it began to clear. Horace had slept most of the day, the sleep of complete nervous exhaustion. I had plenty of opportunity for reflection, although I can not say it led anywhere save to strengthen my resolve to get him away from that place at once.

Wildly improbable as his story had been, I did not for a moment doubt his sanity. But I could not fail to see that a nervous crisis was inevitable; that it had already gathered considerable momentum, and that unless some way should be found whereby to slacken the tension to normal, the result was bound to be tragic.

He was pitifully eager to see the picture, which, in its unfinished condition, he had left in his Chicago house. Somehow, I must manage the trip, though it would have to be a hurried one, for there were any amount of matters awaiting my attention in New York. As I pondered the situation it occurred to me that I might use it as a valid excuse for persuading him to return with me and stay at my quarters until such a time as I should be free to accompany him West. The idea was doubly attractive to me, for it would make it possible to place him for a while under the close observation of a very famous alienist who was also my personal friend and a man to whom I might with confidence make a clean breast of the matter without running the danger of being myself hastily consigned to the first lunatic asylum.

I broached the plan that evening. To my relief, he fell in with it almost at once. As for Timothy, his joy was without bounds. He was up at daybreak, busy with fires and breakfast before setting out, the Dane to heel, to secure a sleigh for us, since no machine could have plowed through the drifts. For this he had to go all the way to Salem, and we had decided that he should remain there the night, returning early the next morning that we might make the noon train out of the city.

The day passed quietly. Horace complained of a neuralgic head, so I did what I could for him with the few drugs I carried for my own convenience. Toward

evening he felt somewhat relieved, but not at all disposed to talk. He did not evince the slightest interest in, if indeed he remembered, my saying that I had something to tell him of those last days of his uncle's life. For this I was thankful, since it seemed to me that there was nothing more to be said until I, on my part, should put my narrative side by side with his. And this I had determined not to do until I had conferred with the alienist, Dr. Barde. I simply refused to assume the responsibility. I may add that today I am very glad that I did shirk it, if shirking it was. His nervous exhaustion was still extreme, and I got him to bed early in the evening, assuring a good night's rest by an efficient sedative.

We made the trip without inconvenience, although New York State also lay in the grip of a belated winter storm. A week passed, then two. It seemed to me Horace regained a measure of nervous stability, but of this I could not be quite sure. I knew it might be a false stimulus due to the anticipation to which he was keyed. Although not by word or look did he betray impatience to be on the way to Chicago and the picture, I could easily surmise it. Indeed, his very repression told the story. I made all possible haste with my work, which developed that exasperating perverseness of which inanimate things are capable on occasion.

I had, of course, immediately hunted up Dr. Barde. I understood and promptly forgave the astonished and professional scrutiny he bent upon me as I rehearsed for him the entire affair with all possible accuracy, supplementing memory by reference to my diary notes and comments; comments, by the way, I had a feeling were absurd when I set them down, but for which I have since had every reason to be thankful. For, in the perspective of time, their (then) incoherent and fragmentary character has taken on a mosaic preciseness. They have become the minute and wholly appropriate items of a pattern whose enormity was overpowering and stupefying, viewed at close range.

Dr. Barde's professional interest was keenly aroused, and, to my intense satisfaction, he and Horace got on famously well together as man with man. For I had grown to care a great deal for the

boy, and I found (rather to my sheepish amusement) that I had become his uncompromising champion. Henceforth, nobody might with impunity declare in my presence that he was in any way "queer" or unbalanced. His extraordinarily prepotent organism might, and undoubtedly was, perilously close to the point of collapse, but that he was mentally deranged, or even morbid, I would not allow. I am glad to say that Dr. Barde's judgment fully supported mine. And while, like myself, he awaited additional evidence before making other than a tentative hypothesis of the case, disbelief or derision was far from his mind. I remember his quoting, with that judicial acumen I had always admired in him, a pregnant paragraph from Myer's classic "Human Personality":

"The word *normal* in common speech is used indifferently to imply either of two things; conformity to a standard and position as an average between extremes . . . as when we say a gas is of normal density, a sovereign of normal weight. But when we come to living organisms, a new factor is introduced. Life is change; each living organism changes; each generation differs from its predecessor. *To assign a fixed norm to a changing species is to shoot point-blank at a flying bird.* The actual average is no ideal standard; rather, the furthest evolutionary stage now reached is tending, given stability to the environment, to become the average of the future. Human evolution is not so simple or so conspicuous a thing as the evolution of the pouter pigeon."

It was a point whose application was well taken. We know so little of the arcana that lies nascent in the human ego that it is merely presumptuous to assume that, because a man gives evidence of faculties that are strange to us, he is, therefore, insane. But we are not, let it be set down on the credit side of the balance sheet where. Heaven knows, the entries are none too numerous, quite as ready to do so as was a previous generation. It is no longer the fashion to write voluminous treatises purporting to prove that genius is identical with madness. We do not commit the folly of confusing the graciously bearing fruit tree with its distorted reflection in the stagnant pool.

Dr. Barde managed to be with Horace every day for an hour or so, watching

him with that covered and scrupulous care he could so well command. And although Horace knew that he was a physician and my good friend he did not know, and we took every care that he should not discover, that he was far from being the general practitioner he supposed him to be.

I was about the transport docks a good deal of the time. Although it was now April and five months since the armistice, the overseas men were still coming home; the stream was unceasing. I had supposed that I knew war in its last, sickening detail, but I tell you this: the monster, feeding, is not so evil a spectacle as that same monster sluggish, sleepy, from fat gorging, its lidless eyes watching, indifferent, the horde of its bruised victims making their desperate, maimed escape. . . . Let them go. In a few years there would be fresh booty, and the creature's body, grown elongated, would span the world, and then, sliding over its rotundity as a hoop turns about a ball, it would take, at last, its sanguine fill.

Nor is this prophecy a morbid one, unless it is also morbid to insist that one and one make two. We who saw war first hand and are living through its fevered aftermath are thoroughly well aware that abiding peace is not compelled at the point of a victorious sword any more than it can be legislated into being. Cause will continue to produce effect like unto itself, and no wizardry shall ever graft the fig upon the thistle. Neither God nor nature will connive with us to avert our just deserts, nor will the wind of our gusty prayers, sent up in our last extremity, so much as disturb the ashes of a too late penitence from our heads.

You who were in London know only too well the terrible sights that met my eye on every hand. Perhaps that which I encountered would have passed all but unnoticed in London, because the edge of human sensibility had become dulled by the bludgeon of constant repetition and by continual repressions. I would have you take particular note of this last point, for I believe it to be a vital one. It would appear that man has come bitterly to resent the chaos of bewilderment into which he is plunged at first compulsory sight of conditions-as-they-are, rather than as he has chosen to believe them to

be. He has accustomed himself to be observant only to the shifting shadows of unrealities, and he has used the vaguely pretty fancies they have bred in him to gild the multitudinous gates of that hell which is not so much a place as a condition, and, moreover, a condition that hems him around here and now, and into whose unspeakable depths he will have one day to descend, there to search out and to disentangle, one by one, the complicated and tenacious roots of a consciousness he has deliberately allowed to sink therein.

But we pay the price of our moral inhibitions, and it is a grimly appropriate one: it is that we can not easily distinguish between simple truth and its crafty perversions; therefore our bewilderment. We invariably mistake the age of uneasy conscience for the exalted fervors of a holy zeal, and there develops an epidemic of reforms and emotional conversions, a score pseudo-philosophies spring up over the length and breadth of the land. But the sudden fever abates; we sink still further into that apathy from which we were temporarily roused, and we never dream that each impetus, distorted though it immediately became, stood as the inexorable warning, the Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, upon the walls of our individual and national consciousness.

Yet it seems the things I beheld on those long piers would, given one-tenth part the publicity that is accorded the visiting prince, the beautiful divorcee, crime and scandal of all description, awaken the world to a startled realization of the quality of energy its dynamos of hates and greeds are beginning, once again, to gather and to store against an inevitable Armageddon of which this last war has been but the first, dread tocsin.

I saw men—bodies—mere trunks with heads, carried ashore in baskets, as Chinese coolies carry their wares. Men with faces that, spite of all plastic surgery could do, were frightful; the artistry of too great a fidelity, the coloring too perfect.

And, as if horrors would never end, all through the winter months and into the spring came the Spanish influenza, trailing the returning soldiers as hounds the fleeing quarry. It was a miasma in the air. Crocus and lilac were for sale at the flower stands, but still the city muffled

itself in thick gauzes, and death ran, untiring, on the heels of alarm, snatching its devastating toll.

Those were decidedly not the days when one craved leisure. To work until one fell asleep, almost at one's post, was a preferable fate. How Horace stood his enforced inaction I really don't know. He did, of course, those various things a man tied to his chair may do, but even so there were long hours when he was compelled by sheer weakness to lie quiet, with empty hands. I was truly thankful when I came to that place in my affairs where I saw that a few hours in Washington would set me free for the time being. I made reservations straight through to Chicago for Horace on the following Monday, planning that my arrival should practically coincide with his.

"And it's glad I am to see you go," said Dr. Barde, the "drap o' the Irish" showing broadly through his speech, as it always did when he was deeply interested or moved, "for the sooner the lad sets eyes on that picture you tell about, the better 'tis going to be. He'll be bound to see it clearer now, after these weeks away, and it may be that he'll think it the merest daub. And how can it help but be that, man, dear, how can it help but be?"

I held my tongue. I had seen those wonderful sketches; the doctor had not; yet in me anticipation warred with doubt, and doubt was considerably uppermost.

"But," he went on, "if you believe it good, then go to old Alton, he's living in Chicago now, and take him to see it. The name Cardall will be all that's needed to arouse his interest. And it's he 'twill know, and that in the wink of an eye, whether it is the Cardalls' work or not. Holy saints, and did you hear me then? 'The Cardalls' work!' Of course it isn't. It can't be."

You see the spell had extended to him also. I had, it seemed, been more convincing than I knew, and honest conviction is always more or less contagious.

I had met Alton somewhere or other. I remembered him as a very dour old gentleman who was both hated and revered by every artist of reputation. For he was *the* critic of critics, and if his word was an open sesame, it was, also, an anathema of crushing finality. Yes; he would know. And the picture would have to be remarkable to the last degree

before I would willingly subject it to his merciless, shrewd eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

Roosevelt Speaks.

The American Metaphysical Association of Sioux City, whatever that may be, has published a volume entitled "Post-Mortem Opinions, by Theodore Roosevelt," written down by one Augusta Erwin under the influence of her spirit control. Everybody on earth was writing a book about Colonel Roosevelt, so it is not altogether surprising that the spirits are trying it. The publishers do not go so far as to say that the spirit in question is the late Colonel; they merely say he says he is the Colonel, and "this volume is the only proof we have to offer."

The Kansas City *Star* thinks, and we agree, that the "proof" need be studied no further than this sentence: "I want to thank the sincere friends who wept for my departure from amongst their midst." Whatever is in the rest of the book, that alone ought to disqualify it. But there will be those who believe; there are those who believe anything, particularly if it purports to come from the other world.

Nor does there seem to be any way of protecting the illustrious dead. The ouija board, or some other medium, brought down to us a book which purported to be by the ghost of Mark Twain, and which seems to have been poorer stuff than the worst work of the living Mark, which was bad enough. If we believed these reports from the "other side," the intellectual life there must be about as unsatisfying as are those physical comforts with which some optimistic spiritualists have tried to reassure us. Sir Oliver Lodge tells of celestial cigars made out of "some sort of essences," but there seems to be none of the essence of Colonel Roosevelt in these "Post-Mortem Opinions."—*New York Times*.

The real spirit which comes to itself in human consciousness is to be regarded as an impersonal pneuma—universal reason, nay, as the spirit of God Himself; and the good of man's whole development, therefore, can be no other than to substitute the universal for the individual consciousness.—*Fichte*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
SEP 27 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 36. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 4, 1920. Price Five Cents

A GLANCE INTO DARWIN.

The writings of John Burroughs have recently shown a distinct advance toward the theosophical position, a willingness to break away from scientific orthodoxies and to estimate the phenomena of nature at their true values. Of this we have no better example than his "A Critical Glance into Darwinism," which appears in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

How comes it that the world is so liberally stocked with living things, and of such an infinite variety. Ages ago there was no such variety and the forms of life were different. There we have the riddle of evolution. What was that force that molded the new forms from the old ones, that created so vast a diversity? Darwin taught the doctrine of natural selection to account for these phenomena, but he would not admit that there was any predetermining factor, any innate tendency toward progressive development. And yet he hesitated to look upon the world of living things as the result of chance:

That life with all its myriad forms is the result of chance is, according to Professor Osborn, a biological dogma. He everywhere uses the word chance as opposed to law, or to the sequence of cause and effect. This, it seems to me, is a misuse of the term. Is law, in this sense, ever suspended or annulled? If one chances to fall off his horse or his house, is it not gravity that pulls him down? Are not the laws of energy everywhere operative in all movements of matter in the material world? Chance is not opposed to law, but to design.

Anything that befalls us that was not designed is a matter of chance. The fortuitous enters largely into all human life. If I carelessly toss a stone across the road, it is a matter of chance just where it will fall, but its course is not lawless. Does not gravity act upon it? does not the resistance of the air act upon it? does not the muscular force of my arm act upon it? and does not this complex of physical forces determine the precise spot where the stone shall fall? If, in its fall, it were to hit a bird or a mouse or a flower, that would be a matter of chance, so far as my will was concerned. Is not a meteoric stone falling out of space acted upon by similar forces, which determine where it shall strike the earth? In this case, we must substitute for the energy of my arm the cosmic energy that gives the primal impetus to all heavenly bodies. If the falling aerolite were to hit a person or a house, we should say it was a matter of chance, because it was not planned or designed. But when the shells of the long-range guns hit their invisible target, chance plays a part, because all the factors that enter into the problem are not and can not be on the instant accurately measured. The collision of two heavenly bodies in the depth of space, which does happen, is, from our point of view, a matter of chance, although governed by inexorable law.

The forms of inanimate objects—rocks, hills, rivers, lakes—are matters of chance, since they serve no purpose; any other form would be as fit; but the forms of living things are always purposeful. Is it possible to believe that the human body, with all its complicated mechanism, its many wonderful organs of secretion and excretion and assimilation, are any more matters of chance than a watch or a phonograph is? Though what agent to substitute for the word chance, I confess I do not know. The short cut to an omnipotent creator sitting apart from the thing created will not satisfy the naturalist. And to make energy itself creative, as Professor Osborn does, is only to substitute one god

for another. I can no more think of the course of organic evolution as being accidental in the Darwinian sense than I can think of the evolution of the printing press or the aeroplane as being accidental, although chance has played its part. Can we think of the first little horse of which we have any record, the eohippus of three or four million years ago, as evolving by accidental variations into the horse of our time, without presupposing an equine impulse to development? As well might we trust our ships to the winds and waves with the expectation that they will reach their several ports.

This is good, although Mr. Burroughs seems to take a good deal for granted. Can we impute design to the end of a journey and not to the steps by which that end is attained? Can we admit chance to any part of a programme that was intended, foreseen, and achieved? If I intend to visit New York, and do so, surely I must be considered to have intended every incident of the normal journey. Those incidents may not enter my awareness or consciousness, but I can not exclude them from the intended journey of which they form an inevitable part.

Mr. Burroughs' illustrations are not quite felicitous. He does not go deeply enough into cause and effect. Thus he speaks of "carelessly" tossing a stone, and he says it is a matter of chance where it falls. There at once he admits the element of consciousness and of will. How does it come that he tosses a stone "carelessly"? There are those whose peculiar characters never allow them to do anything carelessly. A thousand factors of character and consciousness enter into that simple picture of the carelessly thrown stone. And character is no more than the habit acquired by repeated exercises of will, and it is just as much displayed by the trivial acts of life as by the weighty ones. Mr. Burroughs might reflect on the possibly profound meaning of the assurance that "the hairs of your head are all numbered." Mr. Burroughs seems to see this clearly enough, for he goes on to say:

While I can not believe that we live in a world of chance, any more than Darwin could, yet I feel that I am as free from any teleological taint as he was. The world-old notion of a creator and director, sitting apart from the universe and shaping and controlling all its affairs, a magnified king or emperor, finds no lodgment in my mind. Kings and despots have had their day, both in heaven and on earth. The universe is a democracy. The Whole directs the Whole. Every particle plays its own part, and yet the universe is a

unit as much as is the human body, with all its myriad of individual cells, and all its many separate organs functioning in harmony. And the mind I see in nature is just as obvious as the mind I see in myself, and subject to the same imperfections and limitations.

But if "every particle plays its own part" and the "universe is a unit" how can it be said that the carelessly thrown stone falls by chance, any more than that my heart beats by chance simply because I do not consciously control its beats.

Mr. Burroughs disavows mysticism and then proceeds to declare himself a mystic of the first water. He says: "I am persuaded that there is something immanent in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants—a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence." That is precisely what the mystic is. That is all that he is. Saul also is among the prophets, although he may deny it:

When we deny God it is always in behalf of some other god. We are compelled to recognize something not ourselves from which we proceed, and in which we live and move and have our being, call it energy, or will, or Jehovah, or Ancient of Days. We can not deny it because we are a part of it. As well might the fountain deny the sea or the cloud. Each of us is a fraction of the universal Eternal Intelligence. Is it unscientific to believe that our own minds have their counterpart or their origin in the nature of which we form a part? Is our own intelligence all there is of mind-manifestation in the universe? Where did we get this divine gift? Did we take all there was of it? Certainly we did not ourselves invent it. It would require considerable wit to do that. Mind is immanent in nature, but in man alone it becomes self-conscious. Wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there is mind.

But how can there be a universal mind without a universal will and a universal design? Why does Mr. Burroughs introduce chance where there is no room for chance? There is a legal adage, and a good one, that he who wills the end wills the means. How can we have a mind "immanent in nature" and at the same time postulate a chance that is the negation of mind and design.

Speak to Him, thou, for He heareth, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
Than hands and feet. —*Tennyson*.

Time runs away with all things, including the mind.—*Virgil*.

ETHERIC VIBRATIONS.

(The following is extracted from a novel entitled "The Flying Legion," by George Allen England, published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The captain of a new and colossal airship explains to a guest some of the obscure laws of sound and color that give him command over the forces of nature.)

"Vibration, *mon cher monsieur*," said he, "is everything. According to the researches of the Ecole Polytechnique, in Paris—no doubt you, yourself, have studied there, *n'est-ce pas?*—vibration of the first octave from 2 to 8 per second, give us sense-impression. From the fourth to the fifteenth octave, 16 to 32,768 per second, we get sound. The qualities of the 16th to the 24th are—or have been, until I investigated—quite unknown. The 25th to the 35th, 33,554,432 to 34,359,738,368 vibrations per second, give us electricity. Thence to the 45th, again unknown.

"The 46th to the 48th gives us heat. The 49th gives light. The 50th, chemical rays, vibrating 1,125,899,906,842,624 per second. The 51st to the 57th have never been touched by any one save myself. The X-ray group extends from the 58th to the 61st octave. The 62d, with 4,611,686,427,389,904 vibrations per second, is a field where only I have worked. And beyond these, no doubt, other octaves extend with infinite possibilities.

"You will note, *monsieur*," he continued, while the dun penumbra still more and more withdrew him from Leclair's sight, "that great lacunæ exist in the scale of vibratory phenomena. Some of the so-called lower animals take cognizance of vibrations that mean nothing to us. Insects hear notes far above our dull ears. Ants are susceptible to lights and colors unseen to our limited eyes. The emperor-moth calls its mate—so says Fabre—by means of olfactory vibrations totally uncomprehended by us. The universe is full of hues, tones, radiant phenomena that escape us, because our senses are not attuned to them."

Steadily he spoke, and steadily the humming drone that filled the cabin kept its undertones that lulled, that soothed. The Frenchman, staring, hardly breathed. Rigid he sat and pale, with sweat now slowly guttering down his face, his jaws clamped hard and white.

"If the true nature of the universe could suddenly be revealed to our senses,"

went on the Master, now hardly more than a dull blur, "we could not survive. The crash of cosmic sound, the blaze of strange lights, the hurricane forces of tempestuous energies sweeping space would blind, deafen, shrivel, annihilate us like so many flies swept into a furnace. Nature has been kind; she has surrounded us with natural ray-filters of protection."

His voice now seemed issuing from a kind of vacancy. Save for a slight darkening of the air, nothing was visible of him. He went on:

"With our limited senses we are, in a way, merely peeping out of little slits in an armored conning-tower of life, out at the stupendous vibratory battles of the cosmos. Other creatures, in other planets, no doubt have other sense-organs to absorb other vibratory ranges. Their life-experiences are so different from ours that we could not possibly grasp them, any more than a blind man could understand a painting.

"Nor could those creatures understand human life. We are safe in our own little corner of the universe, comfortably sheltered in our vestments of clay. And what we can not understand, though it is all perfectly natural, we call religion, the supernatural, God."

From a great vacancy, the Master's words proceeded. Leclair, tugging in vain at the bonds that, invisible yet strong as steel, held him powerless, stared with wild eyes.

"There is no supernatural," said the now disembodied voice. "What we call spirit, psychic force, hypnosis, spiritualism, the fourth dimension, is really only life on another scale of vibration. If we could see the whole scale, we would recognize it as a vast, coherent, perfectly natural and rational whole, in which we human beings fill but a very insignificant part. That, *monsieur*, is absolutely true!"

Combining the testimony of all these facts, we are bound to admit that there prevails in organic nature a law of septiform periodicity, a law of completion in weeks.—*Grattan Guinness*.

The most difficult and obscure of the holy books contains as many secrets as they do words, concealing many things even under each word.—*St. Jerome*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

Up to the very hour of leaving New York I had been dogged by the uneasy conviction that farther tragedy centered about that strange picture, but, once on my way to Washington, it ceased to trouble me.

I had left the capital and was en route somewhere in Indiana when I received the telegram from Dr. Barde saying that Horace was ill with the influenza, but that it was his wish that I continue on to Chicago, and that the studio key was being forwarded to his home, where the caretaker had been notified to expect me. Also he asked that I see the picture as soon as it was possible to do so following my arrival and that I wire my decision as to its merits. And to this message Dr. Barde added, on his own account, a plea that I make the utmost haste about it, since the mental suspense under which Horace labored was a most disturbing complication to his physical ailments. I did not need the admonition, for by the nature of my own anxiety I could judge somewhat of his, and I had no intention of prolonging it for one unnecessary moment.

There was an aggravating washout: in consequence the train was some five hours late, and it was midnight before we pulled in at the city's terminal. And so it came about that the key, coming by a different route, arrived the next morning, along with the earliest mail.

The Lake Shore mansion was just such a flamboyant affair I had foreseen that the daughter of the dealer in bucket-shop commodities would be likely to choose. I did not wonder that Horace fled from it at the first opportunity. But his own rooms, where I was domiciled, were good, uncluttered man-rooms.

It was, for Chicago, an unusually clear morning. Much too bright I thought, irritably, remembering what unkind tricks a cold light can play with even a Rembrandt. For the hour had come when I must uncover the picture. I stood at the window, key in hand, along with a hardly legible note from Horace: "You know you are to tell me exactly what you think of it. And won't you, please, hurry?"

Well, as of course, my verdict, for

whatever it was worth (and Horace was putting, I was afraid, much too high a value upon it), must be a scrupulously truthful one. Simple decency demanded that. I had accepted the responsibility and I must not shirk the disclosures, however disquieting, it might bring. Also I must get at the business at once. For I knew that even a blunt "It is not good" would be far preferable to silence.

But acknowledgment of a duty and performance of it are by no manner of means coincidental, as most of us have discovered to our chagrin. I found that something in me, at once infinitely small and infinitely obstinate, seemed actually to get a perverted pleasure out of swinging toward the extreme of unverified doubt on the one hand and of equally unsupported credulity upon the other, and that it balked stubbornly at the prospect of being brought up short before such evidence as should verify the one attitude and nullify the other, so putting an effectual stop to its agitated circumgyrations.

And with the moment of necessity upon me (and as if to acquaint me anew with my inmost weaknesses) doubt drove its bared fangs deep into me, and a subtle, orthodox superstition that I had supposed entirely, even contemptuously, eradicated from my mind now rose up nightly in the guise of an angel with a flaming sword, while, to make the formidable triadic complete, personal sentiment plead with me not to risk too critical an exposure of the facts of the case. It might only too easily result in demolishing that super-niche I had, more or less unconsciously, erected to the memory of Selmin Cardall. And I so much preferred to believe that to him it was given to perform miracles. Only I did not relish the idea of subjecting them to a minute examination; they might prove to be a woefully minus quantity.

If we are prone to ignore unpleasant revelations that have to do with our living friends, how much more prone we are to draw (and without the slightest regard for the facts) a magic wand over all that concerns our dead. Under its rich illusion the meanest slave becomes an Aladdin, and the least utterances of his untutored tongue take on a profound and cryptic meaning. And Selmin Cardall, as all the world knows, was a veri-

table Aladdin in life, very busy indeed with his wonderful lamp, and he was given to silence rather than to much speech, which uncommon trait gave, in itself, some warrant to the suspicion that when he did speak it was worth while to give his words close attention.

There is, for me at any rate, in the wry cup of uncertainties the residuum of a counter-irritant, which, having drunk, stimulates in me a kind of ironical abandonment to the situation. Since nothing objective can possibly be worse than the subjective torments that have accompanied my wearisome debating, I dare—the worst. It is not courage; it is a species of recklessness plus utter disgust at my vacillations. Unfortunately (since it might ease one's conscience a bit) one can not trot about the world explaining this. But this is a wide digression. And yet I do assure you that, although circumstances have driven me to do many things, no one of them was more difficult than the simple turning of that key in the studio door.

The windows of the room faced north. It was without furniture save a table, a swivel chair, and a large easel on which was mounted a covered canvas. I swept aside the protecting cloth.

Turn, if you will, to those pages wherein I have set down, as best I could from memory and notes, all that Selmin had said on that night of October 7th, a night that henceforth I must believe was truly pentecostal.

For the tremendous theme he had outlined to us in flaming, audacious sentences was there, on that canvas, depicted with an authority nothing short of majestic.

True, the picture was unfinished, but it may be that its singular effect was thereby intensified. Observing its bold immensity, its structural *rightness*, one got the impression that it was like a world, still in the process of becoming under the fiat of a Being from whose lips the echoes of a thundered "And let there be . . ." had not yet died away.

On the grim flank of a peak whose single spear-point splintered the flaming aura of the sun was stretched the chained Prometheus. The outlines of the noble head were just discernible through the ineffable radiance shed upon it from

above. For the point of that soaring rock was the apex of a pyramid over whose triangular sides poured the torrential, golden cataracts of heaven. Yet that divine veil did no more than serve to make it possible to sustain the compassionate, fathomless gaze with which the Son of Eternity looked out upon the bound-slaves of Time.

But if that wondrous pinnacle focused refulgent light, wherein, heart of its hearts, essence of its essence, shone the eternal symbol of the Ones who lay their god freedom by to become the saviors of men, its spatial base was wrapped in curds of terrific darkness. Here, indeed, were "wells without a bottom; clouds, carried by a tempest, for whom the abode of darkness is reserved forever." And in that appalling blackness lurked an energy that churned the murk into endless convolutions. And the dank spume, rocketing upward, turned into hail in the icy air and, falling, wreaked its million-fingered vengeance on the naked body of the patient god.

And strangely, awfully, as one contemplated those masses of lurid gloom, yes, even as one shrank away from them, as from the immediate edge of an abyss, a nameless thing that sleeps within some devious recess of the human mind awoke, arrogant, powerful, whispering "These be the kingdoms, these the principalities; now throw yourself down that steep, steep place." For that darkness was the glyph of all evil, and by that consorting thing within the mind its meaning found interpretation. It—tempted.

There are one or two statues the world is not the better for having. There is a building whose white columns, seen in the flooding moonlight, are like so many stately angels, standing with folded wings; but the aisles of that building are the jungle and its altar is death. There are certain stupefying odors, as there is a drug and there is music, that do but stand as this one glyph. But never before had I observed that insidious, morality-nullifying effect presented on canvas. (Unless I except the overrated smile of the Mona Lisa and the portrait of a mediæval chemist standing in his laboratory holding an unstoppered crystal phial in (oddly enough) his left hand. Fortunately, that picture is known but by few, for the man's face is evil incar-

nate, and the picture is executed with diabolic cunning. It hangs, or it did hang, in the beginning of the war, in a remote castle of the Black Forest.)

Do not ask me how that apparition of absolute wickedness was summoned up from those masses of painted shadow. I have not the least idea, nor had Alton, who came to see the picture that same day. He found its technique utterly baffling. "Incredible" was the word he used again and again.

But if there was in the picture that which showed the very genesis of evil in all its horrifying, impersonal power, there was also that which portrayed its forever opposed radiant antithesis. And its symbol was light, splendid, deific. It was a radiant vortex into which the affrighted, the almost snared soul plunged as into illimitable, healing seas.

Gazing, I do not know how long, upon the symbols of those alien forces, I remembered how Horace had described his uncle's studies of the Atlantic Ocean: "The water was there, out yonder, and it was also on the canvas, fixed forever." What Selmin had done with one element was now accomplished with another. The imponderable atmospheres had yielded up its mystery of darkness and light.

And between these two, his beautiful head the bright focus of the one, his own body the shield of resistance to the other (lest men, attacked with sudden frenzy, rush down that place from whence there is no returning), there hung the wondrous, patient God; He whose one crime was that "he loved mankind too well."

Well in the foreground of that apocalyptic picture loomed the massive figure of Gæa, the world-mother, her tragic profile turned in timeless contemplation toward her tortured son.

About her feet, also, there beat and surged the chaotic waves of that dread underworld. And in its turbid swell creatures like nothing on land nor sea struggled frantically upward, as salmon swim the wildest rapids when the spawning season is come. With what detestible larvæ did they impregnate the earthy soil of the Gæa's broad zone? That girdle on which was etched the patterns of the slow-swinging, cradling seas and the winding rivers, the hills and valleys and the wide plateaus, now peaceful, smiling, now terrible, hostile, or indif-

ferently austere, but, in any event, providing men with the only foothold to which they might cling, and furnishing them all they would ever know of natural substance.

For they were all there, her innumerable progeny. The giant, bestial forms of the primitive races, the satyrs, the fauns, the nymphs, the all but fabled creatures that peopled a younger world; the warriors, men of flame and steel, whose deeds were made immortal in the sagas of their races; the rich man and the poor man, Saducees and Pharisees, kings and slaves, the wise man and the fool, they walked the Gæa's belt in a pantomime of the utmost fidelity. But of all the polyglot hordes struggling, fighting, joying, marrying, dying, and always clinging desperately to the motherly earth, it was only now and again that a clear brow was upturned in wistful musing to the silent One who looked so calmly down on them.

Strictly speaking, the world-zone was the only properly finished part of the picture. Light and goodness, darkness and evil, had been shown as correlative by some inexplicable conjury of the brush, some secret trick of perspective. But the mother's girdle was fashioned with an elaborate, cameo-like perfection of detail. It exhibited a technical skill that might well have taxed Selmin Cardall's powers at their heyday. And as to the time element, months, rather than days, it would seem, would have been consumed in its preparation and consummation.

And this was the picture I had been asked to believe, say rather I had no choice but to believe, had been executed in something less than five weeks.

(To Be Concluded.)

That God which ever lives and loves,

One God, one law, one element,

And one far-off divine event,

To which the whole creation moves.

—Tennyson.

Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter are to be regarded, not as independent realities, but as the two symbols or aspects of the Absolute.—*Proem of Secret Doctrine*.

Life and death are found in our living even as in our dying.—*Heraclitus*.

FORESEEING THE FUTURE.

Two distinct points are to be considered before this question can be answered. First, is the future, like the past, something definite and incapable of change? I left my house at 4 o'clock yesterday and turned down the street to the left. Could I, if I wished, have waited until 4:15, or have turned to the right instead? If so, I could have nullified any prediction that might have been made. Secondly, even granting the future to be absolutely fixed and only one course of events possible, can we get at their connection with the present so clearly that we can tell what they will be?

These are no new questions. They seem simple enough, but students have never agreed on the answers, and possibly never will. In *La Revue* (Paris) we have the opinion of Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer. Flammarion assures us that "future events can be foreseen very exactly and without possibility of contest"; but he does not say whether he means *all* future events, or *some* future events. As will be seen in one quotation below, he admits that man's will is a factor in much that occurs, so that the question reduces to that of the predictability of that will. Flammarion quotes the following passage from the great Laplace's "Essay on the Theory of Probabilities," to show that even a century ago the fixity of the course of events was maintained by philosophers. Said Laplace:

"All events, even the apparently most insignificant ones, are as solidly bound up with the great laws of nature as the revolutions of the solar system. In our ignorance of the links uniting them to the entire system of the universe, we assumed for them either final causes or the freaks of hazard, according to their regular or accidental succession. But these imaginary causes have been successively set back the farther our knowledge advanced, and disappear entirely before a sound philosophy which sees in them only the expression of our ignorance of the true causes of the actions of nature and man.

"An intelligence which, for one single instance, could be imagined to embrace the knowledge of all natural forces and of the mutual relationship of all beings

comprising the universe, could sum up in one formula the movements of the largest celestial bodies and of the atoms. To this intelligence nothing could be uncertain; the future and the present would be one for it. The spirit of man, in constructing our science of astronomy, has attempted the first feeble outline of that all-embracing intelligence."

Are we not free agents, then? Only partially, Flammarion thinks. Our freedom, he asserts, is comparable to the relative freedom of a passenger on a steamer in mid-ocean; "he can read and write, smoke, and plays cards at will, but he can not leave the steamer." Returning to his main subject, the author sums up his standpoint as follows:

"The future is no greater mystery than the past. At the time of the eclipse of the sun, predicted by Arago, of July 8, 1842, I was four months and eleven days old; when the eclipse of August 11, 1999, will take place I will have been dead long ago. What does it matter? Past, present, and future are one. There can be no doubt that everything that happens had to happen, from the crimes of Nero to those of William II. But who will, nevertheless, pretend that the latter, who is mainly responsible for the death of 5,000,000 human beings, has been made of the same stuff as St. Vincent de Paul? Neither one nor the other were or are automata, slaves of determinism.

"The future is determined by many circumstances, but the will of man, as far as mankind's fate is concerned, is one of, and not the least, among the determining factors. This antifatalistic doctrine of determinism is the only philosophy worthy of our position in this world and as near to truth as we feeble beings can approach. . . .

"Properly speaking, we do not foresee, we merely see the future. The astronomer calculates the normal orbit of a comet, but it is possible that the comet be attracted to the atmosphere of a large planet. If the astronomer has not taken into account this possible perturbation, his prediction will, of course, be wrong."

If one day thou shouldst take part in the Mysteries, thou wilt feel ashamed of having been born merely as a man.—*Adesius*.

Death is only a bend in the road of life.—*Rev. R. J. Campbell*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
OF 11 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 37. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 11, 1920. Price Five Cents

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

The new psychology—and there is always some new psychology—is anxious to explain to us why we are religious. That religion in its better aspects is no more than deference to a known truth seldom occurs to these superior people who are ready to instruct us. That it proceeds directly from some rational but super-intellectual consciousness they make it their peculiar business to deny.

Walter Samuel Swisher, for example, writes a book on "Religion and the New Psychology," and he calls it "a psycho-analytic study." He is an exponent of the gospel according to Freud. Now the Freudian gospel is, in its way, a good gospel so long as it is not required to work overtime or to carry burdens for which it is unfitted. We all know that we have tendencies that to a large extent control our lives and that we have often "forgotten" the origin of those tendencies. But they may declare themselves when the protective veil of the analytic and censoring mind is swept aside as in sleep. We may readily admit that there are deep motive powers in human nature, the power of sex for example, that become insurgent against restraint, and that evade the censorship of the normal mind by symbols and glyphs. As soon as we admit that the normal mind is a sort of filter screen that constantly exercises a selective faculty on our concepts we become properly curious and even

suspicious as to the way and the degree of intelligence with which this censorship is exercised. Thus we gain admission to what we have called the "unconscious," although a more stupid name could hardly be devised.

That there is actually such an inner area of tendencies and impulses that are no longer rational can not be denied. Nor can its influence over our lives be doubted. But does it occupy the whole field of that inner consciousness of which ordinarily we are unaware? Having discovered that there is a dark lumber room attached to the normal mind, are we justified in assuming that there is nothing else in the content of a human being, that the human structure, so to speak, is made up of nothing but dwelling room and lumber room? It may be that after we have traversed the lumber room of the "unconscious" we shall find ourselves in apartments more stately than any that we have known, and that have little or nothing in common with the strange and chaotic medleys that lie immediately beyond the normal.

Here we have the error of the psychologist and the psycho-analyst. Having discovered that the totality of the man is not expressed by his normal mind, that there are vast and unexplored territories beyond, he proceeds at once to regard those territories as a unit and to theorize about them all on the strength of the glimpse that has been accorded to him. It is as though a resident in Cali-

fornia were to theorize about the remainder of the United States after a rapid visit to the deserts of Arizona and to postulate a country made up of California on the one hand and Arizona deserts on the other. Whatever is not California is desert, and whatever is not desert is California. But that is what the psycho-analyst does with human nature. Whatever is not normal is the "unconscious."

As a result we have a field of the "unconscious" that is staggering in its dimensions and bewildering in its variety. The normal mind becomes the tiniest of oases in the vastiest of deserts. This *alter ego*, says Mr. Swisher, is "responsible for our desires, our prejudices, our loves, our hates." That is comprehensive enough in all conscience. One wonders what is left to normality. Certainly not much. But the "Unconscious" has other things to answer for. It is "indolent and insatiable." It is "appetite" and it demands that we cease our useful work to gratify it. But it is even more than all this. It seems that it supplies our "writers, musicians, and painters" with their material. It is a department store of unimaginable dimensions, a universal provider that never fails, a veritable Cosmos. The author quotes Prince, who speaks of a patient who claimed to be in a mental world wherein is to be found "not only everything that has ever happened or will happen, but all thoughts, dreams, imaginations." Other patients speak of a consciousness that widens until it grasps the universe. All this belongs to the "unconscious," to the lumber room, and it does not seem to occur to the psychologist that he is speaking, not of one room, but of a dozen; not to a storage closet, but to a palace of which the lumber room is a small and insignificant feature. We need not go on to a consideration of the other features of the "unconscious" except to point out that it is also "tricky," irresponsible, and criminal. It inspires to the most lofty of heroisms and to the meanest of crimes. It is a sort of celestial ape. Like the old rhyme it may say: "I am the mate of the *Nancy* brig, and the crew and the captain too, and the midship mite and the bosun tight, and the men of the captain's gig." And to think that we all of us have this *alter ego* within us and that outside

of the relative orderliness of the normal mind lies this teaming menagerie filled with all the ferocities and the sanctities, the crimes and the virtues, the beauties and the uglinesses that we ever heard of. Barnum's happy family of cats, mice, birds, and monkeys was nothing to this. One is inclined to wonder if there are no partitions to this "lumber room," no inner compartments. Has the invader no power to choose his associates, so to speak, or is he *volens volens*, plunged into this hideous medley not knowing whether he will emerge as saint or sinner, genius or lunatic.

This is no place to enter into a general consideration of psycho-analysis or of Mr. Swisher's interesting book, to which we may subsequently give some further attention. It will suffice to draw attention to the inadequacy of the psycho-analytic position and even to suggest that we may find a better basis for our psychological research in a statement once given to the world, and not without high authority: "In my Father's house are *many* mansions."

THE FAIRIES.

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
 They haven't a thing put by,
 But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
 And theirs are the earth and the sky.
 And though you should live in a palace of gold
 Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
 You could never be poor as the fairies are,
 And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
 They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
 They have sung their song through the centuries long
 And yet it is never the same.

And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
 With hair of silver or gold,
 You could never be young as the fairies are,
 And never as old. —Punch.

To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul requires but a perfectly pure mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight.—*Porphyry*.

Souls descend from the pure air to be chained to bodies.—*Josephus*.

THE SACK OF THE GODS.

Strangers drawn from the ends of the
earth, jeweled and plumed were we;
I was Lord of the Inca race, and she was
Queen of the Sea.

Under the stars beyond our stars where
the new-forged meteors glow,
Hotly we stormed Valhalla, a million
years ago!

*Ever 'neath high Valhalla Hall the well-
tuned horns begin,*

*When the swords are out in the under-
world, and the weary Gods come in.*

*Ever through high Valhalla Gate the
Patient Angel goes*

*He opens the eyes that are blind with
hate—he joins the hands of foes.*

Dust of the stars was under our feet,
glitter of stars above—

Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling
down as we fought and we spurned
and we strove.

Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside, and
scattered them to and fro,

The night that we stormed Valhalla, a
million years ago!

*They are forgiven as they forgive all
those dark wounds and deep,*

*Their beds are made on the Lap of Time
and they lie down and sleep.*

*They are forgiven as they forgive all
those old wounds that bleed.*

*They shut their eyes from their wor-
shippers; they sleep till the world
has need.*

She with the star I had marked for my
own—I with my set desire—

Lost in the loom of the Night of Nights
—lighted by worlds afire—

Met in a war against the Gods where
the headlong meteors glow,

Hewing our way to Valhalla, a million
years ago!

*They will come back—come back again,
as long as the red Earth rolls.*

*He never wasted a leaf or a tree. Do
you think He would squander souls?*

—Rudyard Kipling.

When the spiritual state is arrived at, I
and mine, which belong to the finite mind,
cease, and the soul, living in the *uni-
versum* and participating in infinity with
God, manifests its infinite state.—*Pearcy
Chand Mittra.*

THE LETTERS OF A NOMAD.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continuing the Story.)

I suppose that so long as I shall live
there will come upon me moods when,
one with the endless procession of the
city's streets, or toiling in the sweating
hives for the things that perish, or taking
my so-called ease in the tinsel pleasure
palaces of the world, I shall see (as
though a constantly shifting, blurring
curtain were held aside for an instant),
that we are, indeed, perilously akin to
those infinitesimal figures, those puppet-
like creatures that showed against the
Gæa's fertile zone, galvanized into a
simulacrum of life by contact with the
abundant life that pulsed through its
circling breadth, and, even so, drawing
apart from that energy so far as they
might do so and maintain a false show of
vitality. For it seems that the human
being dreads above all things the suffer-
ing, acute to the point of disintegration,
that accompanies the first rush of divine
life along the sluggish channels of the
petty, personal self. Yet those channels
must deepen if the arterial life of the
mother is to enter in abundant, fructi-
fying stream. And so it comes about that
pain is the toll exacted before the golden
ships, bearing argosies of unimaginably
rich treasure, shall sail along those nar-
rows now become safely deep.

Having played my insignificant part in
the great drama of the picture, I am come
to glimpse somewhat the nature of those
diversified agencies that operate under
the stupendous law that in the fullness
of time shall bring about "that far-off,
divine event toward which all creation
moves": the perfecting of the human
soul. For this end alone the sun in the
heavens has its rising and its setting; for
this the four minds stir in the blades of
young wheat and the corn tassels against
the harvest. For this are the various ex-
pressions of certainties and uncertainties,
of joy and of pain, of meetings and of
partings, of the impetus that is human
love and the dull fires of human hate.
They are so many factors in an equation
whose properties may be summed up in
the word discrimination. And though we
are "become as gods, knowing good from
evil," it is of small profit to us if we do
not consistently and persistently put that
knowledge to work. And discrimination

is the lamp to our groping, unaccustomed feet.

Does all this sound exaggerated, even grotesquely so? I assure you it is grotesquely inadequate. I can no more hope to communicate to you the overwhelming nature of the entire experience than I can discover to you the profound significances of the book of Revelations by word analysis. It brought about a complete revolution in my mode of thought. Its effect is cumulative and charged with an ever increasing, dynamic momentum. Its ultimate I can not foresee; the approach to that utmost peak is guarded and veiled by the eternities, but toward it my will is irresistibly set, as a magnet to its pole. Therefore to the experience and to my own reaction to it I must bear witness to you who are just beginning to listen, wonderingly, all but incredulously, to those first pronouncements of a modern and still nascent science, that (for a wonder) agree with the time-out-of-mind religious premise that man is not his body; that he, the soul, "dwells like a star apart," yet holding the body incorporate for a time, even as the body stretches out its hand that it may gather and dispense, working for a season and resting for a season, doing all things in the order of its appointed time.

To me, in my stumbling, brain-fettered fashion, as to Horace with his broader, beautifully faithful mind, there had come, for a brief while, intimation of the vast, the tremendous powers that are the birth-right of man. And its symbol was wrought upon that canvas with the utmost clarity. It stood an accusation of terrible solemnity. Looking from the myriad inconsequential mites on the Gæa's girdle to the magnificent figure of the crucified god he would, indeed, have been a fool who did not entertain the thought, "Like those small things am I, but like the god I must become if I am to endure beyond time itself."

Today the picture hangs in Asia, among mountains that look down upon the lesser ranges as eagles from their eries look upon the wheeling swallows far below.

And it came about in this wise. I fell ill, first with influenza, then with pneumonia. It was a stroke from the blue,

and on the second day following my viewing the picture.

I had wired Horace at some length, acquainting him with Alton's verdict and my own inconsequential one. For Alton never knew the circumstances under which it had been painted. He acclaimed it Selmin's masterpiece, even as it was, very much in the rough. It was he that called my attention to an effect that had entirely escaped my notice. Viewed at a certain angle there showed, issuing from the Gæa's heroic nostrils, an all but impalpable stream of violet-silvery breath, and in its current there were several vague figures that might have been geometrical signs, or, again, just indicated wheeling birds, their broad wings no more than a violet shadow against the fainter, frost-like glow that poured toward Prometheus. I found myself wondering if these were the "low flying flock of birds, or something like birds," that Horace had spoken of when "the power was receding."

It was, for me, a most fortunate circumstance that Alton had seen the picture. For, later, after I had recovered from my illness, I would certainly have been inclined to conclude that my enthusiasm had been occasioned, to some extent, by my steadily rising temperature.

For I lay in the hospital five long weeks before my convalescence had progressed to the stage where I was allowed to read my accumulated mail. The first letter that I opened was from Dr. Barde telling me of Horace's death a few hours after receiving my telegram.

He had made no disposal of the picture, but he had verbally instructed Dr. Barde to deliver to me his portfolio. It contained the sketches and several letters from Selim to Horace.

Zida, to whom he willed all that he had, aided and abetted by Alton (who, by the way, was singularly uncommunicative when I charged him with unduly influencing her), sold the picture, without public exhibition, and for a sum that ran high into the thousands, to an old Jew, who, so he claimed, was acting for a client in Asia. I never got the least satisfaction as to how it came about that he was empowered to spend such an extravagant sum for a picture that had not received the stamp of critical approval,

other than that of Alton's. Frankly I did not believe the story until I traced the actual billing to a small steamer putting out of San Francisco for an obscure Chinese port. Why it was entrusted to a boat scarcely larger than a schooner and why it was sent across the American continent to China instead of from New York via Europe into the Orient, I suppose I shall never know. But you are not to take this as indication that I shall cease to try to riddle this last of a series of unbelievable riddles that centred about that stupendous painting. Two of them have yielded up tentative clews to their dark mysteries.

The bill of lading was explicit, and so were the papers that covered a heavy insurance. The *addressee* bore a distinctly un-Asiatic name, and I subsequently learned that a man by that name was known to live in the mountains that rise beyond the forbiddingly cold deserts of northern China, and that, infrequently, three dromedaries, the finest of their kind, came down, caparisoned like beasts that bore kings of the East, to the little port of Y—, and that each one was mounted by a taciturn, dark driver, empowered to conclude his master's business.

All this was curious and highly suggestive to any one who has even a cursory knowledge of those mysterious recluses whose abodes the Chinese Empire so jealously and adequately guards with her icy steppes, her wickedly bleak deserts.

Again, and perhaps this is no less suggestive, I found that Alton was by birth a Jew; that he had been at one time a very considerable student of the occult; that among his people he was counted a rarely gifted interpreter of the Kabbala. And it occurred to me, recalling the astonishment he had shown as he studied, long and intently those strange flying things that might have been birds, or something else, that he had seen, or inferred, that which I could not see, lacking the involved and mystical keys.

However, these are the barest clews. But some day, if I live, they shall relinquish to me their last secret.

For Selmin, as for Horace, the epoch of earth-life was closed, according to Jordan, only for a brief while. The body

that was created in France, and the body that, as was his wish, lay in the stony acreage of the New England homestead, where the voice of the waters lifted in eternal, roaring chant, were, verily, the one ashes to ashes, the other dust to dust. But these bodies were but the outer vesture of the garments of the soul. There were other wrappings, infinitely finer. There was a reflecting body that mirrored the light of its superior, which was the sun, the true, vital spirit of man. And when the physical body of which it was the satellite entered upon its period of disintegration it became ever and ever more wan, more thickly pocketed with the scars that followed its repeated volcanic outbursts, as its energies, unharassed, released their fury. And so it became, like the physical body, a decomposite, fugitive thing, swarming with lives that were but the simulacrum of the master-life that now was gone like the phoenix into its source, the spiritual sun. It was the "astral," the ghost which the Witch of Endor raised up at Saul's behest. But if the soul had gone, it would, one day, return to earth. For the spiritual sun was never diminished. It had its periods of quiescence and of activity. One day it would send forth the nuclei of new planetary systems.

The idea appeals to me more strongly as time goes on. Why not? It finds in the known laws of nature a perfect correspondence. The energy that builds up form is the energy that tears down only to build anew. But the energy remains intact. If our life is but the composite life of form, then it is but temporary, and we exist in a truly vile durance. But if we are the moving energy, then, though form shall come and form shall go, we shall remain—inviolat, not less nor more than ourselves because of its constant flux and flow.

So, for myself, I think it more reasonable to think of Selmin, and of Horace, and of all the race of men to whom Prometheus brought the gift of fire, stole from Jove's throne, as so many sunbirds, gone away at "death" for a season, but certain to come back, again and yet again, building for themselves finer and ever finer bodies through which the white flame shall shine.

That Selmin had come to believe something of this kind I gathered from those

letters that are my legacy from Horace, and than which I have no more cherished possessions, not even excepting the sketches of that picture I never saw again, but which, all the evidence goes to show, hangs on some wall in far-off Asia, "the land that lieth eastward, toward the sun-rising."

THE END.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL: GENIUS OR DAIMON.

A recent inquiry into the nature of Guardian Angels suggests a collation from the *Secret Doctrine* of some of the many references to so interesting a topic. All that is written there in this connection would fill many small volumes, and we do but select a few of the more striking passages that throw light on the matter.

In Vol. I, p. 308, we read: "As to the Genii, the Hermetic philosophers called Theoi (Gods), Genii and Daimones, those entities whom we call Devas (Gods), Dhyâns Chohans Chitkala (the Kwan-Yin of the Buddhists), and various other names. The Daimones are—in the Socratic sense, and even in the Oriental and Latin theological sense—the guardian spirits of the human race; 'those who dwell in the neighborhood of the immortals, and thence watch over human affairs,' as Hermes has it. In Esoteric parlance they are called Chitkala, some of which are those who have furnished man with his fourth and fifth principles from their own essence, and others the so-called Pitris. This will be explained when we come to the production of the *complete man*. The root of the name is Chit, 'that by which the consequences of acts and species of knowledge are selected for the use of the soul,' or conscience, the *inner voice* in man. With the Yogins, Chit is a synonym of Mahat, the first and divine Intellect; but in Esoteric Philosophy Mahat is the root of Chit, its germ; and Chit is a quality of Manas in conjunction with Buddhi, a quality that attracts to itself by spiritual affinity a Chitkala, when it develops sufficiently in man. This is why it is said that Chit is a voice acquiring mystic life and becoming Kwan-Yin."

When speaking of the hierarchies of spirits, H. P. Blavatsky says (Vol. I, p. 242):

"This Sixth Group, moreover, remains almost inseparable from man, who draws from it all but his highest and lowest principles, or his spirit and body; the five middle human principles being the very essence of these Dhyânis. Paracelsus calls them the Flagæ; the Christians, the Guardian Angels; the Occultists, the Ancestors, the Pitris. They are the Six-fold Dhyân Chohans, having the six spiritual elements in the composition of their bodies—in fact, men, minus the physical body.

"Alone, the Divine Ray, the Atman, proceeds directly from the One. When asked how this can be? How is it possible to conceive that these 'Gods' or Angels, can be at the same time their own emanations and their personal selves? Is it in the same sense as in the material world, where the son is, in one way, his father, being his blood, the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh? To this the Teachers answer: Verily it is so. But one has to go deep into the mystery of Being, before one can fully comprehend this truth."

In Vol. II, p. 92, she states that:

"The Progenitors of Man, called in India Fathers, Pitaras, or Pitris, are the 'Creators' of our bodies and lower principles. They are ourselves, as the *first personalities*, and *we are they*. Primeval man would be 'the bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh,' if they had bones and flesh. As stated, they were 'Lunar Beings.'

"The endowers of man with his conscious immortal Ego are the 'Solar Angels'—whether so regarded metaphorically or literally. The mysteries of the Conscious Ego or Human Soul are great. The Esoteric name of these Solar Angels is literally, the 'Lords (Nâth) of the persevering ceaseless devotion' (Pranidhâna). Therefore they are of the *Fifth Principle* (Manas) seem to be connected with or to have originated the system of the Yogis who make of Pranidhâna their *fifth* observance. The Trans-Himalayan Occultists regard them as evidently identical with those who in India are termed Kumâras, Agnishvâtas, and the Barhi-shads.

"How precise and true is Plato's expression, how profound and philosophical his remark on the (Human) Soul or Ego, when he defined it as 'a compound

of the same and the other.' . . . It is 'the same and the other,' . . . for the Ego—the 'Higher Self' when merged with and in the Divine Monad—is Man, and yet the same as the 'other'; the Angel in him incarnated is the same with the Universal Mahat. The great classical writers and philosophers felt this truth when saying that:

"There must be something within us which produces our thoughts. Something very subtle; it is a breath; it is fire; it is ether; it is quintessence; it is a slender likeness; it is an intellection; it is a number; it is harmony."

"These are the Mānasas and Rājasas; the Kumāras, Asuras, and other Rulers and Pitris, who incarnated in the Third Race, and in this and various other ways endowed mankind with mind."

To conclude, we shall quote what is said on pages 626-8 of Vol. I:

"The star under which a human entity is born, says the Occult Teaching, will remain forever its star, throughout the whole cycle of its incarnations in one Manvantara. *But this is not his astrological star.* The latter is concerned and connected with the *Personality*; the former with the *Individuality*. The angel of that star, or the Dhyāni-Buddha connected with it will be either the guiding, or simply the presiding, angel, so to speak, in every new rebirth of the Monad, *which is part of his own essence*, though his vehicle, man, may remain forever ignorant of this fact. The Adepts have each their Dhyāni-Buddha, their elder 'Twin Soul,' and they know it, calling it 'Father-Soul' and 'Father-Fire.' It is only at the last and supreme Initiation, when placed face to face with the bright 'Image' that they learn to recognize it. How much did Bulwer-Lytton know of this mystic fact, when describing, in one of his highest inspirational moods, Zanon face to face with his Angoëides?"

—That blessed mood

In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of the corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—Browning,

A SONG OF REBIRTH.

Here I sing of those reborn,
Any day—or eve or morn,
Free of that they have outworn.

Not transmigrants from afar,
Guided by some fateful star,
These, my blest reborn ones, are.

They have never flown this earth,
Never left the fields or hearth,
Who arise in this rebirth.

They the heavy slough have cast,
That enwrap them in the past—
Come into their own, at last!

Now, their wide, astonished eyes
See new heaven in the skies.
Lord, love them! here my greeting flies.

Innocent, and yet adept
With a sense that in them slept
Till this natal wave unswept;

Childlike, for all play alert,
They their leading-strings desert—
Nothing can o'ertake, to hurt!

Hidden is their chrysmal font;
No new-given names they vaunt;
No high song of triumph chant.

Yet, each well recalls some hour
When a swift renascent power
Brought the sheathed soul to flower!

Asked of this, then might they say,
"Oh, I read a book one day."
Or, "Love met me in the way."

"Sudden Light was 'round me shed."
Or, "A signal from the dead
Otherward my footsteps led."

Though of this rebirth I sing,
How can I together bring
All the ways new life may spring?

Let each one bear witness true,
And the miracle review
That for him changed Old to New.

Only this I dare to say,
Souls are thus reborn each day.
Lord, love them! in my heart I pray.
—Edith M. Thomas in *New York Times*.

I heard with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plans of the Physiologist, of the gradual secretion of matter, and its becoming endued with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

302
GIFT
OC 11 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 38. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 18, 1920. Price Five Cents

NATURE NOTES.

Nature is usually supposed to include everything except man, although why man should be excluded from the operations of nature it is hard to say. But when we know that Mr. John Burroughs has contributed "A Sheaf of Nature Notes" to the September issue of the *North American Review* we know at once that he will talk to us about plants and animals.

Mr. Burroughs is an attractive and interesting writer. When he meets with a fact that he can not explain he does not say that it is due to chance, he does not deny it, and he does not ignore it. For example, he tells us about the migrating lemmings from the Scandinavian peninsula. These curious little creatures commit suicide by the thousand. They march straight toward the sea, says Mr. Burroughs, and when the coast is reached they enter the water, continue on their way, and drown. Ships sail for hours through waters literally alive with them. But perhaps Mr. Burroughs is not aware of a plausible theory that has been advanced. It has been said that the lemmings were once in the habit of migrating to one of the islands of Atlantis and that to this day they meet their death in the search for the vanished land.

Another interesting phenomenon noted by Mr. Burroughs is the simultaneous movements of certain animals. Passenger pigeons move like human armies and

as though animated by a single will. There is no sign of any guidance, but the precision is exact. Fish do something of the same thing. Millions of them will be feeding on the surface of the water, but in a single instant every ripple has disappeared. Either they have the power of instantaneous intercommunication, or they are dominated by a collective consciousness.

Flies, says Mr. Burroughs, are more intelligent than bees, and this is due to the fact that the bee has few enemies and the fly has many. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and perhaps there is a very evident lesson here. But the consciousness of the bee seems to be that of the hive. He has no personality, no hopes or fears except for the community. May we say that his consciousness is spiritual for lack of a better term? But Mr. Burroughs himself uses it. He says: "When Maeterlinck speaks of 'the hidden genius of the hive issuing its commands,' or recognizes the existence among the bees of spiritual communications that go beyond a mere 'yes' or 'no,' he is true to his own conception." But what is the "genius of the hive"? Is it possible that the bee community is an insect reproduction of some human civilization of the past, the expression of some akasic patterns of vanished ages?

Some one once asked Mr. Burroughs if he had ever noticed that the inorganic world is governed by even numbers, and

the organic world by odd numbers. Crystals, he reminds us, are all even-sided, and snowflakes are ruled by six. Life makes use of both odd and even, but odd numbers prevail. The number five rules in all the largest floral families.

Mr. Burroughs will have nothing to do with a Creator who lives apart from his creation. "When we think of a Creator and of a thing created as two, we are in trouble at once."

But Mr. Burroughs has something more vital than this to say, and it is something that lesser men have been blamed for saying. Here it is:

"That Darwinism was indirectly one of the causes of the world war seems to me quite obvious. Unwittingly the great and gentle naturalist has more to answer for than he ever dreamed of. His biological doctrine of the struggle for existence, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, fairly intoxicated the Germans from the first. These theories fell in well with their militarism and their natural cruelty and greediness. Their philosophers took them up eagerly. Weissmann fairly made a god of natural selection, as did other German thinkers. And when they were ready for war, the Germans at once applied the law of the jungle to human affairs. The great law of evolution, the triumph of the strong, the supremacy of the fit, became the foundation of their political and national ideals. They looked for no higher proof of the divinity of this law as applied to races and nations than the fact that the organic world had reached its present stage of development through the operation of this law. Darwin had given currency to these ideals. He had denied that there was any inherent tendency to development, that we lived in a world of chance, and that power only comes to him who exerts power—half-truths, all of them.

"We do not look for the Golden Rule among swine and cattle, or among wolves and sharks; we look for it among men; we look for honor, for heroism, for self-sacrifice, among men. None of these things are involved in the Darwinian hypothesis. There is no such thing as right or wrong in the orders below man. These are purely human distinctions. It is not wrong for the wolf to eat the lamb, nor the lamb to eat the grass, but an

aggressive war is wrong to the depths of the farthest star."

But Darwin was not alone in his assault upon God. How about Haeckel?

FROM "THE HOUNDS OF HELL."

(By John Masefield.)

The saint leapt far into the stream
And struggled to the shore.
The hunt died like an evil dream,
A strange land lay before.

He waded to a glittering land,
With brighter light than hours,
The water ran on silver sand
By yellow water-flowers.

The fishes nosed the stream to rings
As petals floated by,
The apples were like orbs of kings
Against a glow of sky.

On cool and steady stalks of green
The outland flowers grew,
The ghost-flower, silver like a queen,
The queen-flower streaked with blue.

The king-flower, crimson on his stalk,
With frettings in his crown,
The peace-flower, purple from the chalk,
The flower that loves the down.

Lilies like thoughts, roses like words,
In the sweet brain of June;
The bees there, like the stock-dove birds,
Breathed all the air with croon.

Purple and golden hung the plums.
Like slaves bowed down with gems
The peach-trees were; sweet-scented
gums
Oozed clammy from their stems.

And birds of every land were there,
Like flowers that sang and flew;
All beauty that makes singing fair
That sunny garden knew.

For all together sang with throats
So tuned, that the intense
Color and odor pearled the notes
And passed into the sense.

And as the saint drew near, he heard
The birds talk, each to each,
The fire-bird to the glory-bird;
He understood their speech.

One said, "The saint was terrified
Because the hunters came."
Another said, "The bloodhounds cried
And all their eyes were flame."

Another said, "No shame to him,

For mortal men are blind,
They can not see beyond the grim
Into the peace behind."

—From *"The Enslaved and Other Poems."* Published by the Macmillan Company.

FROM THE KORAN.

There happeneth no misfortune on the earth or to yourselves, but it is written in the Book before we created it; verily that is easy to God.

That ye may not grieve over what is beyond you, nor exult over what cometh to you; for God loveth not any presumptuous boasters,

Who are covetous and commend covetousness to men. But whoso turneth away,—verily God is rich and worthy to be praised.

We sent our Apostles with manifestations, and we sent down by them the Book and the Balance, that men might stand upright in equity, and we sent down Iron, wherein is great strength and uses for men,—and that God might know who would help Him and His Apostle in secret: verily God is strong and mighty.

And we sent Noah and Abraham, and we gave their seed prophecy in the Scripture: and some of them are guided, but many are disobedient.

Then we sent our Apostles in their footsteps, and we sent Jesus the son of Mary, and gave him the Gospel, and put in the hearts of those that follow Him kindness and pitifulness; but monkery, they invented it themselves. We prescribed it not to them—save only to seek the approval of God; but they did not observe this with due observance. Yet we gave their reward to those of them that believe but many of them were transgressors.

O ye who believe, fear God and believe in His Apostle; He will give you a double portion of His mercy, and will set you a light to walk by, and will forgive you: for God is forgiving and merciful:—

That the people of the Scripture may know that they have not power over aught of God's grace; and that grace is in the hands of God alone, who giveth to whom He pleases: and God is the fount of boundless grace.

KARMA.

Nor would the ways of karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of those ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence dark and intricate, while another sees in them the action of blind fatalism, and a third simple chance with neither gods nor devils to guide them—would surely disappear if we would but attribute all these to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors will no more work harm to us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for nor weapons to act through. . . . We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life. . . . Knowledge of karma gives the conviction that if "virtue in distress and vice in triumph make atheists of Mankind," it is only because that mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own savior as his own destroyer; that he need not accuse heaven and the gods, fates and providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom which warns man to forbear accusing *That* which "just though mysterious, leads us on unerring through ways unmarked from guilt to punishment"—which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations. The western Aryans had every nation and tribe like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have

reached their Iron age, the *Kali Yuga*, an age *black with horrors*. This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony—a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name.—*Secret Doctrine*.

THE STANDARD OF MEASURE.

Let us stand in imagination upon a high place and view the cities of the earth. They stretch away through all lands, far and near, and seem countless. Each city has its streets, its public buildings, and its homes. The houses have their entrances, their doors and windows, their interiors; and these, in turn, their style, their utilities and decorations. The vast handiwork of man! Like the threads of the spider's shining web we tire to count them; and again, like the web, they have each and all come forth from that which evolved them. There is not so much as the shape of a chimney or a keyhole, nay, nor the curve of the handle of a milk pitcher, that was not first within the mind of its fashioner—that was not brought forth from that fathomless treasure-mine, the consciousness in man. The carpenter's tools, the artist's chisel or brush, the potter's clay, but followed the mental picture held within. No matter where we look, on all human work, such is the case.

The music, thrilling through all ages, first was there. So were the thoughts that now lie printed in our myriad books. There is a source from which comes all that man makes, or thinks, or does. Of what nature is this wonder of wonders in which, from which, by which, we live and move and have our being, that we use it and still know it not; that it gives us all that we are and yet we scarcely consider it? Indeed, what could we count as left to us were this mysterious potency removed? Or how, deprived of it, could those things that seem without be ours? To whom is it that shape, and sound, and color are reported as such? What is it that registers all the visible, audible universe that we know? Surely the finality is the throned monarch of consciousness within. It is here we find our link between earth and heaven.

These considerations have led an anonymous writer to speak of conscious-

ness in every-day terms. He says: "Here is a tablecloth, what is it? How does it contrive to enter into my life and stay there? What has happened that here is a tablecloth? I can not hope to find an answer to these questions unless I approach them in the right way. Here between my finger and thumb is all that anything material has been, or is, or ever will be. If I understand this fold of stuff I understand the stars. We need not look at large objects, a long way off, when we want to philosophize; the universe should be studied, not in bulk, but in sample. It follows that I must reverence in this cloth, or in a single thread of its fabric, all those immensities and eternities which I reverence in the universe. If the heavens declare the glory of God, so does the tablecloth; if it does not, neither do they."

The fact is that the tablecloth has come into our lives and will stay there. The fact is that we can bring into our consciousness what we will to bring. We are in very truth lords of all we survey. Whether we look at consciousness from the point of view of those things that have evolved from it, or from the point of view of those things which it can bring within itself, the supreme reality is the reality of consciousness.

Could anything be more worth our while than the study of the most important factor in all existence? Could anything be more fraught with hope for suffering humanity than the thought that by such study we might, most probably would, awaken some understanding of the meaning and nature of the life we needs must live; seeing that in this study of consciousness we go to the very essence and finality of our natures? May it not be that here lay hidden the secrets that will not reveal themselves to those armed with lenses and knives in the material realm of nature? May it not be that these realms have delivered all that they can for man's help in the stupendous facts of the conservation of matter and energy and the evolutionary progress of all nature? Is it not possible that having diverged further and further upon the rays of specialization and separateness in materialism, that the hour has struck for us to face about to the source of the rays and apply ourselves to generalities and spiritual-unity? Is it not

possible that those who know so much more than we as to walk upon the waves and to quell the tempests meant something of this kind in such solemn injunctions as "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all things else shall be added unto you"?

THE MIND.

The Secret Doctrine teaches the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage of every Soul [which is a Spark of the Over-Soul], through the Cycle of Incarnation (or "Necessity"), in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law, during the whole term. In other words, no purely Spiritual Buddhi (Divine Soul) can have an independent (conscious) existence before the Spark which issued from the pure essence of the Universal Sixth Principle—or the OVER-SOUL—has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world of that Manvantara, and (b) acquired individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts (checked by its Karma), thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas—from mineral and plant up to the holiest Archangel (Dhyani Buddha). . . . The Universe is Brahma and Brahman, for Brahma is in every atom of the Universe, the Six Principles in Nature being all the outcome—the variously differentiated aspects—of the SEVENTH and ONE; the only Reality in the Universe, whether Cosmical or Micro-Cosmical. [S. D., I., 17.]

The Monad or Jiva, as said in *Isis Unveiled* (I., 302), is, first of all, shot down, by the Law of Evolution, into the lowest form of Matter—the mineral. After a seven-fold gyration incased in stone (or that which will become stone and mineral in the Fourth Round), it creeps out of it, say, as a lichen. Passing thence, through all the forms of vegetable matter, into what is termed animal matter, it has now reached the point in which it has become the germ, so to speak, of the animal that will become the Physical Man. All this, up to the Third Round, is formless, as Matter, and senseless, as Consciousness. For the Monad or Jiva *per*

se can not be even called Spirit; it is a Ray, a Breath of the ABSOLUTE, or the Absoluteness, rather; and the Absolute Homogeneity, having no relation with the conditioned and relative finiteness, is [spoken of as] unconscious on our plane. Therefore, besides the material which will be needed for its future Human form, the Monad requires (a) a spiritual model, or prototype, for that material to shape itself into, and (b) an intelligent consciousness to guide its evolution and progress, neither of which is possessed by the homogeneous Monad, nor by senseless though living *Matter*. The Adam of dust requires the *Soul of Life* to be breathed into him—the two middle Principles, which are the *sentient* life of the irrational Animal, and the Human Soul, for the former [the Animal Soul] is irrational without the latter [the Human Soul]. It is only when, from a potential androgyne, Man has become separated into male and female, that he will be endowed with this conscious, rational, individual Soul (Manas), "the Principle or the Intelligence of the Elohim," to receive which he has to eat of the fruit of Knowledge from the Tree of Good and Evil. How is he to obtain all this? The Occult Doctrine teaches that, while the Monad is cycling on downward into Matter, these very Elohim—or Pitris, the lower Dhyani Chohans—are evolving *pari passu* with it on a higher and more spiritual plane, descending also, relatively, into Matter on their own plane of consciousness, when, after having reached a certain point, they will meet the incarnating senseless Monad, incased in the lowest Matter, and . . . the union will produce that terrestrial symbol of the "Heavenly Man" in Space—the PERFECT MAN. [S. D., I., 246-247.]

Know ye not, and do ye not understand, that ye are all Angels, and all Archangels, and Gods, and Lords, and all Rulers, and all the great Invisibles, and all those who pertain to the Midst and to the region of the Light, and all the great Projections of the Light and all their Glory. That ye are from all, of your selves and in your selves in turn, from one Mass and one Matter and one Essence, and that ye are all from one Mixture; and, by the command of the First Mystery, the mixture is a necessity

until all the great projections of Light and all their Glory have cleansed it. And they have been cleansing it, not of themselves, but of necessity, according to the dispensation of one and the same Ineffable. Neither have they at all undergone sufferings, nor changes in the Regions, nor have they stripped themselves, nor poured themselves into various bodies, nor have they been in any tribulation. ["Pistis-Sophia," *Lucifer*, June, 1890, p. 315.]

The Monad [Atma-Buddhi] was imprisoned in the form [Animal Man—and needed the Fifth Principle (Manas) to differentiate him from the animal]. Going back for a moment to the time when the Races were devoid of Mind, the questions arise: "Who gave the Mind?" "Where did it come from?" and "What is it?" It is the link between the Spirit of God above and the Personal below. It was given to the Mindless Monads by others, who had gone all through this process ages upon ages before in other worlds and systems of worlds, and it therefore came from other evolutionary periods which were carried out and completed long before the Solar System had begun. . . . The manner in which this light of Mind was given to the Mindless Men can be understood from the illustration of one candle lighting many. Given one lighted candle and numerous unlighted ones, it follows that from one light the others may also be set aflame. So in the case of Manas—it is the Candle of Flame. The Mindless Men, having four elementary Principles, Body, Astral Body, Life and Desire, are the unlighted candles that can not light themselves. The Sons of Wisdom, who are the Elder Brothers of every family of Men on any globe, have the Light, derived by them from others who reach back and yet further back in endless procession, with no beginning or end. They set fire to the combined lower Principles and the Monad, thus lighting up Manas in the new Men and preparing another great Race for final initiation. This lighting up of the fire of Manas is symbolized in all great religions and in Freemasonry. In the East one priest appears, holding a lighted candle, at the altar, and thousands of others light their candles from this one. [Ocean of Theos., 53-54.]

Lucifer is Divine and Terrestrial

Light, the "Holy Ghost" and "Satan" at one and the same time. . . . The Fall was the result of Man's knowledge, for his "eyes were opened." Indeed, he was taught Wisdom and the hidden knowledge by the "Fallen Angels," for the latter had become, from that day, his Manas (Mind) and Self-Consciousness. In each of us that Golden Thread of continuous life—periodically broken into active and passive cycles of sensuous existence on Earth, and super-sensuous in Devachan—is from the beginning of our appearance on this Earth. It is the Sutratma, the Luminous Thread of immortal, *impersonal* Monadship, on which our earthly lives, or evanescent Egos, are strung as so many beads. [S. D., II., 513.]

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

The sidereal "prophecies" of the Zodiac, as they are called by Christian Mystics, never point to any one particular event, however solemn and sacred it may be for some one portion of humanity, but to ever recurrent, periodical laws in Nature.

Every one is aware that the real time and year of the birth of Jesus are totally unknown.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

The Sun is the Giver of Life to the whole Planetary System; the Moon is the Giver of Life to our Globe; and the early races understood and knew it, even in their infancy.

The Deity being absolute, must be omnipresent; hence not an atom but contains It within itself.

It is a fundamental law in Occultism that there is no rest or cessation of motion in Nature. That which seems rest is only the change of one form into another, the change of substance going hand in hand with that of form.

The true Eastern Occultist will maintain that, whereas there are many yet undiscovered planets in our system, Nep-

tune does not really belong to it, in spite of its apparent connection with our Sun and the influence of the latter upon it.

Mr. A. R. Wallace . . . holds that the evolution of man was directed and furthered by superior Intelligences, whose agency is a necessary factor in the scheme of Nature. But once the operation of these Intelligences is admitted in one place, it is only a logical deduction to extend it still further.

Electricity is "immaterial," in the sense that its molecules are not subject to perception and experiment; yet it may be—and Occultism says it is—atomic; therefore it is matter.

We will . . . assert that Electricity is not only Substance, but that it emanates from an Entity, which is neither God nor Devil, but one of the numberless Entities that rules and guide our world, according to the eternal Law of Karma.

It is well known that sand, when placed on a metal plate in vibration, assumes a series of regular figures of various descriptions. Can Science give a complete explanation of this fact?

Were truly learned Occultist-Alchemist to write the "Life and Adventures of an Atom," he would secure thereby the supreme scorn of the modern Chemist, though perchance also his subsequent gratitude. Indeed, if such an imaginary chemist happened to be intuitional, and would for a moment step out of the habitual groove of strictly "Exact Science," as the Alchemists of old did, he might be rewarded for his audacity.

The initiate through his initiation became a link in the magic chain, he himself became a Kabir. He was admitted into an indestructible association, and, as ancient inscriptions express it, joined in the army of the higher gods.—*Plutarch*.

The ancient theologians and priests testify that the Soul is conjoined to the body through a certain punishment, and that it is buried in this body as in a sepulchre.—*Philolaus*.

SUN SPOTS.

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

It is a curious fact, which should, however, be regarded as no more than a coincidence, that ever since 1914, when the great war broke out, the sun has been gradually becoming more and more disturbed, as shown by the increasing number and size of the black spots on its surface. In 1913 the sun was quiescent, but at the beginning of the next year evidences of trouble appeared and multiplied, until some of the spot groups recently visible have been as formidable as any ever seen. And it is likely that the magnitude of the solar disturbances will go on increasing for a year or more to come. We may see such spots on the sun as have never been equaled since systematic observation of these phenomena began.

It is perfectly certain that solar disturbances react upon the earth, and therefore upon the inhabitants of the earth. Astronomers have become very conservative in their treatment of this subject, because they have found that some of the earlier assumptions about it were erroneous, and because their later discoveries open up questions not easily answered. They are seeking and waiting for more light. . . .

A good many mysteries, affecting human life and health, may be explained when we have learned all that is to be known about what happens to the earth when the sun is in the convulsions of a spot maximum. About all that is known at present is that at such times the earth's magnetism is extraordinarily disturbed, with the consequent prevalence of magnetic storms.—*San Francisco Call*.

PARACELSUS.

Perchance

I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so

Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely

But scattered wrecks enough of it remain.

Dim memories; as now, when seems once more

The goal is in sight again.—*Browning*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
Oct 18 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 39. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 25, 1920. Price Five Cents

CANNAN THE MYSTIC.

(Richard Roberts in the Nation.)

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Boni & Liveright.

It is not unlikely that many, perhaps most, of the people who read Mr. Cannan's new book will wonder what he is driving at. A little of this bewilderment will be due to Mr. Cannan himself; for when he passes over from the dramatic to the discursive a certain elusiveness invades his speech. His hand is surer at the business of painting a portrait than at that of stating an idea. In this book, however, the obscurity of which the ordinary reader may complain is due chiefly to the subject-matter. The mildest mysticism will be unintelligible to a generation which has gone to school with pragmatists; and in this volume Mr. Cannan has gone (as they would say in Scotland) "far ben." Moreover, the subject has no standardized idiom; each mystic has his own vocabulary, and you are never sure that he is giving to a word the meaning that you are accustomed to give it. Here, for instance, Mr. Cannan uses "soul" and "spirit" in senses almost exactly the reverse of the familiar New Testament usages. Until one masters the mystic's private polarization of words and phrases, it is idle to expect his pages to be easy reading. Beside all this, and of still more consequence, the mystic takes you into a region which you can not traverse—even in his company—without

the kindling of a sixth sense; and as few moderns appear to possess this sense, or even to be aware of its existence, the "reading public" will solemnly wonder whether Mr. Cannan's mind is not beginning to give way.

Mr. Cannan will doubtless take this view of the case as a sort of indorsement. For it is what another generation said of William Blake; and Mr. Cannan would conceivably feel complimented to find himself assigned to so good company. Mr. Cannan is at bottom trying to do for his own time what Blake endeavored to do for his. In the current pulpit idiom, both men are concerned with proclaiming the primacy of "spiritual values." Neither, perhaps, would recognize their message under this description, yet it is in some such idiom that both will have to be interpreted to the average man who despite his religious indifference is still soaked in the evangelical ideology. There is, however, a considerable difference in the precise content that Mr. Cannan would give to the word "spiritual." According to the evangelical tradition of the nineteenth century, we are involved in a dualism, not to say an antithesis, of spiritual and material. And this dualism Mr. Cannan in common with Blake would deny. Blake once said that the body is that part of the soul that we can see, and he might have gone on to say in similar terms that the world is that part of the

universe that we can see. For the Mid-Victorian evangelical there were two worlds, the world that is and the world that is to be, and the problem of life resolved itself into one of making the best of both worlds—of getting on in this world and getting safely into the next. And his solution was simple—honest business for this world and religion for the next. The two worlds were conceived as being separated by a distance of time—two worlds, as it were, in succession. But what Mr. Cannan would have us realize is that the world of sense and the world of spirit are one and the same, that really to live is to live in both at the same time. It is perhaps inevitable that we should continue to think and speak in terms of dualism; and no great harm is done so long as we realize that two worlds which may be distinguished in thought are inseparable in fact, that in spite of appearance there is no real schism of spiritual and material in life. But the present disintegration of life is due largely to the domination of our minds by this dualism, and the consequent tendency to mistake a part of the universe for the whole or to deny one part of it in favor of the other. The mystic and the philosophical idealist have tended to deny the seen, and the practitioner of *Realpolitik* and the man in the street have denied the unseen. The true attitude is that which affirms the reality and the unity of both, and sets out to realize the one in the other.

Mr. Cannan draws a vivid picture of the unreality of the world which men have fashioned for themselves to live in. He apparently takes the Bergsonian view that the intellect, fashioned to deal with matter, has got into the saddle and has been able to determine the world of our common life. But from the nature of the case such a world as the intellect would create is only partial, and therefore disproportionate and distorted. It is a world of perverse emphases and illusions, and the people who live in it spend themselves in the pursuit of things that do not and can not satisfy them. It is purely a world of things, and its governing philosophy is that a man's life consists in the multitude of the things he possesses. The logic of this way of life has plunged us into the abyss of war, and, seemingly, we have learned so little

from the bloody discipline of the last few years that we have no thought but of reconstructing our Vanity Fair as speedily as possible, and of building other and greater Cities of Destruction. Meanwhile the nobler and more precious part of life—the part that is out of sight and which Mr. Cannan calls the soul—is sleeping away to death within us.

In "Pink Roses" Mr. Cannan makes one of his characters say that life is a number of little things acutely realized. The trouble of the modern world lies in the poverty of its faculty of realization. If it could only find its soul it would learn how few things are after all needful to the joy and the fulfillment of life. Mr. Cannan has written this book with the single purpose of evoking the soul and turning it upon the world of men and things so that a new world may be born, of enabling men to recognize that the new world is already round about them if only they had eyes to see it. At present the field of vision is crowded with the peep-show of the politicians, the circus of so-called statecraft, the tragedy-comedy of militarism, the puppet show of diplomacy, the farce of commercialized art, and the rest of the make-believe that constitutes this sham we call civilization. We shall hope in vain for any kind of new world worth living in until some such miracle happens as Mr. Cannan describes; and what he has written does much to prepare the way for the miracle. The book is one of those which must be read two or three times over before its whole significance becomes clear; but it is abundantly worth that trouble.

SEVEN.

The number seven has always had a peculiar significance. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days and remained seven days in tents. The seventh year was supposed to be a Sabbath, or rest for all, and at the end of seven times seven there was to be a jubilee. Jacob served seven years to win Rachael for his wife. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood. Nebuchadnezzar lived seven years as a beast. Christ spoke seven times from the cross on which he hung seven hours. In Scripture there are seven resurrections men-

tioned. In the Lord's prayer there are seven petitions. There were seven mysteries of the apocalypse revealed to the seven churches in Asia. In Revelations there is described seven lambs before the seven spirits of God, seven golden candlesticks, a book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven players, seven vials of wrath, seven kings, seven thunders and a dragon with seven heads.—*Boston Globe*.

MYSTICISM.

(Mr. H. J. Massingham, the distinguished English journalist, in the course of a volume entitled "Letters to X," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, makes the following observations on the subject of Mysticism.)

You, no doubt, have more data on the subject than I have, or for the matter of that any of us mortal puppets who dance at the end of the strings of the law of gravity. At any rate, I am quite sure that the old materialist science which confined us to this earthly brief span of existence, which has made us idolatrous to externals, for the sake of externals, is becoming senile. Partly because we are once more trailing at the tired and ragged end of a period of civilization and are dimly conscious of its approaching dissolution; partly because the ghastly holocaust of the European war has jerked us out of the arm-chair of comfortable dogma; partly because the failure of man's will to make the world fit to live in is a sharp reminder of his impotence to account for his own significance and destiny—these and other reasons are driving the few people who are conscious of our present nescience back again to metaphysics. I do not think the faint symptoms of a revival in seventeenth-century literature are irrelevant to this renewed concern in spiritual things. In our literature the seventeenth century is the great age of mystical exploration. Burton's "Anatomy," Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors," and Donne's "Sermons," to mention only three of the most obvious prose works, are full of the boldest and abstrusest speculations as to the transcendental meaning of life; and the Christian orthodoxy of these writers and their kin only a passport for adventure. The seventeenth century, of course, has had a scarcely perceptible influence as yet, and

only upon the poets of whom Ralph Hodgson is the best; but I am surprised at the number of average novels which, in greater or less degree and from very different angles of perception, deal with the supernatural. Modern literature is without doubt turning its mind towards the symbolic expression of ultra-consciousness. The attitude is, of course, tentative at present, and this ghost of a new religious feeling, by being loaded (owing to the war) with the Mrs. Radcliffian chains of gross superstition, ugly credulity, and the morbid itch for sensation, has come to haunt rather than to bless us.

But reaction against a materialism which even thoughtless people dimly feel to be responsible for the mockery of God which is modern war, will bring with it both violence and sanity. And this approach to mystical sanity is one of the most interesting things in contemporary life. Have we here the germ of a new-old religion which will attempt to fuse the by no means incompatible and irreconcilable significations of Paganism and Christianity? Why should not a potential religious revival correspond with, actuate, or depend upon a revival of literature?

Personally I do not see why a belief in a plurality of lives, past and future, should not one day become of commonplace acceptance. The writers of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" and of "Evelyn Hope" were not censored for positively affirming it. Christianity indeed, while admitting the immortality of man, is reluctant to grant him preëxistence—as though this terrestrial life were his jumping-board into ether—or the abyss. But that conjecture is based on an ethical concept, and I see no reason why Christianity should not in time accept man's present span of years as a portion in a periodic mortality instead of conceiving it as an anticipation of final eternity. Is the absolute of God disintegrated because the potential lot of man may be many lives rather than one life, many deaths rather than one death? Such a doctrine would not abolish, but postpone the ultimate consummation of man in God. Ah, what would not the generations of men give for an assurance that after multiple experience, after æonic pilgrimage, after the flux of cen-

turies, after the defeats of the unconquerable spirit and the triumphs of immediate matter, they might in an undiscovered future more remote than death, more desirable than life, redeem the frustrations of their several efforts? But who is there, who has there ever been, so conscious of the unspeakable radiance of perfection that he can leap from the tomb of this present life full into the bosom of Abraham?

Yet some, who all this while did weep, and sing,

And sing and weep, soar'd up into the Ring,

But most would use no wing:

O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night

Before true light,

To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day

Because it shews the way,

The way which from this dead and dark abode

Leads up to God,

A way where you might tread the Sun, and be

More bright than he.

But as I did their madness so discusse

One whisper'd thus,

This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide

But for his bride.

That vast numbers have so believed is only another symptom of the ludicrous conceit of men, who actually deny a future beyond death to the sinless and life-intoxicated birds and beasts, while complacently assuming it for their muddled and systematized selves.

I hardly think that the pundits of mysticism have led the revulsion of the age against an over-blown materialism. The process must be intellectual and not sentimental. True mysticism is something very different from a lisping simplicity or a perfervid vagueness sometimes tempted to "fiddling harmonics on the sensual string." But I fancy I hear you dryly remark that this new preoccupation of literature with mystical truth, simply as a matter of subject, is of little enough integral value. How it is going to serve social or literary ends, you can not imagine. Nor can I, but I prefer to hope that it will.

BUDDHA'S REBIRTHS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Eastern Stories and Legends," by Marie L. Shedlock, with a foreword by Professor T. W. Rhys Davids. These stories of the various Buddha rebirths have for over two thousand years formed the groundwork of Eastern literature. Many of them gathered together by a famous

story-teller of the ancient Greeks are known to us as *Æsop's Fables*, and in many other unexpected places and periods they confront us.

Miss Shedlock, a friend of children who love stories, has picked out from the vast number of these tales available the ones that are best suited for children, and has retold them in her own inimitable and charming fashion. And here she presents to the American reader the garnered and selected fruit of the age-old Eastern philosophy and wisdom.

"NEW" STARS.

(Hereward Carrington in *Leslie's*.)

Every now and then a "new" star appears in the heavens, gradually increases in brilliancy and then dies away again, never to be seen again! What has happened? Are we witnessing the sudden "creation" of a world in space? Its sudden ending? Or is the star shooting through space at a rate so rapid that it is observable to us for a brief period only. A good example of a "new" star of this character was "*Nova Aquilæ*," which suddenly began to shine brightly on June 8, 1918, and a couple of days later was the brightest star in the northern heavens. Between June 7th and June 8th its brightness had increased a hundredfold: the star had risen to the "sixth magnitude," and was plainly visible to the naked eye. Between June 8th and June 9th it had increased fivefold in its brilliancy, until it was decidedly brighter than Vega, and no "new" star of such brilliancy had appeared for over three centuries. Dr. Edwin B. Frost, director of the Yerkes Observatory, writes: "A satisfactory explanation of the phenomena exhibited by such a star can not be offered, partly because similar conditions of temperature, and perhaps of pressure, can not yet be produced in a laboratory. The temperature of the star was probably not less than 20,000 degrees Fahrenheit, or four or more times greater than can be developed experimentally at present. It would seem that an enormous explosion took place within the star—premonitory symptoms of which may have been the fluctuations occurring for years past. . . . The distance of this star is so great that several centuries must have been required by the waves of light to bring us the message of the catastro-

phe, traveling as they do at the rate of 11,000,000 miles per minute."

STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

A questioner at a recent theosophical meeting complained that he could not make "head or tail" of the Seven Principles. He found it easy to recognize a higher and a lower nature, since both higher and lower were obviously at work whenever any of the ordinary temptations of daily life presented themselves. The lower nature was always quick enough to suggest the seeming profits and advantages that would accrue from the contemplated action, while it was almost equally easy to discern some higher force that seemed to voice a greater law in opposition to the action. These two forces might properly be called principles, and perhaps the thinking self oscillating between them is also a principle. But where, he asked, are the other four, and what are the relations of all the principles to the consciousness of identity, or Ego-ism, that we call ourselves?

Now it is evident that the questioner had failed to grasp the central theosophical fact of the unity of consciousness, and until he can do this it would be well for him to leave the Seven Principles alone. Saturated as we are with the inherited materialism of centuries there is an almost irresistible tendency to regard the human principles as Things, or perhaps as the skins of an onion that can be peeled off one after another. It was against this tendency that H. P. Blavatsky insistently and repeatedly warned us. Nothing, she said, but confusion could result from it. However necessary it might be to deal with the myriad forms or modes of life upon the planes of manifestation it must always be remembered that these forms and modes are but states or conditions of the One Life. Thus we find the following passage in Volume I, page 104, of the *Secret Doctrine*:

If the student bears in mind that there is but One Universal Element, which is infinite, unborn, and undying, and that all the rest—as in the world of phenomena—are but so many various differentiated aspects and transformations (correlations they are now called) of that One, from macrocosmical down to microcosmical effects, from super-human down to human and sub-human beings, the totality, in short, of objective existence, then the first

and chief difficulty will disappear and Occult Cosmology may be mastered.

The same idea is expressed still more succinctly on page 80, where the author says:

Life we look upon as the One Form of Existence manifesting in what we call matter; or what, incorrectly separating them, we name Spirit, Soul, and Matter in man.

Now perhaps we may legitimately venture upon a comparison that will serve some clarifying purpose. Let us imagine a dozen or a hundred electric lights, all of exactly the same power and brilliance and each contained in a glass lamp or bulb. But let us suppose that the glass of these bulbs is of different densities. The glass of the first lamp is quite opaque and we can see no light at all. The glass of the next is a little more transparent and a faint glow is discernible. As we pass from one lamp to another we see that the glass becomes constantly more transparent, and when we reach the end of the line there is no longer any obstruction to the light and it shines forth in its full beauty. But in each and every case the light was actually the same. There were no differences except in the opacity of the medium that transmitted the light or altogether obscured it.

Now apply the analogy to the manifested world, from mineral to Plato. The One Life underlies the whole universe, but the medium through which it shines varies in density. In the flint the light is barely discernible except as the force that gives cohesion to its atoms or as the spark which flies forth when we strike it with a hammer. In the philosopher that same Life shines forth with something approaching its full splendor. But it is the same Life in the flint as in the philosopher. In the flint the medium, the environment, is opaque. In the philosopher it is transparent.

Now carry the analogy with caution one step further. Let us suppose that the light in the lamps is conscious—as in very truth it is—and that it has the power by the manner of its shining to make the glass of its bulb either more opaque or more transparent. There we have in a rough and ready form the whole occult theory of consciousness so far as it concerns the present purpose. We ourselves are the Light or the Life. It is not something that we possess, but it is actually ourselves. Our brains and nervous sys-

tems are the medium through which that Life or Light shines. By every thought we make that medium either more transparent or more opaque. To think selfishly—that is to say, in opposition to the one law of evolution—is to darken the windows of the Soul, to rearrange the atoms of the brain and of all the other and finer sheaths of the Soul, so that they become opaque to the Soul instead of transparent to it. But there is no difference between the Soul of the habitually selfish man and that of the saint, no difference between the Soul of the criminal and that of the philosopher. But there is a difference in the envelopes or sheaths through which the Soul shines. In one case the envelop or sheath has been so obscured by selfish thoughts that the light can hardly be seen at all. In the other case the envelope or sheath has been so rarefied by thought that it has become transparent.

Now there is another point upon which H. P. Blavatsky lays a significant emphasis that may usefully be touched upon here. She refers to the transformations that may be wrought by the practice of thinking one's self as this, that, or the other. The same pregnant and profound truth may be found in the Scriptural text, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If we think of ourselves as miserable sinners, frail, impotent, and helpless, we shall be all that we attribute to ourselves. But if we think of ourselves as manifestations of the One Life and Light and Consciousness of the Universe we shall speedily find that every atom of the Soul sheaths (the Principles) begins to take on a new polarity and to become transparent instead of opaque. But such thought must not be spasmodic nor fitful. It must not be assumed only when the sun is shining. It must be maintained steadily as a basis of mental action. And no one who has ever done this with steadiness and courage has remained long in doubt as to the reality of the theosophic philosophy or as to the nature of the spiritual consciousness that now at last begins to saturate the brain.

Whenever you find perversion, moral lesion, the reign of sensuality, there you find the strong suspicion that death ends all.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

THE NEW LIFE.

(By Louis Figuer.)

Soul life is thought life, interior, invisible, imperceptible to the senses. Outwardly like other men, inwardly illuminated and very different from other men. The soul can see in the darkness of the material world; that is, in the darkness of ignorance. We are lost atoms of Deity, erring monads looking out of the windows of sense at matter. The intangible inner world of thoughts and the external world of things are dualities in nature, that is spirit and matter, which are inseparable. Spirit wears matter as a veil. Other dualities in nature are life and death, good and evil, light and dark, positive and negative, day and night, winter and summer, male and female, black and white, etc. The consciously evolving man perceives the processes of nature and carefully observes his own individual qualities, phases, and states on the interior and spiritual plane.

We are fastened to the body like an oyster to its shell.

"Unveil, O thou Mighty One that givest life to the universe, from Whom all have proceeded and to Whom all must return, that face of the true sun now hidden in a maze of golden light, that all may be well with us on our way to Thy sacred seat."—*The Gayatri.*

Have we not builded palaces and far flung our shining fleets? Is all not well? asks the materialist.

The mission of man is to know God as far as He can be known by the service of the Soul and not the service of the body, the senses, or desires.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold; she is more precious than rubies, and all things that can be desired are not to be compared unto her."

It is what a man wants that shapes his course and determines his efforts.

The philosopher's stone is that mystical quality of mind that sets us seeking everywhere for the better things of life—that transmutes all the baser metals of our nature into a higher state of being. Those who use this stone are people of vision.

Intuition of the soul is the most pre-

cious of our possessions. Those who have attained to soul knowledge value that gnosis above all mundane things.

The ignorant are without spiritual knowledge or vision. Their kingdom is matter and their life the sense life of the physical body, craving wealth, power, and position.

"I am all that is, was, and shall be, and no mortal ever lifted my veil."—*Isis*.

"The human race is rude, savage, ignorant, cowardly, and hypocritical. Beings who live under the influence of their minds and hearts are exceptional."—*Flammarton*.

Mysticism is the soul's inner knowledge of God. Theosophy cultivates the spiritual perceptions and faculties of the soul.

"He is unknown to whoso think they know; and known to whoso know they know him not."

The higher consciousness, when it does come through into a man's waking consciousness, expresses itself as idea, sudden comprehension, conscience, memory, or intuition, and in many other subtle ways, but never as some entity not himself.

"Self-conquest is the greatest of all victories."—*Plato*.

Faith is less than knowledge and therefore an inferior ground of conviction.

A spiritual seed planted in the sensuous material world grows as a seed planted in the darkness of earth soil—from the innocence of ignorance to the innocence of wisdom.

Men are divided into two classes: those buried in the physical senses and those who have had definite spiritual experiences or intuitionally grasp the fact that such things exist.

Consciousness, the world within; matter, the world without.

"That the detailed description of King Solomon's Temple in I Kings is purely allegorical no serious scholar, proficient in the ancient as well as mediæval jargon of the kabalists and alchemists, can doubt. The building of the Temple of Solomon is the symbolical representation of the gradual acquirement of the secret wisdom or magic; the erection and development of the spiritual from the earthly; the manifestation of the power and splendor of the spirit in the physical world, through the wisdom and genius of the

builder. The latter, when he has become an adept, is a mightier king than Solomon himself, the emblem of the sun or Light himself—the light of the real subjective world, shining in the darkness of the objective universe. This is the 'Temple' which can be reared without the sound of the hammer or any tool of iron being heard in the house while it is in building."

"The Elohim are but the ephemerized powers of nature, the faithful manifested servants, the law of Him who is immutable law and harmony Himself."—*Isis Unveiled*.

"He who in his life here has done most to improve himself—his real self, his nature and his character—has been the most successful man who has lived on this earth. The conqueror of himself is greater than the conqueror of an empire; for the empire is of time, while man is of eternity. He who has developed within himself a generous nature, an open mind, the philosophy of patience and courage, faith in himself, in his fellows, and in the Rightness of the Eternal Laws, is a greater victor than Bonaparte or Cæsar. For this true and lofty man, the victor over himself, death has no terrors; for him the grave is but the open door from toil to rest, from war to peace. The noblest soul in a great city may not be its most honored citizen. All of man's real riches, power and greatness are in his heart and mind, in his own character. His wealth is in his goodness and nobility; his strength in his patience, courage, and thinking powers. By the Eternal Measurements, man is exactly what he has made himself, and not what accident has temporarily conferred upon him. The rank of souls is more definite and exact than the rank of any line of earthly princes. The freedom of man to choose between good and evil and the noble doctrine of moral responsibility lead to an incentive for right living and the pursuit of knowledge."

If death were the final dissolution of being the wicked would be great gainers by it, by being delivered at once from their bodies, their souls, and their vices; but as the soul is immortal, it has no other means of being freed from its evils, nor any safety for it, but in becoming very good and very wise.—*Socrates*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT

O. 29 470



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 40.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 2, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE COMPLEX VISION.

There is always something admirable in the spectacle of the man who sets forth to map and chart the elements of his own nature, free from all dogmas and preconceptions, theological or scientific. He will make many mistakes and his vision will be incomplete, but, as was once said by Pascal, the advantage is in the pursuit rather than the capture. Moreover, there seems to be a certain law that binds together the seeking and the finding.

It is such a search that has been undertaken by Mr. John Cowper Powys in "The Complex Vision," that has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. We have, he says, a means of knowledge within ourselves, an instrument of knowing that can be directed toward the desired attainment. He calls it the complex vision, which thus becomes like the journey and the goal. Its apex thought is centred around the primordial ideas of truth and beauty, while its base is of other and lesser things. Seeking to visualize the complex vision, he sees it as a wavering, moving mass of flames like a horizontal pyramid, the apex of which is continually cleaving the darkness like the point of a fiery arrow, while the base remains invisible. This is the instrument that the author uses in his search for the realities within himself and behind nature. He relies on no sys-

tems, authorities, nor philosophies. He accepts nothing that is not, in a sense, visible to him.

It is no part of the present intention to review Mr. Powys' book. Its nearly four hundred pages are too full for such an effort in so limited a space. It must suffice to present a few of his ideas and with a recommendation that they be studied at greater length.

Mr. Powys believes that the conviction and expectation of a post-mortem annihilation may produce those very results. Exclusive attention to the body may involve the soul in the death of the body:

The soul functions through the physical body and through the cells of the brain. The soul is so closely and intimately associated with the physical body that it is more than possible that the death of the physical body implies the annihilation of the soul. But when it comes to the question as to where we are to look for the essential self in us which is able to say "I am I" it is found to be much more fantastic and ridiculous to look for it in the "little cells of the brain" than in some obscure "something" or "vanishing point of sensation," where the mind and matter are fused together. That this "something" which is able to say "I am I" should possess instinct, reason, will, intuition, conscience, and the rest may be hard to imagine. But that the "little cells of the brain" should possess these is not only hard to imagine—it is unimaginable. The mysterious relation which exists between our soul and our body lends itself to endless speculation; and much of this speculation tends to become far more fantastic and ridiculous than any analysis of the attributes of the soul. Experience and experience alone can teach us how far the body is actually

malleable by the soul and amenable to the soul's purpose.

Other striking passages are to be found in the chapter entitled "The Illusion of Dead Matter." The "inert malice" of nature seizes upon us as soon as we try to understand her by reason and sensation alone. We must have something higher, otherwise matter will indeed seem to be desolatingly dead. In some way we must bridge the chasm between ourselves and nature. We must break down the barriers which nature imposes if we would escape a sense of torturing isolation:

This also is a portion of the same "illusion of impersonality" into which the inert malice of the ultimate "resistance" betrays us with demonic cunning. What man is there among us who does not recall some moment of visionary disintegration, when, in the presence of both these mysteries, an unspeakable depression of this kind has overtaken him? He has stood, perhaps, on some wet autumn evening, watching the soulless reflection of a dead moon in a pond of dead water; while above him the motionless distorted trunk of some goblinish tree mocks him with its desolate remoteness from his own life.

At that moment, with his abortive and atrophied complex vision, all he sees is the eternal soullessness and deadness of matter; dead moonlight, dead water, dead mud and slime and refuse, dead mist and vapour, dead earth-mould and dead leaves. And while the desolate chemistry of nothingness grips him with its dead fingers and he turns hopelessly to the silent tree-trunk at his side, that also repels him with the chill breath of psychic remoteness; and it seems to him that that also is strange and impersonal and unconscious; that that also is only a blind pre-determined portion of some huge planetary life-process that has no place for a living soul, but only a place for automatic impersonal chemistry. Brooding in this way, with the eternal malice of the system of things conquering the creative impulse in the depths of his soul, he becomes obsessed with the idea that not only these isolated portions of Nature, but the whole of Nature, is thus alien and remote and thus given up to a desolate and soulless uniformity. Unutterable loneliness takes possession of him, and he feels himself to be an exile in a dark and hostile assemblage of elemental forces. If at such a moment by means of some passionate invocation of the immortal gods, or by means of some desperate sinking into his own soul and gathering together of the creative energy in him, he is able to resist this desolation, how strange and sudden a shifting of mood occurs! He then, by a bold movement of imagination, restores the balance of his complex vision; and in a moment the spectacle is transfigured.

The apparently dead pond takes to itself the lineaments of some indescribable living soul, of which this particular portion of elemental being is the outward expression. The apparently dead moonlight becomes the magical in-

fluence of some mysterious "lunar soul" of which the earth's silent companions is the external form. The apparently dead mud of the pond's edge becomes a living portion of that earth-body which is the visible manifestation of the soul of the earth. The motionless tree-trunk at his side seems no longer the desolate embodiment of some vague "psychic life" utterly alien from his own life, but reveals to him the immediate magical presence of a real soul there, whose personality, though not conscious in the precise manner in which he is conscious, has yet its own measure of complex vision and is mutely struggling with the cruel inertness and resistance which blocks the path of the energy of life. When once, by the bold synthesis of reason and sensation with those other attributes of the complex vision which we name instinct, imagination, intuition, and the like, the soul itself comes to be regarded as the substratum of personal existence, that desolating separation between humanity and Nature ceases to baffle us. As long as the substratum of personal life is regarded as the physical body there must always be this desolating difference and this remoteness.

For in such a case the stress is inevitably laid upon the physiological and biological difference between the body of a man and the body of the earth or the moon or the sun or any plant or animal. But as soon as the substratum of personal life is regarded, not as the body, but as the soul, it ceases to be necessary to lay so merciless a stress upon the difference between man's elaborate physiological constitution and the simpler chemical constitution of organic or inorganic objects.

If the complex vision is the vision of the soul, if the soul uses its bodily sensation as only one among its other instruments of contact with life, then it is obvious that between the soul of a man and the soul of a planet or a plant there need be no such appalling and desolating gulf as that which fills us with such profound melancholy when we refuse to let the complex vision have its complete rhythmic play and insist on sacrificing the revelations made by instinct and intuition to the falsifying conclusions of reason and sensation, energizing in arbitrary solitude.

Here we seem to have the essence of the Yoga philosophy, the establishment of an identity between the seer and the seen, the reaching of that place where the physical boundaries of things no more exist, where the "lives" cease to be, as it were, and Life is all-pervasive, all-present:

Thus strictly speaking there is no single moment when any material form or body can be called "dead." Instantaneously with the departure of its own individual soul it is at once "possessed" by the soul of that planetary globe from whose chemistry it drew its elemental life and from whose chemistry, although the form of it has changed, it still draws its life. For it is no fantastic speculation to affirm that every living thing, whether human or otherwise, plays, while it lives, a triple part upon the world stage.

It is in the first place the vehicle of the individual soul. It is in the second place the medium of the "spiritual vampirizing" of the invisible planetary spirits. And it is in the third place a living portion of that organic elemental chemistry which is the body of the terrestrial soul. Thus it becomes manifest that that "illusion of dead matter" which fills the human soul with so profound a melancholy is no more than an everlasting trick of the malice of the abyss.

Mr. Powys thus places all his emphasis upon the life, and not upon the body. Life is the reality, and the body but the temporary form that veils that life. Our standard of values has been a false one. Only as we know of life in itself can we understand a unity that has no dimensions, nor priorities, nor comparisons, nor orders of development:

When the evolutionists tell us that personality is a thing of late appearance in the system of things and a thing of which we are able to note the historic or pre-historic development, out of the "lower" forms of life, our answer is that we have no right to assume that the life of the earth and of the other planetary and stellar bodies is a "lower" form of life.

If to this the astronomer answer that he is able to carry the history of evolution further back than any planet or star, as far back as a vast floating mass of homogeneous fiery vapor, even then we should still maintain that this original nebular mass of fire was the material "body" of an integral soul-monad; and that in surrounding immensities of space there were other similar masses of nebular fire—possibly innumerable others—who in their turn were the bodily manifestations of integral soul-monads.

When evolutionists argue that personality is a late and accidental appearance on the world scene, they are only thinking of human personalities; and our contention is that while man has a right to interpret the universe in terms of his soul, he has no right to interpret the universe in terms of his body; and that it is therefore quite possible to maintain that the "body" of the earth has been from the beginning animated by a soul monad whose life can in no sense be called "lower" than the life of the soul-monad which at present animates the human body.

The soul, says the author, is then the real thing. There is no other reality. Wherever we look we see the bodies of souls and by them we know reality:

As we look back over the traveled road of our attempt to articulate the ultimate secret, there arises one last stupendous question, not to meet which would be to shirk the heaviest weight of the problem. We have reached the conclusion that the secret of Nature is to be found in personality. We have reached the further conclusion that personality demands, for the integrity of its inmost self, an actual "soul-monad." We are faced with a "universe," then, made up entirely of living souls,

manifested in so-called animate, or so-called inanimate bodies. Everything that our individual mind apprehends is therefore the body of a soul, or the portion of the body of a soul, or the presence of a soul that needs no incarnation. The soul itself is composed of a mysterious substance wherein what we call mind and what we call matter are fused and merged. What I have named throughout this book by the name of the *objective mystery* is therefore, when we come to realize the uttermost implications of our method, nothing more than the appearance of all the bodies of all the souls in the world *before* the creative act of our own particular soul has visualized such a spectacle. We can never see the objective mystery *as it is*, because directly we have seen it, that is to say, the appearance of all the adjacent bodies of all the souls within our reach, it ceases to be the objective mystery and becomes the universe we know.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AND THE VIVISECTORS.

(A Letter to the New York American.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN—
Sir: The Pennsylvania judge's ruling at the trial of the university vivisectors that cruelty is cruelty, though perpetrated in the name of science, penetrates like the "still small voice." For once, at least, law coincides with common sense and Judge Bregy is a progressive in the highest understanding of the word.

Thousands of Americans feel gratitude for this epoch-making judgment of a Philadelphia Quarter Sessions Court judge.

Society can exist without recording the differences in temperature and blood-pressure in caged dogs and cats and monkeys, or with legs in plaster casts twisted up over their backs, or with burning acids sewed up inside them. But society can not exist with men and women, professors or practitioners in vivisection, in Pasteur institutes and Rockefeller institutes and the medical schools of the great universities, educating compassion and honor out of the rising generations they are sending forth into the profession.

To quote the English Bishop of Durham: "I find it absolutely inconceivable that God should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truths which it is His will that we should master only through the unutterable agonies of beings which trust in us."

There is nothing singular in the bishop's belief. It was held by Queen Victoria, and by Cardinal Manning as quoted

by Cardinal Gibbons, by the Rev. Morgan Dix and Bishop Potter, of New York; by Phillips Brooks, by some of the greatest and best of all nations and ages, such as Alfred Russell Wallace, the scientist; Lord Tennyson, Rev. Dr. Martineau, Victor Hugo, Sir Henry Irving, Professor William James, Charles Dickens, Tolstoy, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Professor Goldwin Smith, Bismarck, Thomas Carlyle, August Comte, W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Leslie Stephen, Lawson Tait, M. D., F. R. C. S., LL. D., and Surgeon-General Gordon, of the British army, and, last but not least, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Harvard University.

They talk, those who defend vivisection, of the lives that have been saved by it. In other words, when the patient survives the toxic effect of serums it is proclaimed a cure. They say nothing, however, of the countless instances of blood contamination and disease due directly or indirectly to this practice.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

No. 131 West 46th St., New York City.

PRELUDE.

(Published by the Bibliophile Society.)

"When first I began to take an interest in the poor and the sorrowful."

By sunny market place and street
Wherever I go my drum I beat.
And wherever I go in my coat of red
The ribbons flutter about my head.

I seek recruits for wars to come—
For slaughterless wars I beat the drum.
And the shilling I give to each new ally
Is hope to live and courage to die.

I know that new recruits shall come
Wherever I beat the sounding drum,
Till the roar of the march by the country
and town

Shall shake the tottering Dagens down.

For I was objectless as they
And loitering idly day by day;
But whenever I heard the recruiters
come,

I left my all to follow the drum.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

By the heart must be expended
What shall work upon the heart.

—Goethe.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind), takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally—Self-redeemed.

Though "the book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

The Doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on Earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various "Fires" are latent, and in others they are active. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

This thinking of oneself as this, that, or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish desire*, which can not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is

action, the cause; and Karma, again, is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the effect of an act produced egotistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

ALCHEMY.

(From the writings of Theophrastos.)

A dragon springs therefrom which,
when exposed

In horse's excrement for twenty days,
Devours his tail till naught thereof remains.

This dragon, whom they Ouroboros call,
Is white in looks and spotted in his skin,
And has a form and shape most strange
to see.

When he was born he sprang from out
the warm

And humid substance of united things.

The close embrace of male and female
kind,

—A union which occurred within the
sea—

Brought forth this dragon, as already
said;

A monster scorching all the earth with
fire,

With all his might and panoply displayed,
He swims and comes unto a place with-
in

The currents of the Nile; his gleaming
skin

And all the bands which girdle him
around

Are bright as gold and shine with points
of light,

This dragon seize and slay with skillful
art

Within the sea, and wield with speed thy
knife

With double edges hot and moist, and
then,

His carcass having cleft in twain, lift out
The gall and bear away its blackened
form,

All heavy with the weight of earthy bile:
Great clouds of steaming mist ascend
therefrom

And these become on rising dense enough
To bear away the dragon from the sea

And lift him upward to a station warm,
The moisture of the air his lightened
shape

And form sustaining; be most careful
then

All burning of his substance to avoid
And change its nature to a stream divine

With quenching draughts; then pour the
mercury

Into a gaping urn and when its stream
Of sacred fluid stops to flow, then wash
Away with care the blackened dross of
earth.

Thus having brightened what the dark-
ness hid

Within the dragon's entrails thou wilt
bring

A mystery unspeakable to light;

For it will shine exceeding bright and
clear,

And, being tinged a perfect white
throughout,

Will be revealed with wondrous bril-
liancy,

Its blackness having all been changed to
white;

For when the cloud-sent water flows
thereon

It cleanses every dark and earthy stain.

Thus he doth easily release himself

By drinking nectar, though completely
dead;

He poureth out to mortals all his wealth
And by his help the Earth-born are sus-
tained

Abundantly in life, when they have
found

The wondrous mystery, which, being
fixed,

Will turn to silver, dazzling bright in
kind,

A metal having naught of earthy taint,
So brilliant, clear, and wonderfully white.

MEDICAL OPINIONS.

The law proposed by the Anti-Vivisectionists (who are humane, nonsectarian, non-partisan organizations) in the Initiative Petition now before the people of California, would not interfere with legitimate surgical operations nor with the merciful killing of animals.

We propose to show by quotations from eminent physicians that vivisection is cruel, demoralizing in its influence, and a stumbling block in the pathway of the progress of medical science.

These quotations are cited from recent statements:

William R. D. Blackwood, M. D., Brigadier-General Engineers, U. S. A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, asserts: "It is physically impossible that other than misleading and false doctrines should be the result of the cruel and degrading

work of vivisection. . . . I have several times contended that a vivisector is an unsafe attendant in the sick room. . . . An admission was made to me by two young men that not one dollar's worth of any anæsthetic had been used . . . because they did not care to waste money when strapping or crucifying animals answered the purpose."

Philip Rice, M. D., of San Francisco, speaking of vivisection, states: ". . . Such knowledge is at best most imperfect, as every thinking person will see, when he reflects on the fundamental biological principle which says that character of organization determines character of function. A guinea pig is not organized as a man, hence can not function or react as does a man."

Albert Leffingwell, M. D., Aurora, New York, author of "The Vivisection Question," claims that "During the last twenty-five years infliction of intense torture upon myriads of creatures has failed to develop one remedy of generally accepted value in the cure of disease."

In his volume, "An Ethical Problem," page 289, he asserts: "There is one phase of scientific research which can not be passed in silence. It is experimentation on human beings." He cites to exemplify "The Case of Mary Rafferty." "The experimenter," he writes, "began by inserting into Mary Rafferty's brain, thus exposed by disease, needle electrodes of various lengths, and connecting them with a battery."

Then follow the details of the terrible sufferings, and finally the death of the helpless victim. See pages 292 and 293.

George Starr White, M. D., of Los Angeles relates: ". . . Some years ago, while visiting one of the largest laboratories in New York City, where vivisection is carried on, I saw enough to make any humane person shrink and hide his face in shame. . . ."

"Dogs were strapped to their stretchers and opened up without any anæsthetic whatsoever; the young doctors stood around and jeered at the agony and useless struggling of the dogs. . . ."

Herbert Snow, M. D., twenty-nine years Senior Surgeon London Cancer Hospital, says: ". . . We seek the abolition of living animal experiments, for we have convinced ourselves by careful

study of its futility and its utterly misleading character. . . ."

Henri Boucher, M. D., Chevalier Legion of Honor, Issy, France, states. "The regulation of vivisection is futile and can never be anything but lure. Only its total suppression can satisfy morals, science, and humanity. . . ."

Josephine Howland, M. D., Rochester, New York, says: "I have heard the rabbit in the physiological laboratory shriek out in pain as it was being ripped open in the interest of science. . . . Our gynecological instructor told us to operate, if the patient's life was not of much value, and if we could learn anything from the operation, although we might know that it meant the sacrifice of the patient's life."—*Issued by the California Federation of Anti-Vivisection Societies, Second District, Headquarters 45 Kearny St., Room 403. Mrs. Anna B. Clancy, Secretary, 641 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.*

PARACELSUS.

Perchance

I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so

Instinct with better light let in by Death.
That life was blotted out—not so completely

But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,

Dim memories; as now, when seems once more

The goal is in sight again.—*Browning.*

Look sharply after your thoughts.
They come unlooked for, like the new
bird seen on your trees, and, if you turn
to your usual task, disappear; and you
shall never find that perception again:
never, I say—but perhaps years, ages,
and I know not what events and worlds
may lie between you and its return. In
the novel the hero meets with a person
who astonishes him with a perfect knowledge
of his history and character, and draws
from him a promise that, whenever and
wherever he shall next find him, the youth
shall instantly follow and obey him. So is it with you and the new
thought.—*Emerson.*

SOME SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

It is not that I am careless about beauty, or am ignorant of (the power) of human joys, but only that I see on all the impress of change; therefore my heart is sad and heavy.

I now will seek a noble law, unlike the worldly methods known to men, I will oppose disease and age and death, and strive against the mischief wrought by those on men.

The senses not confined within due limits, and the objects of sense not limited as they ought to be, lustful and covetous thoughts grow up between the two, because the senses and their objects are unequally yoked.

From pure behavior comes self-power, which frees a man from dangers, pure conduct like a ladder, enables us to climb to heaven.

The foolish man conceives the idea of "self," the wise man sees there is no ground on which to build the idea of "self," thus through the world he rightly looks and well concludes.

He who does not do what I command sees me in vain, this brings no profit. A man may dwell beside me, and yet, being disobedient, be far away from me. Keep your heart carefully—give not away to listlessness. Earnestly practice every good work. Permit that heretic to advance. I was born to save mankind, make no hindrance therefore, or excuse.

Ill-governed feelings (senses), like the horse, run wild through all the six domains of sense, bringing upon us in the present world unhappiness, and in the next, birth in an evil way.

Eat your food to satisfy your hunger and (drink to satisfy) your thirst, as we repair an old and broken chariot, or like the butterfly that sips the flower, destroying not its fragrance or its texture.

If a man with a sharp sword should cut the body bit by bit (limb by limb) let not an angry thought or of resentment rise, and let the mouth speak no

ill word. Your evil thoughts and evil words but hurt yourself and not another; nothing so full of victory as patience, tho' your body suffer the pain of mutilation. For recollect that he who hath this patience can not be overcome, his strength being so firm! therefore give not way to anger or evil words towards men in power. Anger and hate destroy the true law, and they destroy dignity and beauty of body; as when one dies we lose our name for beauty, so the fire of anger itself burns up the heart.

Without self-seeking or self-honor, without desire for personal renown, but following what the scriptures say, to benefit the world has been my aim.

Use then the principles of righteousness, use the expedients of good-will and love. Conquer your foe by force, you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow. If you desire to honor Buddha, follow the example of his patience and long suffering.

Be sure, no honest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end.

—Mrs. Browning.

That life is not an idle one,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dip't in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use. —Tennyson.

The mind is infinite and able to understand everything that is brought before it; there is no limit to its understanding.—Richard Jefferies.

A friend completes us less by his personal contribution than by all that he calls forth in us that was already there.
—Jules Bois.

Death is only one aspect of eternal life; destruction is only the troubled sleep of resurrections.—Jules Bois.

Continuity is the expression of the Divine Veracity in Nature.—Newman Smith.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
NOV 1 1920



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 41.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 9, 1920.

Price Five Cents

AKHNATON.

(The following is a preface to "The Wisdom of Akhnaton," a drama of ancient Egypt, by A. E. Grantham, just published by the John Lane Company.)

In 1885, hidden among the crumbling ruins near the village of Tell el Amarna on a bend of the Nile below Thebes, over two hundred clay tablets were discovered closely incised with cuneiform script. In the surrounding hills wonderful rock-tombs and the boundary-stelæ of a forgotten city were brought to light. The tablets give a vivid fragment of the political life under Amenhotep III and of his son and successor Akhnaton, the last two Pharaohs in the direct male line of the famous eighteenth dynasty. Some are letters sent by the kings of Babylon, of the Mitanni (northern Syria) and of the Cheta or Hittites, negotiating alliances, marriages, loans:

"So let my brother send gold in very great quantity, for in my brother's land gold is as common as rust," which was not flattery, but truth, for Thebes, the royal residence till Akhnaton built his new city, was the junction of trade routes linking Arabia and Central Africa with the Euphrates Valley, Asia Minor and the Mycænean cities in and beyond the Greek Archipelago. Agriculture, too, and all the arts and crafts of the period attained a degree of prosperity amazing even in that fertile and immemorially civilized country.

The later letters, however, contain ap-

peals not for gold, but for military assistance. They are written by the small rajahs of Canaan sorely threatened by an irruption of Hittites and of desert tribes called "Habiri," almost certainly the same as Hebrews. This assistance seems to have been refused, at least the appeals grow increasingly urgent and finally bewail the complete loss of Egyptian power and prestige in the towns harried by the pitiless invaders. As there is evidence that Egypt was at the time exceedingly prosperous and not engaged in dangerous wars elsewhere, one seeks for a reason of this total reversal of the former policy of the eighteenth dynasty, dreaded far and wide for the aggressive strength of its military organization. The answer comes from the rock-tombs.

The sculptures and inscriptions traced on their walls show a new orientation towards life, a revaluation of all the inherited values. The motley crowd of ancient Gods, many with their animal heads or bodies still strongly marked with totemism, has disappeared. In its stead, as the only visible symbol of the all-embracing power of the Divine, the Sun-disk has appeared, its long rays tapering into slender hands holding the key of life. Nor is the young Pharaoh ever depicted in those hunting or battle-scenes dear to most kings whereof the savagery of an insatiable will to power is the main inspiration. He chooses to be repre-

sented in tender idyllic scenes enjoying the simple pleasures of life such as the humblest of his subjects could enjoy also. We see him leaning on his staff breathing the perfume of the beautiful flowers which his queen "fair of face" has just picked for him in the garden, he drives out with her in a two-wheeled chariot, her arm round his waist, or he sits with her in the cool of the evening on a balcony hung with garlands of multi-colored blossoms and partakes of some sweet beverage prepared by her hands. His little daughters are always present, even in the temple-scenes, where they shake a few notes of bright music out of their sistrums in honor of the gladness of the rising sun. For it was the gladness, sweetness, beneficence of creation that attracted him, and as in all genuinely religious minds the mystery of the growth of life roused his wondering reverence, its beauty his passionate adoration. There was no room for greed and hate and war in his conception of man's destiny; no occasion for those ugly and gratuitous rivalries which make human history such a never-ending tragedy. The joys he held up as desirable were the simple joys of domestic felicity, of the glow of the sunshine, of the fragrance of flowers, accessible to all, inexhaustible in their abundance, never in danger of not keeping pace with the number of hands stretched out to grasp them. The ambitions he cherished did not necessitate huge armies, or vast empires; they could be attained by the mere effort of keeping the heart attuned to the harmony and sincerity of Creation, the mind open to its tireless patience and infinite tolerance. He saw the safety of his country, not in the old policy of force against force, which never led and never can lead to any permanent peace, but in the knitting together of all the tribes of the world in the worship of the one bountiful God, whose sun shone on all alike, who gave the Nile from the nether-world to the Egyptians and the Nile from Heaven to the other races, "that it might make floods on their mountains" and "so water their fields." He was a poet, an artist, an idealist, yet strong enough, determined enough, fortunate enough to make his dream a reality, and we can not help regretfully wondering what a paradise earth could

have become and remained if while mankind was still young and mouldable it had deliberately renounced its predatory and vindictive passions and instead consistently cultivated habits of joyfully living and letting live, which this beautiful "child of Aton" labored to teach it. His is the first recorded instance of an articulate promulgation of the gospel of a beneficent monotheism with its corollary of peace and good-will among men, though of course the origins of this creed are older than all history, being rooted in instincts quite as fundamental as the more violent impulses, which find their natural expression in tribal polytheisms, conceits, and enmities. Modern historians obsessed by the dreary pessimism, which sees in man nothing higher than a producer of material wealth, dominated by steadily increasing economic wants, and therefore perforce driven into aggressive imperialism by patriotic but wholly unprincipled politicians, have built up a pathetic romance of the death of Akhnaton broken-hearted, disillusioned, bewailing the loss of his Syrian empire. He certainly died young, probably at the age of thirty, but his portraits and his mummy reveal a certain measure of physical weakness which with the prodigious amount of energy spent in building up from the foundations an entirely new city for his court and administration and a new religion for the world's ideals is quite sufficient to account for his early death. Even so his reign lasted at least seventeen years, and during the whole time of his independent rule Aton worship suffered no curtailment. The young Pharaoh was even powerful enough openly to attack the Gods he sought to supplant and to carry out a good deal of iconoclastic persecution against them. Further, his son-in-law and immediate successor, Sakere, continued to uphold the new faith. Petrie gives Sakere a reign of twelve years. The Aton worship would therefore have been in possession of the power of the state for nearly a quarter of a century, a period amply long enough to leave indelible marks on the religious thought and phraseology of the country. Those industrious collectors and transmitters of the ideas of the ancient world—the Jews, embodied fragments of Akhnaton's great

hymn to the Sun in their civ psalm. This justifies the assumption that his teaching was never wholly eradicated, although about 1350 B. C., when Horemheb came to the throne, it was completely driven from power and a systematic vilification of Akhnaton's memory begun. His effigies were mutilated, his name cut out almost everywhere, even out of the wrappings of his dead body. Officially he was branded as the great heretic. But such departmental brandings do not prove the annihilation of a spiritual movement; they rather show that it is strong enough to alarm orthodox bureaucracy. Had it not been for the political misfortunes which overtook the civilized world a century later by the irruption of savage hordes from North and West the Aton cult might have revived, and Egypt would permanently have won the glory Akhnaton gave her for a few years of finding the solution for the discords of a humanity divided against itself in the dethronement of merely national gods, with all the vanities and injustices they breed, and the acceptance in their place of a common worship of a luminous, tender, and all-embracing divinity. As it was, the forces of darkness kept the upper hand. Akhnaton's lovely city was abandoned, dropped into ruins and a sleep of three thousand years. Modern learning in its restless search after truth woke it up once more, blew the dust off the monuments, the mystery off the inscriptions. At a fortunate moment, for never has mankind stood in direr need of a real faith in the indestructibility and the supreme beauty of this great Pharaoh's ideals of light and loveliness and life.

SLEEP.

(From Comte de Gabalis.)

"In sleep the soul is vigorous, and free from the senses and the obstruction of the cares of the body, which lies prostrate and deathlike. When we are not asleep our faculties are employed on the necessary affairs of life, and so are hindered from communication with the Deity by the bondage of the body. When the soul of man is disengaged from corporeal impediments and set at freedom—in sleep—it beholds those wonders which, when entangled beneath the veil of the flesh, it is unable to see," says

Cicero in his treatise "On Divination." And this truth regarding the emergence of the soul from the body during sleep, as well as the soul's consequent closer union with the divine principle, is also set forth in the Koran Sura XXXIX, The Troops. "God taketh souls unto Himself at death; and during their sleep those who do not die; and He retaineth those on which He hath passed a decree of death, but sendeth the others back till a time that is fixed. Herein are signs for the reflecting. Freed from the bondage of the body and the trammels of space and time in sleep, the soul desiring light is able to seek those great souls and sources ever flooding humanity with the outpourings of divine love and wisdom."

SOUL-DEATH.

The possibility of losing one's soul, and hence individuality, militates against the ideal theories and progressive ideas of some spiritualists, though Swedenborg fully adopts it. They will never accept the Kabalistic doctrine which teaches that it is only through observing the law of harmony that individual life hereafter can be obtained; and that the farther the inner and outer man deviate from this fount of harmony, whose source lies in our divine spirit, the more difficult it is to regain the ground.

But while the spiritualists and other adherents of Christianity have little if any perception of this fact of the possible death and obliteration of the human personality by the separation of the immortal part from the perishable, the Swedenborgians fully comprehend it. One of the most respected ministers of the New Church, the Rev. Chauncey Giles, D. D., of New York, recently elucidated the subject in a public discourse, as follows: Physical death, or the death of the body, was a provision of the divine economy for the benefit of man, a provision by means of which he attained the higher ends of his being. But there is another death which is the interruption of the divine order and the destruction of every human element in man's nature, and every possibility of human happiness. This is the spiritual death, which takes place before the dissolution of the body. "There may be a vast development of man's natural mind without that development being accom-

panied by a particle of love of God or of unselfish love of man." When one falls into a love of self and love of the world, with its pleasures, losing the divine love of God and of the neighbor, he falls from life to death. The higher principles which constitute the essential elements of his humanity perish, and he lives only on the natural plane of his faculties. Physically he exists, spiritually he is dead. To all that pertains to the higher and the only enduring phase of existence he is as much dead as his body becomes dead to all the activities, delights, and sensations of the world when the spirit has left it. This spiritual death results from disobedience of the laws of spiritual life, which is followed by the same penalty as the disobedience of the laws of the natural life. But the spiritually dead have still their delights; they have their intellectual endowments and power, and intense activities. All the animal delights are theirs, and to multitudes of men and women these constitute the highest ideal of human happiness. The tireless pursuit of riches, of the amusements and entertainments of social life; the cultivation of graces of manner, of taste in dress, of social preferment, of scientific distinction, intoxication and enrapture these dead-alive; but, the eloquent preacher remarks, these creatures, with all their graces, rich attire, and brilliant accomplishments, are dead in the eye of the Lord and the angels, and when measured by the only true and immutable standard have no more genuine life than skeletons whose flesh has turned to dust." A high development of the intellectual faculties does not imply spiritual and true life. Some of our greatest scientists are but animate corpses—they have no spiritual sight because their spirits have left them. So we might go through all ages, examine all occupations, weigh all human attainments, and investigate all forms of society, and we would find these *spiritually dead* everywhere.

He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

—Goethe.

Death is only a bend in the road of life.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

THE APPLES.

*The world is wasted with fire and sword
But the apples of gold hang over the sea.*

When the wounded seaman heard the ocean
daughters

With their dreamy call
Lull the stormy demon of the waters,
He remembered all.

He remembered knowing of an island charted,
"Past a flying fire,"
Where a fruit was growing, winey-hearted,
Called "the mind's desire."

Near him broke the stealing rollers into
jewels

Round a tree, and there
Sorrow's end and healing, peace, renewals
Ripened in the air.

So he knew he'd found it and he watched the
glory
Burning on the tree
With the dancers round it—like the story—
In the swinging sea.

Lovely round the honey-colored fruit, the
motion

Made a leafy stir.
Songs were in that sunny tree of ocean
Where the apples were.

First the ocean sung them, then the daughters
after,

Dancing to the word.
Beauty danced among them with low laughter
And the harp was heard.

In that sea's immeasurable music sounded
Songs of peace, and still
From the bough the treasure hung down
rounded
To the seaman's will.

Redder than the jewel-seeded beach and
sharper

Were the wounds he bore,
Hearing, past the cruel dark, a harper
Lulling on the shore.

Long he watched the wonders, ringed with
lovely perils,

Watched the apples gleam
In the sleepy thunders on the beryls,
Then he breathed his dream:

"Bloody lands and flaming seas and cloudy
slaughter,

Hateful fogs unfurled,
Steely horror, shading sky and water,
These have wreathed the world.

"Give me fruit for freighting, till my anchor
grapples

Home beyond the vast.
Earth shall end her hating, through the apples
And be healed at last."

Then the sea-girls, lifting up their lovely voices

With the secret word,
Sang it through the drifting ocean noises
And the sailor heard;

Ocean-old the answers reached his failing sinew,

Touched, unveiled his eyes:
"Beach and bough and dancers are within you,
There the island lies.

"Though the heavens harden, though the thunders hover,

Though our song be mute,
Burning in our garden for the lover
Still unfolds the fruit."

Outward from the shore the happy sailor,
turning,

Passed the fleets of sleep,
Passed his pain and bore the secret, burning,
Homeward to the deep.

—*Ridgely Torrence in the Nation.*

IMAGINATION.

(From "Studies in Jacob Boehme," by A. J. Penny. Published by J. M. Watkins, London.)

The surprise which the correspondent who signs himself "Trident" has expressed at creative power being attributed to imagination led me to think that possibly some gaps in the mind of your readers might be a little filled up, and many interesting lines of thought suggested, by the quotations I have selected from writers whom no one can suspect of "scientific freaks." In any degree to do justice to the subject, a carefully written and ripely matured volume of thought would be required. All I venture to offer are germs of thought gathered on widely different planes, and in suitable mental ground they will not be altogether fruitless.

From Jacob Boehme I find so much light thrown on the powers of imagination, that selecting the clearest of his many dicta on this point is my only difficulty.

"That which breaketh the divine image" (in man) "is the *essential* fierce wrathfulness, and it is done through the imagination; or false or wicked love and imaging; therefore, it lieth wholly in the imagination; whatsoever a man letteth into his desire, in that standeth the image."

"There is nothing in this world that can touch or kill the soul, no fire nor

sword, but only the *imagination*; that is its poison; for it is originally proceeded out of the imagination, and continued eternally therein."

"All things are existed through *divine Imagination*, and do yet stand in such a birth or geniture, condition, or regiment."

This saying will be better understood if I place next to it the following from his answer to the sixth theosophic question:

"Angels are mere imaged powers of the Word of God; for man's kind is an express or reflex image, or antitype of the eternal power of God. For all senses or meanings, or notions, come out of the mind; and out of the senses, meanings, or notions, come right thoughts, viz., a conclusion or *imagination*, from whence longing lust (wish) or delight existeth; which longing going into a being or substance, from whence the perceptible desire, and out of that the work springeth; thus also is God, in like manner, the eternal mind, that is, the understanding; and yet, there would be no distinction therein, if He did not flow out from himself. His outflowings are the powers; as in man the senses and thoughts; and the powers bring themselves into an imagination, wherein standeth the angelical IDEA."

"Now seeing the eternal abyss is magical, therefore that is magical also, whatsoever is generated out of the eternal; for out of the desiring all things are come to be; Heaven and Earth are magical; and the *mind* with the senses or thoughts are magical; we will but once know or understand ourselves."

... "*Whatsoever the Magia maketh itself, that it hath; the devil made himself hell, and that he hath; and Adam made himself earth and that he is.*" ... "A creaturely Spirit is no palpable substance; but it must draw in substance unto itself through its imagination, else it would not subsist."

"For the soul is out of the eternal magic fire, which must also have magic good, viz., *by or with the imagination.*"

"The inward blood of the divine substance is also magical, for the Magia maketh it to be a substance; it is spiritual blood, and which *can not* be touched or stirred by the outward substance, but by the imagination only." Google

"Hold fast to love in your imagination; nothing can take it from you but your own imagination. As soon as our imagination goes out of the love, darkness enters into the imagination, and the devil then has access."

Having thus proved that Boehme—not, I believe, exceptionally, but with great vehemence—insisted on the unquestionable creative might of imagination, it will be interesting to see how far he explains the process by which "longeth goeth into being or substance," and to compare his explanations with that of a contemporary expert in practices which we can only describe as magical. When I say explain I only mean that he tells us on this subject all that can be told.

"The will is the *mysterium magnum*, the great mystery of all wonders and secrets, and yet it driveth forth itself, through the *imagination* of the desiring hunger, into substance. It is the original of nature; its desire maketh a representation; this *representation* is no other than the will of the desire, yet the desire maketh in the will such a substance as the will in itself is. The true *Magia* is no substance, but the desiring *spirit* of substance; it is an unsubstantial *matrix*, and revealeth or manifesteth itself in the substance. The *Magia* is a spirit, and the substance is its body. The *Magia* is the greatest hidden secret, for it is *above* Nature; it maketh Nature according to the form of its will." . . . "The *Magia* is the acting of the will-spirit; or the performance in the spirit of the will."

Now let us turn to Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World," and see if the report of the old mystic is not both confirmed and elucidated by that of the modern adept there quoted:

"The human generator is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations through æons of time to come. This is the key to the mystery of his being able to project into and materialize in the visible world the forms that his imagination has constructed out of inert cosmic matter in the invisible world. The adept does not create anything new, but only utilizes and manipulates materials which Nature has in store around

him, and material which, throughout eternities, has passed through all the forms. He has but to choose the one he wants, and recall it into objective existence." . . . "Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might call it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it."

"Would not this sound to one of your learned biologists like a madman's dream?" asks the same informant from his Asiatic seclusion. If it would to them, there was but a few years ago in France a thinker and an adept—now withdrawn from our mortal life—to whom such ideas would have been far from strange: he who called himself Eliphaz Levi. In the introduction to his "Histoire de la Magie" he tells us, "qu'il existe un agent mixte, un agent naturel et divin, corporel et spirituel, un médiateur plastique universel, un receptacle commun des vibrations du mouvement et des images de la forme, un fluide et une force qu'on pourrait appeler en quelque manière *l'imagination de la Nature* . . . l'essence de la lumière vivante (la lumière astrale), c'est d'être configurative, c'est l'imagination universelle dont chacun de nous s'approprie une part plus ou moins grande, suivant son degré de sensibilité et de mémoire."

The subject is fascinating, and I must not allow myself any additional quotations, lest I encroach upon valuable space or weary puzzled readers. But there are perplexities of abstract thought which seem to promise so much, and, even while still unsolved, to offer such grand vistas of enlarging knowledge, that one turns from them reluctantly.

On that especial effect of imagination referred to by C. M. C., "Trident" will find a very interesting and by no means scientific chapter in Lavater's Essays in Physiognomy. Lecture 8, ch. 2, "On the Influence of Imagination on the Formation of Man." Having spoken on the not uncommon appearance of a dying person in the presence of a distant friend, he says: "The how of the ques-

tion is inexplicable, I allow it; but the facts are evident, and to deny them would be offering an insult to all historic truth."

Again, farther on, "When the imagination is powerfully agitated by desire, love, or hatred, a single instant is sufficient for it to create or to annihilate, to enlarge or to contract, to form giants or dwarfs, to determine beauty or ugliness." . . . "This faculty of the soul, in virtue of which it thus produces creations and metamorphoses, has not hitherto been sufficiently investigated; but it sometimes manifests itself, nevertheless, in the most decided manner."

A PLAGUE OF MATERIALISM.

(From Leslie's.)

Every one is agreed that mankind has been making progress during the Christian era.

Human progress in its essence is simply the admission of more and more people into growing participation in the good things of life.

When a nation extends its political franchise, it is making political progress. When it achieves a wider distribution of wealth, it is making economic progress. When it places education and religion within reach of all, it is making moral and intellectual progress.

Out of this process of progressive democratization has come to the masses of men a powerful personal desire to get all that other and more forward folks enjoy.

The world war stimulated this desire to an abnormal degree and it is now raging like a fever in every country.

This desire to participate fully in all the good things of life, which is the mark of all progress, has become infected by two fundamental fallacies, both of which had their origin in Germany, but which have spread over the world like a plague.

The first was the discovery of Karl Marx, a German Jew, that all ills are traceable to an economic cause. This theory, coupled with the enormous economic expansion of the past century, due to the application of science to industry, has materialized the morals and minds of countless millions and, to that extent, degraded their powers as human beings.

The second fallacy is that might makes

right, and that the things to do is to take what you want in spite of law, honor, justice, or any other humane consideration.

For four years of bloody warfare Germany taught the world this lesson. Thanks to Mr. Wilson's fourteen points, interjected at the moment when the theory of Force as the best agent of Progress was about to be hopelessly defeated, mankind has been left in doubt as to whether, after all, force and violence are not the best instruments for getting what you want.

So we have the masses of men today impelled by an exaggerated desire to get their full share of the good things of life, choosing material possessions and political power as the sum total of these good things, and brute force and violence as the best means of securing what they want.

If this analysis is in any degree correct, it follows that we shall never have peace and fraternity again until, by right moral instruction, the world is taught to view life in its true perspective, which means that the spirit shall ever hold dominion over the flesh and the works of our hands shall be our ministers and not our masters. And, equally important, that the forces of law and order shall defend at any cost the stability of just government and the supremacy of law over all personal and class interests.

CALM.

Hast thou been down into the deep of thought

Until the things of time and sense are naught;

Hast sunk—sunk—in that tideless under-deep

Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?

Hast visited the depth where he must go
That would the secrecies of being know?
Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles
and tears,

The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?

Hast thou been down into the deep of thought

Beloved of prophets, where their work is wrought?

Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care
in calm,

The tumult melts in music of a Psalm.

—John Kante Cheney

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

OFF
15 1920



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 42.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 16, 1920.

Price Five Cents

A BUDDHIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

(W. A. de Silva in the Hibbert Journal.)

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

The thirst for knowledge of what appears to be shut out from one's eyes is ever present in man. Curiosity, love of novel sensation, desire for information which may be of use in promoting one's ambitions, the interpretation of the secret yearnings of the heart, the desire for the acquisition of power and knowledge that are not in the possession of others, have all contributed in various degrees to stimulate this quest after the unknown. In recent times a new factor, a desire to make use of this knowledge for better and higher service in strengthening the mutual bonds that link together the whole human race, has come into play. Love and sympathy have first to be evoked in one's self; but they can not develop and become effective in the place where they originate. They must at once be freely bestowed and transferred beyond self. The average man bestows these gifts on those who are near and dear to him—wife, family, parents, relations, friends—in a widening circle. And as the circle of love and sympathy widens, so do his own happiness and peace grow fuller and deeper, and he longs to extend it beyond the bounds of earthly and visible existence.

The East long ago investigated and studied what are called spiritistic phe-

nomena, and the results of their studies are found implicit in the vast mass of Oriental religious literature. They have obtained the acceptance of the bulk of all Eastern peoples. The Eastern point of view on matters of this kind should interest many investigators in Europe and America. It will suggest lines of thought which may explain much that is strange and puzzling at the present stage of knowledge in the West, and help investigators in their own quest after the unknown. The records of experience in regard to life here and hereafter, and beings seen and unseen, have been handed down by tradition and have been incorporated in the religious literature of the East, not as matters requiring investigation and proof, but as accepted facts that had been investigated and realized long ago by our ancient teachers and their remote ancestors. We now no more think of inquiring and experimenting for ourselves as to the existence of other beings, or the conditions and characteristics of such beings, than a person here thinks of investigating for himself the conclusions of science in connection with everyday physical phenomena.

The Old World views in regard to spiritistic phenomena can be summarized in a few general statements. Life consists of beings in innumerable stages of existence without beginning and without end. We realize life in the average human unit in the expression, more or less, of six senses—those of Sight, Hearing,

Smell, Taste, Touch, and Thought. These senses are expressed by the different organs of the sensory body, and Thought is a sense and has its organ like any other. Each of these may be developed in various stages of intensity. The expression of one or more senses may be entirely absent or very slight, and sometimes almost imperceptible, while the expression of others may be more pronounced than the average in its intensity. The differences and variations in different individuals are innumerable and hardly measurable.

It follows, in accepting this view, that it is possible that there can be beings other than human in whom are found variations and differences in these same senses and sense-organs. There are beings whose physical state is denser or rarer, as the case may be, than the physical state of man or animal. Those with rarefied bodies are invisible to an average impression of sight. These beings with rarefied physical bodies are classified for the purpose of description in accordance with their stages of sense-development. For want of a better term the unseen are classed as "spirits." The word itself is not taken to define any unchangeable or permanent individual class; it is a relative term employed merely to express beings who are not usually perceived by the senses of average man.

Some of these unseen beings are classified as gross elementals, that is, spirits whose opportunities and senses are cramped, whose mental development and development of character are erratic, and therefore whose ideas of right and wrong are hardly measured by considerations of harmony. Their attributes of craving, passion, and self-delusion are at their full height, and their activities and life are governed by these conditions. There are others who are more advanced in the development of their character, but still addicted to erratic action due to a predominance of one or more of the attributes of being, till we come to others of higher and higher scales of harmonious development.

Suffering, sorrow, and pain are the results of craving, passion, and delusion. In a being whose cravings, passions, and delusions are intensified the suffering is great in proportion. When these are diminished or under greater control, the

suffering and pain are lessened and happiness is increased. The spirits ascend in the scale of happiness in proportion to the diminution and inhibition of the attributes of being. The higher the scale there is less sorrow and more happiness, till in certain higher spheres of development the experiences of the sense of pleasure, love, and sympathy are at their greatest intensity.

Birth, death, and being cease only when craving, passion, and delusion are entirely eliminated in the long upward march of beings. All beings that we speak of are subject to birth, death, and re-being, which occur in consonance with their nature. Nature is conceived as existing in the three conditions—namely, the continuous element of change marked by its two great crises of birth and death.

Everything is in a state of continuous change. In consequence of these changes there is absence of harmony, and the resulting disharmony may be scarcely perceptible or may be extremely violent. All things are correlated to each other, a change in one acting on every other.

The phenomenon of birth in a physical sense is varied according to the state of the senses and organs of senses of each particular class. We know of the conditions of birth in a physical sense in animals and human beings. We know of the division and multiplication of organic living cells. Births in the sphere of the unseen differ in accordance with the state of sense and sense-organs existing in that sphere. They necessarily do not bear any physiological resemblance to what we notice in the animal world.

Death is the dissolution of the senses and sense-organs through various means, through effluxion of time, through age, and through cessation of functions. The span of natural life in one stage differs from the span of natural life in another stage; we know only of the average span physiologically in average man and animal. We are aware that certain conditions make a considerable alteration in the time of this dissolution. The less dense the physical form, the greater is the average time that it takes before dissolution sets in. In the unseen world the span may be comparatively great according to the state of the development of the senses and sense-organs. The sense-

organs have no permanent character. They are only media where activity takes shape.

Activity is "being" and produces force, and this force, which has a distinctive character directly resulting from the diversity of activities, we call Karma. When sense-organs dissolve, force that has been shaped through them does not disappear. It remains distinct so long as it is not merged in harmony. There is no harmony so long as the activities of being are tinged with the variations due to craving, passion, and delusion. In describing the phenomena of electricity the terms "positive" and "negative" are used to denote variations whose real nature is hardly understood, except that they describe conditions which are dissimilar. We can in like manner describe the force of being, or Karma, as having an indefinite number of variations and not merely positive and negative.

The electric force sent out by a wireless operator is caught by another operator through the medium of an apparatus sensitive to the particular wave of force. Similarly the Karma, when freed from a particular group of sense aggregations, gets itself expressed in a nascent field suitable for its manifestation, and this is the sense in which we understand survival and reincarnation, or re-being. This suitability may be slight or intensive. One Karma can not combine with any other distinct from it, for each has its own individuality, as activities differ in different individuals. For that very reason a Karma can not take its field in any other sense-group which is already under manifestation.

It is not quite easy to demonstrate re-being by any actual physical analogy. We have already mentioned the three attributes that constitute being, namely, craving, passion, and delusion. Happiness consists in the weakening and uprooting of these; the less one possesses or is possessed by them the greater is the state of happiness. In life and its activities there is a continual striving for happiness. Various methods are followed, some consciously and of set purpose, and others unconsciously and without feeling that one is trying for anything special. The codes of ethics, the sanctions of society, and the teachings of religion, all aim at gaining this object. Some of the means adopted are more

effective than others: some lead straight to the goal; others take devious paths; but activity is continuous, and this activity shapes itself and carries with it its sum of results which continue on and on till its object is gained of uprooting its motive power, craving, passion, and delusion.

There is one aspect in this continuous activity for gaining happiness and diminishing craving, passion, and delusion which one has to bear in mind—that of the interdependence of all beings. It is the progress of the whole. To accomplish this process, each unit has to improve itself. The greater is the perfection of each unit, the greater is the progress of the whole. The unit at every turn finds it difficult to progress if it thinks of itself without realizing its relation to others.

A continuity of acquired character is manifested in re-being. The sphere in which the re-being takes place is largely determined by the attitude of the conscious mind at the time of dissolution. At this time the mental process becomes active. With the release of energy required in the maintenance of the senses which more or less cling to the body, the thought-sense is freed and made active and potent. Before the mind's eye appear all the immediate past activities—the cravings, the passions, and self-delusions, the combat against these, the training undergone to resist and subdue these, the joys that accrued from such resistance, and the sorrows and pangs due to their manifestation. These crystallize, as it were, and take shape.

When a being dissolves with thought-results shaped by craving, passion, and self-delusion, he passes into spheres of darkness and suffering, where such conditions find easy root. Where these defects are more or less under control he passes on to spheres of light, peace, and rest in consonance with the predominant thought-ideas. If a person's dissolution sets in with his faculties unimpaired and in happy surroundings, unworried by cares, cravings, and passions, his future being is cast in a happy sphere. In Eastern countries friends and relatives remaining near a person at his dissolution endeavor to do their best to relate to the dying person the good acts he accomplished in his life—they endeavor to remind him that nothing is permanent, that

he is himself but a part of the ocean of beings, that he should have no cravings nor passions. He is thus helped to a harmonious shaping of his last thoughts.

The old writings and traditions of the East go into minute details of the various divisions of unseen beings. The spirits of the unseen world range from suffering spirits to shining spirits.

To the lowest form belong those in the dark spheres, where there is much suffering and sorrow, and they are beings whose cravings, passions, and self-delusions have been great.

Next in order come spirits who are near to the earth; who have obtained their re-being with a prominent expression of craving or passion, but whose suffering is less and whose freedom is greater than that of the former class.

These are also malevolent spirits whose powers and freedom are great, but who suffer from passion.

In the fourth class there are the shining spirits—those who enjoy pleasure and happiness in varying degrees.

To the fifth class belong the tranquil spirits, whose happiness is great and whose faculties for the enjoyment of the senses of the mind are high.

To the sixth class belong the fine and subtle spirits who have no individual form, but are thought-groups in the enjoyment of transcendent tranquillity and happiness.

In the spirit-spheres there are activities and there are all the changes of moods and conditions due to the activities of the senses, expressed differently from the human environment, to suit the conditions prevailing among them according to the development of their various sense-organs. There is individuality; there is variation of development and attainment. There are those who lead and those who follow. There are society, association, and attachments.

There are conditions under which man can have access to the spirit-world. The manner in which a human being can communicate with the spirit-world is one that has received much attention in Eastern writings. The physical senses of a normal man differ from the physical senses of a spirit in different degrees. In certain individuals some of the senses are abnormal. By practice and training it is possible to make the senses either finer and more sensitive or denser and more

resistive to impressions. In some human subjects we find in their sense-perceptions great variations from the normal. Where a man is able to approximate some of his sense-resources to those of the spirit-world he becomes a medium through which communications can be established. Thus we have three conditions under which a person can get in touch with the unseen world:

1. Where there is manifested a natural abnormal development of some of the senses.

2. Where by practice and by concentration through the repetition of words or phrases, and by adopting other devices and controlled activities, certain senses are approximated to those of some of the beings in the spirit-world.

3. Where mental training is practiced for the advancement of any faculties such as those related to certain religious practices.

The first of these includes mediums. In the majority of cases a medium will be found to be abnormal in one or more of his senses, and is often unbalanced. Some of the senses thus weakened and others that have been strengthened enable him to get into touch with spirits, some of whose senses or faculties approximate those of the medium. The use of the planchette, the crystal, or even the automatic hand, concentrates the abnormal faculty enabling the spirit to make the communication.

In the second class can be placed magicians, or those who are said to practice witchcraft by various formulae and rites. They induce conditions in their own senses, or the senses of others subjected to them, approximating them to those of some of the spirits. In the first division a medium, through his natural abnormality of the senses, is enabled to communicate with spirits of weak powers. In the second case when a magician or necromancer practices his art for gain or for acquiring power for his own sordid purposes, he usually comes in contact with gross spirits, who possess also characteristics mostly of an unsympathetic nature, and who, if the opportunity occurs, may perpetuate acts that are far from agreeable.

The third case is that where the senses are well trained and where mercy, compassion, love, and altruism predominate, and where the subject attains a state of

ecstasy. This state is obtained by great religious teachers and adepts, who work for the uplifting of humanity and who are able to help both man and the unseen spirits to a higher state of harmony and beneficent activity.

The spirits themselves, when their ties are close to earth and when their cravings prompt them, try to get in touch with the human world through similar means. The advanced spirits whose passions and cravings are far removed from the earthly sphere and whose enjoyment and happiness are great, do not, as a rule, desire any communication with the earth mediums—only under two conditions would some of them express themselves to man. One is where they are eager to do some service to humanity and where they find some human being who is likely to be able to carry this out. The second is where through compassion and love, by some timely warning or otherwise, they attempt to avert or modify some avoidable evil or calamity. The powers of spirits have similar limitations to those of the human race. They do not possess miraculous powers. Their powers are governed according to the development of their senses. They can not foretell any event except through deductive reasoning, but where their senses are greatly developed they may be able to make the deductions with better knowledge and insight than man, and they can sometimes describe things with greater detail where their sense-perceptions are acute. In other matters they may not be able to go so far as the average human being, when through any circumstances their sense-development and sense-conditions prevent them from perceiving what the average human sense perceives.

There are certain grades of spirits who desire when they are in a weak state the help of human beings and the help and sympathy of those whom they regarded as near and dear to them, and this help can be communicated just as among the living. Every kind thought and wish extended towards these spirits helps them in their development. Those who die a sudden death without having time for reflection and composing their minds, those who at their dissolution have some longing or passion, are weak spirits that specially benefit from the kind thoughts of the living. Buddhists have a definite method in their religious

practices of daily sending out their thoughts of love, compassion, and kindness to all beings. They specially think of those who had been near and dear to them; the spirits of such, if born in any of the weak spheres, expect this help from their friends. The relatives and friends do special deeds of charity and acts of love, so that they may extend their kind thoughts—which have been thus exalted and ennobled—to their departed friends. When these thoughts reach the departed they feel exalted and become stronger and happier. This may be described as the Buddhist or naturalistic version of the Catholic or ecclesiastical doctrine of Purgatory and masses for the dead.

(Those interested in the advance of ethical thought would do well to watch the pages of the *Hibbert Journal*.)

A MYSTERY*CAVERN.

Two discoveries that throw light on prehistoric times have been made in Central France. In the cave of the "Three Brothers," at Montesquieu, a wall-painting, made in elemental colors of black and yellow, has been found by savants. It is apparently 15,000 years old. It represents a man, walking to the left, naked and bedaubed with stripes. His body is leaning forward, with his arms in front and hands joined, "as in a cakewalk," says a learned report of the Académie des Sciences. On his head is a sort of mask representing a stag, and a horse's tail is bound on his loins.

Professor Begoeun thinks that it represents a primitive sorcerer in the exercise of his mysteries, and that the cave in question was a prehistoric wizard's den.

The second find was made by a boy, Jack Bouillot, on the last day of his holidays. While watching some workmen occupied in blasting operations he perceived a hole seeming to go into the interior of the mountain, and crawling in he found a cavern of large dimensions. On the floor were various objects, not yet identified, and an enormous bone—the leg bone of a mammoth, say the scientists.

Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw*

A BRAZILIAN CLAIRVOYANT.

A Brazilian medium or prophet, who is at the same time a physician of note, Count Hugo Baschieri, has been made the subject of a study in the *Annales des Sciences psychiques* (Paris) by Professor de Vesme, an able psychiatrist. Emphasis is laid upon one episode that happened on the last day of July, six years ago—the very eve of the great world war. The Brazilian in question, Count Baschieri, was then at a meeting of several friends of his who knew of his strange clairvoyant power. They were in a small apartment at the house of Mme. J. M., in the rue Saint Charles, not far from the fortifications of the city of Paris. The spot was about an hour's walk from the great boulevards.

All at once the Brazilian count showed signs of agitation. "What a quantity of blood will flow tonight!" he exclaimed. "Look at the clock."

The darkness was well nigh complete. Lamps were lighted. The clock showed that it was forty minutes past 9.

"This night or tomorrow," resumed the Brazilian medium, "some one of great importance will be assassinated." He added later: "At this very moment an event of the utmost gravity is happening at the Boulevard des Italiens."

Next morning the newspapers announced that at forty minutes past 9 on the previous night Jean Jaurès had fallen a victim of assassination in a street adjoining the boulevard referred to. Professor de Vesme, who writes this in the French journal of psychic sciences, received a full account of the clairvoyant's words and actions on this fatal evening, verified by the signatures of all the witnesses.

Nobody had entered or could have entered the apartment in which the meeting was held except the people already assembled there. Moreover, there was not sufficient time to bring from such a long distance any account of the crime against the illustrious French Socialist leader who fell at that fatal hour. Villain, the assassin, having had no accomplice, we must give up all idea that the Brazilian clairvoyant had been told beforehand about the impending tragedy. Was it all a case of wonderful coincidence or of a telepathic transmission of thought, the emotion of the crowd being transmitted from a distance to the brain

of the medium?. The psychiatrists can best discuss the question. As for the clairvoyant himself, Count Baschieri, he does not accept any such explanation. A spiritualist by conviction, he is persuaded that the dire warnings he received were conveyed from the next world.

It seems, from details supplied in the French scientific organ, that finding himself over fourteen years ago in Chile, Count Baschieri prophesied the great earthquake that destroyed Valparaiso, Santiago, and other important municipalities. The count indicated, not only the day, but the hour of the approaching catastrophe. The time was 8 in the morning, as the count foretold it, but the shock did not come until 8 in the evening. During the interval the people of the region, irritated against the count for having caused them so much agitation, threatened to deal summarily with him. The police had to be called in for his protection. The count, who has never been deceived by his prophetic spirits, retained his calm assurance all through the uproar raging about him.

When, after the delay noted, the prediction of the count was verified in all its details by the actual event, his prestige among the Chileans became prodigious. The president of the republic would consult him on important affairs of state.

The spirits that guide the Brazilian count, if we may accept the facts as presented by Professor de Vesme in the French paper, do not confine themselves to public events. They are interested in the circumstances of private life. A lady talked with the count two years ago and he told her that she would soon marry again. She was a widow. The count said the future husband was then at Salonica. His name began with the letter R. The marriage was to take place in about a year. Neither the lady nor the gentleman at Salonica had ever thought of marrying each other. When the Brazilian count heard that he merely said: "You will meet this man in the street before you go back to Fontainebleau." The meeting took place as predicted and so did the marriage. Other striking instances of this clairvoyant's powers are set forth by the savant, who can not account for the facts in the case.—*Current Opinion.*

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

The Secret Doctrine is an uninterrupted record, covering thousands of generations of seers, whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions, passed on orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted Beings, who watched over the childhood of humanity.

Where is the daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals a *consciousness of their own*? All he can say is that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.

So long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving Ego from the thralldom of these senses—so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of "things in themselves," or Substance.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

Each week has a distinct occult character in the lunar month; each day of the twenty-eight has its special characteristics; for each of the twelve constellations, whether separately or in combination with other signs, has an Occult influence either for good or for evil.

The wise men who . . . invented a method to make the incomprehensible assume a tangible form, could only do so by resorting to numbers and geometrical figures.

The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the Forces we know are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about.

The Future, like the past, is ever alive in the present.

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very

often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.

It is well known that sand, when placed on a metal plate in vibration, assumes a series of regular figures of various descriptions. Can Science give a *complete* explanation of this fact?

The man's lower principles are disintegrated in times, and are used by Nature again for the formation of new human principles; the same process also taking place in the disintegration and formation of Worlds.

Since no single atom in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more then must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?

Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast,

Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;

Tree, flower, and moss put new year's raiments on;

Each natural type, the greatest as the least,

Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased.

How should man's spirit keep in union

With the world's law of outgrowth, save it won

New robes and ampler as its growth increased?

Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philosophy!

Let gently die an art's decaying fire!

Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free

To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!

The planets change their surface as they roll:

The force that binds the spheres must bind the soul.—Henry G. Hewlett.

Listen within yourselves and look into the infinitude of Space and Time. There can be heard the songs of the Constellations, the voices of the Numbers, and the harmony of the Spheres.—Hermes

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Nov 22 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 43.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 23, 1920.

Price Five Cents

A CLAIRVOYANTE.

(The Princess Blücher, author of an English Wife in Berlin," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., gives us the following curious experience that befell her during the war and while she was resident in Germany.)

BERLIN, April, 1918.—I suppose I was feeling more than usually anxious about my family just now, and as I am a great believer in telepathy, the following is a curious instance of it. I have been undergoing a course of massage lately, and the lady who gives me the treatment, although not professing to be a clairvoyante, has at times an extraordinary gift of second sight. In the course of conversation during my treatment she said, "You are terribly worried about something, aren't you?" "Yes," I said, "I am anxious about my brothers and brother-in-law, owing to this last offensive." Looking round the room and seeing their photographs all about, she begged me not to worry, and taking up each photograph in turn she told me the following, which I noted down as she said it. Holding up the photo of my eldest brother, she said he was in a distant land and had been in a hospital there, ill but not wounded. "This one," and she took up the photo of my brother Edmund, "has a scar or sore all along one side of his face."

I knew nothing about them at the time, but about ten days later I received a letter from my mother, saying that my eldest brother was in Palestine, and had been very ill in hospital; and that Ed-

mund, my second brother, was home on sick leave owing to an abscess on his chin and jaw caused by the unhealthy food and water in the place he had been at!

"These two," taking up the photos of my brother-in-law, Colonel Rowland Fielding, and of my brother Vincent, "have been for the last few days in terrible danger, but it is over for them at present." Then, singling out the one of my brother, "He is lying at this moment in a hospital with a broken leg. I see him fall," she continued, "with a wound or accident in his leg; I see two soldiers coming on either side of him and picking him up and supporting him under the shoulders; they half drag and half carry him across a temporary bridge, made of rafters, across a canal. [These details were proved later to have been correct.] He is now in a hospital, where he will remain for about six weeks and then will be sent home, where he will remain in hospital for many months. He will recover, but he will limp for life."

I must confess I felt partly relieved at the thought that he and Rowland were for the moment out of danger, and just waited patiently for definite news to come. On the evening of this same day I took up a paper and read the description of the fighting that had taken place near Givenchy from the 9th to 14th April, how on the 11th and 12th the West Lancashire Territorials had saved the situation, but that their losses had been so fearful that they had had to fall back

on the "engineers of this regiment" as infantry reserves (Vincent's regiment; and he was, in fact, an engineer).

As I am now, thank God, in constant uncensored communication with my cousin at The Hague, who is my one link with the outer world, I hoped to gain more news through him, and telegraphed to ask if anything had happened to Vincent. On April 28th I received a wire from him saying: "Vincent has a broken leg, and is expected to be well enough to be moved to London from France in six weeks' time." The prophetic words being thus so exactly verified almost terrified me in the contemplation of how ignorant we are of the hidden forces of Nature. Yet how grateful I was for this good news, and I think no one ever before rejoiced more at a broken leg than I did over my brother Vincent's.

At the same time it seems as if our family is not to be spared suffering in any generation, for on April 22d I received a *Times* of the 11th, and in the list of casualties saw the name of my nephew Osmund, the only son of my eldest brother.

RAJA YOGA.

In 1897 Swami Vivekananda, one of the Hindu teachers of the Vedanta (monistic Brahminism) lecturing in New York, issued a volume of his discoveries with a commentary on the aphorisms of Patanjali, the recognized master of the orthodox faith. The little book was printed, but scarcely published. Now, under the title of "Raja Yoga," it has been reissued by Brentano's, with an enlarged glossary of the technical Sanscrit terms. One asks one's self what public there is for such a manual? How many men, or even women, are there today in our Western world ready to follow the austere rules laid down by the ancient seers of India for attaining the state of Samadhi, the peaceful liberation from consciousness? And, supposing there are a few ready to submit to the ordeal, what is the actual result of their efforts? Questions we should not care to answer; but at least the reappearance of such a manual is a sign of the times. We can assure those curious in such matters that Vivekananda's treatise, despite some forcing of the language to cover the categories of modern thought, is in the main faithful to the ancient tradition—which

is more than can be said of all the appeals to the Occident made by our visiting Swamis.—*The Weekly Review*.

(The *Weekly Review* does not seem to know much of the public thought it professes to represent.—ED. OUTLOOK.)

MAGIC.

Brahman and Egyptian Hierophants taught belief in the powers of man by magic practices to command the services of the gods, which gods are in truth but the occult powers or potencies of nature personified by the learned priests themselves in which they revered only the attributes of the one unknown and nameless Principle.

Be in the world, but not of it—isolation is not local, but spiritual and mental.

The unenlightened seek for pleasure in the external things of life.

O Son of Spirit! I have created thee rich; why hast thou made thyself poor? Noble I have crowned thee; why dost thou degrade thyself? Of the essence of knowledge have I manifested thee; why searchest thou for another than Me? From the clay of Love I have kneaded thee; why seekest thou another? Turn thy sight unto thyself, that thou mayest find Me, standing within thee, Powerful, Mighty, and Supreme.—*Baha'o'llah*.

"The way of liberation from this cyclic law of rebirth is not manifest to the heedless and ignorant, deluded by the chimera of wealth," says Death; "for him there is this world and no other, and thus thinking he falls again and again under my control."—*Yoga of Yama*.

Our true being lies behind the veil of sense, and this can hear and speak the soundless language of thought and ideas.

Reincarnation, or the idea that the soul of man passes through many earthly lives in different physical bodies before he is fit to remain in higher worlds, was thought and believed in by most of the old religions. Also by the first Christians; it was considered as belonging to the law of evolution—one earthly life being regarded as a day in school of a child.

To control the mental state, and not to disturb oneself over external conditions which can not be controlled, is sound philosophy for application in daily life. The mind that has found its centre in spiritual things will remain serene.

In relation to the four planes of being, the Spiritual, Mental, Emotional, and Material, corresponding with the Four

Elements, namely, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, we have four distinct types of humans. There are enthusiasts, those who are conscious of answering to an all-impelling spiritual afflatus, such as the great reformers, those of high genius, and the spiritual teachers of the world, those whom Bruno called heroic enthusiasts; the intellectuals, who are concerned principally with the great problems of life and mind, science, philosophy, and ethics; the psychics, or those who are moved principally by the emotions and passions and constitute the large body of our social system; and the materialists, who never get any higher than the things of sense. These correspond with the four complexions and are included in the four-faced Brahma, or totality of living things.

As is evident from their hieroglyphics, the Egyptians were acquainted with the wonders of magnetism. Is it at all reasonable to conclude, at a period when knowledge was at the highest and when the human powers were, in comparison with ours at the present time, prodigious, that all these indomitable, scarcely believable physical efforts—that such achievements as those of the Egyptians—were devoted to a mistake? that the Myriads of the Nile were fools laboring in the dark, and that all the magic of their great men was forgery? and that we, in despising that which we call their superstition and wasted power, are alone the wise? No! there is much more in these old religions than, probably, in the audacity of modern denial, in the confidence of these superficial-science times, and in the derision of these days without faith, is in the least degree supposed. We do not understand the old time.—*Rosicrucians*, 109.

There are only two original colors, red and blue, representing spirit and matter; for orange is red mixing with the yellow light of the sun, yellow is the radiance of the sun itself, green is blue and yellow, indigo is blue tintured with red, and violet is produced by the mingling of red and blue. The sun is alchemic gold and the moon is alchemic silver. In the operation of these two potent spirits, or mystic rulers of the world, it is supposed astrologically that all mundane things were produced.—*Rosicrucians*, 183.

He that knows no guilt can know no fear.—*Phillip Massinger*.

STORIES OF BUDDHA.

In answering, in "The Reader's Guide" of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* for October 2, 1920, a question as to books "that treat of the revelation of God in Nature," and especially those suited for young people, May Lamberton Becker says: "The nearest to a synthesis of nature and religion is in a recently published collection of 'Eastern Stories and Legends' by the famous English professional story-teller, Marie Shedlock (Dutton). This work, which has introductory appreciation by Professor Rhys Davis and Miss Annie Carroll Moore of the Children's Department of the New York Public Library, presents to the child-mind through East Indian stories of Buddha the characteristic Oriental idea of nature. This is summed up in the paragraph from Tagore quoted in the preface: "In the West the prevalent feeling is that Nature belongs exclusively to inanimate things and to beasts; that there is a sudden and unaccountable break where human nature begins. According to it, everything that is low in the scale of being is merely nature, and whatever has the stamp of perfection on it, intellectual or moral, is human nature. . . . But the Indian mind never has any hesitation in acknowledging the kinship." Of books on the subject generally Miss Becker says: "The most important book of this nature that I have come upon is J. N. Shearman's 'Natural Theology of Evolution,' published by Dutton. This is a book for students, but valuable to the general reader."

VIOLETS AND THE MOON.

The celebrated violet farm of Joseph Lagomarsino, real home of the "Giant" violet, stretches over eight acres of sheltered valley lands in Colma and from this farm there is shipped daily to all parts of the United States 150 dozen bunches of violets. A carefully planned system of packing and icing insures their arrival fresh and fragrant at points five or six days' distant.

Twenty years of close observation and experience in planting this popular flower has developed many strange phases of their growth. An interesting illustration is the fact that violets cut back in the last quarter of the moon results in a doubly heavy growth when the moon is new. By another method, a trade secret, the process can be reversed and their

growth retarded, thereby keeping the retail market supplied for several weeks after the normal close of the violet season.—*A Daily Newspaper.*

THE MOKI INDIANS.

(From an article by H. G. Tinsley in the Dearborn Independent.)

The date of the Moki snake-dance is determined by an old medicine-man in the tribe. When during August the sun at its setting glints the sacred rock that stands before the door of the tribal *kiva*, the old medicine-man, Honi, mounts the highest point at either Walpi or Oraibi and solemnly gives notice that sixteen sunsets hence the solemn snake ceremonies will take place. He ends by invoking all to begin immediate preparation for the occasion. The women are to bake for a tribal feast, to dress themselves and their children in their best garments, and the men are to perform their several parts in the ceremonies.

A certain number of young men, appointed for the purpose, start out at next dawn to perform their part of the preparation for the dance. They are *jakulali* (snake-gatherers). They roam over the desert with a forked stick in one hand and a bag made of skins in the other. They know where to look for rattlesnakes, and sometimes they get more than two hundred serpents in a week. They plant the forks of their sticks over the neck of the recumbent snake, and by an adroit movement throw the reptile into the bag. The serpents are brought to the pueblo and turned over to the old snake priests.

Six days after the official announcement of the annual snake ceremonies mysterious rites among twenty-seven of the foremost men in the Moki tribe begin in a chamber hewn into the rock down below the pueblo. This is the *kiva*, the holy of holies in the Moki belief. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution is the only white person who has ever entered the *kiva*, and he says that the ceremonies there consist in washing the serpents captured and brought there by young men. The old men engage in barbaric incantations, and chant appeals to the serpents to bear messages of devotion and friendship to the powers that rule the rain-clouds. The snake priests wear nothing to protect themselves from the reptiles' fangs. Each day they wash the rattlesnakes,

sprinkle sacred cornmeal on the serpents' heads, and deposit the creatures in jars. Meanwhile, the Moki housewives cook and bake in preparation for the event of the year—the snake-dance on the plaza of the pueblo. The gaudiest tribal finery is brought forth and made ready. White and Navajo Indian visitors come across the desert to see the public ceremonies, and for a week all Mokiland bustles and buzzes.

At the setting of the sixteenth sun from the official announcement by old Honi the snake-dance takes place. Late in the afternoon the spectators arrange themselves in vantage spots overlooking the plaza where the dance is performed. Some two thousand five hundred persons are generally on hand to see the ancient marvelous ceremony. The roofs of the squat stone houses are crowded. Moki children with sacrilegiously a stitch on them sit along the cornices with their brown legs hanging down. There are cowboys from all over the territory, reporters from newspapers, scientists from the cities, and hundreds of Indians in brilliant and quaint costumes. It is a rare scene—"one fit for a Salon picture," said an enthusiastic artist. The white people laugh, the dogs and children make tumult, while every one awaits the opening of the dance. At just about 6 o'clock, when the sun is dropping into the yellow desert away to the west, some one calls, "Here they come." Instantly there is silence. Everybody knows that the antelope men—young, athletic snake-dancers—are at last issuing from their stone chamber. The braves are scantily clad, and on each leg is a small terrapin shell, in which are placed small pebbles, which rattle as the warrior moves, and make of him in sound at least, a human rattler. The dancers are smeared with red, white, and black paints. Around each brow is bound a flaming red handkerchief, the upper forehead being painted a deep black, and the lower half with black and white bands.

The band forms in a circle and a sack of serpents is brought forth and is placed in the branches of a cottonwood shrub, known as the *kisi*, just where it has stood on Moki dance days for countless generations. A chief, hideously painted, opens the sack and as each brave marches past thrusts his naked arm within and jerks from it several writhing serpents, which he hands to the buck.

The snake-dancer bends and seizes the snakes by their middle with his teeth, while he holds one or two serpents in each hand. The serpents rattle, hiss, and struggle while the human captors, gesticulating and stamping, join in a solemn rhythmic movement, in which, after each man has been supplied with serpents, the whole band is soon participating.

The Moki women and the several hundred Moki bucks who do not participate in the dancing at first sit in mute awe. As the dance proceeds the red-skinned spectators start a low humming, which gradually develops. Louder and louder rises the din of discordant voices until the women become wildly excited and leap to their feet. Meanwhile the dance goes on. The dancers glisten with perspiration and the paint on their bodies runs down their bare backs and legs. Some of the older ones, to show their prowess with venomous reptiles, carry three and five rattlesnakes about with them. They weave the snakes about their heads; they coil them in huge balls and toss them up and down; they twine them about their necks and tuck them between the belts of their kilts and their nude waists, and carry them, held at the middle, in their mouths. All this time they are hopping about the sun-baked plaza. Now they circle about the *kisi* with their burden of serpents in their hands. Then at a signal by old Kopali, the snake chief, the dancers form in threes, and, with the snakes wriggling for freedom in their hands, they march backward and forward. Another signal and they form in a row and toss the serpents to and fro. Then the dance starts anew. More circling, marchings, and counter-marchings in ones, twos, and threes. Occasionally a reptile wriggles itself loose from an Indian's hand. It is, however, instantly picked up like so much rubber hose.

The snake-dance lasts about fifty minutes. At its close the Indian spectators have risen to their feet, and are weaving their arms and bodies back and forth in time to the rapid chorus they are shouting over and over again. The dancers are dripping with perspiration. The white visitors are dazed at the incredible scene. No one who has not seen it would believe these men can be so thoroughly indifferent to the serpent's venom. Several of the dancers reel and stagger, but catch themselves as they

gyrate with the tangled snarl of serpents in their hands.

Suddenly at a signal from wrinkled Kopali the dancing ceases and the high snake priest advances to an open place. He solemnly sprinkles meal in a ring, denoting all compass points to which serpent messengers are to convey the Moki petitions. At another signal the rattlesnakes are thrown in a heap within the circle. Meal is hastily thrown upon the wriggling heap, while a guttural invocation is pronounced. In a moment each of the dancers snatches several of the serpents in his hands and starts at full speed for the narrow trail which leads down from the mesa to the plains below. There the gruesome burdens are thrown upon the sands and permitted to go their way in peace.

The dance is over, but there's another scene. When the athletic dancers have come running back to the plaza they hasten to the sacred *kiva*, where they remove all the trappings of the ceremony. Then they come out and drink deeply from a bowl of mysterious decoction of herbs brewed only by Salako, the oldest snake woman in Mokiland.

Then the Mokis go home in silence. They have performed the most important service in their lives and have propitiated the rain-god as sacredly as they know how. Their wives and sweethearts wait upon them and wash them of their paint. On the morrow the pueblo feast takes place, and the new green corn and melons are eaten without stint.

ORIENTAL TREASURES.

Director James Henry Breasted of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, who recently returned from an archaeological survey of the Near East, reports that the remarkable collections which the expedition was able to purchase have arrived at the Haskell Oriental Museum and are now unpacked preparatory to their public exhibition.

Among these is a complete group of twenty-five painted limestone mortuary statuettes from Egypt, representing the deceased and the members of his family engaged in all sorts of household activities. They dated from the Old Kingdom (3000 to 2500 B. C.) and form the most extensive group of such figures ever discovered in one tomb. In addition to a group of royal seal cylinders and a group of some seventy-five alabaster vases, is a

collection of about a hundred and fifty predynastic and early dynastic hard stone vases, one being inscribed with the name of the first Pharaoh (3400 B. C.)

Among other acquisitions is a group of about one hundred bronzes, including some sixty-five statuettes and a series of fine battle-axes which forms the finest collection of bronzes ever brought from the Near East to America. A beautifully written papyrus roll of the Book of the Dead, probably of the seventh or sixth century B. C., is far the best manuscript of this book as yet brought to America; and the purchase of the Timins Collection of stone weapons and implements gives to the university the finest collection of Egyptian Stone Age industries in this country.

From Asia come a series of two hundred and fifty-eight cuneiform tablets containing business records and a copy of the Royal Annals of Sennacherib. The latter document is in the form of a six-sided prism of buff-colored terra cotta in perfect preservation. It records the great campaigns of the famous Assyrian emperor, including the western expedition against Jerusalem in which he lost a large part of his army. No such monument as this has yet been acquired by American museums, and it will be of primary value to students and of unique interest to the public. Of other cuneiform documents the purchases total a thousand tablets, some of special literary and religious interest.

INSANITY.

(From an article by Dr. William House in the Journal of the American Medical Association.)

For several years mankind has been subjected to stresses unparalleled in the annals of history. Hatred, anger, fear, cupidity, jealousy, grief, love, courage, devotion, heroism, consecutively or alternately, have been roused beyond the limits of the previously imaginable. Millions have died leaving more millions to mourn their loss. To many, support of poignant distress comes through faith in a Supreme Being and belief in a future life. Others, unable to endure the loss of loved ones and the delay in meeting them in the hereafter, seek communication with the departed and have evolved or found means which to them seem sufficient. Metaphysics, occultism, mysticism, telepathy, clairvoyance, mind-

reading, crystal-gazing, fortune-telling, and miracle-healing flourish. The ouija board, after a third of a century relegation to the attic, has returned to the living room, a monument to the longing and grief, credulity and stupidity, of mankind. Scientists, pseudo-scientists, amateur investigators, paranoiacs, charlatans, and quacks of every kind are busy.

In every psychopathic clinic, in every court through which the insane pass, in every private office wherein they are served, are many commitments directly traceable to the practice in one form or another of black art. No one of experience will contend that spiritualism and clairvoyance cause insanity; but that they excite latent tendencies thereto and break down the frail barriers that exist in many minds between soundness and unsoundness is as plain as the results of the inevitable problem in multiplication.

No one can compute the total number of those who have succumbed, but that it is considerable will not be denied. Relatives of patients frequently are cognizant of the apparent cause of the mental collapse, and tell the examiners that the first noticeable symptoms of psychosis began with a visit to some spiritualist or to a theatre in which some prestidigitator, telepathist, and crystal-gazer held forth.

In every community of size there are many who tread the narrow and devious borderland that exists between sanity and insanity. Roughly, three in every thousand of the population in the United States are confined in some institution, public or private, for the insane. There are many communities in which an alienist could recruit the personnel of an asylum of goodly size without exhausting the possibilities or stretching present scientific or socio-economic standards. . . .

But adolescence does not furnish all the recruits for the psychopathic hospital. Every age furnishes its quota, with an increase at the climacteric and another marking senescence. Modifications of phenomena are materially influenced by age and the curious stresses of social and economic life which vary so greatly with the time of life.

Among the symptoms of incipient insanity are discomforts, unexplainable phenomena within and without the body, the results of physiologic or pathologic

commotions too often not definitely understood even by physicians. The conception of the nervous system as a complicated electrical apparatus may give some clue to the origin of such somesthetic disturbances. Faulty innervations and insulations may cause nerve currents to go astray and register on centres for which they are not intended, creating disorderly results. Victims try to analyze these sensations, and, failing to determine their origin in physiologic activities, seek explanation in environment, and, finding none, look for it in some mysterious force or agency, the more mysterious the better. Every decade adds some new force on which to draw. Religion and religious persecution, spirits, secret societies; spies, electricity, detectives, dictaphones from time to time rule the stage and occupy the spotlight. Quite normal sounds, sights, odors, and tastes are misinterpreted and ascribed to mysterious origins. Voices from unknown sources torture or less often pleasantly assail listening ears. Poisonous substances get into the food or air to work upon the respiratory passages. Smiles of friends or strangers become malevolent grimaces, and on every side normal conduct is misinterpreted and misconstrued. The interpretation placed on these phenomena varies with the age, environment, social status, and education of the afflicted individual. So far as occultism is concerned, oddly enough, young men and women seldom attempt to explain mental disturbances as due to spirits, or appeal to spiritualists for help in their afflictions. Many, however, have sought the ouija board with disastrous results.

Older persons suffer from stresses incident to economic and social problems. They bear their burdens better than such burdens are borne at any other age, but, conversely, their burdens are often heavier than at any other age. Not least among the agencies which such distressed persons seek are the spiritualists and clairvoyants in the hope that some message may come from the dead or those who have strayed away. As a consequence mild, vague, depressive delusions and hallucinations, through appeals to the mysterious, become firmly fixed, paresthesias are accredited to supernatural forces, and the patient is on the way to a psychopathic hospital.

Now comes the beginning of physically

degenerative changes. Memory is confused, the power of attention and the ability to register impressions gradually lessen. Grievances that in younger life would have been successfully withstood become unbearable. Auditory and other hallucinations and illusions, which may have been present but controlled for many years, now gain control as the changes of senile dementia slowly and insidiously develop. Coincidentally the brain may seem to function well in other matters, causing a false valuation to be placed on the aberrant phenomena. A great scientist, a great writer, may be the victim. Needless to state, such a one is not satisfied to accept unquestioned the phenomena which, arising from his subliminal consciousness, are not explainable through previous experience or teaching. He investigates, but being no longer able to register impressions with the receptivity of youth, is easily deceived and becomes a willing prey for charlatans. Conviction follows experiences that could not have deceived him in younger life, and a spiritualist emerges from the beginning intellectual wreck.

Spiritualism appeals to the middle-aged and aged more than any other form of occultism. Its practitioners supply the pabulum which sick minds most desire. The ouija board interests and presents a special appeal to people of every age. It is not a new device. In the eighties it was commonly in evidence, but its use was discouraged, more especially by the Roman Catholic Church, and it gradually disappeared except from a few households. As this is being written, the department stores are unable to supply the demand for it, and newspaper accounts of "ouijamania" daily appear. Whole families are reported to have been adjudged insane from its use, though it is doubtful whether such patients are really more than hysterical. It appeals to the weak, easily led, and mentally subnormal. Sound minds can not use it, unsound ones should not be permitted to do so. Its victims are numerous, but most of them will recover after a brief sojourn in an institution for the mentally disordered.

We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—Emerson.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

NOV 25 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 44.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 30, 1920.

Price Five Cents

SEARCH FOR OLDEST MAN.

To search for the most primitive human remains will be the object of a great expedition to be sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in co-operation with the American Asiatic Association and *Asia Magazine*. The expedition will be the greatest of its kind which has ever been organized by any institution in the world and will work for five years with a large party of scientists in various remote regions of central Asia. It will be under the direction and leadership of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, associate curator of mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, who for the last ten years has been carrying on zoological explorations in various parts of the Far East. The expedition will be financed by a fund of \$250,000, which is being provided by the American Museum of Natural History, the American Asiatic Association and *Asia Magazine*, and the private subscriptions of Mrs. Willard Straight, Messrs. J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker, Childs Frick, W. A. Harriman, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bernheimer.

When in the year 1891 a Dutch army surgeon, Eugene Dubois, while excavating for fossils in central Java, discovered near Trinil part of a skull, two molar teeth and a thigh bone, he had unearthed one of the most perplexing conundrums in the study of human ancestry. Were the remains those of an extremely early type of pre-human man-

like animal? If so, this ape-man must have lived approximately five hundred thousand years ago. This momentous discovery has been supplemented by that of other indisputably human remains of which the most ancient, found in southern Germany, is the jaw of the so-called Heidelberg man who may be two hundred and fifty thousand years old.

With the exception of the Java specimen, all fossil human fragments have been discovered in Europe or England. Nevertheless, the leading scientists of the day believe that Asia was the early home of the human race and that whatever light may be thrown upon the origin of man will come from the great central Asian plateau.

One of the reasons why so little is known of the fossils of China and interior Asia is that material of this sort is of considerable value to the Chinese. Fossils are supposed to have wonderful medicinal qualities. They are known as "dragon's bones" and whenever a fossil yielding locality has been found, it is carefully concealed. Nevertheless during the last three years Dr. J. G. Andersson, mining adviser to the Chinese Republic, has been carrying on investigations on behalf of Swedish institutions and has made some remarkable discoveries. Dr. Andersson is practically the first scientist who has ever collected fossils personally in China.

We know almost as little about some of the living natives of Asia as about the

fossil history of the country. Long before the Chinese arrived, China was inhabited by aboriginal tribes, which were pushed south and west just as the Indians were driven westward by the white men when they advanced across the American continent. The remnants of nearly thirty of these ancient tribes, such as Lolos, Mosos, Lisos, and others, are rapidly disappearing, and yet almost nothing is known of their origin, life, or customs.

Although many of the aborigines were scattered among the mountains of Yunnan and Kweichow and along the Tibetan frontier, the Lolos still maintain an independent territory in Szechuan, one of the richest and most populous provinces of China. No Chinese is permitted to cross the invisible lines of their "kingdom" without the probability of incurring a violent death. Continual raids are carried on back and forth along the border. Perhaps the Chinese will capture a score or more of Lolos who have ventured to glimpse the world beyond their wild hills and valleys. In retaliation, a few nights later, the Lolos will burn a whole Chinese village, kill all the men and carry the women into slavery. Thus the Lolos have earned a reputation as barbaric savages. And yet a French explorer who crossed their territory, properly "chaperoned," reports them to be a charming people, of hospitable temper and high mentality. He is one of the few scientists who have penetrated the land of the Lolos and lived to tell the tale. Mr. Andrews, who has hunted with Lolos in Yunnan, found them to be independent, to be sure, but delightful in their native courtesy and simplicity.

He says: "It is impossible not to be interested in this strange people. They are totally unlike the Chinese, for they are tall and slender, with long faces and patrician noses, and they show every indication of Caucasian blood. If they have it, where did it come from? This is one of the questions that should be answered before the Lolos disappear, as the other tribes are rapidly doing."

There are many reasons why Central Asia has remained scientifically unexplored for so long a time. It is so remote and difficult of access that the cost of conducting work on a large scale is enormous. Moreover, the country and its inhabitants present unusual obstacles to

scientific research. Not only are there vast intersecting mountain chains, waterless deserts, and treeless plains, but in many parts the climate is too cold for effective work in winter. In some places the natives are exceedingly suspicious of foreigners; religious superstitions greatly handicap research and make it decidedly dangerous. The Chinese have many superstitions regarding the ground. The *feng shui*, the spirits of the earth, wind, and water, must always be favorable before a burial takes place, and it is exceedingly unlucky to disturb the ground in the region of a cemetery. Though our palæontologists are certain to encounter difficulties in the more settled portions, they can probably overcome them by tact and a proper understanding of the situation. Those in charge of railroads and other commercial projects that have involved digging in China have always been able to compromise with protesting villagers, and they have found even within the past ten years a very great change in attitude. In Tibet conditions are even more difficult. All the gold in the country belongs to the Lama church and the natives can conceive of only two reasons why foreigners should come to their country—either as gold-seekers or missionaries.

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—*Myers*.

Every branch of science has, with the clergy, gone through three stages: First they say it is absurd; second, it is against the Bible; third, we always knew it was so.

A man there was, tho' some did count him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.

—*Bunyan*.

We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Marc Corelli*.

A WORD FROM EDISON.

(By J. A. H.)

Mr. Edison, the great inventor and scientist, and Mr. Lescarbours, editor of the *Scientific American*, have had a talk concerning the survival of personality after death. We suspect that the major part of the conversation was supplied by Mr. Edison, and that Mr. Lescarbours contented himself with furnishing the requisite "leads" thereunto.

Mr. Edison says that he does not believe in a personal post-mortem state. But he admits that he has a lingering hope that such is the fact, and he intends to call his science to his aid in proving or disproving it, as the case may be. He says:

I do hope that our personality survives. If it does then my apparatus ought to be of some use. That is why I am now at work on the most sensitive apparatus I have ever undertaken to build and I await the results with keenest interest.

The slightest effort which it intercepts will be magnified many times, so as to give us whatever form of record we desire for further investigation.

But if this apparatus fails to reveal anything of exceptional interest, I am afraid that I shall have lost all faith in the survival of personality as we know it in this existence.

The inventor made light of the ouija board and table-tilting methods of communicating with the beyond, and asserted that if there was any foundation for the belief that a life beyond existed, the methods for communication ought to be placed on a scientific basis. He said:

Why should personalities in another sphere waste their time working a triangular piece of wood over a board with certain lettering on it? Why should such personalities play pranks with a table? The whole business seems so childish to me that I frankly can not give it serious consideration. If we are to make any real progress in the field of psychic investigation, we must do it with scientific apparatus and in a scientific manner.

The most elaborate and ingenious mechanics are, it appears, once more to be applied to the solving of the immemorial query, "If a man die shall he live again?" We remember that some fifteen years ago Sir William Crookes, the distinguished chemist, and closely identified with the Society for Psychical Research, established for test purposes a kind of balance of such delicate accuracy that the weight of a feather sufficed to jar the dial to an exact registration of the degree of displacement; furthermore, and that the test be as rigid as possible, the

device was mounted on a concrete base with all the precision used in placing astronomical instruments, and set within the chaste confines of plate glass.

Were results forthcoming?

There were. But they did not prove that personality survived death. How could they?

What was proven, and what will doubtless have to be proven over and over again before its amazing significance will penetrate the clutter of our preconceptions, was that the balance was disturbed by the impact of an energy from an invisible and, evidently, intelligent source.

What it did not prove was that the acting energy was that of Katie King, a spirit who often materialized when Miss Cook, the medium, was entranced. It might have emanated from the passive organism of Miss Cook herself, or it might have been of a hybrid nature, built up from the organisms of those present. The proof for personal survival was exactly where it had stood before the test—dependent upon the word of the ghost who announced herself to be Katie King.

The ouija boards—that Mr. Edison so scorns—do the same thing. They go into endless details, make the same pronouncements, and leave the matter very much up in the air.

Almost we are inclined to conclude that between Mr. Edison's proposed wizard machine and the despised toy there is, in principle, no more than the difference which exists between the steam in the Watts tea-kettle and the steam in a turbine engine, that is to say, no fundamental difference at all.

But now we approach the most interesting part of the interview. We are told that Mr. Edison long ago discarded the usually accepted theories of life and death. Considering their puerile character it is only to be supposed that he would have done so. For sixty years Mr. Edison has devoted himself to wresting from Nature her beneficent secrets, and in a thousand ways the industrial world is his debtor. In exploring those hidden paths his trained and acute attention has glimpsed that perhaps most fascinating tenet of occult science, the continuity of life and its orderly divisions into what may for the sake of brevity be termed hierarchies with their divisions and sub-

divisions at whose head stand the intelligent beings called Dhyan Chohans, the Gods of Creation of the Indian mythology, or the Elohim of the Kabbalist, or the Logoi, the Word, of the Greek, which, under whatever terminology, indicates the architects and the administrators of the laws of Nature, and who are themselves the direct manifestations of the One Law.

Not that Mr. Edison says anything of the kind, or that he even so much as hints at it. Yet to the student of occultism the following extract from the interview is one pregnant with implication:

His experiments pointed to the theory that the human body just as every other organic existence was composed of entities, so small that they defied the most powerful magnifying glass. In the human body 95 per cent. of the entities did the routine labor, while the remaining 5 per cent. directed the labors of the others.

It is in this 5 per cent. that the secret of personality lodges according to Edison. And they are all concentrated in that portion of the brain known as the Field of Broca.

The whole question to my way of thinking is what happens to the master entities—located in the Field of Broca.

Now it is reasonable to suppose that the directing entities are located in that portion of our body. These entities as a closely knit ensemble give us our mental impressions and our personality.

It is fair to assume that the other entities, those which have been doing the routine work of the body, disband and go off in various directions seeking new work to do. But how about those which have been directing things in our body—those which identify me as Edison and you as Lescarbours and so on? Do they remain together as an ensemble or do they also break up and go about the universe seeking new tasks as individuals and not as a collective body?

If they break up and set out as individual entities, then I very much fear that our personality does not survive.

Entities "doing routine work," while the remaining per cent. direct their labors! Here, surely, is conscious intelligence directing, and conscious intelligence acting upon direction. And the directing intelligence is centralized in the convolution of Broca, that region of the left, frontal brain which is the seat of articulate speech. But is man an articulate being by virtue of these "five per cent. of directing entities," *per se*? Or are they, in their turn, at once the servants and the regents of a something, a conscious something to which we sometimes give the name "soul" and, again, "spirit," but which in either case

we use as defining an immortal, spiritual entity?

Mr. Edison's argument seems to be that personal survival of physical death is dependent upon the survival in ensemble of a certain group of master-entities that, however higher in intelligence they may be as compared with the entities who do their will, are, nevertheless, a collective, physical body. And we may be sure that if survival of personality, or, to put it more accurately, continuance of individual consciousness, is dependent upon the integrity of a collective physical entity that came into existence with the human body, and is, therefore, subject to its laws, our chances for existence beyond the brief life of the body are very small indeed.

Perhaps Mr. Edison does not refer to physical entities, although his terminology would lead one so to conclude. Perhaps he has in mind those spiritual entities, or, rather, that one spiritual entity who, during his bodily life, inhabits certain appropriate areas of the body exactly as a man inhabits his house with its various rooms, each one of which is furnished with whatever is necessary to the carrying forward of a particular work. That the house has become old and fallen into decay does not necessarily mean that the tenant of the house is also decrepit and subject to dissolution. There may, however, be circumstances that render him a close prisoner therein, and for so long a time as one timber rests upon another he may be heard by the attentive ear knocking, plaintively or frantically, as the case may be, desirous of communicating with those who stop to listen to him. And surely, for that kind of communication the ouija board is as good as the next thing. But when the last physical barrier is dissipated (reduced to nothingness by the eternal energy within it) that is not to say that the man, the master-entity who is also the prisoner, shall be less than he was before.

One remembers that last conversation of Socrates with his friends: "Do with my body as you will; but as for me, you have first to catch me."

So long as the seashell is intact the listening ear shall hear the ocean's roar in diminuendo. So long as the effluvia shall arise from the decaying, gross bodies of man will it be possible to raise

"ghosts," and they will perform in the usual way. But it is not by the summoning of ghosts that the immortality of man will be proved. All that can be proved by these painstaking if misguided researches is that energy, once it has contacted matter, gives to it a stimulus and a definite direction which, like the ball that Newton used as example, tends to go on forever at the speed and in the direction indicated to its inert mass at the instant of its being thrown from the hand if it did not meet with an obstacle. Mass matter of any kind, whether it be as tangible as a mountainside or as intangible as the atom, always meets with obstacles of one kind or another. This world, visible and invisible to the five senses, is a world of matter. Therefore its primal law is change, the constant metamorphosis of one form into another, of one chemical change into another. But the immortal spirit of man is not made of this world-stuff, although within the clod and the electron there exists a certain analogy if we have the courage to trace it and the wit to perceive it when we find it. The truly wise men of every age are those who remember that always "the wisdom of God is foolishness to man."

I heard with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the Physiologist, of the gradual secretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

Everything is the product of one universal effort. . . . There is nothing dead in Nature. Everything is organic and living, and therefore the whole world appears to be a living organism.—*Paracelsus.*

As it would seem irrational to affirm that we already know all existing causes, permission must be given to assume, if need be, an entirely new agent.—*Alexander Bain.*

Eternity may be but an endless series of those migrations which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

HEARN ON DREAMS.

Lafcadio Hearn in his "Talks to Writers," just published in a new edition by Dodd, Mead & Co., warns his hearers that science has by no means banished our interest in the supernatural. There is, he says, no really great author who has not distinguished himself in the treatment of the supernatural. No matter what our creed may be, we are now learning from science that everything around us in its ultimate essence is actually ghostly. The whole universe is a ghostly mystery, and he who would have success as a writer must know how to appeal to that which all men recognize to be above or beyond the natural or the human:

No good writer—no great writer—ever makes a study of the supernatural according to anything which has been done before by other writers. This is one of those subjects upon which you can not get any real help from books. It is not from books, nor from traditions, nor from legends, nor from anything of the kind that you can learn how to give your reader a ghostly thrill. I do not mean that it is of no use for you to read what has been written upon the subject, so far as mere methods of expression, mere effects of literary workmanship, are concerned. On the contrary, it is very important that you should read all you can of what is good in literature upon these subjects: you will learn from them a great deal about curious values of words, about compactness and power of sentences, about peculiarities of beliefs and of terrors relating to those beliefs. But you must never try to use another man's ideas or feelings, taken from a book, in order to make a supernatural effect. If you do, the work will never be sincere, and will never make a thrill. You must use your own ideas and feelings only, under all possible circumstances. And where are you to get these ideas and feelings from, if you do not believe in ghosts? From your dreams. Whether you believe in ghosts or not, all the artistic elements of ghostly literature exist in your dreams, and form a veritable treasury of literary material for the man that knows how to use them.

It was no part of Mr. Hearn's literary mission to discuss the nature of dreams, but it is none the less remarkable that he should identify the dream as the basis of all that is best in the literature of the superhuman:

Study any great ghost story in any literature, and you will find that no matter how surprising or unfamiliar the incidents seem, a little patient examination will prove to you that every one of them has occurred, at different times, in different combinations, in dreams of your own. They give you a thrill. But why? Because they remind you of experiences, imaginative or emotional, which

you had forgotten. There can be no exception to this rule—absolutely none. I was speaking to you the other day about a short story by Bulwer Lytton, as being the best ghost story in the English language. The reason why it is the best story of this kind is simply because it represents with astonishing faithfulness the experiences of nightmare. The terror of all great stories of the supernatural is really the terror of nightmare, projected into waking consciousness. And the beauty or tenderness of other ghost stories or fairy stories, or even of certain famous and delightful religious legends, is the tenderness and beauty of dreams of a happier kind, dreams inspired by love or hope or regret. But in all cases where the supernatural is well treated in literature, dream experience is the source of the treatment.

It seems, then, that the story of the superhuman, to be a successful story, must be true. In some way it must be a record of actual experiences. It must not be a mere flight of the imagination or fancy. And usually the experience is that of nightmare:

Nightmare, the most awful form of dream, is also one of the most peculiar. It has probably furnished all the important elements of religious and supernatural terror which are to be found in any really great literature. It is a mysterious thing in itself; and scientific psychology has not yet been able to explain many facts in regard to it. We can take the phenomena of nightmare separately, one by one, and show their curious relation to various kinds of superstitious fear and supernatural belief.

The first remarkable fact in nightmare is the beginning of it. It begins with a kind of suspicion, usually. You feel afraid without knowing why. Then you have the impression that something is acting upon you from a distance—something like fascination, yet not exactly fascination, for there may be no visible fascinator. But feeling uneasy, you wish to escape, to get away from the influence that is making you afraid. Then you find it is not easy to escape. You move with great difficulty. Presently the difficulty increases—you can not move at all. You want to cry out, and you can not; you have lost your voice. You are actually in a state of trance—seeing, hearing, feeling, but unable to move or speak. This is the beginning. It forms one of the most terrible emotions from which a man can suffer. If it continued more than a certain length of time the mere fear might kill. Nightmare does sometimes kill, in cases where the health has been very much affected by other causes.

But dreams are responsible, not only for our terrors, but also for many of our joys. It is though we were translated by sleep into a world with its own heavens and its own hells, a world peopled by beings from whom ordinarily we are debarred. Great literary artists have been our emissaries to that world, although all may seek it for themselves. And in-

deed all would seek it for themselves if they could be persuaded that it is a real world, perhaps far more real than the world in which we move during our waking hours:

Now besides the artistic elements of terror and of romance, dreams certainly furnish us with the most penetrating and beautiful qualities of ghostly tenderness that literature contains. For the dead people that we loved all come back to us occasionally in dreams, and look and talk as if they were actually alive, and become to us everything that we could have wished them to be. In a dream-meeting with the dead, you must have observed how everything is gentle and beautiful, and yet how real, how true it seems. From the most ancient times such visions of the dead have furnished literature with the most touching and the most exquisite passages of unselfish affection. We find this experience in nearly all the ancient ballad-literature of Europe; we find it in all the world's epics; we find it in every kind of superior poetry; and modern literature draws from it more and more as the years go by. Even in such strange compositions as the "Kalevala" of the Finns, an epic totally unlike any other ever written in this world, the one really beautiful passage in an emotional sense is the coming back of the dead mother to comfort the wicked son, which is a dream study, though not so represented in the poem.

Yet one thing more. Our dreams of heaven, what are they in literature but reflections in us of the more beautiful class of dreams? In the world of sleep all the dead people we loved meet us again; the father recovers his long-buried child, the husband his lost wife, separated lovers find the union that was impossible in this world, those whom we lost sight of in early years—dead sisters, brothers, friends—all come back to us just as they were then, just as loving, and as young, and perhaps even more beautiful than they could really have been. In the world of sleep there is no growing old; there is immortality, there is everlasting youth. And again how soft, how happy everything is: even the persons unkind to us in waking life becoming affectionate to us in dreams. Well, what is heaven but this?

As has already been said, it was no part of Mr. Hearn's task to enlighten us as to the nature of dreams, although perhaps he was not unqualified to do something in this respect. None the less he has performed a real service in showing us that the greatest of our literary artists have had recourse to the dream states in order to convey the greatest of their teachings and that it is from these dream states that they have drawn, not only the most terrible, but also the most beautiful of their pictures.

Angels are men of a superior kind.—
Young.

FROM "TOWARD DEMOCRACY."

(By Edward Carpenter.)

Beware how thou seekest this for thyself and that for thyself. I do not say Seek not; but Beware how thou seekest.

For a soldier going into a campaign does not seek what fresh furniture he can carry on his back, but rather what he can leave behind;

Knowing well that every additional thing which he can not freely use and handle is an impediment to him.

So if thou seekest fame or ease or pleasure or aught for thyself, the image of that thing which thou seekest will come and cling to thee—and thou wilt have to carry it about;

And the images and powers which thou hast evoked will gather around thee and form for thee a new body—clamoring for sustenance and satisfaction;

And if thou art not able to discard this image now, thou wilt not be able to discard that body then: but wilt have to carry it about.

Beware, then, lest it become thy grave and thy prison—instead of thy winged abode and thy palace of joy.

THE WANDERING PSYCHE.

You, who un-united to yourself roam
about the world,
Seeking some person or some thing to
which to be united—
Seeking to ease that way the pain at
your heart—
Deceive not yourself, deceive not others.

For united to that which you really are you are indeed beautiful, united to yourself you are strong, united to yourself you are already in the hearts of those you love;

But disunited you are none of these things.

And how shall men desire a mere shell, or how will you offer them a husk, saying, There is fruit within, when there is no fruit—but only vacancy?

And these are the Gods that seek ever to come in the forms of men—the ageless immortal Gods—to make of this earth a Paradise by their presence;

But while you bar the way and weave your own little plans and purposes like a tangle of cobwebs across the inner door,

How shall they make their entrance and habitation with you?

How shall you indeed know what it is to be Yourself?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

The reproduction of the following opinion expressed by Mr. Frederic Harrison to a representative of the *London Times* must not be taken as implying approval of the views of the eminent philosopher. Mr. Harrison says:

I am far from denying this vast material progress; but this social improvement has not been gained without grave evils and cruel loss to good things and worthy persons. The tremendous upheaval, spiritually, morally, and intellectually, has wrought incalculable mischief. The social betterment of labor has been won too often by violence, selfishness, and greed, and usually by no cry but that of more money and bitter suspicion.

The world war has changed everything and in the end has ruined much of good and of promise. The churches have not yet shown any power to restore religion to its true place as the guide of human life. The boom in education has not brought any nobler literature, any greater art, any purer drama, any finer manners. Serious literature is being choked out by the increasing cost of printing, the abolition of a leisured class able to study in peace and to produce from its learning, and by the mad whirl of modern existence.

The result of this chaos in spiritual and moral training is a manifest loosening of the canons of moral life, defiance of discipline by the young and ambitious mockery of age and all the lessons of age; worst of all, the sacrifice of the family as a moral institution and the degradation of marriage to be a temporary partnership entered into as a frivolous mode of getting a good time and to be cast off as easily as a lodging which is not convenient. . . .

I am a pessimist. This world is made of infinite complexity, and humanity has incalculable powers of recuperation; but the immediate future of this kingdom—nay, of Western civilization—is in real peril of collapse. The seizure of power by untold millions as yet neither morally nor intellectually trained to rule threatens revolution, anarchy, and famine.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

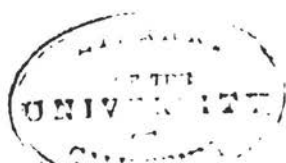
Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
NOV 29 1920



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 45.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, November 6, 1920.

Price Five Cents

THE MADNESS OF MAN.

Alice Brown contributes a notable article on "The Madness of Man" to the current issue of the *North American Review*. She asks what we have learned from the war, and what has become of the enthusiasm for righteousness that characterized our entry into the struggle? Since those days we seem to have gone backward and not forward, and to be more than ever resolved to return to all those evil things from which we acclaimed our escape:

We are speeding along the highway of a specious prosperity. No *miserere Domine* for us, or, if it sparsely rise, it is overborne by the strangled gutturals of the multitudinous motor-car, going, it knows not quite where, but, according to trenchant slang, perennially "on the way." The breath of prayer is husky in our throats, choked by the stench of gasoline, drowned out in jazz. We have forgotten that the world is in anguish. We still in effect believe this is "no concern of ours." Was ever more crooked thinking bent out of the straight lines of eternal laws?

We announced that we would build a new heaven and a new earth in those early days of the war. All evils should be swept away and we were all to consecrate our energies to a rejuvenated world:

What dreams we had in the days following our awakening in 1917, of the new earth at ease under a heaven friendly because it was unobscured, when we should have cleaned out the Augean stables filthy from the awakening of Barbarossa's horsemen! In that moment of anguish we were, for a heart's beat of terrified recognition, actually on the way back to old allegiances. The bravest rushed to cover

in poetry and the thought of God. We believed with an eager credulity that mankind had at last learned that final lesson. The old injustices were dead. The phrase was current everywhere that those who had bought us that bright guerdon "must not die in vain." Our girls, in uniformed vigor, did the most menial and most daring deeds with a sober efficiency. We said that woman, too, was set free from the toils of custom. She need no more assert her equality with man in the sterner virtues, for she had accepted the supreme challenge and endured the ordeal, chaste as Artemis, fearless as the Amazonian queens. What did she do, poor prisoner to her own abrogated instincts, when the armistice, which was no peace, but a new complexity of strife, stripped her of her emergency clothes and her emergency frame of mind? She who had won freedom for rhythmic muscles stepped into a skirt no wider than her brother's trouser leg and went hobbling along in it down the tittering isles of time. She mounted on the fool's dais of highest heels to peg about the more uncertainly, she painted over the bloom of her beauty with the cosmetics predicted by Mrs. Tanqueray for the raddled face of the *passé demi-monde*, and went forth in abbreviated chiffon to dance, "cheek to cheek," dances as ugly as provocative.

What is the cause of this moral reaction? asks the author. She thinks we must seek it in the waning of the imagination:

Where are the roots of action, both in the individual and the race? I believe they are in the unseen, nourished by our will, starved through our neglect, and that the prime cause of deterioration in our public life is the decay of the imagination, that beautiful hand-maid of the brain, that angel who drops manna when we hunger and sings us songs of the almost despaired-of "divine event toward which the whole creation moves." We have chilled and starved her "noble rage,"

elbowed her aside and trodden over her to our debasing quests. If we had given her the food of a right regard, she would have dwelt among us and taught us that worship accepted of the true gods. Our temples would have risen from sound foundations, we should have discoursed imperishable music until somehow the accordant intervals would have moved our blood to their own rhythm, and some child among us might have snatched more music from the stars to beguile us into those ravishments we are credulous of when we read about them in that age when the gods walked and the world was young. If we had followed the path of the imagination to the true gods, we should not be smashing one another at this game of fisticuffs for the mammoth gains of trade. And the imagination is not only the purveyor of beauty; she is the mother of sympathy as well. She can see into the hearts of God's children who bear the too grievous load, and feel with them the rasp of sobbing breath, the hunger and the thirst. She alone leads the doubting heart to that mingled tenderness and service and divine credulity which is called religion. She whispers into men's ear the rapt ecstasy: *Credo, quia impossibile est.*

NEW EXPERIMENTS.

Some of the most striking and remarkable experiments ever undertaken in the field of psychical research are those conducted some time ago by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing of Munich, in conjunction with Mme. Bisso of Paris. A detailed account of these experiences is shortly to be issued in book form, in English, and the reader may gain an idea of the character of these curious results from the following summary.

These experimenters discovered a young medium by the name of Eva C. Placed in a "cabinet" in a dark room, white forms and bits of bodies were seen to issue from between the cabinet curtains, or were actually exuded from the body of the medium. The whole process could be seen, we are told, taking place in the dim light. From various parts of the medium's body would issue a semi-liquid, cool, protoplasmic substance—which, however, seemed to be *alive*. It could move about of itself, taking various forms. Shortly it would assume the appearance of heads, hands, and faces, sometimes in close proximity to the medium's body, and sometimes a little distance from it. A number of flashlight photographs of these partial forms were obtained, and even a motion picture of the whole process of materialization and dematerialization! More striking still, small portions of this substance were removed and were examined microscopic-

ally at the conclusion of the séance. It was found to consist of a mass of living material, thrown together helter-skelter, resembling in its structure, to some extent, a tumor growth.

This strange substance issued more or less from all parts of the medium's body, but particularly from the top of the head, mouth, breasts, and finger-tips. Under the eyes of the spectators it could be seen to move, turning and twisting and finally forming itself into distinct heads, faces, and hands. The accompanying photograph shows the material, as yet unformed, issuing from the medium's person, while her hands and feet were securely held. A woman's head, imperfectly formed, appeared in the middle of the medium's breast, the features being clearly distinguishable.

In a number of séances the medium was completely stripped and medically examined before the séance, then sewn up in a suit of black tights and placed in a cabinet in the laboratory in the investigator's own home. Nevertheless these forms were produced, and after a number of years' constant observation, the investigators are more than ever assured of the reality of the facts. The medium is now in England, where she is to be investigated by the Psychical Research Society.—*From Leslie's.*

SONG OF THE SOUL.

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods not less appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me thy fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter of the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn they back on heaven.
—Emerson.

We see everywhere in the history of man that the spirit of renunciation is the deepest reality of the human soul.—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS.

(Stuart P. Sherman in the Nation.)

In religions, as in other matters, the testimony of an impartial witness is desirable and that of an "unwilling witness" has always been considered peculiarly precious. "The incomparable Boyle observes," wrote Cotton Mather, "that as to religious books, in general those which have been written by laymen and especially by gentlemen have (*caeteris paribus*) been better received and more effectual than those published by clergymen." So in the next age Lord Chesterfield, commending the habit of religious observances to his son, clinches his argument by reference to the belief in the justice and mercy of God avowed by that arch free-thinker Voltaire. In our own time likewise we find many people who are eager for some form of religious assurances turning away from the professional and accredited exponents of religious truth to accept the unwilling testimony of laconic ouija-boards, agitated table-legs, and photographic plates, which, with no conceivable prejudice or predisposition, are thought, by certain men of scientific reputation, to have testified to the reality of the spiritual world.

The spirits who think it worth their while to keep up a tittle-tattle with this world through table-legs and such devices are obviously beings of no consequence in time or eternity, the riffraff of Elysium to whom immortality has become a burden. "I never heard of anybody," said the elder Henry James, "whose wits were improved by conversation with these gentry." Any one desirous of conversing with the dead who yet live may decently do so by opening the Bible of any of the religions of the earth, where on any page he will find more evidence of the reality of the spiritual world than will ever be accumulated by those who "listen in" on the wireless telephones employed by Sir Oliver Lodge and the rest. And yet there is a certain struggling, misguided rightness in our contemporary passion for consulting table-legs! In a rather gross and comical and pathetic fashion it represents our rejection of the faiths that have not a leg to stand on. It grotesquely symbolizes our search for a witness that will rap out the hard facts uncolored by emotion.

Professor Pratt's point of view in the present volume is avowedly scientific. He aims to describe the religious consciousness as it presents itself for observation to the modern psychologist, that is to say, without any attempt to press behind phenomena into the realm of the Unknown or the Unknowable. An interesting feature of his treatment is a constant use of the results of recent questionnaires sent out to ascertain the present state of the religious consciousness among various classes of Americans. Not quite incidentally, he informs us that "among physical scientists 50.7 per cent. believe in immortality; biologists, 37 per cent.; historians, 51.5 per cent.; psychologists, 19.8 per cent. It is especially significant that the percentage of believers among the more eminent psychologists was only 8.8 per cent." The predisposition, therefore, of a modern psychologist to corroborate the testimony of the talkative table-leg is almost nil.

With the impartial curiosity of a psychologist, then, Professor Pratt enters the field of "comparative religion." His account of phenomena is remarkably fresh and instructive; and it differs commendably from some of its predecessors in emphasizing rather normal than exceptional types of experience. He has supplemented his acquaintance with religious literature by wide first-hand observation. He has studied the forms of Protestantism in America, especially among the better educated classes, enriching his collections of individual experience by extensive use of the questionnaire and by conferences with a generation of students. Roman Catholicism he has studied in Europe and at home under conditions which have enabled him to describe its power over the simple-hearted and over the mystic with sympathy and insight altogether unusual in one of Protestant upbringing. Finally, as those who have read his book on the faiths of India are aware, he has made his pilgrimage through India, Burma, and Ceylon, seeking initiation into the letter and the spirit of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism in mosque and shrine and temple, from peasants, teachers, priests, and holy men.

The first effect of the comparative study of religions upon an unsophisticated mind is probably unsettling—is, at any rate, to shake pretty thoroughly its faith in the unique virtues of the cult in

which it was reared. But the second effect, the effect following reflection and criticism upon such data as Professor Pratt has amassed, is to persuade one that religion is rooted where it can not be eradicated, in our "whole psychophysical organism." Most of us are "incurably religious" because the natural and instinctive response of our bodies and minds to our total environment and to our racial and social inheritance produces in us an attitude towards the Determiner of Destiny, however we may conceive it; and produces also, inevitably, expression of that attitude, individual or collective. Thus private belief and public worship are to be regarded as functions of the constant constitution of man.

A scientific investigator who has reached a conclusion so important can not be expected to sustain his air of impartiality after he has reached his conclusion. And from casual comment and criticism, scattered her and there through the volume, emerges Professor Pratt's own idea of the religion of an educated man. It does not differ by the world's breadth from that of the cultivated Brahmin. It has much in common with the religion of Pater's Marius. It is rational up to the limits of reason. "What is highest," he declares, "in the religious genius is to be sought in his conscious states rather than in some form of insensibility."

What psychology and the study of various religions suggests of especial interest is the genuine value of much of the "technique" of the religious life, which many have taught themselves to despise and discard. "Objective worship of the sort that aims to please the Deity" is for the man of our age "a thing of the past." Yet prayer and praise and social worship are still "psychologically justified" as means of self-culture, as methods of obtaining a vital feeling of the "reality" of those truths and aspirations which the intellect approves. It is significant that the last five chapters of the book deal with mysticism, the milder forms of which Professor Pratt finds not incompatible with his belief that in vigorous intelligence divinity is most likely to be found resident. As things are going now, he declares very truly, there is little danger of an overemphasis upon the value of that "clear dream and solemn vision," experienced, for example,

by men like Milton—a kind of luminous ecstasy in which the enriched mind becomes delightedly aware of its relations with the mind of the world.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS. (Nature's Firmer Forces.)

(This book is couched in the form of a dialogue between the god Shiva and his wife Parvati. All the Tantras have the same form. The former is generally spoken of as Ishvara, the latter as Devi or Shakti. From its method of composition the treatise does not seem to have been written by Shiva, the supposed author of the "Shivagama." In the first place there are several stanzas in the book which appear to be the composition of different authors, in the present form by some compiler; and, secondly, the author says in one place that he was going to describe certain experiments as he had seen them in the "Shivagama," or "Teachings of Shiva." In the end of one MS., however, it is said that the book comprises the eighth chapter of the "Shivagama." In the "Kenopanishad" the great commentator Shankaracharya interprets Uma Haimavati (another name of Parvati) as Brahma Vidya, the Divine Science of Theosophia. There the goddess appears as a teacher, and she may well personify Theosophia. This explanation, however, will hardly hold good here. Here Shiva and Parvati seem to be the positive and negative principles. They are best acquainted with their own working. The god, the positive principle, explaining to the Shakti, the negative principle, the various modes in which the finer forces of nature imprint themselves upon the grosser planes, may be the symbol of the eternal impression of all thoughts and living organisms into the Shakti—the passive matter, Rayi—by Shiva, the active principle.)

Said the goddess—

1. Lord Mahadeva, god of gods, be kind to me, and tell me the wisdom that comprehends everything.

2. How did the universe come forth? How does it continue? How does it disappear? Tell me, O lord, the philosophy of the universe.

Said the god—

3. The universe came out of Tattva

(or the Tattvas), it goes on by the instrumentality of the Tattvas; it disappears into the Tattvas; by the Tattvas is known the nature of the universe. (The universe comprehends all the manifestations with which we are familiar, either on the physical, the mental, or the psychic plane. All of them have come out of the Tattvas. The Tattvas are the forces which lie at the root of all these manifestations. Creation, preservation, and destruction, or, more strictly speaking, appearance, sustenance, and disappearance of the phenomena we are acquainted with, are tattvic changes of state.)

Said the goddess—

4. The knowers of the Tattvas have ascertained the Tattvas to be the highest root; what, O god, is the nature of the Tattvas? Throw light upon the Tattvas.

Said the god—

5. Unmanifested, formless, the one giver of light, is the Great Power; from that appeared the sonorous ether (Akasha); from that had birth the tangiferous ether. (This Great Power is the Parabrahman of the Vedantins, the first change of state which stands at the crown of evolution. This is the first positive phase of life. All the Upanishads concur in this. In the beginning all this was Sat (the positive phase of Brahma). From this state come out by degrees the five ethers—Tattvas or Mahabhutas as they are also called. "From him came the Akasha and so on," says the Upanishad. This state of Parabrahman is called in the text "unmanifested." Manifestation for us only begins with the "Ego," the sixth principle of our constitution—all beyond that is naturally unmanifested. "Formless"—this epithet is given because forms only show themselves when the Tattvas and the two states of matter—the positive and the negative, the active and the passive—come into existence. As yet there is only one universal state of matter. Hence is also given to that state the epithet "one." He is also called the "giver of light." This *light* is the real *life*. It is this state which changes into the five ethers, which form the atmosphere of the sixth principle of the universe.)

6. From the tangiferous ether, the luminiferous ether, and from this the gustiferous ether; thence was the birth of the odoriferous ether. These are the

five ethers and they have five-fold extension.

7. From these the universe came forth; by these it continues; into these it disappears; among these also it shows itself again.

8. The body is made of the five Tattvas; the five Tattvas, O fair one, exist therein in the subtle form; they are known by the learned who devote themselves to the Tattvas. (The body—human as well as every other—is made of the five Tattvas in their gross form. In this gross body play the five Tattvas in their subtle form. They govern it physiologically, mentally, psychically, and spiritually. These are therefore the four subtle forms of the Tattvas.)

9. On this account shall I speak of the rise of breath in the body; by knowing the nature of inspiration and expiration comes into being the knowledge of the three times. (Man can devote himself most easily to his own body. On this account have been described here the laws of the rise of the breath in the body. Knowledge of the three times—the past, the present, and the future—is nothing more than a scientific knowledge of the causes and effects of phenomena. Know the present tattvic state of things, know its antecedent and consequent states, and you have a knowledge of the three times.)

10. This science of the rise of breath, the hidden of the hidden, the revealer of the true God, is a pearl on the head of the wise.

11. This knowledge is the subtle of the subtle; it is easily understood; it causes the belief of truth; it excites wonder in the world of unbelievers; it is the support among them that believe.

THE QUALITIES OF THE PUPIL.

12. The science of the rise of breath is to be given to the calm, the pure, the virtuous, the firm and the grateful, and to the single-minded devotee of the Guru (spiritual teacher).

13. It is not to be given to the vicious, the impure, the angry, the untruthful, the adulterer, and him who has wasted his substance.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH.

14. Hear, thou goddess, the wisdom which is found in the body; omniscience is caused by it, if well understood.

15. In the Svāra are the Vedas and the Shāstras; in the Svāra the highest

Gandharva; in the Svava are all the three worlds; the Svava is the reflection of Parabrahman. ("In the Svava are the Vedas," etc. Svava, as has been seen, is the "current of the life-wave." It is the same as the "intelligence of the Vedantins." The assertion in this stanza may have two meanings. It may mean that the things described in the Vedas are in the Svava, or it may mean that the description itself is there. It may mean that both are there. This is of course an absolute fact. There is nothing in the manifested universe which has not received existence from the Great Breath, which is the Prana of the universe on the highest plane of life.)

16. Without a knowledge of the breath (Svava) the astrologer is a house without its lord, a speaker without its learning, a trunk without a head.

17. Whoever knows the analysis of the Nadis, the Prana, the Tattvas, and the conjunctive Sushuma gains salvation.

18. It is always auspicious in the seen or the unseen universe, when the power of breath is mastered; they say, O fair one, that the knowledge of the science of breath is also somewhat auspicious. (This stanza points to the difference between practical and theoretical occultism. The practice is, of course, highly auspicious, but the theory, too, puts us in the right track, and is, therefore, "somewhat auspicious.")

19. The parts and the first accumulations of the universe were made by the Svava, and the Svava is visible as the Great Power, the creator and the destroyer. (For some reflections on this subject the reader is referred to the essay on Evolution.)

20. A knowledge more secret than the science of breath, wealth more useful than the science of breath, a friend more true than the science of breath, has never been seen or heard of.

21. An enemy is killed by the power of the breath, friends also are brought together; wealth is obtained through the power of the breath, and comfort and reputation also.

22. By the power of breath one gets a female child or meets a king; by the power of breath gods are propitiated, and by the breath is a king placed in a person's power.

23. Locomotion is caused by the

power of breath; food, too, is taken by the power of breath; urine and feces are also discharged by the power of breath.

24. All the Shastras and Puranas and the rest, beginning with the Vedas and the Upanishads, contain no principle beyond the knowledge of Svava (the breath).

25. All are names and forms. Among all these people wander mistaken. They are fools steeped in ignorance unless the Tattvas are known. (Every phenomenon is nothing more than a phase of tattvic motion. All the phenomena of the universe are names and forms. All these names and forms live in the Svava of Parabrahman, or rather in the subtler Tattvas, but there nothing is distinguishable. They are only distinguished as such when they are imprinted upon the grosser planes. The impression takes place by the instrumentality of Rayi, the cooler state of life-matter, which is only the shade of Prana, the original state. Hence the names and forms are all unreal.)

26. This science of the rise of breath is the highest of all the high sciences; it is a flame for illuminating the mansion of the soul.

27. The knowledge can not be imparted to this man or that except in answer to a question; it is therefore to be known by one's own exertions in and by the soul alone. (This is the celebrated dictum, "Know thyself by thyself," which differs from the Greek aphorism by the addition of the last two words.)

28. Neither the lunar day, nor the constellations, nor the solar day, nor the planet, nor god; neither rain, nor the Vyatipata, nor the conjunctions of Vaidhrita, etc. (These are all of them the various phases of the five different tattvic states. They have a natural effect upon the terrestrial life. The effect differs with the thing influenced. The rays of the tattvic state of time will only be reflected into any organism if the reflecting surface is akin. The Yogi who has power over his breath can put it into any tattvic state he chooses, and the antagonistic effects of time are simply thrown off.)

29. Nor do the bad conjunctions, O goddess, ever have power; when one attains the pure power of Svava, everything has good effect.

30. In the body are the Nadis having

many forms and extensions; they ought to be known in the body by the wise, for the sake of knowledge.

31. Branching off from the root in the navel, seventy-two thousand of them extend in the body. (The Yogis take the navel to be the starting point of the system of Nadis. Says Patanjali, the great Yoga philosopher: "The systems of the body are known by concentration upon the navel." On the other hand, the Vedantins take the heart to be the starting point of the system. The former assigns as their reason the existence in the navel of the power Kundalini, the latter the existence in the heart of the cardiac soul (the Lingam Atma), which is the real life of the gross body. This, however, is immaterial. We may begin wherever we like, if we truly understand the location of the life-principle and its various manifestations.)

32. In the navel is the power Kundalini sleeping like a serpent; thence ten Nadis go upward and ten downwards. (The power Kundalini sleeps in the developed organism. It is that power which draws in gross matter from the mother-organism through the umbilical cord, and distributes it to the different places where the seminal Prana gives it form. When the child separates from the mother the power goes to sleep. She is no more wanted now. Upon the supplies of the Kundalini depend the dimensions of the body of the child. It is said that it is possible to awake the goddess even in the developed organism by certain practices of Yoga.)

33. Two and two of the Nadis go crosswise; they are thus twenty-four in number. The principal are the ten Nadis in which act the ten forces.

34. Crosswise, or upwards, or downwards, in them is manifested the Prana all over the body. They are in the body in the shape of Chakras supporting all the manifestations of Prana.

35. Of all these, ten are the chief; of the ten, three are the highest—Ida, and Pingala, and Sushumna.

36. Gandhari, Hastijihva, Push and Yashasvini; Alambusha, Kuhu, Shankhini, and also Damini.

37. Ida is in the left part, Pingala in the right, Sushumna in the middle; Gandhari in the left eye.

38. In the right eye Hastijihva; in the right ear Pusha; Yashasvini in the left ear; in the mouth Alambusha.

39. Kuhu in the pudendum; in the anus Shankhini. In this way one at each outlet stand the Nadis.

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT IF THE LAPSE OF AGES WERE A DREAM?

(By Stephen Moylan Bird.)

What if the lapse of ages were a dream,
From which we waked, clutching the primal bough,

Seeing familiar thunder-piercing crags,
Vast dripping woods, and saurian-bellowed swamps,

That wearied the new heavens with their noise,

Wild seas, that maddened, foaming, ever gnawed

At fog-wrapped cliffs, and roaring in defeat,
Ran to eye-wearying distance, without shore—

All things familiar; but our dull ape minds
Troubled with visions vague; the hungry roar

Of the great sabred tiger far below

Seeming in our wild dream the thund'rous sound

Of hurtling heated monsters, made of steel;
And the God-scattered worlds that gem the sky

Seeming in vision dread the blinding glare
Of myriad windows in huge range on range

Of mountain buildings, teeming o'er with life.
The wallowing pleiosaurus' gurgling snort

Changed in our dream to rhythmic, panting roar

Of black insensate steel amphibians,
Daring the ocean's dread horizontal line;

And the high flap of pterodactyl wings
Making us whine with fear, for, in our dream,

We saw vast lifeless birds, that roaring flew,
Commanded by weak puny likenesses

Of our ape-selves; we cringed with terrors vague

Of ungrasped thoughts we could not understand—

What if the lapse of ages were a dream?

—*Issued in Contemporary Verse Anthology*
by E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.—*Secret Doctrine*.

We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Marie Corelli*.

The Future, like the past, is ever alive in the present.—*Secret Doctrine*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
DEC 8 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 46. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, November 13, 1920. Price Five Cents

SWEET ROCKET.

Mary Johnston, who probably ranks second among American novelists, has already distinguished herself by her fictional treatment of mysticism. In "Michael Forth" we have a story worthy to rank with anything of the sort that has ever been done, and now we have a shorter novel along the same line, but equally marked by depth of insight and purity of conception.

But "Sweet Rocket" is not exactly a novel. The conventional mechanism of the novel is lacking. There is no definite culmination nor conclusion and there is none of what we call heart interest. Sweet Rocket is an old Southern plantation where a few congenial spirits have gathered together and where the conversation gravitates naturally toward the finer things of life. On nearly every page one meets with such passages as this:

"Do you think we can be reassured about the dead—all the dead—and ourselves when we die?"

"Yes, I do. Very safe, very sure."

"Well, I think so this morning."

They walked by the amrigolds and larkspur. "Where do you meet the dead? In this space?" He indicated it with a wide gesture.

"No. In space that permeates this space. In added space. When and where we make space. Though I think," said Marget, "that one day the edges will have so flowed together that we shall say 'in this space.'"

"You and Richard Linden both have that assurance?"

"Yes. Many have it now." She added, "I think, perhaps, it is more easily felt in some places than in others."

Perhaps one of the most remarkable passages of the story is that in which Drew describes his reminiscence of a past incarnation. Drew had been with the army in France and was one of a party sent to drive a number of the enemy from a wood. During the course of the fight he is injured, and when he returns to consciousness he seems to be in some past age and to be called Oswy, and the other wounded man with him is no longer a German, but his twin brother Lutwyn, and they are both trying to escape from some common enemy who is in pursuit of them. Drew describes the incident:

"It came at last, dawn. I sat up, and it had been a falling tree. My forehead had an aching lump, but luckily just a branch had struck me and I had rolled clear. It was a very old oak, brought down by the high wind. Upon the branch beside me was growing mistletoe. I wouldn't touch it, for I thought, 'It is not for me to touch it, but surely it saved my life!' There was gray light, and one red streak far down the forest, where, after a time, would be the sun. And then I remembered that it was Lutwyn who had saved my life, crying out, and pushing me away, where I had thrown myself down for one moment's rest. I looked beyond the mistletoe and I saw that the tree had caught and pinned down a man. I crept on hands and knees, for I was dizzy yet, and I found Lutwyn. He lay pale and twitching, his leg and part of his body under the trunk of the oak. It was very still and lonely in the forest, and the first cold light made me shiver, and I was afraid of the mistletoe, so near. I got Lutwyn from under the tree, and it took all my strength to do it. The spring that we called Red Deer was hardly a spear throw away. I had on a cap of otter skin, and I

filled this with water and brought it back to Lutwyn. When I had dashed it over his face and put it between his lips, he sighed, and came to himself, opening his eyes and trying to sit up. He said, 'I thought it would catch you, and I tried to thrust you out of the way—'

"I said: 'Are you badly hurt? Can you walk?'"

"He tried, but he could only drag himself a little way, holding by a branch of the tree. The light had grown stronger, the red line down the forest was a red splash. We were both thinking of Guthlac and his men, who were after us, because, being outlaws, we had set upon and stopped a bullock wagon, and helped ourselves. We had strong belief that when they found us they would hang us. We had no great start of them."

"Lutwyn said: 'You go on, Oswy. I'll make myself at home here, by the mistletoe.'"

"That couldn't be. I couldn't carry him. He was, if anything, a little taller and larger than I. He tried again to move, but it was not his leg alone; his body had been hurt, terribly hurt, I now saw. He could not make a step. It was I who drew him back to the tree. He settled down into the hollow made by the trunk and a bough, and I looked at his hurts, but could do little for them. I saw that they were filled with danger. The mistletoe grew so near him. I looked at it, and I wished it would heal. Lutwyn said: 'Now you go on, Oswy. I don't want you to be hanged.' I said, 'Save your breath!' and sat down beside him. We rested side by side against the tree, and he said that he was not in pain, but only now and then drowsy. He was very clear in his mind and wanted to talk. I listened for Guthlac and his men, and looked at the mistletoe. The sun was up now and it was growing gold—the mistletoe—a great bunch of it. I did not hear Guthlac. It was likely to be some time before they found us, having to wait till day to see our track. Now and then I felt Guthlac's rope around my neck. Then I looked at the mistletoe, and it seemed to be growing by Woden's chair. Then Lutwyn came awake again and we talked. We were twin brothers. We talked of when we were boys, and of our mother, and Lutwyn the Strong, our father, and of places we had seen and the earth we had trod. The Earth that was us, we thought, springing up in us all toward Father Sun. And all the wrong that we had done went away, and the mistletoe grew more golden. He drowsed away for long and longer times."

"Far away I heard Guthlac's horn. It blew and another answered. They had found our track and were drawing together. Lutwyn waked and heard it, too. 'But there's another horn for me,' he said. 'Don't you hear that one?' He had slipped from the hollow of the oak and his head was on my knee. The horn blew louder and nearer. The mistletoe was all golden. I could feel Guthlac's rope around my neck. But I was glad they would not hang Lutwyn. He was dead."

"The horn blew louder in the wood. I heard them shouting. The mistletoe was burning gold. I said, 'Woden, Woden, we be brothers, Lutwyn and me!' They broke upon us, shouting, and all went black——"

Drew stopped speaking. He sat bent over, looking at the fire. Putting down a hand he

stroked Tam. Straightening himself, he looked at Linden and Marget. "All that was actual," he said. "Just as actual, just as real, just as day and night and earthly and conscious as this room and the fire and we six and the dog!"

He made a movement toward Randall, "You tell the rest."

Randall's voice came. "The detachment drove the Germans out of the wood and chased them a good long way. It was dawn when he stopped and went back to gather up our hurt and dead. There were a dozen dead, Germans and us, and a good many hurt, all scattered through that wood that was full of big trees. We found Drew propped against a very great, old, fallen tree. He had been struck over the head in the hand-to-hand fighting, and had a cut or two besides. Nothing odd in that, but what was odd was that he was cherishing a dead German—had his head lying on his knee! Of course, enemies lying as close as lovers wasn't any novelty! But Drew had crept some little way to this man, and had tried to stop his bleeding, all there in the dark, and had given him water, and then had gathered him into his arms. He said: 'Yes, he was Drew, but he was one Oswy, too. Yes, that was a German, but it was Lutwyn, too.' He said they were twin brothers. We were used to men out of their heads, so we gathered him up and took him on. He wanted us to stop and bury the German, but there wasn't time for that. The funny thing is that he certainly isn't out of his head now. Yet he still believes that story, though he won't tell it to every one. . . ."

The rain beat, the fire burned. "I've tried to get back," said Drew, "back to Guthlac and the bullock wagon and why we were outlaws. If I could find even now what we did—if I could get farther back still, to the point where we decided to do it, and redecide, decide more wisely, having long light upon it, I think that even now I could change in some way the whole world! Changing it to Lutwyn and me would mean changing the whole texture."

SWEET ROCKET. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast,

Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;

Tree, flower, and moss put new year's raiments on;

Each natural type, the greatest as the least, Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased.

How should man's spirit keep in unison

With the world's law of outgrowth, save it won

New robes and ampler as its growth increased?

Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philosophy!

Let gently die an art's decaying fire!

Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free

To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!

The planets change their surface as they roll:
The force that binds the spheres must bind
the soul. —Henry G. Hewlett.

We are our own children.—Pythagoras.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS. (Nature's Finer Forces.)

(Continued.)

40. Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna stand in the way of the Prana, these ten Nadis extend variously in the body. (For a dissertation on these three Nadis the reader is referred to the essay of Prana. On a small scale the right and left chambers of the heart, and the right and left portions of the spinal column are the Pingala and Ida. The canal between these two is the Sushumna. Taking the blood-vessel system to be a mere reflection of the nervous system, the terminology might be applied to the nerves alone. It appears, however, that the Nadis of the Tantrists comprehend both these systems. In the nervous system there is the real power, and this must be present everywhere where there is any manifestation of life.)

41. The above are the names of the Nadis. I now give the names of the forces: Prana (1), Apana (2), Samana (3), Udana (4), and Vyana (5).

42. Naga (6), Kurma (7), and Krikila (8), Devadatta (9), and Dhananjaya (10). In the breast lives always the Prana; the Apana in the circle of the anus.

43. The Samana in the circle of the navel, the Udana in the midst of the throat; the Vyana pervades all the body. These are the ten principal forces.

44. The five beginning with the Prana have been described. The remaining five forces begin with Naga. Their names and places, too, I give.

45. The Naga is known in belching; the Kurma in the winking of the eye; the Krikila is known as the cause of hunger; the Devadatta is known as yawning.

46. The all-pervading Dhananjaya does not leave even the dead body. All these move in all the Nadis, where they put on the appearance of life.

47. Let the wise man know the manifest movements of the individualized Prana by the three Nadis—Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna.

48. The Ida is to be known in the left half and the Pingala in the right (half of the body).

49. The moon is placed in Ida, the

sun in Pingala; Sushumna has the nature of Sambhu, and Sambhu is the self of Hamsa (both inspiration and expiration).

50. Expiration is called Ha; Inspiration is Sa; Ha is the Shiva (the active), and Sa the Shakti (the passive).

51. The moon appears as Shakti, causing the left Nadi to flow; causing the right Nadi to flow, the sun appears as Sambhu (active).

52. Any charity given by the wise while the breath is in the left nostril is multiplied crores (10,000,000) on crores of times in *this* world.

53. Let the Yogi look into his face, with one mind and with attention, and thus let him know fully the motion of the sun and the moon.

54. Let him meditate upon the Tattva when the Prana is calm, never when it is disturbed; his desire will be fulfilled, he will have great benefit and victory.

55. To those men who practice, and thus always keep the sun and moon in proper order, knowledge of the past and the future becomes as easy as if they were in their hand.

56. In the left Nadi the appearance of the breath is that of the Amrita (nectar); it is the great nourisher of the world. In the right, the motion-imparting portion, the world is always born. (The negative phase of Prana has the qualities of Amrita, the giver of eternal life. The negative matter, the moon, is cooler than the positive matter, the sun. The former is Rayi, the latter Prana. The former receives the impressions from the latter, and this plays the part of imparting impressions to that. The moon, therefore, is the real life of all names and forms. In her they live; she keeps them up. The right Nadis, from the greater temperature it possesses, the imparting of names and forms, or, briefly, the motion-imparting phase of life matter. It is the tendency of the sun to always cause changes in names and forms, and giving new impressions in the place of the old. Hence the sun is the greater destroyer of forms. He is the father of the forms, but the real preserver is the moon.)

57. In the midst the Sushumna moves very cruelly, and is very bad in all acts; everywhere in auspicious acts the left (Nadi) causes strength.

58. In going out the left is auspicious; in going in the right is auspicious; the

moon must be known to be even, the sun odd.

59. The moon is the female, the sun is the male; the moon is fair, the sun is dark (at sunrise). During the flow of the Nadi of the moon, let calm acts be done.

60. During the flow of the Nadi of the sun harsh works are to be done; during the flow of the Sushumna are to be done acts resulting in the attainment of psychic powers and salvation.

61. In the bright fortnight the moon comes in first, in the dark one the sun; beginning from the first lunar day they rise one after the other in order, each after three days.

62. The moon and the sun have each the white (northward, upward) and the black (southward, downward) duration of two and a half Gharis. They flow in order during the sixty Gharis of a day.

63. Then by a Ghari each (twenty-four minutes) the five Tattvas flow. The days begin with the Pratipata (the first lunar day). When the order is reversed the effect is reversed.

64. In the bright fortnight the left (is powerful), in the dark the right; let the Yogi with attention bring these into order, beginning with the first lunar day.

65. If the breath rises (at sunrise) by the way of the moon, and sets (at sunset) by that of the sun, it confers groups of good qualities; in the reverse the reverse.

66. Let the moon flow the whole day through, and the sun the whole night; he who practices thus is verily a Yogi.

67. The moon is checked by the sun, the sun by the moon; he who knows this practice, strides in a moment over the three worlds (*i. e.*, nothing in the three worlds can have any evil effect upon him).

68. During Thursdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays, the left Nadi gives success in all acts, especially in the white fortnight.

69. During Sundays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays the right Nadi gives success in all harsh acts, especially in the black fortnight.

70. During five Gharis each, the Tattvas have their distinct rise in order, Ghari by Ghari.

71. Thus there are twelve changes during day and night. Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, Capricornus, Pisces are

in the moon (*i. e.*, with these signs the breath rises in the left Nadi).

72. During Aries, Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius and Aquarius, the rise of the breath is in the right Nadi. From this good or danger is ascertained.

73. The sun is centered in the east and the north, the moon in the west and south. Let none go to west and south during the flow of the right Nadi.

74. Let none go to east and north during the flow of the left Nadi. . . .

75. The wise who desire good should not therefore go in these directions during these intervals; for then assuredly will there be suffering and death.

76. When, during the bright fortnight, the moon flows, it is beneficial to the man; comfort is caused in mild deeds.

77. When at the time of the rise of the sun-breath the moon-breath rises, and vice versa, quarrel and danger make appearance, and all good disappears.

THE WRONG SVARA.

78. When in the morning the wrong breath takes its rise, that is the sun in place of the moon, and the moon in place of the sun; then

79. On the first day the mind is confused; on the second (occurs) loss of wealth; on the third they speak of motion; on the fourth the destruction of the desired (object).

80. On the fifth the destruction of worldly position; on the sixth the destruction of all objects; on the seventh disease and pain; on the eighth death.

81. When for these eight days, at all the three times, the breath is wrong, then the effect is absolutely bad; when it is not quite so there is some good. (Thus the effects of the wrong breath depend upon its strength. In the majority of cases there may only be a tendency towards these effects, or there may only be a dream of, or an anxiety about, these things.)

82. When in the morning and the noon there is the moon, and in the evening the sun, then there is always success and benefit. The reverse gives pain.

83. Whenever the breath is in the right or left Nadi, the journey will be successful, if the right or the left, as the case may be, is the first step.

96. During the flow of the moon,

poison is destroyed; during that of the sun, power is obtained over any body. During Sushumna salvation is obtained. One power stands in three forms—Pingala, Ida, and Sushumna.

97. It may happen that when something is to be done, the breath is not rightly flowing, or conversely, when the breath is flowing as it ought to be, there is no occasion for the action to be done. How then is a man of business to follow the promptings of Prana?

98. Auspicious or inauspicious acts are always done day and night. When need be, the proper Nadi is to be set in motion.

IDA.

99. In those acts which are desired to have durable effect, in adornment, in going on a distant journey, in entering an order of life (Ashrama) or a palace, in amassing wealth.

100. In sinking wells, ponds, tanks, etc., in erecting columns and idols, in buying utensils, in marriage, in having clothes, jewelry, and ornaments made.

101. In preparing cooling and nourishing medicines, in seeing one's lord, in trade, in the collection of grain.

102. In going into a new house, in taking charge of some office, in cultivation, in throwing the seed, in auspicious peace-making, in going out—the moon is auspicious.

103. In such acts as beginning to read, etc., in seeing relations, . . . in virtue, in learning from some spiritual teacher, in rehearsing Mantra.

104. In reading the aphorisms of the science of time, in bringing quadrupeds home, in the treatment of diseases, in calling upon masters,

105. In riding horses and elephants, in doing good to others, in making deposits,

106. In singing, in playing upon instruments, in thinking of the science of musical sounds, in entering any town or village, in coronation,

107. In disease, sorrow, dejection, fever and swoon, in establishing relations with one's people, and masters, in collecting grain, and fuel, etc.,

108. In the adornment of the person by women, when rain is coming, in the worship of the teachers, etc., O fair one, the moon is auspicious.

109. Such acts also as the practice of Yoga are successful in Ida. In Ida,

verily, let one give up the Akasha and Tejas modifications of Parna.

110. By day or by night all works are successful; in all suspicious works the flow of the moon is good.

(To Be Continued.)

CHILD OF ADAM.

You are sick, O child of Adam,
And there is no peace in your house of flesh
Or joy where your engines reel!
You have put your hope in the rods that rust,
You are watching the world through a turning wheel.

You search no more for eternal things
Or infinite splendors locked in your name—
Your hands much touch and your eyes must see.

The music of gold and the heart are the same.

You are sick, O child of Adam!
You glut your flesh, but your spirit begs.
You have lost your love of the task well done.
The iron worms of an iron age
Are boring into your breast—
Go follow an unconcerning dream
And heal your soul of this deep unrest!
Give up yourself to the passionate call
Of multiple truth, become aware
Of beauty lodged in the simplest thing
And life aspiring everywhere!

Go and fall in love with a star,
Look at the blood through a tube of glass,
Watch the wedding of earth and seed,
Study the rocks and the green sea-grass,
Send your mind through time to follow
Tangent lines and fugitive numbers,
Build a race from a bit of bone
Found where the asp of Asia slumbers,
Know the motive back of the deed,
Solve the riddle of thought and brain,
Make a world for the sake of man,
Be at ease with the days again!

You are sick, indeed, O child of Adam!
There is only greed where you stand and work,

And hate where your banners go:
The cogs and the gears of your great machines
Are killing the things by which you grow.
Let the wheels run down and the towers crack,

Let the cannon rust and the fires die—
You must learn to wonder again at life
And see again with your inward eye!

—Scudder Middleton in the Nation.

No one could tell me where my soul might be:

I searched for God, but God eluded me:
I sought my brother out and found all three.

LOGIA OF JESUS.

(From "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten," by G. R. S. Mead.)

From the Travels of Peter—

Whence in a mystery the Lord hath said: If ye make not the Right like as the Left, the Left like as the Right. Above as the Below, Before as the Behind, ye shall not know God's kingdom. This saying have I made manifest in me, my brothers; this is the way in which your eyes of flesh behold me hanging. It figures forth the way of the first man.

Forgotten Sayings Collected from Gebhardt, Harnack, and Other Sources—

Wisdom sendeth forth her children.

He who is near Me is near the fire; and he who is far from Me is far from the kingdom.

If ye observe not the little (sci., mystery), who will give you the great?

They who would see Me and reach my kingdom need must attain Me with pain and suffering.

Good must needs come, but blessed is he by whom it cometh; in like manner also evil must needs come, but woe unto him by whom it cometh.

The weak shall be saved by the strong.

Guard the mysteries for Me and for the sons of My house.

There is a mingling that leadeth to death, and there is a mingling that leadeth to life.

Why do ye wonder at the signs? I give unto you a mighty inheritance which the whole world doth not contain.

When the Lord was asked by a certain man, When should His kingdom come, He saith unto him: When two shall be one, and the without as the within, and the male with the female, neither male nor female.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit which is in you, and put not out the Light which hath shone forth in you.

Seek for the great (mysteries) and the little shall be added unto you; seek for

the heavenly and the earthly shall be added to you.

As ye see yourselves in water or in a mirror, so see ye Me in yourselves.

As I find you, so will I judge you.

Keep thy flesh pure.

Because of the sick I was sick; because of the hungry I was abungered; because of the thirsty I was athirst.

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, or fist for fist, or curse for curse.

Love hideth a multitude of sins.

There shall be false christs and false teachers who have blasphemed the Spirit of Grace, and have spit forth its gift of grace: these shall not be forgiven either in this æon or in the æon to come.

For the Heavenly Father willeth the repentance of the sinner rather than his chastisement.

For God willeth that all should receive of His gifts.

Keep that which thou hast, and it shall be increased into more.

I am come to end the sacrifices, and if ye cease not from sacrificing, the wrath shall not cease from you.

(Woe unto him) who hath made sad the spirit of his brother.

And never rejoice unless ye see your brother (also) happy.

My mother, the Holy Spirit, even now took me by one of the hairs of my head and carried me to the great mountain Tabor.

He who seeketh me shall find me in children from seven years (onwards); for hidden in them I am manifested in the fourteenth period (æon).

When Salome asked how long should death hold sway, the Lord said unto her: So long as ye women bring forth; for I came to end the works of the female. And Salome said unto Him: I have then done well in not bringing forth. And the

Lord answered and said: Eat of every pasture, but of that which hath the bitterness (of death) eat not. And when Salome asked when should those things of which she enquired be known, the Lord said: When ye shall tread upon the vesture of shame, and when the two shall be one, and the male with the female neither male nor female.

Pray for your enemies; blessed are they who mourn over the destruction of the unbelievers.

I stood upon a lofty mountain, and saw a gigantic man and another, a dwarf; and I heard as it were a voice of thunder, and drew nigh for to hear; and He spake unto me and said, I am thou and thou art I; and wheresoever thou mayst be I am there. In all am I scattered, and whencesoever thou wilt thou gatherest Me; and gathering Me thou gatherest Thyself.

Thou ye be gathered together in My bosom, if ye do not do My commandments, I will cast you forth.

Gain for yourselves, ye sons of Adam, by means of these transitory things which are not yours, that which is your own, and passeth not away.

For even the prophets, after they have been anointed by the Holy Spirit, the word of sin has been found among them.

If a man shall abandon all for my name's sake, at the second coming he shall inherit eternal life.

If ye make not the below into the above and the above into the below, the right into the left and the left into the right, the before into the behind (and the behind into the before), ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God.

I am to be crucified anew.

What ye preach with words before the people, do ye in deeds before every man.

From Oxyrhynchus—

Jesus saith: Wheresoever there be two, they are not without God; and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there

thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

Jessu saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in flesh was I seen of them, and I found all drunken, and none found I athirst among them. And My soul grieveth over the souls of men, because they are blind in their hearts and see not. . . .

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally—Self-redeemed.

Though "the book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

The Doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on Earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various "Fires" are latent, and in others they are active. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish* desire, which can not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is action, the cause; and Karma, again, is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the *effect* of an act produced egoistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
DEC 18 1920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 47. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, November 20, 1920. Price Five Cents

TOLSTOI'S PROPHECY.

Count Tolstoi's now famous prophecy, uttered some time before his death, is here reproduced by request:

This is a Revelation of events of a Universal character which must shortly come to pass:

Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude Woman. She is, with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels, a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her Crown of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name, "Commercialism." As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the Nations who fall victims to her charms.

And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of War, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and murderous explosives which destroy the countries and slaughter the patriots.

The second torch bears the flame of Bigotry and Hypocrisy. It lights the

lamps only in Temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of Falsity and Fanaticism. It kindles the Minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

The third torch is that of the Law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the Family, then sweeps through the larger world of Literature, Art, and Statesmanship.

The great Conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of Southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destruction and calamity in 1914. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations from huge battlefields. But after 1915 a great Napoleonic Leader enters upon the stage of the bloody Drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a Federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians.

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the Courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The Ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without

moral feeling. Then shall come a great Reformer. He will clear the World of the relics of Monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit, and Immortality will be molten in a new regenerating furnace, the peaceful beginning of a new ethical era. The Man destined for this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the Earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by the Superior Powers.

And, behold, I see the Law, the third torch, which has already begun to destroy the Family relations, our standards of Art and Morals. The relation between Woman and Man is accepted as a prosaic Partnership of the Sexes. Art has become Realistic Degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the Spiritual foundations of all Nations.

Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those Three destructive flames. The anti-National Wars in Europe, the Class War of America and the Race Wars in Asia have strangled Progress for half a century. In the year 1950, I see a heroine of Literature and Art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians—the languorous World—tedious and plebeian.

It is the light of Symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torches of the Siren, "Commercialism." In place of Polygamy and Monogamy of today, there will come a "Poetogamy," relations of the Sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life. And I see the Nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring Woman of their destiny is after all but an illusion.

There will come a time when the World will have no use for armies, hypocritical Religions, and degenerate Art.

Life is Evolution, and Evolution is development from the simpler to the sublimer forms of Mind and Body. I see the passing show of the World-Drama, in its present form, as it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins.

Listen within yourselves and look into the infinitude of Space and Time. There can be heard the songs of the Constellations, the voices of the Numbers, and the harmony of the Spheres.—*Hermes.*

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS. (Nature's Finer Forces.)

(Continued.)

PINGALA.

111. In all harsh acts, in the reading and teaching of difficult sciences, . . . in going on board a ship,

112. In all bad acts, in drinking, in rehearsing the Mantras of such a god as Bhairava, . . .

113. In learning the Shastras, in going, in hunting, in the selling of animals, in the difficult collection of bricks, wood, stone, and jewels, etc.,

114. In the practice of music, in the Yantras and Tantras, in climbing a high place or mountain, in gambling, in theft, in the breaking in of an elephant or a horse, in a carriage or otherwise,

115. In riding a new donkey, camel, or buffalo, or an elephant, or horse, in crossing a stream, in medicine, in writing,

116. In athletic sports, in killing or producing confusion, in practicing the six Karmas, etc., in obtaining power over Yakshinis, Yakshas, Vetalas, Poisons and Bhutas, etc.,

117. In killing, . . . in enmity, in mesmerizing (the man will never have courage and moral turpitude enough to do the act but when the right Nadi flows), causing one to do anything at bidding—in drawing any one towards anything, in causing distress and confusion, in charity, and buying and selling.

118. In practicing with swords, in battle, in seeking the king, in eating, in bathing, in mercantile negotiations, in harsh and hot deeds, the sun is auspicious.

119. Just after eating, . . . the sun is auspicious. The wise ought to sleep, too, during the flow of the sun breath.

120. All harsh acts, all those various acts which in their nature must be transitory and temporary, find success during the sun. There is no doubt in this.

SUSHUMNA.

121. When the breath moves one moment in the left and the other in the right, that (state of Prana) is known as Sushumna. It is the destroyer of all acts. (It will be seen that in this section three phases of the Sushumna are noticed. (i) When the breath comes one moment out of one nostril and the next

out of the other. (ii) When the breath at once flows out of both nostrils with equal force. (iii) When the breath flows out of one nostril with greater force than it does out of the other. The first is called the unequal state (*Vishamabhava*). The second and third are called the *Vishuvat* or *Vishuva*).

122. When the *Prana* is in that *Nadi* the fires of death burn. It is called *Vishuvat*, the destroyer of all actions.

123. When both the *Nadis*, which ought to flow one after the other, flow at once, then verily there is danger for him who is thus afflicted.

124. When it is at one moment in the right, and the other moment in the left, it is called the unequal state. The effect is the reverse of what is desired, and so it ought to be known, O fair one!

125. The wise call it *Vishuvat* when both the *Nadis* flow. Do neither harsh nor mild acts at that time; both will be fruitless.

126. In life, in death, in asking questions, in income or its absence, in success or its want—everywhere the reverse is the case during the flow of the *Vishuvat*. Remember then the Lord of the Universe.

127. The *Ishvara* is to be remembered by acts such as the practice of *Yoga*, nothing else is to be done at that time by those who desire success, income and comfort.

128. Pronounce a curse or benediction when with the sun the *Sushumna* flows slowly, and it will be useless.

129. When the unequal state takes rise, do not so much as think of journeying. Journeying during this state undoubtedly causes pain and death.

130. When the *Nadi* changes or the *Tattva* changes, nothing suspicious shall be done by way of charity, etc.

131. In the front, in the left and above is the moon. On the back, on the right and below is the sun. In this way the wise ought to know the distinction between the full and empty. (Two more phases of conjunction have been noticed: (i) *Sandhya Sandhi*; (ii) *Vedoveda*. According to some philosophers these do not exist. These two are said to be but the names of the two foregoing ones. This, however, is not the thesis of the present writer. He holds that both these states exist separately. (i) The *Sandhya Sandhi* is that *Sushumna* through which

disappearance takes place into the higher matter beyond. The physiological *Sushumna* is the reservoir of man's potential physiological life. From that state either the positive or the negative phase of life takes its birth. But the *Sushumna* is the child of a higher phase of life. The positive and negative mental forces according to similar laws give birth to this potential *Pranamaya Kosha*. The world, as some writers have said, is the outcome of mental motion (*Sankalpa*, *Manah Sphurana*). The state of the conjunction of these two mental states is the *Sandhya Sandhi*. When the two phases of mental matter are neutralized in the *Sushumna*, the *Pranamaya Kosha* loses its vitality and disappears. (ii) This is that state in which is thrown the reflection of the Higher *Atma*, and whence it is possible for it to come into the mind.)

132. The messenger who is above, in front, or on the left, is in the way of the moon, and he who is below, at the back and on the right, is in the way of the sun.

133. The conjunction through which disappearance takes place in the subtle matter beyond, which has no beginning, is one, and is without (potential) nourishment or confusion, is called *Sandhya Sandhi*.

134. Some say there is no separate *Sandhya Sandhi*, but the state in which the *Prana* is the *Vishuvat* is called *Sandhya Sandhi*.

135. There is no separate *Vedoveda*, it does not exist. That conjunction is called *Vedoveda* by which the highest *Atma* is known.

THE TATTVAS.

Said the Goddess—

136. Great lord! god of the gods! in thy mind is the great secret which gives salvation to the world; tell me all of it.

Said the God—

137. There is no god beyond the secret knowledge of breath; the *Yogi* who is devoted to the science of breath is the highest *Yogi*.

138. Creation takes place from the five *Tattvas*: the *Tattva* disappears in *Tattva*; the five *Tattvas* constitute the objects of the highest knowledge; beyond the five *Tattvas* is the Formless.

139. The *Prithivi*, the *Apas*, the *Tejas*, the *Vayu*, and the *Akasha* are the five *Tattvas*; everything is of the five

Tattvas. Revered is he who knows this. (How everything—every possible phenomenon of the soul, the mind, the Prana, and the gross matter—is of the Tattvas, the introductory essays have tried to explain.)

140. In the beings of all the worlds the Tattvas are the same all over; from the earth to the Satyaloka the arrangement only of the system of Nadis differs. (The nervous system is different in all the Lokas. It has been said many a time that the tattvic rays flying in every direction from every point give birth to innumerable Trutis, which are miniature pictures of the macrocosm. Now, it will be easy to understand that these pictures are formed on different planes, which are differently inclined to the solar axis, and lie at different distances from the sun. Our planet is at a certain distance from the sun, and life is so arranged on this planet that the lunar and solar life-currents must have equal force if the organism is to be maintained. The Tattvas also must be balanced. There may be other planes of life in which the respective powers of the two currents and the Tattvas may be greater or less than they are on the earth. This difference will secure a difference in the arrangements of the Nadis, and also in their shape. We experience this sort of thing even on our earth. Different animals and vegetables have different shapes. This is simply on account of the different Trutis on different planes, differently inclined to the solar axis.)

141. In the left as well as in the right there is the five-fold rise (of the Tattvas). The knowledge of the Tattvas is eight-fold. Hear me, fair one, I will tell thee.

142. The first is the number of the Tattvas; the second the conjunction of breath; the third is the signs of the breath; the fourth the place of the Tattvas;

143. The fifth is the color of the Tattvas; the sixth is the Prana itself; the seventh is their taste; the eighth is the mode of their vibration.

144. Hear of the three-fold Prana—the Vishuvat, the active (sun), the passive (the moon)—in these eight forms. (The active is the Chara, the motor, the passive is the Achara or Sthira, the receiver of motion.) There

is nothing, O lotus-faced goddess, beyond the breath.

145. When by the effect of time the power of seeing does come it must be seen with great effort. The Yogis act for the purpose of deceiving time. (Time is the order of appearance of the various tattvic phases of a living organism. In man this order is regulated by his previous Karma. By the power of previous Karmas, the human organism assumes different receptive states, and in accordance with the receptivity the tattvic influences of time—the solar Prana—cause pains or enjoyments of different sorts. By the practice of Yoga the Yogi masters the tattvic changes of his body. Time is cheated. If he pushes the germ of disease out of his body no epidemic will ever affect him.)

146. Let a man shut his ears with his thumbs, his nostrils with the middle fingers, his mouth with the last fingers and those last but one, and his eyes by the remaining fingers.

147. In this state the five Tattvas are gradually known as the yellow, the white, the red, the blue, and the spotted without and other distinct Upadhi (differentia).

148. Looking into a mirror, let the breath be thrown upon it; thus let the wise man know the difference of the Tattvas by their forms.

149. Quadrangular, semi-lunar, triangular, spherical and spotted are respectively the forms of the five Tattvas.

150. Thus the first, Prithivi, flows midway; the second, Apas, flows downwards; the third, Agni, flows upwards; the fourth, Vayu, flows at acute angles; the Akasha flows between every two.

151. The Apas Tattva is white; the Prithivi yellow; the Agni red; the Vayu sky-blue; the Akasha foreshadows every color.

152. First of all flows the Vayu Tattva; secondly, the Tejas; thirdly, the Prithivi; and fourthly, the Apas.

153. Between the two shoulders is located the Agni; in the root of the navel Vayu; in the knees the Apas; in the feet the Prithivi; in the head the Akasha.

154. The Prithivi Tattva is sweet; the Apas astringent; the Tejas pungent; the Vayu acid; the Akasha bitter.

155. The Vayu flows eight fingers' breadth; the Agni four; the Prithivi twelve; the Apas sixteen.

156. The upward motion tends to

death; the downward to calmness; the one at acute angles to restlessness; the middle one to endurance; the Akasha is common to all.

157. During the flow of the Prithivi are performed acts which are expected to live long; during the Apas passing acts; during the Tejas harsh acts; during the Vayu killing, etc.

158. Nothing ought to be done during the Akasha except the practice of Yoga; all other acts will remain without their desired effect.

159. During the Prithivi and the Apas success is obtained; death comes in the Tejas; reduction in the Vayu. The Akasha is known by the tattvic philosophers to be altogether useless.

160. During the Prithivi income is late; during the Apas, immediate; loss is made manifest by the Tejas and the Vayu; Akasha is altogether useless.

161. The Prithivi Tattva is yellow, has slow motion, moves in the middle, comes in its flow up to the end of the sternum, is heavy in sound, has slight heat in temperature. It gives success in works which are expected to stay long.

(To Be Continued.)

SPIRIT LIFE.

There are many evidences that Spiritualism is redeeming itself from the dogmatism and materialism that have for so long marred its philosophy. Among these evidences may be included a volume entitled "Spirit Life," by the distinguished editor and author, William Dunscath Eaton, just published by the Stanton & Van Vliet Company, Chicago. A review of this work may be left for another issue, but in the meantime some indication of its scope may be given by the citation of its concluding chapter entitled "The Sum of the Matter":

Legitimately admissible evidence shows certain powers of incarnate intelligence as active in the world. Physical science has advanced its method so far beyond the old horizon that an inference of continuous individual life is not to be avoided.

The province thus doubly indicated has been known to a few in all ages. The mind of our Western world is uneasily curious about it, and that unease is symptomatic of a change in our whole body of spiritual and ethical ideology; but we do not yet see anything that adds to or takes away from the message of Jesus, given though it was to a world

that has clouded it with many puerile interpretations.

That message, like all that ever were delivered by the High Ones, has at its heart a steadfast assurance of the continuity of individual existence, and on this we may rest. It discloses death as an incident in life, involuntary as birth, and quite as necessary. In other words, life before birth as well as after death—the doctrine of repeated bodily lives, of which we hear too much that is too vague.

I am not sure any attempt to extend knowledge in that direction is important, since the knowledge itself will come when it will come, and would mean little until then. But the wisdom of one age is the joke of another. Since the frustration of those finalities which prevailed before the advent of Galileo, science has found new lights, tending to show humanity as included in that scheme of perpetuity which lies at the base of existence in the lower strata, and gives us the only definition of the universe that responds at all to reason.

Newton saw an apple fall, and found the law of gravitation. That incident made possible a knowledge of the trajectory of our sun, and now we know the course and at least a part of the story of the world we inhabit.

A billionth rate world it is, revolving around a millionth rate sun, that in turn travels a long ellipse within one end of which blazes another sun, known to us as the star of Aldabaran. At the other end are cold voids, spacy vasts of absolute zero. Outside it swims the star Polaris.

Astronomical history is old enough in authentic records to show that somewhat more than two thousand years ago Aldabaran was visible only as a luminous speck. Now it blazes in the evening sky, a beacon among the glittering points of fire that strew the firmament this side the milky way.

The rate of travel of our sun through space, with its little group of satellites, has been determined. Southward through the heavens we race, five hundred million miles a year, along an arc whose segment shows undeviating progress in the one direction of that growing point of light, and whose projection in unmistakable nodes will carry us close around it, and then away, along a wide and law-

ful sweep, toward Polaris, to the extreme curve that must be passed before the journey back again begins.

How many times the sun and this our planet have swung that course, only the power that hangeth the worlds upon nothing ever can know. That we are now more than half way down the journey and entering on a springlike opening to a young summer of celestial weather, is clear to those whose study is the sky.

The mathematics has shown by comparison of the gravitational power of all the greater stars in our region of the universe that the line we are following is shaped by the influence of Aldaberan, and that its direction will carry us around that star in somewhat more than twenty-five thousand years. The turn will bring us so near to it, and into a zone of heat so high, that physical life in its present form will be impossible; for the sun Aldaberan is incandescent. The shadowy old belief that the world shall die in fire, enwrapped a truth—as most old beliefs are found to do when they are understood.

At the other end of the oval are thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice. Flung to the extreme limits of its course before its turns in answer to its other magnet, our and the other worlds that circle with it will dim and fall into a sleep of cold so deep that life again will be suspended, to again awaken and again begin a new development as the southward turn is made and warmth flows in once more.

The story of the earth takes a fresh meaning in the light of these readings of the heavens. The glacial periods, the wavering poles, the change in land and water surfaces, begin to clear themselves up. Two thousand years take our solar system but a very little way on its long travel between its gravitational seats. Almost 150,000 years are required for the circuit; yet the last two thousand years have shown a steadily increasing warmth. In the time of Cæsar the rivers of Italy were thickly frozen in the winter, and the north of Europe was a sullen forest, whose scant barbarian tribes clothed themselves in the skins of wild animals. Egypt and India were lands of sunshine, whose peoples had inherited from millennia beyond much of the knowledge we are rediscovering now. The knowledge that enabled the builders of the pyramid of Ghizeh to make an

orientation sixteen lines nearer the true than Tycho Brahe could define four hundred years ago, was not held by men who viewed with naked and unaided eyes the stars above the bare sands of their Lybian desert. High knowledge alone could have enabled them to place that pile in the exact centre of the earth's land and water distribution. They were the heirs of an earlier summer of science, that gradually ebbed away as the sun rolled forward into fuller geniality, and spread more fruitful life toward the north.

Time after time the world has spun that far-flung oval, and life has risen and flourished in the rising heat, to fail in fiery floods. Time after time has the world returned to days of Arcady and golden ages, to sweep away again into the stellar north so far that the grip of icy death was fast upon it.

And in the many thousand years of springtime that led to each of these sidereal summers, the other many thousand years of autumn that closed in unimaginable sidereal winters, how many races of men have risen, and striven, and been perfected, and passed away, each to itself the sum of all that ever was or could be? How many more will walk the earth, and live, and love, and strive, and pass into the oblivious void, before the earth itself shall cease to be?

Races and nations innumerable, busy with their gods and governments, have possessed it before and since the last long winter, as we possess it now. Names have filled it, worship and sacrifice have been given to deities, all as real as the names and races and the gods we know, and have slipped into the shoreless ocean of forgotten ages, as we shall do; and so it shall be through all the unguessable æons that Aldaberan and his groups, our own among them, will roll on their appointed way around another sun to which Aldaberan is as ours to him—for ever, and for ever. The ineffable stars are unaware of us.

Tangibility is nature's transitory phase, appearing and dissolving in processes that are slow only in terms of our exterior consciousness. Only the unseen is immortal. Sense, dimly manifested in our outward contact, indicates the one enduring quantity. Man passes, but the spirit of man is not to die.

Rank after rank, the souls of men

sweep with the swinging sun toward its turning point, growing with each return to bodily integuments, becoming finer and clearer as every season passes toward the Aldaberanian solstice, till the earth is cleared for yet another cycle, and those who have used it will need it no more, but will depart to other kingdoms of life, where dwell such beings as those the elder peoples dreamed of and called angels. We shall live then in houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The worlds shall fall away.

BERGSON ON MEMORY.

(A Quotation.)

Let us admit for a moment that the past survives in the form of a memory stored in the brain; it is then necessary that the brain, in order to preserve the memory, should preserve itself. But the brain, in so far as it is an image extended in space, never occupies more than the present moment; it constitutes, with all the rest of the material universe, an ever-renewed section of universal becoming. Either, then, you must suppose that this universe dies and is born again miraculously at each moment of duration, or you must attribute to it that continuity of existence which you deny to consciousness, and make of its past a reality which endures and is prolonged into its present. So that you have gained nothing by depositing the memories in matter, and you find yourself, on the contrary, compelled to extend to the totality of the states of the material world that complete and independent survival of the past which you have refused to psychical states.

* * *

This survival of the past *per se* forces itself upon philosophers, then, under one form or another; and the difficulty that we have in conceiving it comes simply from the fact that we extend to the series of memories, in time, the obligation of containing and being contained which applies only to the collection of bodies instantaneously perceived in space. The fundamental illusion consists in transferring to duration itself, in its continuous flow, the form of the instantaneous sections which we make in it.

* * *

But how can the past, which, by hypothesis, has ceased to be, preserve it-

self? Have we not here a real contradiction? We reply that the question is just whether the past has ceased to exist, or whether it has simply ceased to be useful. You define the present in an arbitrary manner as that which is, whereas the present is simply that which is being made. Nothing is, less than the present moment, if you understand by that the indivisible limit which divides the past from the future. When you think this present as going to be, it exists not yet, and when we think it as existing it is already past. If, on the other hand, what you are considering is the concrete present such as it is actually lived by consciousness, we may say that this present consists, in large measure, in the immediate past. In the fraction of a second, which covers the briefest possible perception of light, billions of vibrations have taken place, of which the first is separated from the last by an interval which is enormously divided. Your perception, however instantaneous, consists then in an incalculable multitude of remembered elements; and in truth, every perception is already memory. Practically we perceive only the past, the pure present being the invisible progress of the past growing into the future.

* * *

Consciousness, then, illumines, at each moment, that immediate part of the past, which, impending over the future, seeks to realize and to associate with it. Solely preoccupied in thus determining an undetermined future, consciousness may shed a little of its light on those of our states, more remote in the past, which can be usefully combined with our present state, that is to say, with our immediate past; the rest remains in the dark. It is in this illuminated part of our history that we remain seated, in virtue of the fundamental law of life, which is a law of action: hence, the difficulty we experience in conceiving memories which are preserved in the shadow. Our reluctance to admit the integral survival of the past has its origin, then, in the very bent of our psychical life—an unfolding of states wherein our interest prompts us to look at that which is unrolling, and not at that which is entirely unrolled.

Our soul having lost its heavenly mansion came down into the earthly body as into a strange place.—*Philo.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
 THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
 SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 48. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, November 27, 1920. Price Five Cents

THE EINSTEINIAN UNIVERSE.

(By Victor A. Endersby.)

It is not clear to the present writer why Theosophists as a whole do not seem to have caught the significance of the recent overturn of the poles of scientific thought. Perhaps the external form of the subject presents such apparent abstrusity that would-be students have been deterred.

But the whole matter of the new cosm conception is of overwhelming importance to all real Theosophists, from more than one standpoint. First, because it throws a new and awe-inspiring light on the real depth of H. P. Blavatsky's knowledge, and reveals as by a lightning flash the true meaning of innumerable obscure passages in the "Secret Doctrine." So much so that I do not believe it too much to say that Einstein's Theory of Relativity will give to the truly intuitional mind one more of the Seven Occult keys of which H. P. B. speaks so often. It is a wonderful indication of the wisdom of H. P. B., and a veritable slap in the face to those who speak patronizingly of her "ignorance" and "mistakes."

Second, the Theory bears a most curious and significant but anomalous relation to many modern theories and interpretations. Relations which it is necessary to understand and correlate, and soon.

Third, it will be only a short time before every Theosophist who engages in

discussion with a student of science will be called upon to have a full grasp of Einstein's work. And, lacking such grasp, will have to remain silent, or perchance even see one of his most formidable weapons turned hopelessly against him.

Fourth, Einstein's work (that of a material scientist par excellence) contains intrinsically the most astonishing confutation of the positivist view which one could desire; it gives such an opportunity to Theosophists as may not come again in this century.

I have been so impressed by these considerations as to make bold to write this exposition, since I have waited in vain for some one better qualified to do it.

H. P. B.'s many ironies in regard to the "ether" of science will be recalled. Einstein's work arose directly from the fact that science as a whole had been forced willy-nilly to come to her own view of the irreconcilable properties of this hypothetical existence.

This, briefly, is the particular contradiction which made Einstein's work a necessity, if the entire foundation of science were not a crumble.

It is evident that the ether must either remain fixed in space, or be entrained in many currents and swirls by the rotating heavenly bodies. If the ether had any real physical existence one of these two things must be true; no third hypothesis is possible. Now, the aberration of light had for many years seemed a proof of the

correctness of the former idea. That is, if the ether is fixed, a ray of light falling on the earth at right angles with the direction of its orbital motion would seem to come from a direction slightly in advance, resulting in a measurable displacement of the apparent position of the star from which it proceeds.

This displacement had long been observed in every case; therefore science accepted the fixed nature of the ether, until phenomena became apparent which made it no longer tenable, and for a time reduced all speculation as to the nature of space and gravitation to complete nescience. Theosophists, by the way, do not seem to have paid much attention to that anarchical period of science, which would have given them such a great opportunity, had they seized it. Why, is not clear, unless it is because they were too much engrossed in personal controversy and fairy tales of the "astral world." (A real study, by the way, of the "Voice of Silence" is guaranteed to be a complete antidote for the cheap psychism which made such ravages in modern Theosophy.)

The Michelson-Morley experiment was designed to settle the question of the ether once and for all; and there was little doubt beforehand in the scientific world that the aberration would be confirmed. This experiment consisted in emitting two rays of light from a common source, one in the direction of the earth's orbital motion, the other at right angles thereto, and reflecting these back from mirrors at equal distances from the source. The ray sent forward would, if the ether remained stationary, have farther to travel through it than the other, and the difference could be measured accurately by the interferometer.

But upon carrying out the experiment no such phenomenon was discovered. According to all possible material proofs, the ether remained at one and the same time stationary, and followed the planets in their courses. We may imagine the use Blavatsky would have made of this little contretemps. Various additional hypotheses were advanced to explain the discrepancy, such as the Lorentz-Fitzgerald Contraction. But these were all unsatisfactory even to their authors.

Einstein took the bold attitude that the ether, as conceived by material science, was non-existent; that matter is purely

electro-magnetic; that the true explanation of gravitation and magnetism must be sought for in the true nature of space; that physical perception and ideas are not valid means of determining the ultimate nature of any thing or phenomenon; and that there is no absolute physical standard of motion, time, form, or magnitude. Being a mathematician, it is natural that he should have felt mathematics to be the only really efficient mode of attack. In this he is probably far wrong, since his work carried him into regions hitherto penetrated only by Occultism; regions which held considerable surprise even for his audacious mind, as revealed by his confrères.

It is advised that a very close and thorough study be made of Einstein's work in conjunction with the Addenda to Volume I of the "Secret Doctrine." It is not propable that any one who follows this advice will ever again listen patiently to disparagement of H. P. Blavatsky.

I should very much like to follow the development of the Theory from the simple concept of the relativity of motion to the cataclysmic proof of the mayavic nature of the world in which it culminated; but space hardly permits.

Aside from the purely mathematical proofs of the work, certain physical proofs forced its acceptance; of which I will show three, among many.

1. The explanation of the peculiar motion of the Mercurial perihelion.
2. The attraction of light by gravitation.
3. The shift of the Fraunhofer lines toward the red end of the solar spectrum.

The first was a complete and satisfactory explanation of a scientific anomaly.

The second a prediction which was verified upon the first opportunity for observation during an eclipse. (See "An Lumen Sit Corpus, Nec Non?" in the "Secret Doctrine.")

The third was for some time, because of its apparent non-verification, the sole hope of the anti-Einsteinians, chief among them Sir Oliver Lodge. But it was also verified by the use of better instruments during the past year.

Passing by the development of the work, let us consider one by one some of its most significant consequences.

1. The incommensurability of meas-

urements in relatively moving systems, both as to time and length. To illustrate: Imagine two men at relative rest, one having a foot rule. Set this man in motion past the other, and let him hold his rule horizontally in the direction of motion. The rule will, to the man at rest, seem shorter than a foot, by whatever method of measurement. If the man with the rule travels with half the velocity of light, the rule will seem to the other man to be ten and four-tenths inches long. But if he travels with the full velocity of light, he will vanish from the physical world with his rule, so far as the perceptions of the other man are concerned. It is to be noted that according to the Lorentz Fitzgerald hypothesis, superseded by Einstein, the moving man would *cease to have actual physical existence* at the velocity of light! This is rather a peculiar pass for positivist science to come to.

This applies also to Time. To inhabitants of systems moving past one another at the speed of light time would seem not to pass at all on the other system for each group.

Thus the forms of things depend, so far as appearance goes, upon the speed of our motion relative to them.

Strange as this phase may seem, the mathematical proof is in the province of any high school boy.

2. The electro-magnetic nature of matter and force, including the proof that light is as much a real entity as is matter. (See S. D. reference above.) This, of course, carries with it the implication of the infinite divisibility of matter, or rather removes the question of divisibility altogether, bringing matter into the realm of pure metaphysics. It also settles the question whether the sun is, as H. P. B. claimed, a magnet. It will be recollected that her definition of light, and her claim of the magnetism of the sun, were two of the doctrines most contemptuously rejected by the scientists of her day.

3. The relativity of magnitudes. This is not strictly Einstein's, but is of quite a respectable age in science. To use Poincaré's illustration: Imagine the whole of space and its containment to increase a hundredfold in size over night. What would be the effect upon consciousness? None! For all measuring instruments and all visual apparatus

would suffer the same change. In other words, the universe being measured only by itself, we may in actual fact make it as small or as large as we choose by the process of visualization. If we consider it as smaller than the smallest atom, we can continue the process indefinitely; we may imagine the whole expanse of the heavens as being smaller than we *now* consider an electron, and it would still be capable of just as much reduction; yet it would still contain all.

For this reason the One is called in S. D. "Aniyamsam aniyasam," the "smallest of the small"; and it is the "indivisible point found everywhere and nowhere," also "The One Eternal Element . . . is Space, dimensionless in every sense." (This has *two* meanings, one of them very deep.) "The superficial absurdity of assuming that space itself is measurable in any direction." (Or magnitude, I might add.) This also eliminates the old idea of extension, reducing it to a purely psychological, therefore metaphysical, concept. "In this 'Infinity' of the full initiate is neither height, breadth, nor thickness." "The indivisible point, which has no limit." (Either of immensity or infinite smallness; yet the One is always the same. The idea of "great and small" is a creation of the mind of Man only.)

(To Be Continued.)

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no
rise
From outward things, whate'er you may
believe;
There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fullness; and
around
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it
in—
This clear, perfect perception which is
truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error; and, "to
know"
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may es-
cape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

—Robert Browning.

Continuity is the expression of the
Divine Veracity in Nature.—Newman
Smith.

SOME QUOTATIONS.

There is in most countries an objection to Friday, although it is the Mohammedan sacred day or Sabbath. Friday is the day of the "Green." Emeralds or samargds are proper to be worn on Friday, and bring good fortune, as exercising occult influences on this particular day.—*Rosicrucians*.

Will is a power hidden in the thought (mind) of man and becoming active through his imagination. There are three kinds of birth: the birth of the flesh, of the soul, and of the spirit; and each birth has three stages: generation, germination, and fructification. The first birth is the natural birth of man, the second is the awakening of the soul, and the attainment of its power to control the desires and passions; it is, so to say, an invisible fire penetrating the whole of the body. The third birth is the regeneration of the spirit, its awakening to spiritual consciousness. The last stage is attained by very few.—*Paracelsus*.

He who lives without looking for pleasures, his senses well controlled, in his enjoyments moderate, faithful and strong, Mara will certainly not overcome him, any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.—*Dhammapadas*.

The animals shut up in the ark are the human passions.—*Isis*.

It but needs the right perception of things objective to finally discover that the only world of reality is the subjective and an intuitive perception to the possibilities of occult natural forces in subjection to the human will.—*Isis*.

The love of money is the food of selfishness, hence the root of all evil.

We know that the regulation of the universe is perfect and wise—all that we do not know must be equally so.

The gods are pure mental essences—the stars are visible divinities.—*Iamblichus*.

If we allow our mind to brood over earthly desires, our mind will be captivated by them; but if we spiritually rise

above the world of earthly desires and sensations, the world of light will captivate our will, the terrestrial world will lose its power of attracting our consciousness, and we will enter the divine state of God! The realm of matter and darkness is the realm of anguish, contention, and suffering; the realm of the Spirit is the Kingdom of light, joy, peace, and happiness. There is no human being who would desire to be immersed in material pleasures, if he were able to comprehend and realize the joys of the spiritual state.—*Jacob Boehme*.

THE RABBI'S SONG.

(II Samuel xiv, 14.)

If thought can reach to Heaven,
On Heaven let it dwell,
For fear thy Thought be given
Like power to reach to Hell.
For fear the desolation
And darkness of thy mind
Perplex an habitation
Which thou hast left behind.

Let nothing linger after—
No whimpering ghost remain,
In wall, or beam, or rafter,
Of any hate or pain.
Cleanse and call home thy spirit,
Deny her leave to cast,
On aught thy heirs inherit,
The shadow of her past.

For think, in all thy sadness,
What road our griefs may take;
Whose brain reflect our madness,
Or whom our terrors shake:
For think, lest any languish
By cause of thy distress—
The arrows of our anguish
Fly farther than we guess.

Our lives, our tears, as water,
Are spilled upon the ground;
God giveth no man quarter,
Yet God a means hath found,
Though faith and hope have vanished,
And even love grows dim—
A means whereby His banished
Be not expelled from him!

—*Rudyard Kipling*.

That which shows God within me fortifies me. That which shows him without me makes me a wart and a wen.—*Emerson*.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS. (Nature's Finer Forces.)

(Continued.)

162. The Apas Tattva is white, has rapid motion, moves downwards, comes in its flow sixteen fingers downward (up to the navel), is heavy in sound, is cool in temperature. It gives auspicious works.

163. The Tejas Tattva is red, moves in whirls (Avartagh), moves upwards, comes in its flow four fingers downwards (up to the end of the chin), is very high in temperature. It gives birth to harsh actions (actions which, so to say, set one on fire).

164. The Vayu Tattva is sky-blue, moves at acute angles, comes in flow eight fingers downwards, is hot or cool in temperature. It gives success in those works which are transitory.

165. The Akasha Tattva is the common surface of all, foreshadows the qualities of all the Tattvas. It gives Yoga to the Yogis.

166. Yellow and quadrangular, sweet and moving in the middle, and the giver of enjoyment is the Prithivi Tattva, which flows twelve fingers downward.

167. White, semi-lunar, astringent, moving downwards, and the causer of benefit is the Apas Tattva, which is sixteen fingers in flow.

168. Blue, spherical, acid, moving at acute angles, the giver of locomotion is the Vayua Tattva, which is eight fingers in flow.

169. Foreshadowing all colors, of the shape of an ear, bitter in taste, moving everywhere through the giver of Moksha is the Akasha Tattva, which is useless in all worldly works.

170. The Prithivi and the Apas are auspicious Tattvas, the Tejas is moderate in its effects, the Akasha and Vayu are inauspicious and cause loss and death to mankind.

171. The Apas Tattva is in the east, the Prithivi in the west, the Vayu in the north, the Tejas in the south, the Akasha in the middle.

172. When the Prithivi and the Apas are in the moon, and the Agni in the sun, then verily there is success in mild and harsh acts respectively.

173. The Prithivi causes income dur-

ing the day, the Apas during the night; death comes in the Tejas; reduction in the Vayu; the Akasha sometimes burns.

174. In fitness for living, in success, in income, in cultivation (or, according to one reading, in enjoyment and growth), in amassing wealth, in understanding the meaning of the Mantras, in questions about battle, in going and coming.

175. Benefit results during the Apas Tattva; auspicious stay, wherever it is, during the Prithivi; by the Vayu they go away elsewhere; the Akasha and the Tejas cause loss and death.

176. In the Prithivi comes the thought of roots (Mula); in the Apas and the Vayu that of living beings; in the Tejas comes the thought of minerals; in the Akasha there is void.

177. In the Prithivi one thinks of (literally there are) beings of many feet; in the Apas and Vayu of bipeds; in the Tejas of quadrupeds; in the Akasha of the footless.

178. Mars is said to be the Tejas, the Sun the Prithivi, Saturn the Apas, and Rahu the Vayu in the right Nadi.

179. The Moon is the Apas, Jupiter the Prithivi, Mercury the Vayu, and Venus the Tejas in the left Nadi, for all acts verily. (The tattvic value of the planets described in these two verses seems to be the opinion of a few only. The opinion of the writer, which is also the opinion of the great astrologer Varahamihira, is expressed in stanza 180.)

180. Jupiter is the Prithivi; the Moon and Venus are the Apas; the Sun and Mars are the Tejas; the Dragon, the Ketu, and Saturn are Vayu; Mercury is the Akasha.

181. Say during the Prithivi that the question is about earthly things (roots, Mula); during the Apas about life; during the Tejas about minerals; during the Akasha about nothing.

182. When the breath, leaving the Sun and the Moon, goes to the Rahu know that it (Prana) is in motion and desires another place.

183. Pleasure (1), growth (2), affection (3), playfulness (4), success (5), laughing (6), in the Prithivi and the Apas; want of power to work in the organs (7), fever (8), trembling (9), going out of one's country (10) in the Tejas and Vayu.

184. Loss of the life substance (11),

and death (12) in the Akasha—these twelve are the phases of the moon (*i. e.*, the forms, etc., which the negative matter assumes); they ought always to be known with pains by the wise. (These twelve are the phases of the moon. The moon here means the power which gives sustenance to names and forms. That power, the Rayi, appears in twelve forms, according to tattvic changes. The flow of the left Nadi in its diurnal course is not meant here.)

185. In the east, the west, the south, and the north the Tattvas, Prithivi, etc., are powerful, so let it be said.

186. Fair one, the body must be known as made of the five Mahabhutas—the Prithivi, the Apas, the Tejas, the Vayu and the Akasha.

187. Bone, muscle, skin, Nadi and hair—this is the five-fold Prithivi, as laid down by the Brahmydya (the divine science).

188. The male seed, the female germs, fat, urine, and saliva—this is the five-fold Apas as laid down by the divine science.

189. Hunger, thirst, sleep, light, drowsiness—this is the five-fold Agni as laid down by the divine science.

190. Removing, walking, smelling, contraction and inflation—this is the five-fold Vayua as laid down by the divine science.

191. Desire to have, desire to repel, shame, fear and forgetfulness—this is the five-fold Akasha as laid down by the divine science.

192. The Prithivi has five qualities, the Apas four, the Tejas three, the Vayu two, the Akasha one. This is a portion of tattvic knowledge.

193. The Prithivi is fifty Palas; the Apas forty Palas; the Tejas thirty; the Vayu twenty; the Akasha ten.

194. In the Prithivi income is delayed; in the Apas it comes at once; in the Vayu it is very little, in the Agni even what is in hand is destroyed.

195. (The lunar mansions) Dhanishtha (1), Rohini (2), Jyeshtha (3), Anaradha (4), Shrivana (5), Abhijit (6), and Uttarashadha (7)—these are said to be the Prithivi Tattva.

196. Bharani (1), Krititka (2), Pushya (3), Magha (4), Purvaphalguni (5), Purvabhadrapada (6), and Svati (7), these are said to be the Tejas Tattva.

197. Puravashadha (1), Ashlesha (2), Mula (3), Ardra (4), Revati (5), Uttarabhadrapada (6), and Shatabhishaj (7)—these are the Apas Tattva, beloved!

198. Vishakha (1), Uttaraphalguni (2), Hasta (3), Chitra (4), Punarvasu (5), Ashvini (6), and Mrigashirsha (7)—these are the Vayu Tattva.

199. Whatever good or evil the messenger inquires about, standing towards the flowing Nadi, comes not to pass as he desires. In the empty Nadi it is the reverse.

200. Even when the Nadi is full, but the Tattva is not congenial, there is no success. The sun or the moon gives success only when combined with the congenial Tattva.

201. Rama got victory in an auspicious Tattva; so did Arjuna. The Kauravas were all killed in battle on account of the antagonistic Tattva.

202. By the acquired rapidity of other births, or by the kindness of the Guru, some men come to know the nature of the Tattvas by a mind purified by habit.

MEDITATION ON THE FIVE TATTVAS.

203. Meditate upon the Prithivi Tattva with L (or Lam) as its algebraical symbol, as being quadrangular, yellow, sweet-smelling, and conferring a color as pure as that of gold, freedom from disease and lightness of body.

204. Meditate upon the Apas Tattva with V (or Vam) as its algebraical symbol, as being semi-lunar, white as the moon, and giving endurance of hunger and thirst, etc., and producing a sensation similar to that of a plunge in water.

205. Meditate upon the Tejas Tattva with R (or Ram) as the algebraical symbol, as being triangular, red, and giving the power of consuming a great amount of food and drink, and the endurance of burning heat.

206. Meditate upon the Vayu, with P (or Pam) as the algebraical symbol, as being spherical, sky-blue, and giving the power of going into space, and flying like birds.

207. Meditate upon the Akasha Tattva with H (or Ham) as the algebraical symbol, formless, foreshadowing many colors, and as giving the knowledge of the three times, and the powers Anima, etc.

208. Where there is a man who

knows the science of breath, there can be no wealth better than him. It is known that by knowledge of breath one gets good fruit without much ado.

THE AUSPICIOUS VICTORY.

Said the Goddess—

209. Great lord, god of gods, giver of happiness, the science of the rise of breath is a very lofty science; how does it comprehend the knowledge of the three times?

Said the God—

210. Fair one, the knowledge of three times refers to three things, and nothing else. (i) Fortune. (ii) Victory in battle. (iii) Good or sad (end of other actions).

211. On account of the Tattva any act is good or bad in effect; on account of the Tattva comes victory or discomfiture; on account of the Tattva comes scarcity and abundance of wealth. The Tattvas are said to show themselves in these three states.

Said the Goddess—

212. Great lord, god of gods, the all-comprehending ocean of this world is the greatest friend and helpmate of men; (is it) he who causes the fulfillment of all his works?

Said the God—

213. The Prana alone is the highest friend, the Prana is the greatest helpmate. Fair one, there is no friend better than Prana.

Said the Goddess—

214. How does the force of Prana stand in the body? What is the appearance of Prana in the body? How is the Prana known by the Yogis to be acting in the Tattvas?

Said the God—

215. In the city of the body the Prana is the lord protector; while going in, it is ten fingers, while going out twelve. (This section refers to the human Aura. The subtle Prana surrounds the human gross body like a halo of light. The natural length from the body to the circumference of this halo is twelve fingers of the man whose Prana is measured. This length is affected during the ordinary course of inspiration and expiration. At the time of inspiration the length is reduced to ten fingers; at the time of expiration it is restored to twelve.

During certain other actions, too, the length varies. Thus, in walking, the length of Prana becomes twenty-four; in running forty-two. In cohabitation it becomes sixty-five; in sleeping, one hundred. In eating and speaking, it becomes eighteen. In ordinary men, the length is twelve fingers. The ordinary length is, however, reduced in extraordinary men. Thus: In those men who are free from desire, the length of Prana is reduced by one finger; it becomes eleven. In men who are always pleasant, always hilarious, the length is ten fingers. A poet has nine fingers, a speaker has eight, a seer has seven, a levitator has six, and so on.)

216. In walking it is twenty-four fingers, in running forty-two, in cohabitation sixty-five; in sleeping a hundred fingers.

(To Be Continued.)

All we have willed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no
beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each
survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic
for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover
and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall
hear it by and by.

—Robert Browning.

According to the ordinary course of affairs, a few generations pass away, and then there comes a period when these very truths are looked upon as commonplace facts, and a little later there comes another period in which they are declared to be necessary, and even the dullest intellect wonders how they could ever have been denied.—H. T. Buckle.

... If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendor, soon or
late,

Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge
one day! —Robert Browning.

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

/ 126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
DE 29 920

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 49. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 4, 1920. Price Five Cents

THE EINSTEINIAN UNIVERSE.

(By Victor A. Endersby.)

(Concluded.)

4. The curvilinear nature of space. This phase, involving as it does the nature of Maya, gravitation, the Fourth Dimension (hence time), and the true physical form of the material universe, is of peculiar interest. Einstein states that our visible three-dimensional space bears the same relation to true space which the surface of a sphere bears to the globe of the sphere. It is necessary not to make the mistake of even some scientists; and consider the form of space as *spherical*. Its true form is, according to Einstein as to Blavatsky, not imaginable, but analogous to the sphere; it is a metaspHERE.

To illustrate: Let us imagine the whole of space compressed in one direction. The thinning in that direction would never be perceptible to the inhabitants, for reasons given above. Let us imagine the whole to be compressed until its thickness became immeasurably small. Then let us curve it in the form of the shell of a sphere. What would happen? Length and breadth would remain as at present, but *curved*. Thickness would assume some relation to consciousness which we can not picture, since from our viewpoint it would be infinitesimal. Light, like any other thing which travels in *straight* lines, would follow the curvature of the sphere. The "straight-

est" lines known would be those which followed the least curvature; speaking geometrically, the "great circles." And all lines would be referred to these as a criterion of "straightness." There would thus be no straight lines, in our sense of the word; or rather, straightness is illusionary—mayavic.

Two consequences arise at once: First, every straight line, produced far enough, will return to the point of its origin. Second, every straight line will meet every other straight line at two points. There are possibilities here; and mathematical mystics are invited to make full use thereof.

As to H. P. B., we have: "The One is an unbroken circle (ring) with no circumference, for it is everywhere and nowhere: The One is the boundless plane of the Circle, manifesting a diameter only during the manvantaric periods; The One is the indivisible point found nowhere, perceived everywhere during those periods; it is the Vertical and the Horizontal, the Father and the Mother, the summit and base of the Father, the two extremities of the Mother, reaching in reality nowhere, for the One is the ring as also the rings that are within that ring." (Proem: Occult Catechism, S. D.) There is material for many months of concentration wrapped up in this passage alone.

Material Science has not been slow to speculate on this phase, also; we have one, Professor Whitehead, I believe,

seeking to show that the light rays from a star converge in a focus at the far side of space, and that one-half the stars we see are thus reflections, false stars.

Science has come far since the bigoted days of Haeckel.

Here is a hint: Time is one of the dimensions of four-dimensional space. We have shown the relations between three and four-dimensional space; and the relation which Einstein finds between four and five-dimensional space are much the same. Behold another field of thought.

Einstein gets into a very new position in regard to gravitation, by explaining it through the curvature of space. Professor Linemann's illustration runs thus: imagine a golfer who had always played on courses having level greens, and had been taught that all greens are level. Transfer him to a course having greens slightly saucer-shaped, with a slope to the hole all around, and he will conclude that some force is attracting the balls to the hole, for they would always reach it if struck hard enough, usually after a spiral course. Finding that all balls acted the same, whatever their material or size, he would assign unique properties to this force: the same properties we have hitherto ascribed to gravitation. But the force would be all the time acting in another direction, and his laws would be truly ascribable to the unseen curvature of his green. This illustrates to some extent the relation of Space to gravitation.

Incidentally, the theory of relativity introduces purely occult ideas into the old concept of the relation between centripetal and centrifugal forces, and gravitation.

Now, it is obvious that if our space is curved in a manner analogous to the surface of a sphere, there must be a dimension not contained therein; one which is not length, breadth, or thickness. It is the direction from the surface to the centre. And this brings us to the fifth aspect: the Fourth Dimension of material space, or of matter in space, following H. P. B.

Einstein's idea of this dimension is expressed thus: "There is no more intrinsic difference between length and time than there is between length and breadth." His full view can be expressed with mathematical exactness by this

passage from the Secret Doctrine, which also expresses the view of the mathematician Riemann and of Professor Ouspensky:

"Time is an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through eternal duration, and it does not exist where no consciousness exists in which the illusion can be produced; but 'lies asleep.' The present is only a mathematical line which divides that part of eternal duration which we call the future from that part which we call the past. Nothing on earth has real duration, for nothing remains without change—or the same—for a billionth part of a second; and the sensation we have of the actuality of the division of 'time' known as the present comes from the blurring of that momentary glimpse or succession of glimpses, of things that our senses give us, as those things pass from the region of ideals which we call the future to the region of memories which we name the past. In the same way we experience a sensation of duration in the case of the instantaneous electric spark by reason of the blurred and continuing impression on the retina. The real person or thing does not consist solely of that which is seen at any particular moment, but it is composed of the sum of all its various and changing conditions from its appearance in the material world to its disappearance from earth. It is these 'sum-totals' that exist from eternity in the 'future' and pass by degrees through matter to exist for eternity in the 'past.' No one could say that a bar of metal dropped into the sea came into existence as it left the air and ceased to exist as it entered the water, and that the bar itself consisted only of that cross-section thereof which at any given moment coincided with the mathematical plane that separates and at the same time joins the atmosphere and the ocean. Even so of persons and things which, dropping out of the to-be into the has-been, out of the future into the past, present momentarily to our senses a cross-section, as it were, of their total selves, as they pass through time and space (as matter) on their way from one eternity to another: and these two constitute that 'duration' in which alone anything has true existence, were our senses but able to cognize it there." (S. D., Comm. on Stanza I.)

This is the exact viewpoint which Ouspensky has developed to such a startling, almost terrifying extent in "Tertium Organum," to which readers are referred for some really new psychological sensations.

Whether or not time is *the* fourth dimension, it certainly is a fourth dimension: a real, but very metaphysical direction.

Taking Einstein's work as a material basis, P. D. Ouspensky, a Russian professor of mathematics, has correlated occultism and mathematics almost perfectly; and in so doing has produced what is probably the most important work since the Secret Doctrine.

Like all products of Russian genius, it is not free from strange warps; but nevertheless its value, both as weapon for the combatting of materialism, and as a means for the expansion of consciousness, can not be exaggerated. It is a dangerous book in one way; in a mind where the Buddhic phase has begun to function in the slightest degree it produces a decisive and distinct modification of consciousness. In a properly balanced and evenly developed person this is a very great advance. But in the case of a mind having insufficient stability it can be truly said: "This way lies madness!"

Ouspensky takes the view that the material world is the spiritual world "strangely perceived"; in other words, for the true explanation of the nature of things, we have to seek, not "finer states" of matter, but the whole whose cross-section we see as matter, the noumena of the surrounding phenomena. To him all parts of matter are intrinsically and permanently connected in an invisible way, almost "behind" something, as it were. H. P. B. says: "In the *real* world there is a connexion of all matter in the *plenum*." Ouspensky believes that all the realities, of which material things are the shadows, are living, breathing, consciousnesses. Which is purely occult.

His attitude toward Theosophy is curious. He regards Blavatsky and Mabel Collins as authorities, but has little use for later writers. As a system he is against modern Theosophy, not because it is Theosophy, but because *any* form of thought which has crystallized into a system has become a barrier to advancement. In which he may not be far wrong.

Those who do not wish to be convinced along Ouspensky's line are advised not to read his book; for it is hardly possible to study it earnestly without being objectively convinced of its truth. This applies especially to those who have had scientific training. The mathematics of the book need not deter, for there are no more of them in it than in the present article.

With certain of Ouspensky's teachings the writer takes violent issue; and it is probable that few will read it without disagreeing in part. The joke is that no two will disagree with the same phase. In any case, it is very necessary that Theosophists who have their cause at heart should get a thorough grasp of the wave of thought which is engulfing the scientific and philosophical world. Lacking this, they will find themselves at a humiliating disadvantage.

The following are recommended for further study:

"Tertium Organum, a Key to the Enigmas of the World." The Manas Press, Rochester, New York.

"Space and Time in Contemporary Physics." Moritz Schlick. Oxford University Press, 35 W. 32d Street, New York.

AN EGYPTIAN FIND.

The Metropolitan Museum has on view what is said to be the most valuable group of jewelry of the ancients yet discovered. It is the imperial gifts of King Sensuret II, who ruled in Egypt 4000 years ago, to the Princess Sat-Hathor-iunut, which was dug up in 1914 at the base of the Pymraid of Lahun.

The jewels, which are exquisite both in design and workmanship, include a pectoral of extraordinary beauty, which is suspended from a necklace of lapis, green felspar, carnelian and golden beads. In the design of the pectoral is a cartouche in which has been worked the king's name and which is protected on each side by a falcon crowned with the disk of the sun and by a uræus, from which hangs the symbol of life. A squatting figure below grasps a "sheaves of years" in each hand and hanging from his elbow is a tadpole, representing 100,000. The design asks the gods: "May King Sensuret II live 100,000 years."

In the group are also deep armlets,

which are almost equally extraordinary and equally beautiful. They are wrought from six bars of gold, each bearing thirty-seven rows of beads, which hold apart as many rows of smaller beads of carnelian and turquoise. They are fastened by a small slide of gold upon which is engraved the names and titles of Amenemhat II, who is supposed to have made this particular gift to the princess. Inlaid in the armlets are designs which represent "satisfaction of the heart," "the heart in peace among the gods," and "life amid all protection."

The find also includes a collar of double lion heads, a girdle of large cow-ries, an amethyst necklace with gold claw pendants and obsidian vases of solid black mounted in gold, which were used by the princess to hold her toilet ointments or cosmetics; caskets of ivory veneer and ebony, inlaid with gold, and a diadem, which was held by the Egyptian authorities and is now on exhibit in Cairo.

The diadem, which is the most precious of all the objects in the group, is a band of gold more than an inch in width and eighteen inches in length. In front it has the royal uræus inlaid with carnelian and lapis and with eyes of garnet. On the band itself are fifteen rosettes with streamers of gold suspended from them on the sides and back. A double plume of gold, so delicate that they would stir with every movement of the head, is riveted on one side.

The discovery of the jewels by Professor Flinders Petrie and Guy Brunton is almost as interesting as the jewels themselves, and has been described by Professor Petrie as follows:

"On the south side of the Pyramid of Lahun four large shafts were found, doubtless all belonging to members of the royal family. They had all been opened and plundered, probably in the decadence of the kingdom before the Hyksos. They had then been left open and gradually filled up with dust and mud washed in by occasional storms. In one of these stood a granite sarcophagus, the massive lid of which had been partly pushed off and the edge broken away, enough to let a boy in to clear out the contents, and nothing whatever was left in it. The place appeared to have been entirely ransacked, and only a recess at the side of the passage remained to be examined. This

was filled with hard, washed mud like the rest, and nothing could look less promising. The trained workman was told to clear it out.

"After a few cuts of the pick the man saw some tubular beads of gold appearing. He at once removed the local workers who were about him and sent word to the staff. Mr. Frost was at liberty and went down; after taking out about a pound weight of gold beads and beginning to uncover the band of the diadem he fetched Mr. Brunton to come down and continue the clearing. The rest of the afternoon and on to midnight the clearing went on without even extracting the diadem, as the ground was so hard. Mr. Brunton . . . worked at intervals during the night, removing the diadem safely next morning. For five days, and several evenings also, Mr. Brunton, with sometimes Mr. Willey, steadily worked through the cubic yard of hard mud, every scrap of which had to be loosened most carefully, as the jewelry and ivory work were scattered throughout it and a single rough cut might do great damage. After that work the whole of the earth was brought up to the huts, and for some weeks sifting went on gradually and thoroughly, and all the richer portions were completely washed away as liquid mud, leaving the most minute beads behind. Thus more than 10,000 beads were recovered.

"The place had been attacked; the long and heavy work of shifting the massive granite lid of the sarcophagus and breaking it away had been achieved; yet all this gold was left in the recess of the passage untouched. The whole treasure seems to have been stacked in the recess from the first and to have gradually dropped apart as the wooden caskets decayed in the course of years, with repeated flooding of storm water and mud slowly washed into the pit. It can not be that the whole was deliberately buried in mud to hide it, as then the parts would have been in exact position. On the contrary, everything showed a long, gradual decay, during which the wood and the threads were rotted by wet, the beads all rolled apart, the parts of the armlets had fallen in every direction, and all the ivory veneer had dropped off and lay in a confused stratum of fragments. This was all bedded over by mud washing in to more than a foot in thickness. The

whole treasure was standing in an open recess, within arm's reach of the gold-seekers, while they worked at breaking open the granite sarcophagus."

Reconstruction of the jewels presented many great difficulties, and was only accomplished after much study and no end of tedious work. It was necessary first to determine the kind of jewels, and by the known lengths of necklaces, the diameters of the beads, and the patterns usually found on Egyptian figures to re-create them into the exquisite jewels now displayed at the Metropolitan.

The whole group resembles closely the Dahshur jewels discovered by De Morgan twenty-five years ago.—*New York Times*.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH and the PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS. (Nature's Finer Forces.) (Continued.)

217. The natural length of Prana, O goddess, is twelve fingers. In eating and speaking it stretches to eighteen fingers.

218. When the Prana is reduced by one finger freedom from desire is the result. Pleasure results when it is reduced by two; poetical power when by three;

219. Power of speech when by four; second sight when by five; levitation when by six; great rapidity when by seven;

220. The eight Siddhis when by eight; the nine Nidhis when by nine; the ten figures when by ten; the loss of the shadow when by eleven;

221. When it is reduced by twelve the inspiratory and expiratory motions drink of the fountain of immortality in the sun (the centre of Prana). When the Prana fills the body up to the end of the nails even, for whom then is food?

222. Thus has been described the law of Prana. It can be known by the teaching of a Guru, not by millions of sciences and Shastras.

223. If by chance the moon does not set in the morning, and the sun in the evening, they do so respectively after midday and midnight.

BATTLE.

224. In warfare in distant countries the moon is victorious; in near places the sun. When the foot raised first in walk-

ing belongs to the flowing Nadi, complete success is the result.

225. In beginning a journey, in marriage, in entering any town, etc., in all auspicious acts, the flow of the moon is good.

226. By putting the enemy's army towards the empty Nadi, and one's own towards the full, when the Tattva is congenial, one may conquer the whole world.

227. Let one give battle in the direction towards which the breath flows; victory is certain, even if Indra be in front.

228. If a man puts a question about battle, he will win if he is towards the flowing Nadi; will lose if he is towards the other.

229. The Prithivi Tattva points to wounds in the belly; the Apas in the feet; the Agni in the thighs; the Vayu in the hands.

230. The Akasha in the head. These five-fold wounds have been described in the Science of Breath.

231. He whose name has even letters wins, if he asks the question during the flow of the moon. He who has an odd number of letters in his name wins if he asks the question during the flow of the sun.

232. When the question is put during the moon there will be a peaceful termination; during the sun the fight must come.

233. During the Prithivi Tattva the fight will be equal. During the Apas the result will be equal. During the Tejas there will be defeat. During the Vayu and the Akasha death will ensue.

234. When by some cause the flow of the breath is not clearly felt at the time of the question, let the wise man resort to the following expedient:

235. Sitting motionless, let him have a flower thrown upon himself. The flower will fall on the full side. So let him give the answer.

236. Here or elsewhere the knower of the laws of breath is very powerful; who is more powerful than he?

Said the Goddess—

237. These are the laws of victory when men fight among themselves; how does victory come when they fight with Yama (the god of death)?

Said the God—

238. Let him meditate upon the lord when the Prana is calm; during the flow

of the moon and then give up life when after that the two Pranas coincide. He will have what he desires—great benefit and success.

239. The whole manifested world has come out of the unmanifested. That manifested world disappears in the unmanifested when the fact is known.

THE YEAR.

260. On the first lunar day of the white fortnight of the month of Chaitra, let the wise Yogi see both the northward and southward journey of the sun by an analysis of the Tattvas. (On this day begins the Samvat year of the era of King Vakramaditya.)

261. If at the time of the rise of the moon the Prithivi, the Apas, or the Vayu Tattva be flowing, all kinds of grain will be plentiful.

262. The flow of the Tejas and the Akasha gives fearful famines. This is the nature of time. In this way is known the effect of time in the year, the month, and the day.

263. If the Sushumna, which is bad in all worldly concerns, be flowing, there will be confusion in the land, subversion of the kingdom, or fear thereof, epidemic and all sorts of diseases.

264. When the sun passes into Aries, let the Yogi meditate upon the breath, and, finding out the prevalent Tattva, tell the world what will be the nature of the next year. (On this day begins the solar year. The tattvic color of universal Prana—the external one—at any time is determined by the positions of the sun and moon and by those of the planets, whose presence exercises a very potent influence upon the tattvic value of any moment. This tattvic value changes according to a universal law. If at any time the Apas Tattva is flowing, it can never abruptly pass into the Tejas, but must do so grade by grade. These atmospheric Tattvas run many minor courses. Hence it is possible, though extremely difficult and complicated, to calculate from the tattvic value of one moment the tattvic value of any future moment. The living world is always affected by these tattvic changes. In the act of breathing nature has furnished a very exact and faithful scale for the measurement of tattvic changes. Hence the Yogi who can live in conformity with time and space can foretell the future

very easily. Ah! but how difficult it is to live in perfect conformity with time and space!)

265. The good aspect of the year, the month, and the day is known by the Tattvas, Prithivi, etc., and the bad one by the Akasha and the Vayu.

266. If the Prithivi Tattva flows there will be plenty and prosperity in the kingdom, and the earth will be full of good crops; there will be much comfort and enjoyment.

267. If the Apas Tattva flows there will be plenty of rain, plenty of grain, no want, great comfort, and well-grown fields.

268. If the Agni Tattva flows there will be famine, subversion, or fear thereof; there will be fearful epidemics and the least possible rain.

269. If the Vayu Tattva flows when the sun goes into Aries, there will be confusion, accidents, famine, little rain, or the Itis. (The Itis are six afflictions which distress the crops—too much rain, etc.)

270. If the Akasha Tattva flows when the sun goes into Aries, there will be want of grain and of comfort.

271. When the full breath is in its own proper place, with its own proper Tattvas, success of all sorts is the result. If the sun and moon are the reverse, grain must be laid up (against a scarcity).

272. If the Agni Tattva flows there will be inequality of prices; if Akasha, there will be continuous scarcity. Let things be laid up then; there will be a rise in the prices two months thereafter.

273. When the breath is changing into the sun it gives birth to fearful diseases. When the Akasha and the Vayu are conjoined with the Tejas, the earth will become the picture of hell. (The disturbance of tattvic balance is disease; hence every Tattva has its own diseases.)

DISEASE.

274. In the Prithivi Tattva there is its own disease; in the Apas Tattva the disease of the same Tattva; and so in the Tejas, the Vayu, and the Akasha, similar and hereditary diseases. (When two men come together their Pranas exchange color. It is on this account that one can measure from the momentary reflection in one's own body the color of any other man that is near him. The present of every man is the father of his future. Hence one can predict the end

of any disease, or the time of death. All that has been ascertained to be true on these heads has been described in the various sections of this book.)

275. When the messenger (querent) comes first towards the empty half of the body, and then towards the full half, he about whom the question is put will surely live, even if he be (apparently) lying in the swoon (of death).

276. If the question is put to the Yogi while sitting in the same direction with the patient, he will live even though many a disease may have gathered strength in his body.

277. When the breath is in the right nostril, and the messenger speaks of his affliction in piteous accents, the patient will live. During the moon the effect is ordinary.

278. If the question be asked while holding the picture of the patient towards the Prana and looking at it, the patient will live.

279. When during the flow of the sun or moon the Yogi gets into a carriage and the question is put to him while there, the messenger will have success in his desire.

280. When at the time of the question the Yogi sits upstairs while the patient is downstairs, he will certainly live. If the patient be upstairs he will certainly go to the house of Yama (the god of death).

281. If at the time of the question the messenger is towards the empty nostril, but speaks the reverse of what he desires, he will have success. If the reverse is the case, the result, too, is the reverse.

282. When the patient is towards the moon and the asker towards the sun the patient will certainly die, even if he be surrounded by hundreds of physicians.

283. When the patient is towards the sun, and the asker towards the moon, then, too, the patient dies, even if Sambhu be his protector.

284. When one Tattva is out of its proper time, people are subdued by disease; when two are wrong, they cause misfortune to friends and relations; if it is out of place for two fortnights death is the result.

THE PREDICTION OF DEATH.

285. At the beginning of a month, a fortnight, and a year, let the wise man try to find out the time of death from the movements of the Prana.

286. The lamp of the five Tattvas receives its oil from the moon. Protect it from the solar force; life will thereby become long and stationary.

287. If by mastering the flow of breath the sun is kept in check, life is prolonged. Even solar time is cheated.

288. The moon falls from heaven, giving the nectar of life to the lotuses of the body. By the constant practice of good actions and Yoga one becomes immortal by the lunar nectar.

289. Make the moon flow during the day, the sun during the night. He who practices thus is verily a true Yogi.

290. If for one night and day the breath flows continuously by one Nadi, death will ensue in three years.

291. He whose breath flows by the Pingala two whole days and nights continuously has, as the knowers of the Tattvas say, two years more to live.

292. If the moon continuously flows during the night and the sun during the day, death will come within six months.

(To Be Continued.)

RELIGION IN CHINA.

The Chinese missionaries are much perturbed by the prospect that the religion of Confucius may be legally established by the republic. It is hard to see why any religion should be established by law either in China or elsewhere, but it seems that the missionaries have no objection to a national religion so long as it is their own, and they are naturally disappointed to find that a lamentable imitation of the Western world is not to be extended to matters of faith. Confucius, says the missionaries, did not teach human immortality and therefore can not be regarded as a religious founder. Confucius, it is true, denied immortality to the human personality, but not to the human soul. He taught reincarnation, as does Theosophy.

Then spake he of that answer all must give

For all things done amiss or wrongfully. Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that

The fixed arithmetic of the universe, Which meteth good for good, ill for ill, Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts,

Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.

—*Light of Asia*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 50. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 11, 1920. Price Five Cents

WILLIAM JAMES.

The late Professor William James of Harvard was much interested in psychic research, as is clearly indicated by "The Letters of William James," edited by his son Henry James and just published in two volumes by the Atlantic Monthly Press. The following is one reference out of many:

There was one peculiarly stubborn and irreducible class of facts which he took up and gave much thought to during this period.

As early as 1869 he had recognized the desirability of examining the class of phenomena that are popularly called psychic in a critical and modern spirit. This was not because he was in the least impressed by the lucubrations of the kind of mind which can be well described, in Macaulay's phrase, as "utterly wanting in the faculty by which a demonstrated truth is distinguished from a plausible supposition." But an instinctive "love of sportsmanlike fair play" was stirred in him by the indifference with which men who professed to be students of nature, and particularly scientists whose prime concern was with our mental life, usually decline to examine phenomena which have occurred in every known human race and generation. He was in cordial sympathy with the announced intention of the Society for Psychical Research to investigate the abnormal and "supernormal" occurrences. He referred aptly to such occurrences as "wild facts," having as yet no scientific "stall or pigeon-hole." Above all, he was conscious, from the be-

ginning, of the proximity and possible relevance to his psychological and philosophical problems of this large body of unanalyzed material.

Most people can not approach such matters without emotional bias. The atmosphere in which the public discussion of them goes on is still poisoned by superstition and clouded by prejudice. No scientific man involves himself in such inquiries, even now, without the certitude that his statements will be misconstrued by some of his professional brethren, and that his name will be taken in vain by newspapers and charlatans. James recognized all this, but saw in it no excuse for avoiding the subject; rather, a reason for examining it in an unprejudiced spirit and for avowing his conclusions openly.

The English Society for Psychical Research had been founded in 1882. In 1884 James became a corresponding member and concerned himself actively in organizing an American society of the same name in Boston. He made contributions to the "Proceedings" of this society during the six years of its existence; and, when it amalgamated with the English society in 1890, he became a vice-president of the latter. With the exception of a term during which he served as its president (in 1894-95), he continued to be a vice-president of the S. P. R. until his death, and occasionally published through its "Proceedings."

In the 'eighties he took up his share of the drudgery which was involved in

investigating alleged cases of apparition, thought-transference, and mediumship. For one entire winter he and Professor G. H. Palmer attended "cabinet séances" every Saturday without discovering anything that they could report as other than fraudulent. But in the following year he got upon the track of the now famous Mrs. Piper, and he made his first report on her trance-state to the S. P. R. in 1886. After many tests and trials he was unable to "resist the conviction that knowledge appeared in her trances which she had never gained by the ordinary waking use of her eyes, ears, and wits." Withholding his acceptance from the spirit-message hypothesis, he added: "What the source of this knowledge may be I know not, and have not a glimmer of an explanatory suggestion to make; but from admitting the fact of such knowledge I can see no escape." He continued to find time for the investigation of other cases, and could sometimes console himself by laughing over expeditions which were quite fruitless of interesting result. A few sentences from letters addressed to Mrs. James in 1888, reporting an adventure with Richard Hodgson in New York, will serve as an illustration:

"[Apr. 6.] Hodgson and I started after our baggage arrived, to find Mr. B—, who, you may have seen by the papers, is making a scandal by having given himself over (hand and foot) to a medium, 'Mme. D—,' who does most extraordinarily described physical performances. We found the old girl herself, a type for Alexandre Dumas, obese, wicked, jolly, intellectual, with no end of go and animal spirits, who entertained us for an hour, gave us an appointment for a sitting on Monday, and asked us to come and see Mr. B. to-night. What will come of it all I don't know. It will be baffling, I suppose, like everything else of that kind."

"[Apr. 7.] Mr. B. and Mrs. B. were 'too tired' to see us last night! I suspect that will be the case next Monday. It is the knowing thing to do under the circumstances. But that woman is one with whom one would fall *wildly* in love, if in love at all—she is such a fat, *fat* old villain. . . ."

"[Apr. 24th.] In bed at 11:30, after the most hideously inept psychical night, in Charleston, over a much-praised fe-

male medium who fraudulently played on the guitar. A plague take all white-livered, anæmic, flaccid, weak-voiced Yankee frauds! Give me a full-blooded, red-lipped villain like dear old D.—when shall I look upon her like again?"

In 1889 James undertook the labor of conducting the "Census of Hallucinations" in America. The census sought to discover, from lists of people selected at random, how many of them, when in good health and awake, had ever heard a voice, seen a form, or felt a touch which no material presence could account for. James received about seven thousand answers from the inquiries that were sent out in America; and after he had digested and reported them, the results turned out to be in remarkable conformity with the returns from other parts of the world. Some of James' own deductions from the returns will be found in the essay, "What Psychical Research Has Accomplished." Among other things, the census showed apparitions corresponding with a distant event as occurring more than four hundred times oftener than could be expected from a calculation of chances.

After this task had been completed, he usually avoided spending time in personal investigations.

THE INITIATE.

The following is the introduction to a volume entitled "The Initiate: Some Impressions of a Great Soul," by His Pupil, which has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The work itself will be noticed in a subsequent issue:

The story, if so it can be called, of Justin Moreward Haig is a true one, in so far that such a person does exist, although, as explained later, I have been compelled for many reasons to conceal his identity. And I emphasize the fact of his existence because there are a number of people who may doubt the possibility of attaining to that degree of perfection which he undubitably manifested, thus crediting me with writing romance instead of fact. And yet he does not by any means stand alone at his stage of spiritual evolution, for not only are there many more like him living amongst us at the present time, but if world-history is to be accredited with truth, there have been hundreds as great as and greater than he in the past. True it is that the so-called enlightenment of our twentieth

century civilization seeks to negate or explain away the unusual powers of these men, but deeper thinkers who have taken the trouble to penetrate behind the vale of superficial knowledge are coming to the conclusion that the old truism "where there is smoke there must also be fire" is applicable to the case in point, and that this negation and explaining away on the part of so-called civilization is not the result of real knowledge, but of ignorance instead. Nor must we leave aside the contributions which Romance from the most ancient of times has afforded in this connection; dating from before the period of Kalidisa to the latest works of fiction published in the present year, we have novels, stories, and dramas dealing with mysterious and marvelous beings so far above the ordinary "man in the street" almost, as a human soul is from an animal. Indeed, seeing this is so, are we not forced to ask the pertinent question whether the imagination of creative genius has not somewhere its foundation in Truth? Can all these poets, dramatists, and writers really be weaving the fanciful web of mere fable, and nothing beyond? For if so, why do they still persist, in the face of scientific ridicule, and thus continue to fill the public mind with falsehood and unsubstantiality? And the answer to this question is, consciously or unconsciously, they are stating the truth, and their subjective mind is aware of facts which their objective mind is ignorant of; for these Adepts, Sages, and Masters do exist, and he who knows how to search can find them and become convinced of their reality once and for all.

Now, although I have inferred that Romance is correct as far as the fundamentals are concerned, yet as a matter of truth it is very often incorrect in its details, or at any rate very misleading, in that it blends allegory with fact without notifying the dividing line between the one and the other. And to begin with, these great Adepts of Spiritual Science are not quite as mysterious as writers of fiction and even supposed fact would have us believe. Although I am aware that two such Masters (or Mahatmas, as they are often called) reside in the far distant fastnesses of Thibet, yet to suppose they all follow this example is to suppose a fallacy; for I know there are several such Masters living in

England at the present moment, as well as in America and in almost all countries of the world. Nor do they remain in one locality, but often travel from place to place as any ordinary mortal might, being to all outward appearance perfectly human, nay, perfectly normal. They may not cruise about the world in a marvelous yacht, as Marie Corelli would have us believe (if that be her object), nor are they the "morally dried-up mummies" which Bulwer Lytton depicts in his prototype Mejnour, to be found in Zanoni, his occult novel; but as Romance permits itself, and quite naturally the indulgence of "romancing," we must not expect accuracy from its writers any more than we must expect it from impressionist painters.

I have said that to all *outward* appearance these Adepts are perfectly normal, perfectly human; but it is to outward appearance only, and not to the deeper knowledge which accrues as the result of a closer relationship with them, and their minds and faculties. To the casual acquaintance, apart from an appearance of unusual health, calm, dignity, and force, there is nothing which might awaken the suspicion that they possessed powers of whose existence he was entirely unaware. Dressing neither in strange garments nor living in ghost-haunted castles, these men, far from wishing to awaken the curiosity or admiration of their fellows, seek to render themselves as ordinary to the casual observer as they possibly can. Many of them even effect some harmless vice of their fellows—such as smoking, for instance—in order the more to normalize themselves in the eyes of the world. But this is indeed only to the world, for those who come to them, seeking with the necessary qualifications occult wisdom at their hands, obtain a very different impression; an insight into their marvelous personalities, which to any other is sedulously denied. And it is absolutely essential that in order to find we must know how to seek, only to him who follows the requisite of this maxim is it possible to discover the truth; and that truth is the very quintessence of real romance. In other words, the outer world, not knowing for what to search, finds nothing, or at best very little; so that for any portrayal of an Adept or Initiate, we must of necessity turn to the student or disciple, and to him alone; for

through his thirst for occult wisdom he has earned the right to know the Masters as they really are in all their divine possibility.

Let us then try to imagine a human being, devoid of the weaknesses and drawbacks of the ordinary person; a being who is utterly beyond the feelings of selfishness, vanity, jealousy, anger, hatred, and other "vices" of a kindred nature; moreover, a being who possesses a consciousness so intense, so infinitely alive as to warrant the expression *super-consciousness* rather than *life*. And this superconsciousness of necessity embraces a continual "sensation" of unconditional bliss and unconditional Love, conjoined with which is a supreme wisdom and power. As to the latter, the Adept, possessing knowledge of Nature and its laws as yet not disclosed to Humanity at large, is able to control natural forces in a way which the ignorant can not even imagine, let alone follow; indeed, were he to exhibit the manipulation of those forces to the uninitiated (which, however, he never *would* do) they in their utter incredulity and ignorance would ascribe the whole exhibition to trickery, and pronounce him at best a conjuror, if not a fraud. In a word, show people what they can not understand and immediately they will ascribe it to something they *can* understand—for that is ever the tendency of the ignorant.

We have thus attempted a description of the inner man; and now to deal with the outer aspect, the more visible side of the Adept. And to begin with, he manifests perpetual health, and in many cases perpetual youth, or better said, the prime of manhood. Electing to work unceasingly for the good of Humanity, and finding an aged body a hindrance to this, he brings his occult knowledge to bear on the molecules of his physical body, and so prevents the change known as age; finally dying when he chooses to die, and not before. Nor must we omit another point connected with his youthfulness and perfect health, namely the fact of his entire freedom from worry, and his entire immunity from all those jarring emotions which so tend to age the body and upset the bodily equilibrium. Possessing in his mind an eternal Peace, the frets and troubles of life seem to him childish and insignificant, as insignificant as the troubles of infancy to the grown-

up man. And yet being possessed of perfect Love, he can sympathize with others as a mother loves and sympathizes with her child, and the very frets she knows it will one day outgrow. Indeed, as sympathy to be intrinsically valuable must be untainted with fear—for otherwise it were impotent truly to aid and console—so is the fearless sympathy of a Master the most valuable and help-bringing it were possible to conceive. And at the back of this utter fearlessness is Knowledge, that Knowledge which must ever exist as the only true basis of solace, the balm wherewith to sooth the bleeding hearts of nescient suffering Humanity.

I have attempted this lame description of the Adept in order that my reader may the more easily understand the truthfulness of this book, and not credit me with adding to the large proportion of romance on the subject; for verily, in my opinion, "truth is more romantic than fiction," whether it be *stranger* or not. Indeed, should I in the following pages succeed in depicting one-fourth of the essence of romance emanating from the magnetism of the personality of my teacher, then I shall not entirely have failed—which is all I can hope for in so difficult a task. I have, in fact, much to contend with, for the simple reason I am not permitted those scenic and ceremonial appurtenances which fiction draws to its aid. An Adept or High Initiate is so different in respect of greatness to the ordinary great man; so chary of fame and all its glamour that to know him in the spirit and flesh is really the only way to know him at all. Being devoid of vanity, and thus importuned by any form of curiosity on the part of the public, he seeks in every way to draw attention *from* himself instead of the reverse; and thus if he lives apart from the "world" it is to hide himself in solitude, and if he lives amidst the world, it is to hide himself among the crowd.

This mighty Life—past, present, and to come—

Enfold thee. This thou art. This thou upgatherest;

And this Thou, tiny creature, pourest forth—

Where now thou standest—

Lord of the world, from caverns dark within thee.

THE SCIENCE OF BREATH
and the
PHILOSOPHY OF THE TATTVAS.
(Nature's Finer Forces.)
(Concluded.)

293. When the sun flows altogether, and the moon is altogether unseen, death comes in a fortnight. So says the Science of Death.

294. He whose breath flows from one nostril for three nights continuously has, so say the wise, a year only to live.

295. Take a vessel of the Kansiya alloy (bell-metal). Fill it with water, and see in it the reflection of the sun. If in the midst of the reflection is seen a hole the seer will die within ten days. If the reflection is smoky, death will come the same day. If it is seen towards the south, west, north death will come within six, two, or three months respectively. Thus has been described the measure of life by the omniscient.

296. If a man sees the figure of the messenger of death he is sure to die. (The messenger of death has red or reddish clothes, matted hair, diseased teeth, oil-besmeared body, a weeping and red-hot face, a body besmeared with ashes, flying flames of fire, having long heavy rods, and standing towards the empty Nadi.)

297. When the skin is cool but the inside is hot, death must come within a month.

298. When a man changes suddenly and unaccountably from good habits to bad, and from bad habits to good, he is sure to die.

299. He whose breath coming out of the nose is cool, but coming out of the mouth is hot like fire, is sure to die of great heat.

300. He who sees hideous figures, and bright light without making out the flame, dies before nine months.

301. He who suddenly begins to feel heavy bodies light, and light bodies heavy, and he who being dark in color begins in disease to look gold-colored, must die.

302. He whose hands, chest, and feet become at once dry after bathing has not ten nights to live.

303. He who becomes dim of sight, and can not see his face in the pupil of another's eye, must assuredly die.

304. Now will I tell thee some-

thing about the shadow-figure (Chhaya Purusha). Knowing this, man very soon becomes the knower of the three times.

305. I shall speak of those experiments by means of which even distant death is known. I shall describe all these in accordance with Shivagama.

306. Going to a lonely place and standing with the back towards the sun let a man look with attention at the neck of the shade he throws on the ground.

307. Let him see this for as long a time as he can calmly repeat the words: "Om kram parabrahmane namah" for one hundred and eight times. Then let him look up into the sky. He will thus see Shankara (the figure of a being capable of appearing in many colors).

308. By doing this for six months, the Yogi becomes the lord of those who walk on earth; in two years he becomes absolutely independent and his own master.

309. He obtains the knowledge of the three times and great bliss. There is nothing impossible for the constant practice of Yoga.

310. The Yogi who sees this figure in the clear heavens having a dark color dies within six months.

311. When it is yellow there is fear of disease; when it is red there will be loss; when it has many colors there will be great confusion and dejection.

312. If the figure be wanting in feet, shanks, abdomen, and the right arm a relation is sure to die.

313. If the left arm is wanting the wife will die; when the chest and the right arm is wanting death and destruction will come.

314. When the faeces and gas escape together, the man is sure to die in ten days.

315. When the moon flows altogether, and the sun is not seen at all, death comes surely in a month. So says the Science of Death.

316. Those whose death is near cease to see the Arandhati, the Dhruva, the steps of Vishnu, and the circle of mothers as they are pointed out to them.

317. The Arandhati is the tongue; the Dhruva the tip of the nose; the eyebrows are the steps of Vishnu; the pupil of the eye the circle of the mothers.

318. The man who ceases to see the eye-brows dies within nine days; he who ceases to see the pupil of the eye dies within five days; he who ceases to see

the nose dies within three days; he who ceases to see the tongue dies within one day.

319. The pupil of the eye is seen by pressing the eye near the nose.

THE NADIS.

320. The Ida is also technically called Ganga; the Pingala Yamuna; the Sushumna Sarasvati; the conjunction is called Prayaga.

321. Let the Yogi sit in the posture called Padmasana, and perform Pranayama.

322. The Yogis must know the Puraka, the Rechaka, and the third Kumbhaka, for obtaining power over the body.

323. The Puraka causes growth and nourishment, and equalizes the humors; the Kumbhaka causes stability, and increases the security of life.

324. The Rechaka takes away all sins. He who practices this reaches the state of Yoga.

325. In the Kumbhaka hold the air in as much as possible; let it go out by the moon and in by the sun.

326. The sun drinks the moon, the moon drinks the sun; by saturating one with the other, one may live as long as the moon and the planets.

327. The Nadi flows in one's own body. Have power over that; if it is not let go through the mouth or nose, one becomes a young man.

328. When the mouth, nose, eyes, and ears are stopped by the fingers, the Tattvas begin to take their rise before the eyes.

329. He who knows their color, their motion, their taste, their places, and their signs, becomes in this world equal to the god Rudra.

330. He who knows all this, and reads it always, is freed from all pain and gets what he desires.

331. He who has the knowledge of breath in his head has fortune at his feet.

332. Like the One in the Vedas, and the sun in the universe, is the knower of the Science of Breath to be honored. He who knows the Science of Breath and the Philosophy of the Tattvas, knows that even millions of elixirs are not equal to it.

334. There is nothing in the world which will release you of the debt of the man who gives you the knowledge of the word (Om) and of breath.

335. Sitting in his own place, with

measured food, and sleep, let the Yogi meditate upon the highest Atma (whose reflection the Breath is). Whatever he says will come to pass.

THE END.

AN ART MYSTERY.

(Special Dispatch to New York Herald.)

CHICAGO, December 4.—Chicago has an art mystery that promises to dwarf the sensation Mrs. Curran created in St. Louis by writing a novel at the dictation of an alleged ghost named Patience Worth. The mystery centres about Mrs. Emma Mabel Field.

For ten years Mrs. Field has been drawing strange, fantastic pictures of Egyptian figures, symbols, and scenes. She started the work when she was thirty and with no preparation. Ignorant of both art and mythology, with no conception of draftsmanship and utterly devoid of any knowledge of Egyptian decoration and symbolism, Mrs. Field says she began suddenly in 1910 to turn out a series of fascinating pictures.

She worked with a soft lead pencil on sheets from two to four feet square. The pencil, moving almost by itself in her hand while she retained full concentration and scribbling away in sweep-meaninglessly across the cardboard, scatching and scribbling away in sweeping lines. The pictures that took form, however, were detailed Egyptian symbolisms drawn with a touch and sureness entirely foreign to modern technic, according to artists who have viewed them.

In the ten years Mrs. Field has completed hundreds of the drawings. A number of them are on exhibition today in the studio of Ervine Metzl in the Fine Arts Building.

Museum curators and Egyptologists who have studied them are quoted as pronouncing the drawings perfect specimens of Egyptian art, containing a flavor, technic, and symbolistic detail not to be found elsewhere in modern painting. From the dress decorations of the figures to the architectural detail of the scenes and the myriad symbolical images known only to Egyptian scholars the drawings are declared to be true to the Rameses period.

Artists who have studied them also declare they are obviously the work of a sculptor, and on learning that Mrs. Field has never touched clay, reply that clay

is her true medium and that the shading technic and conception of the drawings are those invariably used by sculptors.

The pictures bear a resemblance to those of William B. Lake, it is said, and exercise an eerie effect upon sensitive observers.

"I don't know what I am drawing," Mrs. Field explained when questioned about her work. "I am conscious while drawing of wanting to do something, but I don't know what. I have never read anything about Egypt, and don't know what the things mean that I draw. But I do know they mean something and that all the figures and symbols and designs have a story in them.

"Professor James of the University of Minnesota and others at the university read the drawings easily and were able to tell me the story each one told. I have never studied drawing and can't draw anything but these things. When I draw there is no image in my mind of the thing I'm going to do. Just an impulse. I don't know what inspires me. I don't believe in spiritualism, and although many people have told me that the drawings are made by an Egyptian ghost working through me I don't believe that.

"Professor James told me that it was a case of my subconscious mind being more developed than my conscious mind, and that in my subconscious mind was a heritage of Egyptian learning and talent, dating perhaps from the time of Egypt itself. I feel strange toward my work, and don't know just what to say about it.

"At the time of the Times Building explosion in Los Angeles, for instance, I was in Minneapolis, and on that night I heard a curious sound and started to draw a picture. This time the meaning of the picture was apparent to me. I had to call it 'The Messenger of Death,' and it took the form of mummy cases in flight, heads, bodies, all in circles of flight, and a dark angel with strange wings and a curious face flying away."

Mrs. Field is at times able to draw portraits—thin profiles of her subjects, done in a single line and apparently with her eyes closed. That she is under the influence of an extraordinary force is the belief of her friends and others who have investigated her and her work. Between the contention of spiritualists that she is the medium of an Egyptian spirit or the reincarnation of an Egyptian artist and

the contention of the scientists that she is utilizing subconscious forces and heritages Mrs. Field is neutral.

"I just have to draw," she explained. "and I can't tell why yet."

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses of physical man.

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally—Self-redeemed.

Though "the book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

The Doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on Earth, between an *animal* and a human frame, is that in some the various "Fires" are latent, and in others they are active. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish desire*, which can not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is action, the cause; and Karma, again, is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the *effect* of an act produced egotistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JAN 7 1921



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 51. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 18, 1920. Price Five Cents

WILLIAM JAMES.

"The Letters of William James," edited by his son Henry James and just published in two volumes by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, contains many references to the work of psychical research that so attracted the Harvard philosopher. On January 1, 1896, he writes to his friend Carl Stumpf:

I don't know whether you have heard of the London "Society for Psychical Research," which is seriously and laboriously investigating all sorts of "supernatural" matters, clairvoyance, apparitions, etc. I don't know what you think of such work; but I think that the present condition of opinion regarding it is scandalous, there being a mass of testimony, or apparent testimony, about such things, at which the only men capable of critical judgment—men of scientific education—will not even look. We have founded a similar society here within the year—some of us thought that the publications of the London society deserved at least to be treated as if worthy of experimental disproof—and although work advances very slowly owing to the small amount of disposable time on the part of the members, who are all very busy men, we have already stumbled on some rather inexplicable facts out of which something may come. It is a field in which the sources of deception are extremely numerous. But I believe there is no source of deception in the investigation of nature which can compare with a fixed belief that certain kinds of phenomenon are impossible.

His investigations naturally brought him into contact with many charlatans, but he took all his experiences in good part and did not allow them to warp his judgment. On one occasion he writes:

[Apr. 6.] Hodgson and I started after our

baggage arrived, to find Mr. B—, who, you may have seen by the papers, is making a scandal by having given himself over (hand and foot) to a medium, "Madam D—," who does most extraordinarily described physical performances. We found the old girl herself, a type for Alexandre Dumas, obese, wicked, jolly, intellectual, with no end of go and animal spirits, who entertained us for an hour, gave us an appointment for a sitting on Monday, and asked us to come and see Mr. B. tonight. What will come of it all I don't know. It will be baffling, I suppose, like everything else of that kind.

[Apr. 7.] Mr. B. and Mrs. D. were "too tired" to see us last night! I suspect that will be the case next Monday. It is the knowing thing to do under the circumstances. But that woman is one with whom one would fall wildly in love, if in love at all—she is such a fat, fat old villain. . . .

[Apr. 24th.] In bed at 11:30, after the most hideously inept physical night, in Charleston, over a much-praised female medium who fraudulently played on the guitar. A plague take all white-livered, anæmic, flaccid, weak-voiced Yankee frauds! Give me a full-blooded, red-lipped villain like dear old D.—when shall I look upon her like again?

One of the most striking passages in the first volume is the letter written by Professor James to his sister on learning that she was the victim of a fatal disease. It is dated from Chocorua, New Hampshire, on July 6, 1891, and is as follows:

DEAREST ALICE: . . . Of course (this medical verdict on your case may mean) as all men know, a finite length of days; and then, good-by to neurasthenia and neuralgia and headache, and weariness and disgust all at one stroke—I should think you would be reconciled to the prospect with all its pluses and minuses. I know you've never cared for life, and to me, now at the age of nearly fifty, life and death seem singularly close to—

gether in all of us—and life a mere farce of frustration in all, so far as the realization of the innermost ideals go to which we are made respectively capable of feeling an affinity and responding. Your frustrations are only rather more flagrant than the rule, and you've been saved many forms of self-dissatisfaction and misery which appertain to such a multiplication of responsible relations to different people as I, for instance, have got into. Your fortitude, good spirits, and unsentimentality have been simply unexampled in the midst of your physical woes; and when you're relieved from your post, just that bright note will remain behind, together with the inscrutable and mysterious character of the doom of nervous weakness which has chained you down for all these years. As for that, there's more in it than has ever been told to so-called science. These inhibitions, these split-up selves, all these new facts that are gradually coming to light about our organization, these enlargements of the self in trance, etc., are bringing me to turn for light in the direction of all sorts of despised spiritualistic and unscientific ideas. Father would find in me today a much more receptive listener—all that philosophy has got to be brought in. And what a queer contradiction comes to the ordinary scientific argument against immortality (based on body being mind's condition and mind going out when body is gone), when one must believe (as now, in these neurotic cases) that some infernality in the body *prevents* really existing parts of the mind from coming to their effective rights at all, suppresses them, and blots them out from participation in this world's experiences, although they were *there* all the time. When that which is *you* passes out of the body, I am sure that there will be an explosion of liberated force and life till then eclipsed and kept down. I can hardly imagine *your* transition without a great oscillation of both "worlds" as they regain their new equilibrium after the change! Every one will feel the shock, but you yourself will be more surprised than anybody else.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

The idea that the dead could communicate with the living is one of the oldest known to man. It is very natural, indeed, to expect the one who had just passed away might speak to those left behind, but the ancients were more apt to go back many generations for these communications.

Probably the oldest instance cited is that of the communications which came to Nimrod, the great Babylonian hero, from his ancestor, called Pir-Napishtim, the original Noah.

In this story as related upon the clay tablets of Babylonia, the communication does not, however, come through any medium, for the ancients were more logical, expecting the message to come to that one most nearly concerned di-

rectly from the departed one most interested in him. For this reason Nimrod, being sorely afflicted with a disease that is still one of the plagues of modern times, departs in search of his ancestor and the fountain of healing. After many wanderings and adventures, pursued by the curse of the goddess Ishtar, corresponding with the Greek Astarte and the Roman Venus, goddess of love, whose affection Nimrod had despised, he finally makes his way to the nether world and there finds his great ancestor.

Then the stories of the creation and the deluge are told to Nimrod and by him set down upon the clay tablets when he returns to earth. He is healed by the miraculous waters of the fountain of life and thenceforth stands as the leading hero of Babylonian myth.

In the Bible the most notable instance of communication with the dead is the summoning of the spirit of the Prophet Samuel by the witch of Endor, at the request of King Saul. This is related in full in I Samuel, 28. There it is very plain to even the casual reader that the witch recognized King Saul, for she insists upon being protected from the existing law which Saul himself had tried to enforce.

There are several prohibitions of the practice of consulting those who had a "familiar spirit" in the early books of the Bible. We read in Leviticus, XIX, 31: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defined by them." And again in Leviticus XX, 27: "A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them."

These are the laws which King Saul had enforced rigorously, yet at the critical stage of his career he hastens to the witch of Endor to consult the Prophet Samuel, whose injunctions he had neglected. The story as told in the Bible is really far more interesting than many of the séances of the present day, for Samuel really says something, as interpreted by the witch. Yet many in reading this chapter see how the witch may very easily have said, for her own part, what she attributes to Samuel.

Saul does not even see the apparition. He asks the witch what she sees, and she tells him that she sees an old man, cov-

ered with a mantle. When Saul says that God has deserted him, the witch answers in the name of Samuel, saying that God has really deserted Saul and given the power over to David (which every one knew), and the witch does not hesitate to promise Saul that the Philistines will overcome him on the next day. This causes Saul to faint away, and the séance is over.

Some scholars find in this story a refutation of all such communication with the dead, holding that the chapter proves the trickery of the witch, and not that Samuel had spoken to Saul.—*New York Tribune*.

MATERIALIZATION.

An event of inestimable importance and interest in the study of spiritistic phenomena and the scientific investigation of this entire subject is the publication, by E. P. Dutton & Co., of an English translation of Baron von Schrenck Notzing's "Phenomena of Materialization." This "contribution to the investigation of mediumistic teleplasties"—to quote the book's sub-title—is already famous in Europe, as the record of researches by an eminent scientist whose ability, accuracy, and painstaking thoroughness have won him a position as one of the best-known and most trustworthy European investigators of psychic phenomena. The English translation is made by E. E. Fournier d'Albe, D. Sc., author of "The Electron Theory," "New Light on Immortality," and other books of similar nature. Dr. Schrenck Notzing does not attempt to explain the facts he records, nor does he argue concerning them: his book is a scientific record solely, and absolutely unique in that it gives a full scientific account, illustrated by flashlight photographs taken by himself and his collaborators, of a series of materialization séances observed under strictest conditions of control and with every possible precaution against fraud. The series of 225 photographs is unparalleled. And the book must remain the cornerstone of future scientific examination in the field of materialization phenomena. There is a curious bit of timeliness in the appearance of this book at the present moment, when Dr. Joseph Jastrow's attack upon Professor W. J. Crawford's work, experiments, and conclusions, published in the *Weekly Review* of November 3d, has aroused so much discussion. Dr. Jastrow,

it will be remembered, has surmised that Professor Crawford's suicide last August had its "plausible explanation" in "disillusion" in regard to his psychic experiments, and attacks the dead scientist's work along the lines of psychic study, especially in his book, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena." The particular timeliness of the publication of the great Schenck Notzing work lies in the fact that it absolutely bears out Dr. Crawford's experiments and conclusions, supporting them with the record of another scientist's years of research. "Phenomena of Materialization" is a storehouse of evidence and detail which can be resorted to with confidence, and which must have a vast influence upon future work in this field.

THE FINAL PROOF.

Being tired of the inconsequent revelations of professional mediums, Mr. Edison is announced to have perfected a mechanical apparatus for registering impulses from the other world. It is claimed that this "ghostometer" is so delicate and infallible that if no results are recorded by it the existence of any kind of spirits at all—except, presumably, the bottled variety—will be definitely disproved.

O Spooks of every known address, from
Endor to Cock Lane,

I weep for you, I sympathize with all
your harassed train;

For Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of
the West,

Has been and gone and fixed for you the
culminating test.

Believe me, it's a teaser, this new terror
that confronts,

For it's not at all a matter of the good
old-fashioned stunts,

When a little levitation, or a table rapped
or two,

Or a word with kind Sir Oliver, were
sure to get you through.

You are dealing now with instruments,
with battery and bell,

And if you answer quick enough, then all
may yet be well;

But if you don't reply at once, or signal
"Line engaged,"

Oh, you'll leave our Mr. Edison most
dreadfully enraged.

And in spite of all authorities, from Paul
to Conan Doyle,

He'll assume a large-sized Nothing when
we quit this mortal coil.

For a thing that can not ring a bell, or
holler down a 'phone,
Why, how can it be said to have exist-
ence of its own?

So as I and many others who are still of
mortal make

Have a certain minor interest in the point
that is at stake,

Oh, do speak up and promptly when you
get the Wizard's call,

Or he'll prove there isn't any kind of
after-life at all.

—*Lucio in New York Times.*

PLANETARY INFLUENCE.

"All material forms exist by virtue of correspondence with some spiritual form. All material forms exist directly, from the correspondential spiritual forms in the degree next to them, and these spiritual forms are the mediums through which the activities flowing from the Creator enter the lower forms. . . . Every change, therefore, however minute—yea, all of those changes for ever beyond the ken of the most powerful microscope, which occur in organized material forms, are so many ultimations on the material plane of changes occurring in the correspondential forms on the spiritual plane.

"These changes, let us ever keep in mind, are the results of activities and relationships between the different planes of existence, which extend into the infinite particulars of each plane."—*J. L. Williams in "Was Swedenborg a Theosophist."*

That the position of the planets in our solar system affects the character and fate of all human beings, either from birth or from the first kindling of the soul's fire, is not yet among generally received opinions; none the less is it firmly believed by a large number of educated people, as well as by the multitude who trust to "Moore's Almanack" for reliable readings of the stars. Though wholly ignorant of astrology, I am among those firm believers. The concurrent testimony of wise men, in ancient and modern times, is enough for me when I find such a seer as Boehme entirely agreeing with them as to this. Here, for one example of his frequent reference to the stars: "Every seed of the body, according to the outward world, standeth in the power and under the authority of the Spirit of the world in the configuration of the stars; for as the great clockwork or machine standeth in the figure at that time, such a figure also the 'Spiritus Mundi' giveth it in the conditions of the outward life; and such a beast it modeleth in the property of the outward life: for the

spirit of the outward world out of the four elements can give nothing else but a beast. And so now it distributeth itself always in the *beginning of every child's life*, in the figure: as the stars' constellation or configuration standeth in its wheel, such an image it maketh in the property or constitution, out of the *limus* of the earth, viz., in the four elements. From whence many a man from his mother's womb, according to the outward man, is of the condition of a malignant evil serpent, or of a wolf, a dog, toad, or of a sly fox, of a proud lion, or of a filthy swine, a haughty peacock; also of a self-willed, stubborn, unruly horse; or else of the condition of some good, gentle, tame beast, all as the figure is in 'Spiritus Mundi.'"

And "the starry spirit worketh in the flesh and blood, and maketh the soul to long and lust that it also may do as the starry spirit doth," so that "man is many times in the outward world so very evil natured from the stars that he becometh loathsome to himself." Thus "the soul is always according to its constellation which stood in its birth, as also hath stood in its conception: as that it is at all times aspected with the conjunction of the constellation, with the imagination of the constellation; so is also the outward will-spirit, unless it be that the soul do attain the divine light again in the new birth, and then the soul constraineth the outward spirit with the power of the divine light and leadeth it captive." Belief in this subjection of man to astral influences has long made me intensely curious about its mode of action; and from Rama Prasad I hoped to learn something that might in some degree explain it. My own slowness in understanding what he writes may be the cause of disappointment; and on the chance of other people gaining more, I will give a brief epitome of what I did definitely gather from his pages on this subject. It leaves me seeking still. "A truth," he tells us, "is the astral germ of every living organism." "They might be spoken of as solar atoms. These solar atoms are of various classes according to the prevalence of one or more of the constituent *tatvas* [etheral vibrations]. The different classes of these solar atoms appear on the terrestrial plane as the various elements of chemistry." "The units of time and space are the same—a *truth*." "At

every moment of time, *i. e.*, a truti, there are millions of trutis—perfect organisms—in space.” “Individual man or woman is the most perfect expression [sic] of a truti” . . . “it is a phase of solar existence having in it every power of life that is manifested on earth. It is the most complete original of individual human life.” If I rightly understand “Nature’s Finer Forces,” p. 139, every truti is said to be composed of the tatwic rays proceeding from the other trutis on the same plane, whether of psychic, or mental, or externalized life; for here we read: “Each truti on the plane of Prana is a life-coil; the rays which give existence to each of these trutis come from each and all of the other trutis, which are situated in the space allotted to each of the five tatwas and their innumerable admixtures, which represent, therefore, all the possible tatwic manifestations of life.” Similarly, “on the plane of *manas*, each mentau truti represents an individual *mind*. Each individual mind is given birth to by mental tatwic rays [coming] from the other quarter, which represent all the possible tatwic phases of mental life. On the psychic plane each truti represents an individual soul brought into existence by the psychic tatwas flying from every point to every other point.” In the saying that follows, “The latter class of trutis on the various planes of existence are the so-called gods and goddesses.” I get the nearest approach to my desideratum. The two next pages are profoundly suggestive, but nothing in them explains *how* stars instigate to such and such conduct, when in certain positions relative to each other. With moral character such a statement as the following seems to have absolutely no connection: “As the earth moves in her annual course, *i. e.*, as the truti of time changes, these permanent trutis of space change the phases of their life, but their permanency never is impaired. They retain their individuality all the same; all the planetary influences reach these trutis always, wherever the planets may be in their journey: the changing distance and inclination is of course always causing a change of life-phase.” This leaves me no whit nearer any idea of what those planetary influences are, thus constantly affecting these “astral germs” of individual human life. And I doubt whether reading the whole of the

interesting work I quote from would supply it.

At the risk of earning ridicule, I confess to believing those we call heavenly bodies to be as much self-conscious individual beings as we are ourselves—that in their bodies, as much as in our own, a multiplicity constitutes a seeming unity—that from organizations, in some unimaginable way corresponding to our own, they effect a divine purpose, by the vibration of their breath—that they are responsible agents of the Most High God, not always guiltless in the use of power—and that their influence is as much due to character as that of human beings. Only on such theoretic grounds can I reconcile Boehme’s words about the prompting and imagination of the stars, and his emphatic assertion that they are powerful but not compulsive in regard to the human soul; and as to the *new creature* in man *powerless*. For he is precise in his report of their spiritual *status* relatively to man; and even of the sun, “the nature God” as he terms it, he is careful to make us know that it is “without divine understanding,” and that “though God’s fire is at its root, yet it belongeth not to God’s kingdom.” Rama Prasad agrees with him here pretty well, saying that the gods and goddesses in Prana, which inhabit the sun and superintend human souls, are “self-conscious. But they are in comparison to men absolutely elementary beings. They live in absolute conformity with time and space. They have but one idea, one work, and they are always full of it. They are always true to their nature. Transgression is impossible to them.” But no conception of the nature of these astral beings helps me to guess how that tells upon character in our planet, *unless we admit the possibility of spirits coming from other orbs to this*, attracted by the figures which ethereal vibration deposits on its surface, and associating with human spirits born when such and such vibrations prevail. To attribute spiritual tendencies to a material cause is only possible to materialists, who are here out of court; but Swedenborg has taught us that by the great law of correspondence spirits can find in material conditions a language to us unknown, to them so forcible as to be sometimes compelling. With wonderful prescience of knowledge only lately acquired by Europeans in our

time, he wrote in 1741, "The substance of the soul is produced by the aura of the Universe," and elsewhere he speaks of "the form of the ideas that constitute the nature of the soul." May not these ideas, originating in the sun or planets, and impressed on the astral germ of a human organism, become disturbed by other vibrations in certain positions of the planets? and consequent irregularities of its form invite disorderly spirits?

Here words of L. Oken come to mind which will serve to give better expression to my thought. "The vibration of air is a progressive motion of sonorous figures: if the sonorous figures are not incommensurable, several may be at one and the same time in a single portion of air without interfering with each other. They harmonize because they have originated according to concordant laws; but if they are products of different laws they are then confused, and an indeterminate and offensive vibration originates; just as savours become loathsome if they depart from their law." "Now, if, as I can not doubt, the figure causes the spirit in a sense a secondary to that already enlarged upon, *i. e.*, when the idea of an *eternal* being separates itself, by desire to realize that idea, into a peculiar self-will; if the figure causes elementary spirits by attracting atoms of life to cohesive solidarity, "for things naturally indefinite are subservient to such as are definite, and definite natures give an orderly arrangement to such as are borne along indefinitely according to an all various transmutation," then it is easy to conceive of offensively irregular figures from discordant vibrations, drawing evil influx to a soul. One can push such an hypothesis no further; but the malign effect of some vocal figures is well understood by those who are versed in black magic. Speaking of these, Mohini Chatterji writes: "It is not unusual for sorcerers to adopt some of the formulæ of true religious rites, and with change of accent turn them to their own purpose. It is generally believed that when a spell is muttered backwards its effect is reversed. The truth being, however, that the effect is not so much due to the arrangement of words as to the sound produced and its accompanying psychic disturbance." Practices which our ignorance of spirit-life has classed among

mere superstitions testify that geometrical forms have a force inexplicable to reason. Not to speak of what is known to initiates in occult science, any one who has read Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography," with its graphic account of his attempt to summon spirits; or studied the Ritual prescribed by Eliphas Lévi for their evocation, will not forget the importance attributed to pentagrams and other cabalistic figures. I used to think they were designed to affect the mind of the operator, predisposing it by artificial tension to imagine supernatural sights, but when I had learnt from St. Martin that music opened different spiritual spheres, according to its quality, I dismissed the shallow thought; for music produces sonorous figures by vibration just as does the human voice on a smaller scale. May not these figures attract spirits to whom such shapes are a language? Is not this implied when in answer to the question, "How are statues said to have enthusiastic energy?" Proclus replies, "Telestic art, through certain symbols, and arcane signatures, assimilates statues to the gods and makes them adapted to the reception of divine illumination." Mme. Blavatsky noticed lately a curious fact, relative to forms and spirits, "the remark made in *Theosophist*, September, 1886, page 793, that if the rules (on mathematical proportions or measurements) are not accurately followed in every detail, an idol is liable to be taken possession of by some powerful evil spirit, is *quite true*," an assertion which common experience may help us to believe. Let violence or anger be feigned by gesture or play of countenance, and anger will soon be felt. Even in our faces attribution of character appears to give it something of reality. As I try to leave this subject, my thoughts are coasting round an abyss of mysteries connected with language, written or spoken, that Boehme has indicated rather than revealed. His speaks of "*the spirits of the letters*" in several of his books with unmistakable fullness of conviction. In his "Fifteenth Epistle" we find: "It is opened to me in some measure to sound out the spirits of the letters from their very original." And in Chapter XXXV, Par. 49, of "*Mysterium Magnum*," "the spirits of the letters in the alphabet are the form of the only spirit in the language of nature." There is no tempta-

tion to try and elucidate sayings that baffle one's own understanding utterly. This, however, may well be glanced at here, the notorious congruity of language and the character of those who speak it in many parts of the world. Take, for example, the crowding consonants of German, the vehicle of thought *par éminence* in Europe; and that of the simple-hearted, sensuous natives of islands in the Pacific, where the language is said to be almost made up of vowels, and as soft in sound as the other is stringent and guttural. If the connection between the form of letters and the psychological characteristics they express should ever be discovered, no doubt the frequently recurring *x* in the Mexican tongue will be found to represent some marked peculiarity of nature. Any one who wishes to examine what Boehme has said about the hidden life of letters will find in his "Explanation of the Table of the Three Principles," an unfolding of the letter sense of the word "Adonai," pars. 13-20; of "Jehovah," pars. 30 and 31; and "Tincture," from pars. 41-50. Chapter XXXV of "Mysterium Magnum" should also be read; and pars. 18 and 19 of "The Fifth Theosophic Question."—*From "Studies in Jacob Boehme," by A. J. Penny.*

SOME LIFE CYCLES.

Dr. Thomas E. Reed, M. D., in his recent work, "Sex, Its Origin and Determination," gives a valuable summary of the law of periodicity of cycles as it shows itself in some human and animal processes. He says:

"The average time occupied in hatching the eggs of many species of insects is three and one-half days. In some insects the period is one week and a half, as, for example, the black caterpillar. Others require from two to six weeks. The larvæ period of the bumble bee is exactly seven days, the moth six weeks, and the common black caterpillar six weeks. The wood-piercer bee is in the larval state four weeks. The hen lays eggs for three weeks and sets on them three more. Albin found that hens after separation from the cock for the first week laid nothing but fertile eggs, but on the ninth and tenth days both fertile and infertile eggs were laid. On the twelfth day all the eggs were infertile, but fertile eggs would again show and were laid even as late as the eighteenth day. From which

we gather that the days having the highest average of fertility were approximately the seventh and the fourteenth.

"The goose lays for two weeks, but sets four. The pigeon sets for two weeks after having laid two weeks. The period of incubation for the ostrich egg is exactly six weeks after four weeks of laying. In the higher mammals there are so many conditions which may retard or hasten birth that the period of gestation is not very accurately determined. Where it is, we generally find it limited by a definite number of months or weeks. Laycock in one hundred and twenty-nine species of birds and animals found only four exceptions to this rule; while sixty-seven were rigidly exact.

"For a number of generations it has been noticed that infectious fevers present certain periodic fluctuations. I have been in the habit of noting these periodic changes in many forms of acute disease. In some it seems to be more easily recognized than in others. The ones where it is most easily observed are those which depend upon a bacterial infection. In very acute diseases we have noted that the termination of a full week generally brings a critical day. A distinct change usually occurs either for better or for worse at that time. To a lesser degree this is true of the end of the three and a half day period. Convalescence is often established at the end of the first or second week; or when death takes place it is more likely to occur on the seventh, fourteenth, or twenty-first day, or perhaps the fourth, eleventh, or eighteenth, and so on. These changes in the character of the symptom complex are not, perhaps, so noticeable to the general practitioner as they would be were all diseases allowed to run their natural course. . . .

"A careful review of the incubation periods cited in various text-books will (although it must be admitted that the status of the whole question is rather indefinite) if averaged support my own observations. Their relation to the monthly metabolic cycle or from another point of view the twelve-hour lunar cycle is clearly indicated. The incubation of typhoid is from seven to twenty-one days; varicella, fourteen days; vaccination, twenty-four hours, while the papule will make its appearance on an average three and one-half days after the operation."

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

GIFT
JAN 24 1921



Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. V. No. 52. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 25, 1920. Price Five Cents

SPIRITUALITY VS. SPIRITISM.

Winifred Kirkland contributes an article entitled "Spirituality versus Spiritism" to the current issue of the *North American Review*. Miss Kirkland does not ask if the facts and theories of spiritism have been proved. She asks, Of what moral value are they? In what way do they differ from spirituality?

Does intercourse with departed spirits make the living more spiritual? Psychic research replies with an unequivocal "yes." To reply with an unequivocal "no" requires some courage, and even more of plain common sense. Common sense is merely racial instinct accounting for itself. It was to secure itself from backsliding into animality that the human race as it has emerged from the savage toward the man has more and more clearly denied itself recourse to the occult. Evolution has obeyed an undeviating principle from the amœba to the ape, from the ape to Isaiah, and that principle is the development of inner faculties, mental or moral or religious, only by depending on them. Not the eyes of the body, but of the soul, have perceived all the light that has ever affected human progress. You don't strengthen the eyes of the soul by materializing the dead so that the living may see them, on the contrary, you revert to a gross animal dependence on the eyes of the body.

Let us suppose that psychic communications become as common as telephoning. In what way should we gain? The messages are usually so grotesque that their rejection is prompted by a healthy human instinct. The materialist feels that he would rather have no soul at all than such a soul as this:

Five years ago it would have seemed ab-

surd to analyze the dangers of spiritism as applied to everyday living, but today the popularity of the psychic is so amazing both among thinking and among unthinking people that simply for one's own clarity and stability it is well to recognize its fallible psychology. In print and in conversation one observes much facile credulity in regard to psychic research and as much facile mockery, but very little of civil refusal to accept its knowledge, not of ghosts, but of men. Looking at basic human nature as it is, not as the ingenuous psychic researcher looks at it, one is forced to see the disastrous effect a general acceptance of spiritism would have. The rank and file would degrade all psychic intercourse to mundane purposes, as, obviously, they already do. They would go to mediums for advice in sickness and in financial speculation, for assistance in finding lost articles and in betting on presidential candidates. It is a significant and arresting fact that no spirit has yet expressed any moral inspiration that his interviewer was not capable, consciously or subconsciously, of expressing for himself. All authoritative students of the soul, Shakespeare, for example, or Socrates, or Jesus, are pretty well agreed that it is incapable of reformation from without, but only from within. A voice from the dead may frighten us, it can't regenerate us, for regeneration is not a psychic but a psychological experience. If therefore we possess a fatal facility for remaining materialist beings in our purposes, no matter how familiarly we converse with immaterial beings, then the methods of intermundane intercourse will always expose mediums to the same ordeal that often betrayed Roman augurs and Greek soothsayers: it will be a stout-minded medium who never yields to the temptation of saying whatever will please the sitter!

Psychic enthusiasts are sadly ignorant of the healthy toughness of humanity. It never gasps long over the miraculous, it accepts it and goes on its humdrum way. If really converted to the authenticity of automatic

writing, the general public would employ that agency to make themselves more luxurious, not more noble. Nine out of ten applications for spirit advice would be some variation of the question, "How may I get more money?" This priceless advice could be obtained merely by holding a pencil laxly in the fingers, and all such inquiry could be so secret that none of us would be restrained by wholesome shame before our fellows, no matter what selfish desires we might reveal to our ghostly counsellors. The ease with which mankind adjusts itself to all discovery and converts miracles into conveniences for its comfort might well give pause to those who aver that spiritual reformation would follow the acceptance of spiritist claims.

Those who would put psychic science to a noble use are not in need of it. They are noble already. We should develop our own vision rather than run about in search of something easy to look at:

The human soul is capable of being vitalized only by the moral, not by the miraculous. We have forgotten that Jesus looked upon even his raisings from the dead as being "mere works." Incalculable discussion has waged about the authenticity of the gospel miracles. The essential point is not whether or not the miracles were true, the essential point is that Jesus scorned them, and the people who needed them. The proof of Christian idealism is not to be found in history, but in psychology. Instead of being a clarion call to faith to investigate for itself, spiritism belongs to that lower order that requires "mere works." By discovering for us rather than by letting us discover for ourselves, it weakens all our soul powers. It stunts us because it denies our noblest aspiration.

Spiritism tends to make us less spiritual, not more. It makes us weak, not strong. As a solace in bereavement it is a failure:

For the man seeking to sift for himself the purport to himself of psychic science, the most illuminating method of procedure is to admit the hypothesis that its evidence is true, but to scrutinize the effect claimed for this evidence. Granted that we can freely communicate with our dead, is the manner of conversation through the frankly occult means of ouija, mediums, or automatic writing the surest solace for grief? If one accepts the testimony of spirit messages at their face value, and examines them in the light of this acceptance, what conclusions are to be drawn by an unbiased mind? The first is that we seem to be subjecting our loved ones to an intense difficulty in mere means of speech; it appears to be terribly hard for them to reach us. They seem to be feeling, often with real pain, for the old shackles of language, for the old physical restrictions that alone make possible an interchange of ideas with us who are still held by those restrictions. If it troubles our dead to talk to us, why should we ask it? According to spiritist records, our dead send reports of a busy, happy, emancipated activity. When we summon

them, we interrupt their own high services, deter them from starry climbs. All that the departed seem allowed to transmit to us is that they persist, with personality accentuated rather than weakened, and that they are joyously occupied—as to anything more than this, the accounts of post-mundane existence are so contradictory as to be impossible even for spiritists themselves to disentangle. That our dead are alive and happy, all of us who accept Christianity with any sincerity believed this before. Many who did not accept Christian revelation were at least open to a faith in immortality through observation of earthly lives so miraculously disciplined toward perfection that it seems impossible to conceive the universe so prodigal that it would devote so much energy to making a man beautiful only to snuff him out like a candle! People who have had enough religion of any kind to believe in the immortality of the soul will strengthen their faith best by reference to the testimony of their own souls rather than to material evidence. And how many people who did not believe in immortality have been converted by spiritist evidence?

Because our own souls are discouraged and impatient, are we to turn for comfort to the souls that have passed on? Is that the road to spiritualized vision?

The mediæval monks, aghast at the ugliness of the real world, made for their imaginations a celestial city built out of their own restricted aspirations, their own restricted notions of right and beauty, and in their tranced meditation on their own heaven, they rested. What energy did they have left to rebuild and redeem the tormented real world beyond the monastery gates? By way of escape from life they lived in contemplation of death. Exactly in the same way do spiritists act today. There is a mysticism that vitalizes and a mysticism that destroys. Mysticism is a confidence in invisible beauty. A cowardly mysticism can find invisible beauty only in an existence freed from the ugliness of the physical; a courageous mysticism finds beauty here and now, and seeks to embody it. We earn the right to fullness of life beyond the grave only by practicing fullness of life here.

The boasted new science is more mediæval than it dreams. Not only is it lost in gazing at its self-created heaven, but it is subtly self-centred. We scorn the ethics of the hermit who was intent upon the saving of his own soul from the world. The monk in his monastery, the nun in her convent, were at peace while robbers raided the countryside, and fire and murder and rapine wrought a hell for other lives. Today we are told in book after book that spiritism has brought the writer serenity. Serenity? But how about activity? Or service? Or ringing denunciation? Now, while famine and cruelty and greed walk the earth? No wonder that some of us see in spiritism a desperate peril. Today of all days, an instinct that would safeguard human growth makes us cry out to spiritists,—oh, turn from dreaming, and save a civilization that goes reeling!

The dead are speaking to us? Well, let them! If listening to them means that we

are deaf to one starving baby's cry, let them speak unheeded! There is no healing for a broken world in any teaching that exalts death at the expense of life. Spiritism asks us to give thought to our own dying—today of all days! It pleads: See how comfortable you will be in death and afterwards! What man worthy his heirship of life troubles himself about his dying? What man of red blood in him would not reply to the pleasant promises of spiritism. Let my death be like a gnats if by extinction I may save one young life from the bestiality of war!

There is a new dawn of religion in the world of today, but it is hindered and not helped by psychic research.

If faith is the power to perceive the substance of things not seen, then, clearly, when spirits are materialized for us and photographed and their surroundings pictorially reported and vouched for, we need no longer exercise a spiritualized imagination about them, and are denied any opportunity to trust God as to their welfare. Faith and material proof are a contradiction in terms. They can not possibly exist together. Faith results from the slow education of the divine inside of us to recognize the divine outside of us. Being essentially a spiritual activity, faith can not be strengthened by material evidences, for to depend on these would be to abrogate its own functions. The salient weakness of spiritism is its materialism. Its spirituality is fallacious. Psychic research, instead of introducing into our bewildered physical existence the clarity and nobility of the spirit-world, on the contrary, introduces our own material standards, our finite valuations, our ephemeral desires, into the spirit-world. Psychic research by invading mystery does not make earth spiritual, it makes heaven material. The mediæval monk established in his heaven a hierarchy quite as specific as the actual hierarchy of church and state familiar to him—is psychic research any less naïve in establishing in its after-world that order which current taste thinks beautiful and desirable? Even granting that every description which spirits give us of their life is authentic, still, since they are forced in communicating to employ terms fitted for our life, their accounts must necessarily be grossly materialistic. If psychic research so cripples the exercise of our spiritual sight that we require the evidences of our eyes and ears before we are willing to believe in the existence of our dead, by so doing it will cripple our faculty for perceiving an invisible God.

In a good man wrath lasts for a moment; in a middle man for two hours; in a base man for a day and a night; in a great sinner until death.—*Sanskrit*.

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

UNCONSCIOUS CREATION.

(Mrs. A. J. Penny in *Light*, 1890.)

"Every word when it is expressed, is outwardly made and formed, for in the expressing or pronouncing thereof the outward spirit—viz., the outward part of the soul receives it to its own substance. . . . In what property every word doth form and manifest itself in man's speech when he speaks it forth, let it be either in God's love—viz., in the holy *ens* or in the *ens* of God's anger, of the same it is again received . . . everything entereth with its *ens* into that, whence it takes its original."—*Mysterium Magnum*, ch. xxii, pars. 16, 7.

Speaking of *ideas* in his "Spiritual Diary" (3499) Swedenborg says that they "*are moments and varieties of respiration,*" and at 3323 *Ibid.*, we read, "*The external of the idea belongs to such respiration, because the idea brings it forth.*" He has also said, "Every idea, or the least image of a man, entirely resembles a man in effigy; or there is the effigy of a man in every one of his ideas" (378 *Ibid.*) And a recent writer, Rama Prasad, in the *Theosophist*, September, 1889, after explaining that every vibration of light in color has its sound, goes on to say, "it is from this very easy to understand that the prototypes of all physical forms, with their inherent powers of appearance, duration, and disappearance, are all a set of sonorous phrases. It is sound that leaves on physical matter the various living organisms of the world. It is sound that creates, preserves, and destroys." Now he had elaborately taught in a foregoing paper, that from every human soul a colored aura proceeds; hence, by his shewing, changes of mental or soulish state, *altering vibrations of light in that aura, emit some degree of sound*, quite in agreement with Boehme's, "mark this, every imagination maketh substantiality" and "thoughts, which are also such an outgoing from the breathing of the mind, as the mind is an outgoing and object from the Divine mind."

Again, in a most profoundly interesting book entitled "Swedenborg, the Buddhist," I find, p. 132: "The aura that exhales when a man thinks, speaks, acts, is not lifeless, and effectless; for it is an outflow of vital mites, intensely fiery and effective; a nervo-vital force that affects all things, animate and inanimate, with which it comes in contact. And note this strange fact, that it always reacts, that it returns to the man from

whom it issues." Nor must we forget how largely Van Helmont enters into this idea of "new spiritual bodies that go forth continually from man, which belong to him, and contribute to the whole man for to make out his full measure"; "and because these outgoing spiritual ideal beings are not mere spirits, but spiritual bodies, and bodily spirits, as being born of the whole man, and that all these spirits have their original out of and form the central spirit of man, viz., out of the heart, and are sent abroad as his messengers, must not these messengers perform that which they were duly sent about, and go thither whither the central man designs them? and in like manner return by revolution to man again?" . . . "and forasmuch as the voice and word of man are his offspring and children, viz., his outflowing spirits and angels which continually (from the beginning of his life until his death) go out from him," . . . "they are a spiritual and everlasting being as well as he himself is." No; they must be what Boehme calls "choative" and "temporary spirits," for they have no *eternal* origin; a discordant *quality* of Eternal Nature gives rise to them—and what thus begins in division must end. Van Helmont uses the above argument in support of the belief in Reincarnation; and I have often thought whether the embodiment of some of these derived *shadows* of a past existence—drawn by the magnet of some central spirit, maturing for the first time on our earth—may be the fact that the doctrine of *invariable* reinfleshment covers; but it is the influence of those creations in the present life, on which I want attention to be fixed. It would be waste of time and space thus to draw together authorities for believing that we are all involuntary creators of many a "vital mite"; but that unfortunately they escape from the "central man" with no *design* of his. If birth only extended existences; if bane and blessing only reached our fellow-creatures by conscious determination or bequest, life would not be the momentous force its every instant is. We need also to be aware of this *every* output of thought and will secretly, but as surely, enlarges and fortifies the spiritual state which prompts that emission. Any one can prove it by closely observing what happens during an ill-tempered mood,

when indulged. An angry or bitter word seems to relieve us, but for each that we utter, a dozen more spring to the doorway of the mouth, and want to find voice: so with an impatient gesture; snatch, or fling down, or stamp once or twice under extreme irritation, and the fretting impulse is now ripe for fury. Why, when we see how it shocks or pains another, and even alone disgraces ourselves with loss of dignity, if nothing worse, *why* does the wretched passion gather strength? Metaphysicians are, of course, content with the surface answer: all indulged habits are strengthened. But the question our seers have answered is *why they strengthen*. If we break a glass and cut our fingers, we do not do that again because it has been done. Now we often cause ourselves acute suffering, shame, and corresponding anger from companions by a jibe, a taunt, a reproach, and yet they best know how often the choleric friend repents and apologizes—and sins afresh. Because "the outward part of the soul has received the poison of wrath or scorn into its substance," and—spirits who can perceive what affects the *outward* part—congenial spirits "rush to their sphere" in that soul: hence, too often, seven spirits worse than the first, attracted like small boys in a street by any "row," hasten to make us justify a small outburst of temper, by one more angrily unjust. And over and above these *concurrent* spirits remember the awful truth revealed that the *will* of man "is a voice or sound, viz., a *word* of the spirit" . . . "in this *word*, there is *yet* a will, which there will go forth into a substance," . . . "from the mouth of the will forth into the life of the *magia*, that is into nature; and openeth the unintelligent life of the *magia* so that the same is a *mystery* in which an understanding lyeth essentially, and thusgetteth an essential spirit. Whereas every essence is a secret arcanum of a whole substance, and is thus a comprehension, where many lives, *without number*, become generated, and yet is together as it were but one only substance." These derivative lives form but *one substance*, presumably because they are not from eternity, they "arise out of time"; and are the emanations of no *whole* being. It is but a fanciful deduction of my own that as a consequence of being one substance with the generating soul which

puts forth these anomalous lives, change of residence in mature age causes the uneasiness and depression it so often does, for really old people it is a recognized risk to health. Is there not something more than "use and wont" missed in a new home; in leaving rooms long occupied do we not cut ourselves off from an invisible *entourage* of spirits that corroborate the habits of the head of the tribe? Children who have not had time to people their home sphere thus are joyous in new places, but the *first* day in any such is more often depressing to their elders. This may be a fancy of my own: the influence of the *reliquæ* of the dead in their usual haunts before quitting the outermost body is a fact long proven. Readers of *Light* will not need to be reminded of the sentry-box that had to be destroyed because three suicides had been committed in it. An exactly similar recurrence of these, in a lodging-house, and the last being that of a stranger who *could* not have heard of what had happened there before, has been reported to me, and only within the last few months, friends of mine, for whose veracity I can vouch, young, full of eager interests and activity, wholly ignorant of the theory their experience exemplifies, have suffered much from occupying the bedroom of a relation whose life, and last illness in that home, had been heavily weighted with temperamental melancholy, one of the kindest hearts, who could never willingly transfer suffering—but quite possibly for some little time one of those whom St. Martin calls the *non allants*. As I am not subjecting matters of private history to the analysis of the Psychical Research Society, I may quote a few sentences from the letters of my friends—both very unimaginative. One sister wrote saying she was about to leave the house for a year, having suffered so much from low spirits since she went to live in it. "We have felt," she said, "unaccountably depressed and more especially in the room where — died. We neither of us sleep there now; not for fear of ghosts, or anything we may see, but we are so certain of waking up morning after morning miserable and dejected. We have tried it so often that now we leave it empty." And the other sister writes: "Whenever I slept in that room I felt hysterical, for no reason: a most unusual thing with me, for I am

always bright early in the morning and fit for any amount of work. I am not afraid of her spirit, for I am not at all nervous, but I would not occupy that room again; there is no doubt as to the depression which troubled me, and I do not care for its recurrence." A very subtle thinker has lately told us that "biology resolves into a combination of living entities the living individual, who itself subsists, is nourished, and develops itself, by the help of a society more vast."

My supposition is that death disbands these constituents of *seeming* individuality, and that in places where its *collective* life has been, the outbreathed ruling quality of that life remains in diffused incipient spirit life, and that these leaderless sparks of soulish fire combine afresh when living men and women afford a new magnetic centre; and *thus* the *débris* of a vanished life can affect us. Possibly these are what Mme. Blavatsky has called "the residuum of the personality that *was*, dregs that could not follow the liberated soul and spirit, and are left for a second death in the terrestrial atmosphere." A second life in another personality is what in some cases I apprehend: especially in *embryonic* life.

I have Mr. Laurance Oliphant's full sanction for my belief as to involuntary creativeness. At p. 254 of his "Scientific Religion" he wrote:

"The idea of procreation by respiration will, of course, seem fantastic to the natural mind, until it reflects upon the fact that we actually do procreate by respiration every day of our lives. This is only brought forcibly to our notice in cases of infectious maladies, for nothing is more certain than that the exhalations of diseased persons are charged with microbes or bacilli, or minute living organisms which carry with them the germs of death, which are, so to speak, hatched in our bodies, and which we breathe out into nature, thus becoming their human parents. There would therefore be nothing strange in the phenomenon of similarly generated organisms being life-giving, instead of death-dealing. Such do, in fact, exist in the sentient atoms of healing magnetism, the quality of which largely depends on the respiratory processes of the operator."

AN EVERYDAY MIRACLE.

By MANUEL BUENO.

(Translated for the *Living Age* from the *Heraldo de Madrid*.)

At Limpias, an enchanting little village of Santander, there is an image of Christ which perspires and moves its eyes! Hardly had these natural functions of the image become known through the talk of the faithful before the effect of the miracle began to make itself felt in unanticipated ways.

It has not yet caused a great religious awakening or cured any afflicted person; but it has opened a half-dozen inns and restaurants, and caused a railway to be proposed for connecting Limpias with the rest of Spain.

A little later, in the footsteps of that promoter of civilization, will come other needful institutions to add to the prosperity of the village; a movie theatre, a bull ring, a casino, and a football field. But even these will be only precursors of further improvements.

Later, when this image of the Saviour has got beyond merely winking and perspiring, and begins to perform more remarkable miracles, Limpias will derive still greater benefit from its presence. By that time the village will have become a town, and in order to keep up with its new station, it will have to build a high school, a theatre, a bank; to organize a Chamber of Commerce and a Central Grange. It will have to secure a barracks with a garrison of a regiment of infantry, and its appropriate contingent of artillery, engineers, staff officers, and military surgeons.

By this date we may assume that the image will have performed several miraculous cures, to commemorate which the grateful recipients will have founded various charitable institutions on the site. Limpias will then have increased still further in population, and will have entered into a new and interesting period of its existence, which may make it a rival of Lourdes. It is to be regretted, however, that there is not some stream or fountain in the immediate vicinity of this image; for water has been throughout all history the most effective vehicle for miracles.

The people of Limpias will regret this omission, and it is rather too late to repair it. The divine fluid would be more

profitable if it were associated with some mineral substance. In that case, visitors instead of departing as soon as they had seen the statue of Jesus move its eyes and perspire, would remain to take treatment at the baths. This would force them to stay in the town for a considerable period, and would add bountifully to the revenues of local hotel-keepers and merchants. How does it happen that this important fact has been overlooked?

The history of this image is short and simple. A gentleman inherited it from his ancestors, and kept it carelessly in a corner of his home, little thinking that it possessed supernatural faculties. However, one day he chanced to look at the image and saw to his astonishment that it was perspiring and moving its eyes. This occurred in Cadiz, where the owner of the image was then living. Unable to believe his senses, he called in other witnesses.

The people of Andalusia are temperamentally jokers and unbelievers. At the same time, without having the instinctive cunning of the Gallegos or the underhand trickery of the Castilians, they are the superiors of both in sharpness and shrewdness. To see the image and confirm the fact that it did really perspire and move its eyes was for them the work of a moment. Did they really believe it? Were they simply joking at the alleged miracle? We do not know. Although the tree of superstition does not shoot forth with the same vigor everywhere, in most localities it easily attains a healthy growth. The lover of miracles, after all, is not bounded by geographies.

In Andalusia, as well as in Galicia and other parts of Spain, there are people who believe that the dead walk, that the witches gather for conventicles, and that a sacred image is a sort of fetish, able to cure the sick, shape our destiny, and avert misfortunes.

The superstition of the Spanish people is unfathomable. But why should we be surprised that this belief in miracles should take possession of the country people, when the government itself maintains the fiction that one particular Madonna watches over the infantry, another over the artillery, and a third over the navy? What right have we to be indignant at the mental simplicity of a poor villager, when serious historians of Spain record the apparition of Saint

James the Apostle in the battle of Clavijo? Considering these things, we have no reason to criticize the Gallego peasant for believing in the awesome gatherings of ghosts, which he has seen when night overtook him in the mountains; or the villages of other provinces for accepting as articles of faith apparitions of the dead, miraculous legends, and beliefs and superstitions which gratify the universal thirst for the marvelous.

No matter how powerful a current of culture may sweep over Spain, it will take centuries for the villager to outgrow his primitive mentality. People living on the coast are less superstitious, because the sea opens the minds of men and awakens their curiosity; but the countryman of the interior has no incentive to intelligent thought. His work is hard and returns little. He is distant from a school; or if there is one in the neighborhood, he has no inducement to attend it. He enjoys no opportunity to improve his mind at home, for all his thoughts are absorbed in getting enough to eat. Father, mother, and children have labored ever since they were old enough to do so. This explains why our country schools are in so many instances deserted. This explains why the village priest is practically the feudal lord of the neighborhood.

How long will the public authorities consent to be tacit witnesses of such farces? How can they consistently prohibit the circulation of counterfeit money, while tolerating such frauds as this winking image? Would they permit the public schools to teach that the sun revolves around the earth; that Switzerland is larger than Russia; or that the fly is a mammal? A teacher discovered teaching such things would speedily be shut up in an insane asylum. Well, then, why do the authorities permit other absurdities just as patent and false to be propagated? Is it right that people should be made to believe that a wood-carver can make a statue capable of exercising vital functions? What guaranty have we that this nonsense will not propagate itself in a whole prodigy of other errors and superstitions? Are not the common people of Spain already backward enough in enlightenment and education?

Physician friends of mine who have recently visited Limpas assure me that

the sanctuary of this image is already crowded with hysterical people of both sexes, who surrender themselves with complete abandon to the nervous exaltation induced by their faith in the supposed miracle. Not a single person in normal health has yet seen either of the alleged manifestations of divinity attributed to the statue.

We are dealing with a form of hallucination familiar to all students of nervous diseases. Certain clergymen are encouraging this absurdity for their own profit. They believe it necessary to keep the lower classes in ignorance in order to insure their own status as mediators between suffering humanity and divine grace. Do our readers realize the value of the gifts which wealthy women have recently made to the Virgin of Covadonga. They amount to quite three million pesetas. The women who have thus parted with their money to glorify an illusion begotten of their benightedness are the wives of the lucky speculators and industrialists who made fortunes during the war, often by underpaying their employees and selling their goods at profiteering prices. If we were to make a computation of all the property that has recently changed hands in Spain on account of superstition the sum total would appal us. Do not think that I am referring particularly to our great cathedrals. Do not think that I confuse this fanaticism with real piety. People who are misers and sharpers in dealing with their fellow-men are often the most prodigal givers to the uncounted fetishes which our Spanish church has set up to intercede between humanity and heaven. Must we wait until Spain becomes Protestant or Mohammedan to shake off these parasitic growths, which encumber our national religion, which seize us in our cradles, cling to us through life, and do not leave us even in our graves?

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—
James Freeman Clarke.

This thinking of oneself as this, that, or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

126 Post Street . . . San Francisco

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists

Cordes-Rochat Building

126 Post St. - - San Francisco

Public Meetings Every Sunday and Thursday Evenings at 8 p. m.

VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED