



## “I Made a Vow That Day”

Founded in 1990, Teach For America recruits recent college graduates to devote two years to teach in urban and rural schools in low-income communities. Some 9,000 exceptional young people have participated in the program. To learn more, visit [www.teachforamerica.org](http://www.teachforamerica.org). N

**I**NTERMEDIATE School 151 in New York City's impoverished South Bronx is an ugly brown-brick building that looks like a prison. Huge and squat, it sits on a ramshackle side street across from an enormous housing project. The school isn't pretty on the inside either. Ninety-five percent of its middle-school students failed to meet standards on the most recent citywide exams. Police have been called to the building many times, and on more than one occasion they've taken students away in handcuffs. Despite all that, about 500 young children were transferred to I.S. 151 from their crumbling nearby elementary school. Now more than 1,500 kids — from hip-hopping teens to frightened kindergartners — are crammed together inside. On bad days, older kids race through the halls ripping down bulletin boards, breaking clocks or pulling fire alarms, and the announcement comes over the loudspeaker, "Teachers, lock your doors!" I.S. 151 is the school where Carolyn Leuner was sent for her first year of teaching.

### September 2002.

These first two weeks have been far from easy; getting switched from teaching 5th- and 6th grade science to kindergarten four days before school started, realizing that my students didn't know any letters of

the alphabet or how to write their names. One didn't even know she had a first and last name. Many don't know colors. I know I have a long road ahead to get my students where they need to be so that they are prepared for the first grade. And on top of that, there is Zaira\*. Today, Zaira hit Michael because he wouldn't share his black crayon with her. I pull them apart and ask Zaira how she would feel if Michael had hit her. She simply shuts off at this point — puts her fingers in her ears and stares at me blankly. She never looks away, but she never responds to what I say. I send her back to her seat, hoping that I have reached her with my inspiring words. Before I can even get back to the center of the classroom Zaira has run around the room, tearing down posters, flipping her group's table onto its side.

After the initial shock wears off, I realize Zaira has the ability to disrupt any lesson anytime. I talk to her mother, her brother, her sister. Their response: We can't control her at home either

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\* Name changed to protect privacy.

LEUNER, a five-foot, 11-inch athletic-looking blond Cornell University graduate has arrived with almost no teaching background. Her only formal training was a five-week crash course given the summer before school started. Leuner is a member of Teach For America (TFA), the national program that recruits high-achieving college graduates to work in the kind of low income rural and urban schools from which many educators flee. After her sink-or-swim introduction to teaching inner city children, Leuner worked hard to create an oasis of calm in her classroom. Now, on a sunny Tuesday, 19 tiny five- and six-year-olds sit patiently on the classroom's multicolored rug. Their names are a symphony of Latino, Caribbean and African American sounds: Alonja, Alricka, Larimar, Malik, Migsal, Moises, Princess, Saffiyah, Shamrya, Vergilio, Zuley.

**"One, two, three. Eyes on me."**

Capturing attention is the first step in teaching kids to read. Leuner calls the class to order: "Let's read!" The children look at words neatly written on an oversize pad and begin chanting in spirited, loud voices as they read a sentence their teacher has written on the pad: "Big Guy! Finger Space! Finger Space! Period!"

"Big Guy" is the name Leuner uses for a capital letter. "Finger Space" means the space between each word in a sentence. These kids aren't just reading; they're engaged, having fun and learning punctuation too. "Who wants to show me something on the page?" Leuner asks. An impish little boy with coal-black hair and dark eyes waves his hand frantically. "Jorge, come on down!" Leuner chants game-show-host style.

Wearing a pair of blue jeans much too big for him, a light blue shirt and a big black tie, Jorge jumps up.

He points to and reads the word great on the pad. It goes on like this all day, every

day. Leuner challenges, entertains and intrigues. And gradually her students respond.

**October 2002.**

Its morning, I see Zaira standing outside waiting for the school building to open. I walk out, and we begin talking about the grass and the sky. She tells me that she likes my shoes and that she wishes I would wear my hair down. Noticing that I am wearing eye-liner, she says, "Miss Leuner, your eyes look funny. Do you need glasses?" I laugh, and she grabs my hand. That day Zaira ate my chalk, refused to get out of her chair for lunch and bit Jasmine on the arm.

But I realized that I was constantly making a laundry list of what she did wrong. I would automatically believe any tattles the other kids made on her.

Granted, a lot of them were true, but I had put her in a little box. Even though on the surface I was encouraging and still trying to give incentives and work with her family, I knew that deep down I had given up on her. I made a vow that day to maintain in her the same high expectations I maintained for the rest of my students.

So, over the next weeks, I continue to talk to her family, but I start talking more to her. I find out that she wants to be exactly like her brother, that she loves to sing, that there are no books at home, no crayons, no glue — that is the real reason she isn't doing her work. I find out that she puts her fingers in her ears because she expects to get yelled at. She loves being line leader, and she loves the book *If You Give a Pig a Pancake*.

Zaira and I begin to work together during lunch on her letters and her sounds. We spend every morning chatting before school as I work to build her social skills, her academic skills, but most of all her belief in herself. This has become our

sacred time together. She begins writing scribbles at first and then her mass of colors begins to emerge into pictures. Most of all, she suddenly desires to come to school and become part of the community of learners we have created in our classroom.

TO MANAGE the level of activity in her classroom, Leuner uses a combination of handclapping, rhymes and chants. When those techniques fail, she has an icy, devastating stare — one of which is usually enough to get chatty Claribel or super social Jorge to stop calling out. Perhaps her most effective tool is a color-coded behavior tracking system: Blue is best, Green a warning, Orange means a loss of privileges. It has been astonishingly effective at keeping the kids in line. "Jasmine, if I have to tell you to quiet down again, you're going to Green!" she says. This, and a lot of other tools, came right out of the Teach For America playbook. It is one of the many ways in which Leuner says TFA has guided, inspired and aided her.

### **March 2003.**

All the children know their letters now. They know left and right, west and east. They can add single-digit numbers. All of them are writing sentences with periods at the end.

Zaira is still the first to get out of her seat during a lesson, but she finishes her work now and hasn't hit anyone in class since November. Zaira just finished her own story — with capital letters at the beginning of her sentences and filled with illustrations and a title page — describing her adventures to the moon in a rocket ship.

Books are sacred in my room, and my children love to read. My students will come up with rhyming words and words ending in the same sounds. They know what the word "stealth" means, and they use it to go on stealth missions through the hallways, undetected.

Michael, who wears the same tucked-in shirt almost every day, reads on a third grade level and is writing on a first-grade level already. They are all brilliant.

FACULTY, ADMINISTRATORS and parents agree: Carolyn Leuner is remarkable — an extraordinary teacher. Her calm demeanor (she almost never yells at her students), her idealism and her classroom-management skills have paid off. Her students know exactly what to do from the moment they arrive. Homework goes in the homework box. And students sit in their assigned seats. When Leuner calls out, "One, two, three. Eyes on me!" they quickly reply, "One, two. Eyes on you!" Rules are firm, and the teacher has high expectations for every student. But in her classroom, learning — poetry, math, science, reading — is exciting and her students have come to crave it.

### **May 2003.**

I have been hearing rumors that Zaira is leaving. At the end of one school day, her mother walks in with bags of her brother's and sister's school stuff. It was true. I can feel tears welling up in my eyes. "Hi, Miss Leuner," she says. "We are moving to a new neighborhood. I'm bringing Zaira's brother and sister to their new school on Monday. But I've worked it out so Zaira can stay. I am going to drive her every morning and pick her up every afternoon for the rest of the year."

Zaira just clung to me.

NOW IT'S LATE June, and the kindergarten classes have just completed graduation ceremonies. Leuner's kids and their families jam into her classroom to say goodbye.

It's bittersweet. After wavering all year about which grade she wanted to teach in the fall, Carolyn had finally decided to "loop" with her class — continue with the same children into first grade. For some reason, however, her request was denied, so she will be back in kindergarten next fall.

She's feeling great sadness at letting go of these students. There have been losses and extraordinary successes. And today she and the children share a sense of pride and accomplishment.

"Welcome," she says to everyone. Then there is a catch in her voice: "I'm going to cry." As tears flow, she tells the many parents, "This has been an amazing year for me. Your children are so bright!"

The kindergarten kids get diplomas, and Leuner salutes each child individually, describing his or her special quality: "Saffiyah has a great imagination. Michael is one of the smartest children I've ever met. Rhona, who didn't know the alphabet, is now reading books by herself. Miguel has a smile for everyone. Marlene is one of the best artists I've ever seen. Jorge is always looking out for others." Every child gets a heartfelt, honest minute of praise. Except one.

One child is missing. One promising child has slipped away into the confusing cross currents that sweep around poor families. Zaira.

Despite her mother's best efforts, she wasn't able to finish the year with her classmates. Distance, job conflicts, time, family contingencies — everything created too many obstacles, Leuner suspects.

Yet, Zaira was powerfully present in Leuner's mind that day. Zaira had caught a bit of the light and might hold on to it. "Zaira — all the Zairas," says Leuner, "is why I teach for America."



## A HINDU CHELA'S DIARY

(Continued from November *Supplement*)

"I HAVE always felt and still feel strongly that I have already once studied this sacred philosophy with Kunala, and that I must have been, in a previous life, his most obedient and humble disciple. This must have been a fact, or else how to account for the feelings created in me when I first met him, although no special or remarkable circumstances were connected with that event. All my hopes and plans are centred in him, and nothing in the world can shake my confidence in him especially when several of my Brahmin acquaintances tell me the same things without previous consultation. \* \* \*

"I went to the great festival of Durga yesterday, and spent nearly the whole day looking in the vast crowd of men, women, children and mendicants for some of Kunala's friends, for he once told me to never be sure that they were not near me, but I found none who seemed to answer my ideas. As I stood by the ghaut at the river side thinking that perhaps I was left alone to try my patience, an old and apparently very decrepit Bairagee plucked my sleeve and said: 'Never expect to see any one, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"This amazed me, as I was expecting him to beg or to ask me for information. Before my wits returned, he had with a few steps mingled with a group of people, and in vain searched I for him: he had disappeared. But the lesson is not lost.

"To-morrow I return to I\_\_\_\_\_.

“Very wearying indeed in a bodily sense was the work of last week and especially of last evening, and upon laying down on my mat last night after continuing work far into the night I fell quickly sound asleep. I had been sleeping some hour or two when with a start I awoke to find myself in perfect solitude and only the horrid howling of the jackals in the jungle to disturb me. The moon was brightly shining and I walked over to the window of this European modeled house threw it open and looked out. Finding that sleep had departed, I began again on those palm leaves. Just after I had begun, a tap arrested my attention and I opened the door. Overjoyed was I then to see Kunala standing there, once more unexpected.

“‘Put on your turban and come with me,’ he said and turned away.

“Thrusting my feet into my sandals, and catching up my turban, I hurried after him, afraid that the master would get beyond me, and I remain unfortunate at losing some golden opportunity.

“He walked out into the jungle and turned into an unfrequented path. The jackals seemed to recede into the distance; now and then in the mango trees overhead, the flying foxes rustled here and there, while I could distinctly hear the singular creeping noise made by a startled snake as it drew itself hurriedly away over the leaves. Fear was not in my breast for master was in front. He at last came to a spot that seemed bare of trees, and bending down, seemed to press his hand into the grass. I then saw that a trap door or entrance to a stairway very curiously contrived, was there. Stairs went down into the earth. He went down and I could but follow. The door closed behind me, yet it was not dark. Plenty of light was there, but where it came from I cared not then nor can I now, tell. It reminded me of our old weird tales told us in youth of pilgrims going down to the land of the

Devas where, although no sun was seen, there was plenty of light.

“At the bottom of the stairs was a passage. Here I saw people but they did not speak to me and appeared not to even see me although their eyes were directed at me. Kunala said nothing but walked on to the end, where there was a room in which were many men looking as grand as he does but two more awful, one of whom sat at the extreme end.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

[Here there is a confused mass of symbols and ciphers which I confess I cannot decipher, and even if I had the ability to do so, I would check myself, because I surmise that it is his own way of jotting down for his own remembrance, what occurred in that room. Nor do I think that even a plain reading of it would give the sense to any one but the writer himself, for this reason, that it is quite evidently fragmentary. For instance, I find among the rest, a sort of notation of a division of states or planes: whether of consciousness, of animated, or of elemental life, I cannot tell; and in each division are hieroglyphs that might stand for animals, or denizens of the astral world, or for anything else, even for ideas only, so I will proceed at the place of his returning.]

“Once more I got out into the passage, but never to my knowledge went up those steps, and in a moment more was I again at my door. It was as I left it, and on the table I found the palm leaves as I dropped them, except that beside them was a note in Kunala’s hand, which read:

“‘Nilakant — strive not yet to think too deeply on those things you have just seen. Let the lessons sink deep into your heart, and they will have their own fruition. To-morrow I will see you’. \* \* \*

“What a very great blessing is mine to have had Kunala’s company for so many days even as we went to \_\_\_\_\_. Very rarely however he said a few words of encouragement and good advice as to how I should go on. He seems to leave me as to that to pick my own way. This is right, I think, because otherwise one would never get any individual strength or power of discrimination. Happy were those moments, when alone at midnight, we then had conversation. How true I then found the words of the *Agroushada Parakshai* to be:

“Listen while the Sudra sleeps like the dog under his hut, while the Vaysa dreams of the treasures that he is hoarding up, while the Rajah sleeps among his women. This is the moment when just men, who are not under the dominion of their flesh, commence the study of the sciences.”\*

“The midnight hour must have powers of a peculiar nature. And I learned yesterday from glancing into an Englishman’s book, that even those semi barbarians speak of that time as ‘the witching hour,’ and it is told me that among them ‘witching’ means to have magic power. \* \* \* \*

“We stopped at the Rest House in B\_\_\_\_\_ yesterday evening, but found it occupied and so we remained in the porch for the night. But once more I was to be blessed by another visit with Kunala to some of his friends whom I revere and who will I hope bless me too.

“When every one had quieted down he told me to go with him to the sea which was not far away. We walked for about three quarters of an hour by the seashore, and then entered as if into the sea. At first a slight fear came into me, but I saw that a path seemed to be there, although water was all around us. He in front and I following, we

went for about seven minutes, when we came to a small island; on it was a building and on top of that a triangular light. From the sea shore, the island would seem like an isolated spot covered all over by green bushes. There is only one entrance to go inside. And no one can find it out unless the occupant wishes the seeker to find the way. On the island we had to go round about for some space before we came in front of the actual building. There is a little garden in front and there was sitting another friend of Kunala with the same expression of the eyes as he has. I also recognized him as one of those who was in the room underground. Kunala seated himself and I stood before them. We stayed an hour and saw a portion of the place. How very pleasant it is! And inside he has a small room where he leaves his body when he himself moves about in other places. What a charming spot, and what a delightful smell of roses and various sorts of flowers! How I should wish to visit that place often. But I cannot indulge in such idle dreams, nor in that sort of covetousness. The master of the place put his blessing hand upon my head, and we went away back to the Rest House and to the morrow full of struggles and of encounters with men who do not see the light, nor hear the great voice of the future; who are bound up in sorrow because they are firmly attached to objects of sense. But all are my brothers and I must go on trying to do the master’s work which is only in fact the work of the Real Self which is All and in All.”

“I HAVE been going over that message I received just after returning from the underground room, about not thinking yet too deeply upon what I saw there, but to let the lessons sink deep into my heart. Can it be true—must it not indeed be true—that we have periods in our development when rest must be taken for the physical brain in order to give it time as a much less comprehensive machine than these English college professors say it is, to assimilate what it has received, while at the same time

\* See *Agroushada Parakshai*, 2d book, 23d dialogue.- [ED. *Path.*]

the real brain — as we might say, the spiritual brain — is carrying on as busily as ever all the trains of thought cut off from the head. Of course this is contrary to this modern science we hear so much about now as about to be introduced into all Asia, but it is perfectly consistent for me.

“To reconsider the situation: I went with Kunala to this underground place, and there saw and heard most instructive and solemn things. I return to my room, and begin to puzzle over them all, to revolve and re-revolve them in my mind, with a view to clearing all up and finding out what all may mean. But I am interrupted by a note from Kunala directing me to stop this puzzling, and to let all I saw sink deep into my heart. Every word of his I regard with respect, and consider to hold a meaning, being never used by him with carelessness. So when he says, to let it sink into my ‘heart,’ in the very same sentence where he refers to my thinking part — the mind — why he must mean to separate my heart from my mind and to give to the heart a larger and greater power.

“Well, I obeyed the injunction, made myself, as far as I could, forget what I saw and what puzzled me and thought of other things. Presently, after a few days while one afternoon thinking over an episode related in the *Vishnu Purana*,\* I happened to look up at an old house I was passing and stopped to examine a curious device on the porch; as I did this it seemed as if either the device, or the house, or the circumstance itself, small as it was, opened up at once several avenues of thought about the underground room, made them all clear, showed me the conclusion as vividly as a well demonstrated and fully illustrated proposition, to my intense delight.

Now could I perceive with plainness, that those few days which seemed perhaps

\* An ancient Hindu book full of tales as well as doctrines.—[Ed. *Path.*]

wasted because withdrawn from contemplation of that scene and its lessons, had been with great advantage used by the spiritual man in unraveling the tangled skein, while the much praised brain had remained in idleness. All at once the *flash* came and with it knowledge.<sup>†</sup> But I must not depend upon these flashes, I must give the brain and its governor, the material to work with. \* \* \* \* \*

“Last night just as I was about to go to rest, the voice of Kunala called me from outside and there I went at once. Looking steadily at me he said: ‘we want to see you,’ and as he spoke he gradually changed, or disappeared, or was absorbed, into the form of another man with awe-inspiring face and eyes, whose form apparently rose up from the material of Kunala’s body. At the same moment two others stood there also, dressed in the Tibetan costume; and one of them went into my room from which I had emerged. After saluting them reverently, and not knowing their object, I said to the greatest,

“‘Have you any orders to give?’

“‘If there are any they will be told to you without being asked,’ he replied, ‘stand still where you are.’

“Then he began to look at me fixedly. I felt a very pleasant sensation as if I was getting out of my body. I cannot tell now what time passed between that and what I am now to put down here. But I saw I was in a peculiar place. It was the upper end of \_\_\_\_\_ at the foot of the \_\_\_\_\_ range. Here was a place where there were only two houses just opposite to each other, and no other sign of habitation; from one of these came out the old faquir I saw at the Durga festival, but how changed, and yet the

<sup>†</sup> These flashes of thought are not unknown even in the scientific world, as, where in such a moment of lunacy, it was revealed to an English scientist, that there must be iron in the sun; and Edison gets his ideas thus.—[Ed. *Path.*]

same: then so old, so repulsive; now so young, so glorious, so beautiful. He smiled upon me benignly and said:

“Never expect to see any one, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.”

“The very words of the poor faquir!

“He then directed me to follow him.

“After going a short distance, of about half a mile or so, we came to a natural subterranean passage which is under the \_\_\_\_\_ range. The path is very dangerous; the River \_\_\_\_\_ flows underneath in all the fury of pent up waters, and a natural causeway exists upon which you may pass; only one person at a time can go there and one false step seals the fate of the traveller. Besides this causeway, there are several valleys to be crossed. After walking a considerable distance through this subterranean passage we came into an open plain in L \_\_\_\_\_ K. There stands a large massive building thousands of years old. In front of it is a huge Egyptian Tau. The building rests on seven big pillars each in the form of a pyramid. The entrance gate has a large triangular arch, and inside are various apartments. The building is so large that I think it can easily contain twenty thousand people. Some of the rooms were shown to me.

“This must be the central place for all those belonging to the \_\_\_\_\_ class, to go for initiation and stay the requisite period.

“Then we entered the great hall with my guide in front. He was youthful in form but in his eyes was the glance of ages. \*  
\* The grandeur and serenity of this place strikes the heart with awe. In the centre was what we would call an altar, but it must only be the place where focuses all the power, the intention, the knowledge and the influence

of the assembly. For the seat, or place, or throne, occupied by the chief \_\_\_\_\_ the highest \_\_\_\_\_ has around it an indescribable glory, consisting of an effulgence which seemed to radiate from the one who occupied it. The surroundings of the throne were not gorgeous, nor was the spot itself in any way decorated — all the added magnificence was due altogether to the aura which emanated from Him sitting there. And over his head I thought I saw as I stood there, three golden triangles in the air above — Yes, they were there and seemed to glow with an unearthly brilliance that betokened their inspired origin. But neither they nor the light pervading the place, were produced by any mechanical means. As I looked about me I saw that others had a triangle, some two, and all with that peculiar brilliant light.”

[Here again occurs a mass of symbols. It is apparent that just at this spot he desires to jot down the points of the initiation which he wished to remember. And I have to admit that I am not competent to elucidate their meaning. That must be left to our intuitions and possibly future experience in our own case.]

\* \* \* \* \*

“14th day of the new moon. The events of the night in the hall of initiation gave me much concern. Was it a dream? Am I self-deluded? Can it be that I imagined all this? Such were the unworthy questions which flew behind each other across my mind for days after. Kunala does not refer to the subject and I cannot put the question. Nor will I. I am determined, that, come what will, the solution must be reached by me, or given me voluntarily.”

“Of what use to me will all the teachings and all the symbols be, if I cannot rise to that plane of penetrating knowledge, by which I shall myself, by myself, be able to solve this riddle, and know to



discriminate the true from the false and the illusory? If I am unable to cut asunder these questioning doubts, these bonds of ignorance, it is proof that not yet have I risen to the plane situated above these doubts.  
\* \* \*

Last night after all day chasing through my mental sky, these swift destroyers of stability — mental birds of passage — I lay down upon the bed, and as I did so, into my hearing fell these words:

“Anxiety is the foe of knowledge; like unto a veil it falls down before the soul’s eye; entertain it, and the veil only thicker grows; cast it out, and the sun of truth may dissipate the cloudy veil.’

“Admitting that truth; I determined to prohibit all anxiety. Well I knew that the prohibition issued from the depths of my heart, for that was master’s voice, and confidence in his wisdom, the self commanding nature of the words themselves, compelled me to complete reliance on the instruction. No sooner was the resolution formed, than down upon my face fell something which I seized at once in my hand. Lighting a lamp, before me was a note in the well known writing. Opening it, I read:

“Nilakant. It was no dream. All was real, and more, that by your waking consciousness could not be retained, happened there. Reflect upon it all as reality, and from the slightest circumstance draw whatever lesson, whatever amount of knowledge you can. Never forget that your spiritual progress goes on quite often to yourself unknown. Two out of many hindrances to memory are anxiety and selfishness. Anxiety is a barrier constructed — out of harsh and bitter materials. Selfishness is a fiery darkness that will, burn up the memory’s matrix. Bring then, to bear upon this other memory of yours, the

peaceful stillness of contentment and the vivifying rain of benevolence.”\*  
\* \* \*

[I leave out here, as well as in other places, mere notes of journeys and various small matters, very probably of no interest.]

“In last month’s passage across the hills near V\_\_\_\_\_, I was irresistibly drawn to examine a deserted building, which I at first took for a grain holder, or something like that. It was of stone, square, with no openings, no windows, no door. From what could be seen outside, it might have been the ruins of a strong, stone foundation for some old building, gateway or tower. Kunala stood not far off and looked over it, and later on he asked me, for my ideas about the place. All I could say, was, that although it seemed to be solid, I was thinking that perhaps it might be hollow.

“‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it is hollow. It is one of the places once made by Yogees to go into deep trance in. If used by a chela (a disciple) his teacher kept watch over it so that no one might intrude. But when an adept wants to use it for laying his body away in while he travels about in his real, though perhaps to some unseen, form, other means of protection were often taken which were just as secure as the presence of the teacher of the disciple.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘it must be that just now no one’s body is inside there.’

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\* The careful student will remember that Jacob Boehme speaks of the “harsh and bitter anguish of nature which is the principle that produces bones and all corporification.” So here the master, it appears, tells the fortunate chela, that in the spiritual and mental world, anxiety, harsh and bitter, raises a veil before us and prevents us from using our memory. He refers, it would seem, to the other memory above the ordinary. The correctness and value of what was said in this, must be admitted when we reflect that, after all, the whole process of development is the process of getting back the memory of the past. And that too is the teaching found in pure Buddhism as well also as in its corrupted form. -[Ed. *Path.*]

“Do not reach that conclusion nor the other either. It may be occupied and it may not.’

“Then we journeyed on, while he told me of the benevolence of not only Brahmin Yogees, but also of Buddhist. No differences can be observed by the true disciple in any other disciple who is perhaps of a different faith. All pursue truth. Roads differ but the goal of all remains alike.”

\* \* \* “Repeated three times: ‘Time ripens and dissolves all beings in the great self, but he who knows into what time itself is dissolved, he is the knower of the Veda.’

“What is to be understood, not only by this, but also by its being three times repeated?

“There were three shrines there. Over the door was a picture which I saw a moment, and which for a moment seemed to blaze out with light like fire. Fixed upon my mind its outlines grew, then disappeared, when I had passed the threshold. Inside, again its image came before my eyes. Seeming to allure me, it faded out, and then again returned. It remained impressed upon me, seemed imbued with life and intention to present itself for my own criticism. When I began to analyze it, it would fade, and then when I was fearful of not doing my duty or of being disrespectful to those beings, it returned as if to demand attention. Its description:

“A human heart that has at its centre a small spark — the spark — expands and the heart disappears — while a deep pulsation seems to pass through me. At once identity is confused, I grasp at myself; and again the heart reappears with the spark increased to a large fiery space. Once more that deep movement; then sounds (7) ; they fade. All this in a picture? Yes! for in that picture there is life; there might be intelligence. It is similar to that picture I saw in Tibet on my

first journey, where the living moon rises and passes across the view. Where was I? No, not afterwards! It was in the hall. Again that all pervading sound. It seems to bear me like a river. Then it ceased, — a soundless sound. Then once more the picture; here is Pranava.\* But between the heart and the Pranava is a mighty bow with arrows ready, and tightly strung for use. Next is a shrine, with the Pranava over it, shut fast, no key and no keyhole. On its sides emblems of human passions. The door of the shrine opens and I think within I will see the truth. No! another door? a shrine again. It opens too and then another, brightly flashing is seen there. Like the heart, it makes itself one with me. Irresistible desire to approach it comes within me, and it absorbs the whole picture.

“Break through the shrine of Brahman; use the doctrine of the teacher.”†

[There is no connection here of this exhortation with any person, and very probably it is something that was said either by himself, in soliloquy, or by some voice or person to him.

I must end here, as I find great rents and spaces in the notes. He must have ceased to put down further, the saw or did in his real inner life, and you will very surely agree, that if he had progressed by that time to what the last portions would indicate, he could not set down his reflections thereon, or any memorandum of facts. We, however, can never tell what was his reason. He might have been told not to do so, or might have lacked the opportunity.

There was much all through these pages that related to his daily family life, not interesting to you; records of conversations; worldly affairs; items of money and

\* The mystic syllable OM.-[Ed. *Path.*]

† There is some reference here apparently to the Upanishad, for they contain a teacher’s directions to break through all shrines until the last one is reached.-[Ed. *Path.*]

regarding appointments, journeys and meetings with friends. But they show of course that he was all this time living through his set work with men, and often harassed by care as well as comforted by his family and regardful of them. All of that I left out, because I supposed that while it would probably interest you, yet I was left with discretion to give only what seemed to relate to the period marked at its beginning, by his meetings with M\_\_\_\_\_, and at the end by this last remarkable scene, the details of which we can only imagine. And likewise were of necessity omitted very much that is sufficiently unintelligible in its symbolism to be secure from revelation. Honestly have I tried to unlock the doors of the ciphers, for no prohibition came with their possession, but all that I could refine from its enfolding obscurity is given to you.

As he would say, let us salute each other and the last shrine of Brahman; Om, hari, Om! TRANS.]



## *A Glance at the Three First Races of Mankind*

By Sapere Aude

There is probably no part of the Secret Doctrine, as revealed to us by H.P.B., which offers a more startling contrast to the opinions of ordinary men, than the information laid before us in reference to the origin of mankind on earth. Neither common knowledge nor science furnishes us with any particulars of primeval man at all comparable with this scheme of development of mankind in the Fourth Round. Back to this early age the Secret Doctrine provides a fairly clear view of the steps of human development, but anterior to the Fourth Round even H.P.B. has only been able to supply glimpses. The history of the

world in the first Three Rounds, and the prehuman forms and existences associated therewith — these have been treated of by other members of our T.S. In this short essay, it is only proposed to make a survey of the early manhood of the world in its Fourth Round, including what H.P.B. describes as the Three First Races — those preceding the Atlanteans, and our Fifth Race Humanity.

It is supposed that you have learned of others the knowledge of the Universals, and have brought your studies down to particulars as applicable to our globe and man upon it: having commenced the survey of existence in the dawn of time you are to trace anthropogenesis down to a period, which to a Theosophist is almost a recent one, the establishment of Man as a being exhibiting the existences of contrasted sexes. The chief difficulty of the task is that of having to take up the history of human race at a point in regard to which the world is in entire ignorance; and so there is immense difficulty in giving any intelligible description of the earliest beings from whom our present mankind has during the lapse of untold ages gradually been evolved.

For those who are only now commencing to study our philosophy and doctrine, it would perhaps have been more simple, and the subject more easy to illustrate, if the elucidation of the origin of Man had been begun at our own times, and that we had been able to proceed from the known to the unknown. But the advantage, if any, would have been more apparent than real, because it would have been at a very early stage of our journey that we should have left all “history” behind us. For we are in the Fifth Race, and there exists apart from the Secret Doctrine and a few hints of tradition, no trace of a history of the rising up even of the Fifth Race. Modern Christian civilization has no narrative extending back more than 6,000 years; while the Fifth Race alone has had an independent existence for more than a million years; and modern

science in its latest form only postulates the antiquity of man as counted by tens of thousands of years. Of any world *history* previous to 6,000 years the only recognized glimpse of the past is the scanty reference to Atlantis mentioned by Plato, who died 347 B.C., and even he gives no idea of the date of its disappearance, which the Secret Doctrine has fixed at 11,000 to 12,000 years ago. Even this reference to Atlantis has for centuries been laughed at by the orthodox of the time, and it is only quite recently that any scientific authority has really considered the possibility of the event of the submergence of a past *nation*, and its home beneath the present Atlantic ocean.

The three earliest Root Races are associated each with a home on earth of its own; the two later Races also. These lands require for purposes of reference a name to be allotted to each. Remember then, we have agreed to speak of the First Race as "Sons of Will and Yoga," whose home was the "Imperishable Sacred Land;" the Second Race, the "Sweat Born," dwelt on the Great Hyperborean Land;" the Third Race, the Egg Born, in its early days, developing later on into beings with sex, came to perfection on the continent of Lemuria; the Fourth Race dwelt on Atlantis; the Fifth developed on the earth somewhat more as *we* now know it, although tremendous changes of level, of hill and valley, of sea and river, have taken place even in *its* course.

The Imperishable Sacred Land of the First Race is so called because it has the notable character that in the main it forms the only portion of the earth's surface existing at the origin of humanity continuing intact through all the races, through all the millions of years of growth and development, and it will remain until the end of the Manvantara through each round, until it bear on its bosom the spiritualized form of the last divine man. No description of its size, nor its limits, may be attempted; we only have heard that "from the dawn to the close of twilight of a day of Brahma, or of

the 'Great Breath,' the Pole Star has its watchful eye upon it."

The Continent of the Second Race, known as the Hyperborean, that is, beyond the Borean, Northern, or Polar region, comprised what we know now as Northern Asia, it stretched southward from the Northern Polar district in promontories now indefinable. One thing at least is certain, that in those far distant times its climate was not what we now associate with those regions. In those far different times, millions of years ago, it knew no winter and was an abode of ethereal mildness, fabled by the Greeks to be the dwelling-place of Apollo — a glyph of the vivifying sun.

The Third Race, whose development is marked by such vast steps and entire changes of being, grew on the vast portion of the earth's surface which we have agreed to call Lemuria. This name was invented by Mr. P. L. Sclater about 1860, to designate a land which his scientific researches into Zoology led him to suppose must have existed in prehistoric times. The vast Pacific ocean now rolls over much of this continent, whose dry land, including part of modern Africa, extended to Australia.

As to its era, in the language of modern geology it was a pre-tertiary formation. Atlantis, which followed it, had developed and had in great part disappeared before the end of the Miocene period.

The Fourth Race Atlanteans, and the rise and progress of the seven branches of the Fifth Race during the more recent thousands of years, will be described by others.

Great assistance is rendered to the Occultist by a well-*timed* and *ordered* use of reasoning by analogy, and the Origin of Mankind is a subject on which the clearest light is shed by this process. A study of the life history of a man today from ovum to maturity will exhibit most of the stages

through which the human race itself has passed, and a glance at the existent animal life around us will exhibit a similar succession of stages of development.

In our researches into the earliest and lowest forms of being, and setting aside from our present purpose the vegetable kingdom, we shall perceive the simplest animal to be but an animal cell, a simple portion of albuminous material, the protoplasm of science; so simple an element, with life, as this may be, may yet show actual signs of movement by change of shape; and as development is progressing, an envelope of the finest membrane and a nucleus come into perception; then a still finer element, a nucleolus arises.

So simple a being can grow and can multiply by division. Our microscopes will show us such cellular beings dividing and re-dividing: the child being equal to the parent and the parent not dying in its formation. From this most simple type nature does produce every form of development and differentiation; reproduction by budding in a marvelous series of asexual forms. In more advanced beings there arises a contrast of cells, forms becoming ova, forms becoming spermal in one individual — hermaphroditism arises; and a vast series of animal forms have to be studied before the separation of the sexes occurs. So in gradual progression is the system of blood-vessels found to arise and perfect itself in the mammalian; and similarly is the scheme of development of the nervous system found to proceed from one solitary nerve-cell to the complex and complete brain and spinal cord and sense organs of a perfect man.

By the analogy of Man himself is shown the germ of possible future life in the simple cell growing in the human ovary. In the human animal is exhibited the cellular differentiation — and the sperm cell is required. The ovum fertilized — takes on that division of fission exhibited by the

lowest forms of animal life. The one cell becomes two, the two four, and sixteen, and a congeries. The mass of new cells becomes a layer, the layer becomes three layers, and in them is laid down the backbone and centers of energy of the future being; blood vessel, nerve and organ becoming gradually differentiated into the perfect man of matter, inspired by vitality, life essence, Prana: and as the Secret Doctrine instructs us that this material form is constructed upon a finer basis, an image, a groundwork of intangible material, which we call Linga Sharira or astral body, the personal mould of the human being in formation, so, I must show you, does the Secret Doctrine declare the human race in the Round to have originated from shadows.

Humanity arising in the First Race of this Fourth Round, some three hundred million years ago, according to the Secret Doctrine, constituted the Sons of Will and Yoga; Yoga is, exoterically, union with Brahma — it is the supreme condition of infinite deity, the essence of Brahma, who is represented as energizing all creation by the power of Yoga.

Men of the First Race were the shadows of shadows; they were shadows of the astral bodies of the Lunar Pitris, that is fathers: ancestors of Lunar extraction. The Moon furnished the earth with its first human envelopes — formless shadows — which continuous development has converted into men. The First Race men were the images, the shadows of the astral forms of the most forward entities from that preceding lower sphere, whose dead shell is now recognized as the Moon. These Lunar Pitris had at the end of the Third Round made such progress that they were already human in their divine nature, and the law of ceaseless evolution compelled these monads to pass through further stages of life and being on this earth. They were by destiny to lay the foundation of forms on this globe, and to fashion the dwellings for less

advanced Monads, whose turn for incarnation was approaching.

Primeval man was a Linga Sharira, an astral form, warmed into life by the force of Prana, life essence from the Sun.

The Monad, Atma-Buddhi, the Higher Man, a Ray of the Universal Monad, born of Mahat, Universal Mind Essence, brooded over this spectral form, which from the absence of Manas was unconscious on our plane, a senseless shell; amanasa. The Higher Man, we now recognize, was afar off. The Mind, Manas, the Human Soul, still absent. The Kama passions at rest.

The material body not yet formed; for it took three and a half Races to perfect the descent into matter to its grossest point. As Hermes said in the Emerald Tablet, in reference to Man: "Its father is the Sun; its mother the Moon": that is, the Moon beings gave its form, although but a shadow, a Chhaya. The Solar Lhas warmed it, gave it Prana, vital force, vitality. Mindless, speechless, bodiless, the changes of the earth's surface were hardly of appreciable effect on the first men. As the ages passed on, the material body grew on this astral form, even as the material body still grows on an astral model to constitute the frame of each one of us. No hint of what we know as sexual differentiation arose for untold ages.

Spiritually fireless, practically deathless, these beings were luminous — incorporeal — aeriform — mindless shadows, which Lunar being had projected, which the Lunar Pitris had breathed out; senseless bhutas or phantoms, too ethereal to be percipient of, or affected by any convulsions of Nature.

This almost inconceivable First Race passed on into the Second without either begetting it, or procreating it, and without what we call death. A thorough transformation occurred; as the ancient records say, "they passed by together, they

ceased and others took their places." Before passing on, glance awhile at those Lunar beings, some of whom were the fathers of earliest men. Many hints are furnished us by the Secret Doctrine, but no complete insight; they are too far removed from our plane of consciousness for us to form any complete picture of their state and history.

Occultism mentions twelve classes of creating powers, of which four have reached liberation to the end of the Great Age; a fifth is ready to reach it; and the seven others are still under the Law of Karma, and may act on those globes of our planetary chain which bear humanity. Exoteric Hindu books mention the Seven Groups of Pitris or Ancestors; and two distinct classes — those who possess the "Sacred Fire" and those without it. The higher class are called Agnishwatta, devoid of creative energy, too pure and divine. The lower class are Barhishad, possessed of creative energy, more closely connected to our earth; these are Lunar spirits, who become what the old Hebrew legends call the creative "Elohim" of form, or of the Adam of dust. They were devoid of the higher Mahat element and could not form a conscious divine man-god on earth, which conscious divinity the higher Agnishwatta could give; but they, the Elohim or Barhishad, could and did give an astral form on which a human body could be molded later on, and this the higher Agnishwatta, being bodiless, could not give.

These Agnishwatta, or Fire Dhyanis, are the heart of the Dhyana Chohan body, and it is they who, ages later on, incarnate in the Third Race, bringing to them Manas, and by this link between the higher and the lower principles, render Man a perfect septenary, as we now know him.

Of the seven *classes* of Pitris, the Puranas assign the higher three classes to be Arupa, formless; and the lower Four to be Rupa, or having forms, the first being intellectual and spiritual, the second material and without mind.

From this digression, the narrative must pass to the Second Race, whose beings gradually replaced the shadowy members of the First Race. Remember we are on the downward arc, the descent of spirit into matter, and shall be still becoming more and more material unto the midpoint of the Third Race. In somewhat epigrammatic form it has been said the First Men were spiritual within and ethereal without; while the Second Race was Psycho-spiritual within, and Ethero-physical without.

The Second Race came into existence under the domination of the powers of Brihaspati which we call Jupiter, and upon the Hyperborean continent: here the shadowy forms of the First became clothed, the astral shadows retired beneath a garment of matter, and nature carried out her first attempts at building material men. Heterogeneous was their structure now, and their forms gigantic, these semi-human monsters existed and reproduced themselves by expansion, by budding, gemmation, and by sub-division, by expansion and separation of their own material, hence the Secret Doctrine names them "sweat born." Still we may say there was no death, only transformation, the older being giving up his old body to form newer beings, and he existed beside them. Still is the reproduction entirely asexual: still is there no principle of Kama, no will nor wish nor body of desire.

Through aeons of time the early Second Race — parents of the sweat born — passed on, and the beings of the later Second Race were sweat born themselves. These early beings were produced without thought or desire, unconsciously under Karmic Law, even as some lowest forms of animal life are today seen evolving one from the other. Watch the tiny life spot which the naturalist calls Amoeba, and the whole process may be seen, even so *did* the progenitors of mankind slowly evolve into higher beings — albeit on a more impressive scale, and of more ethereal substance. Almost structureless,

albuminous, boneless, a viscid indeterminate mass was such a seedlike forerunner of ourselves.

In the very latest of the Race dawned the primitive and weak spark of understanding, and also a suspicion of sound production emanated in these, and the earliest sounds were like the vowels, soft and fluent.

Passing from these mere glimpses of the men of the first two races, we reach in the Third a more concrete form of humanity, and we obtain a deeper insight into the modes and progress of evolution; and I realize that here I am more embarrassed by the quantity of available material, than I was puzzled to afford you any insight into the status of the previous races on account of the scarcity of the record concerning them. Vast ages of change and progress passed in the course of this Third Race, whose domain was Lemuria, and whose presiding powers were associated with Lohitanga and Sukra — Mars and Venus. Lemuria, we are told, was destroyed at last by fire, subterranean convulsions broke up the ocean floors, giving vent to the concealed fires of the earth's interior; while its successor, Atlantis, was overwhelmed by water, water floods produced by successive disturbances of the axial rotation. We have still, it is asserted, one link remaining with the ancient domain of Lemuria, the islands of New Zealand.\* The Lemuria of the Third Race is believed to have possessed a climate of constant mildness, a period of eternal spring; a climate whose variation was very limited — such as is now attributed to that existent on the planet Jupiter.

In associating Lemuria with the dictates of the science of geology we may say that it was mainly destroyed 700,000 years before the Tertiary Period had begun.

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\* Why the author did not include Australia is mystery to me! — Ed., A. T.

The Third Race is the most notable because its median period produced the more perfect man, to whom was granted Manas, Mind, Consciousness; for the Lower Quaternary, as now we know it in the human being, was linked with the Supernal Triad of Atma, Buddhi and the Higher Manas; the Monad, instead of merely brooding over the lower man, exhibited a more intimate connection with the earthly shell, and inspired it (with Kamic elements) to a state of consciousness of its own nature and powers, and rendered possible the spiritual aspirations of the personal life. Until then there was no real death, until man possessed Kama, the source of desire; and until Manas was seated in the Septenary, the full effect of Karma could not appear, for moral responsibility did not exist. Karmaless there was no Nirvana to attain, no Kama Loka for the shell after death, no Devachanic interlude of peaceful rest.

But with Kama and its tendencies to be controlled, and Manas evolving full consciousness on the plane of life, then morality and the higher aspirations were developed, while as a contrast sinfulness and shame began to meet with Karmic punishment. For the nations drifted deeper and deeper into matter, and heavier and heavier were the faults of those beings who were on the descending arc, a degenerative moral process which continued on through the Fourth Race, when the most heavy Karma was generated, and, indeed, no general improvement became marked until the ascending arc was reached by the nascent Fifth Race.

The Third Race for a long period exhibited a gradual change of means of reproduction, passing from the mode known as Sweat Born to the origin by Ovulation. They have been called Egg-born; generation and new personalities arose from extrusion of a viscid cell, oviform, developing into the new being apart from the progenitor; from the asexual principle the human race had become oviparous. Then, from a condition

of androgyne being, development at last formed mankind into entities with reproductive contrast. Human male and female became distinct beings, and modern mankind arose and has continued through millions of years without new departure in this particular. Parallel with these vast changes, the body hardened, became more and more material, and all the several groups of internal organs became more and more perfect: notably the digestive system—man had become wholly dependent on the *material* world for food to nourish this ever-increasing carcass of rude matter. The forms were still massive, gigantic, and the Secret Doctrine suggests somewhat we may describe as ape-like. The body became firm and solid, and jointed by the increasing perfection of the end-skeleton, the bony framework we call of the vertebrate type: each limb moveable and of importance to the individual by the growth of the muscular system. Mankind in fact, as suggested by analogy, passed through many of the stages now exhibited by classes of Avian and Reptilian types. Coincident with these changes, even as occurs in foetal life today, there was a gradual growth of complexity in the vascular system of blood vessels—originating in a pulsating vacuole as seen in the Protozoa now, the process of development produced the blood-vessels and their capillaries; the single-celled heart became two-celled, auricle was defined from ventricle, and the four-celled heart of the mammalian and of ourselves became existent.

Coincident with the full sex development, the Kamic principle had to become dominant, for when the reproduction had been by gemmation, budding, or oviparous, it had been unconscious and the process of natural law; and not the conscious promptings of the animal passions which now became felt.

The fully-developed Third Race man was of yellow complexion, a golden tint marked the nations; some scattered tribes of



almost direct descent from them [that] still remain in Australia. Other yellow-tinted savages are still found elsewhere, but are mainly of descent from the Atlanteans, or Fourth Race men, whose era followed that of Lemuria.

At the close of the Third Race we may perceive a vast change in the constitution of man, in regard to his pristine state at the opening of the Fourth Round. An astral form alone in the earliest first race, the material body became added, both supported and vivified by Prana; by the addition of Kama, the principle of desire, love and all the passions, the Lower Quaternary is complete: the eternal pilgrim of the Upper Triad yet broods over it, but without union.

We have now to show how this Triad became, by the descent of Manas into the now perfected animal man, to occupy a closer connection with men of the Third Race.

The Monads, born from Mahat, the universal mind principle, are rays from one absolute essence; they are indeed Manasa-putras.

In their course of evolution under Karmic law they have to pass through the many and varied experiences of human lives to attain to wisdom and to pass up the steep paths of the ascending cycle. These incarnate in the beings of the latter part of the Third Race, for their own advancement, and transformed the mindless into beings with consciousness — knowing good and evil. It is indeed told us that some of the *fully* developed latest Third Race men were towering giants of godly strength and beauty and were depositors of all the mysteries of the heavens and the earth; and that the nations of the still later races looked back on some of these superior beings as the demigods, the hero deities of a past golden age.

After the full development of this Third Race material progress arose; ruled and taught by the divine beings, civilization originated, cities were founded; arts and sciences were cultivated.

The simply vowel sounds uttered by the latest Second Race men developed still further; and as the progress of the Third Race went on, true articulate speech first began with mono-syllabic utterances.

This Manas — this link between the Quaternary of lower principles and the divine Triad — was furnished by the Solar Pitris, even as the original form was the gift of the Lunar Pitris or progenitors. The three higher classes of Arupa or formless Pitris were concerned in this transcendent change in humanity.

Many names have been given to these supernal beings; such as Agnishwatta, celestial ancestors, Sishta, Fire Dhyanis, Solar Pitris, Lords of Flame and the Heart of the Dhyana Chohan Body.

These Pitris are the one-third of the Dhyanis, who, we are told by the *Book of Dzyan*, were doomed by Karmic law to re-incarnate upon this earth before attaining further perfection.

They are also called in a mysterious manner the Fifth Hierarchy presiding over Makara, the principality associated with the zodiacal sign of Capricornus.

These “projected the spark,” that served to impart Manas to the Amanasa, mindless shells of humanity.

The Secret Doctrine informs us that only a part of the completed unisexual men and women received this anima, this spark divine from the sun beings, at first, and that others remaining without the higher mental powers, sank into gross sins from their unrestrained Kamic passions.

Then we are told those lords who had refrained from incarnation hastened to carry on their progress, repenting of their delay; and then incarnated in all these human beings — lest worse evil should befall the destined earthly frames; and mankind recognized what had been the sins of the mindless.

These Third Race men may be again fitly viewed as forming three groups. In the first the Lords of Flame incarnated even before the separation of the sexes, *i.e.*, in Androgyne or Hermaphrodite man.

These included the notable personalities of whom the most ancient tradition speaks as demigods, heroes, rishis.

Secondly, the group of common humanity in each of whom a spark entered, in the far distant past of eighteen million years, a spark of Solar divinity, of mind, of intellect, conscious on our plane.

Thirdly, as already mentioned, there was the group of the mindless, who brought into the world much sin and suffering, and strange forms of life; but who were later on joined to the second group.

Graeco-Roman mythology enshrines at least one truth in the myth of Castor and Pollux; the twins, one of whom — Castor — was mortal, and the other — Pollux — immortal. The one amanasa — mindless; the other having the divine spark; born of one mother, Leda — the Third Race; the one fathered by the lower Lunar ancestor, and mortal; the other immortal, springing from the divine Solar progenitor; the one from the Barhishad; the other from the Agnishwatta or Solar Dhyanis.

The *Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky, our honored teacher, is a vast storehouse of history and doctrine, and its pages contain an explanation of this and many another myth of the ancient world. Wandering among its numerous illustrations of the past, one could select therefrom

matter enough on our present subject to extend this article to an indefinite length. But we must bring this *résumé* to a close with the short statement that ere the Atlantean Fourth Race arose in its strength, and while the Third faded into the past, a vast concourse of forgotten nations came upon the scene, flourished and passed away; that there was an ever-increasing separation between the higher groups and the lower sub-races of the delayed group; between the sons of light and the progeny of darkness. From the sons of light was developed the nascent civilization of Atlantis; from the low forms of Lemuria, reinforced by interbreeding with the more degenerate of the Atlanteans, sprang series of races, fitly comparable to and indeed forerunners of the savage races we now know as Tasmanians — now extinct; Australians, Andaman Islanders, certain wild tribes in China and Borneo, Vedddhas of Ceylon, Bushmen and Negritos.\*

Convulsions of nature made an end of Lemuria and of the Lemurians; and it is stated that the sinking began at the most northerly part, proceeding to the equatorial regions, and that the last portion to disappear was that adjacent to what we know now as Ceylon, which was the Lanka of the succeeding Atlantean continent. In these profound changes of the earth's surface the Lemuro-Atlantean stock was saved, as by a divine interposition, as by a Manu, a Noah: this substitution of a Fourth Race for a Third destroyed after a state of deluged world, is the foundation of the myths of the Chaldeans, and of Genesis, and of the Hindu Vaivasvata; a salvation indeed which was repeated millions of years later, when the Fourth Race itself disappeared and was

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\* If we remember that Orpheus and Krishna are both very dark in complexion, then this 19<sup>th</sup> century word can be taken in proper perspective. "Race" in theosophy means a "state of consciousness" and it does not always run parallel to skin complexion, especially in the Kali Yuga when the outer signs are topsy-turvy!

replaced by the nascent Fifth, after similar convulsions of nature and a deluged world.

We must now bring this article to a close. Having traced mankind on the Fourth Round from his origin as an astral form to his full material development into a being exhibiting the dual phenomena of sex; and having indicated the stage at which Man became a conscious, sentient, intellectual being, suffering punishment and earning rewards, we conclude this essay with the hope that its readers may be led to make a deeper study of this most interesting and instructive doctrine.



## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Jerome,

We were once discussing about Udumbara tree which is said to rarely flower. In Bhagavata other trees which fruit without flowering are mentioned as: Aswatta (*Ficus religiosa*), jack-fruit tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*), banyan tree (*Ficus bengalensis*) — besides Udumbara. These are commonly occurring trees here and I have not seen their flowers at all. Probably they flower for a very short time as to go unnoticed.



In his commentary on the Sankhya Karika Iswara Krishna, who is said to be a disciple in the Sage Kapila's parampara, describes four stages of dispassion :

1. *Yatamaana Samjna*: Passions and other emotions which are so many impurities, dwell in the *citta*, the retentive faculty ; prompted by them, senses and organs flow towards their respective objects. The preliminary efforts at boiling (purifying) those impurities (in the form of passions etc.) in order that the senses and organs do not turn towards their objects, is the

first known as *Yatamaana samjna* or *the stage of endeavour*.

2. *Vyatirekha samjna*: When this effort of boiling (Purification) is commenced, it is found that some passions have become refined or purified while some others are in the stage of getting purified. At this stage the relation of before and after (*purvaapari bhava*) comes into existence. The ascertainment of purified emotions from those that are in the process of being purified by means of discrimination is the second stage of dispassion called *Vyatirekha samjna* or *Discriminative stage*.
3. *Ekendriya Samjna* : When the sense-organs have become incapable of activities, the purified emotions continue to dwell in the *citta* in the form of mere craving. This is the third stage known as *Ekendriya samjna* or *one-organ stage*.
4. *Vaseekara samnja* : The cessation of this craving also which is subsequent to the first three stages, towards all sensuous and supersensuous objects of enjoyments even when they are near at hand , is the fourth stage known as *Vaseekara samnja* or *Control stage*, which has been described by blessed Patanjali : " The dispassion known as *vasikara samnja* belongs to one who has rid himself of the craving for both the seen and unrevealed objects of enjoyment" (I-15). This type of dispassion is a property of Buddhi.

The foregoing is Iswara Krishna's commentary. There is an old much-used sanskrit copy of Sankhya Karika in ULT Bangalore library which was used by Pandit Bhavani Shankar, bearing his signature. He seemed to have been regularly using it.

Incidentally, while reading Siva Purana I came across the etymology of SIVA which agrees with the description of the 4th stage of Viraga. In *Vidyeeswara Samhita*:

Of Siva a verse says: "The creator of the wheel is the Lord Siva. He is beyond Prakriti. Just as a boy drinks or spits out water as he pleases so also Siva keeps Prakriti etc., just as he pleases. He is called Siva because he has brought it under his control (*Vasikrita*). Siva alone is omniscient, perfect and free from desire."

Another verse says: "The word Siva signifies him who has controls everything and whom none can control (*Siva--Vasi*) [*Vasi*, means one who has all under his control]

Yet another verse: Siva, the primary cause of causes, is the Creator of *Mayacakra*. He wipes off the *Dvandva* — birth and death — which originate from his Maya."

The word Siva is given another interpretation in the Siva Purana : "The syllable *S* means Permanent Bliss. The letter *I* means Purusa (the primordial male energy), the syllable *Va* means Sakti (the primordial female energy.) A harmonious compound of these syllables is Siva. The devotee shall likewise make his own soul a harmonious whole and worship Siva."

I thought of sharing this.

With best wishes  
Ramprakash.  
Bangalore

Thanks, and one last question: There is another tree mentioned in *The Voice of the Silence*: **The Vogay Tree**. Is that another name for the Udumbara or is it a totally different tree? — jw



## East Indian Music

The question you submit:

"Why is East Indian Music of a higher, purer nature than the music of other

countries," admits the higher and purer nature, and seeks to know the reason for it.

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I think that the reason is to be found in the fact that Religion itself had its origin in the East, so far as this humanity is concerned, and that it has remained as originally recorded by the ancient sages; notwithstanding the other fact that portions of the ancient records have been used as bases for numberless sects. When we realize that the fundamental teachings of the East were based upon knowledge gained by highly evolved beings, and that this great knowledge necessarily points the way to a higher and purer life, it follows that specific applications of this knowledge would be made in every department of human expression. Both speech and music are based upon feeling: all beings "feel," but there is a wide difference in the ideas upon which feeling is based. A Religion which teaches original sin, Separateness and irresponsibility, would inevitably bring about in the minds of its adherent's correspondent feelings and expressions; whereas in a Religion which teaches Non-separateness, unselfishness and service, speech, music and all expressions of life would flow from the feeling which those qualities engender. It is the ideas upon which the faith of beings is fixed, that makes all the differences in human expressions.

While the West is beginning to recognize in ancient East Indian music ennobling qualities, the full beauty and meaning of it will not be grasped until the West first recognizes, adopts, and applies the principles of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion. It has yet to be understood by Western minds, that the Sanscrit language is a scientific one, wherein every letter has its value and meaning, and every word is a "nature picture," bringing before the reader or hearer who understands the language, the essential nature of that for which the word stands. If then, Sanscrit is so scientific and

expressive, what may not be predicted of ancient East Indian Music, when it is better understood. The higher the ideals, the higher and purer will be thought, speech, actions and expressions of every kind.

ROBERT CROSBIE  
*Theosophy Magazine*  
Vol. 10, p. 138



## MUSIC: *A Divine Art*

All sounds are a part of Him who wears a garment of Sound. - *Vishnu Purana*

BOTH man and his universe are one, all parts are but the various players and their instruments. The law of harmony holds all united, each slightest tone having its related sub- and overtones, its essential modulations. The universe is a temple of eternal symphonic harmony, composed of seven Tones. This is the doctrine of the Music of the Spheres, from Lemuria to Pythagoras, showing that there are seven powers of terrestrial and sublunary nature, and seven great Forces. According to this doctrine the world was itself called forth out of Chaos by Sound or Harmony, and constructed according to the principles of musical proportion. Evolution, above and below, proceeds in seven ways; these seven ways or tones are also the seven notes of the musical scale, which are the principles of Sound.

The Secret Doctrine avers that ancient peoples knew more of the secret side of music than has passed to posterity. Adept-kings and divine teachers, at periods too remote for the historian, were the first Instructors of the human family in the arts and sciences. Every ancient legend ascribes magic power to music, "the most divine and spiritual of the arts," asserting that music is a gift and science "coming straight from the gods." The Hindus, more especially, attribute to divine revelation all the arts and

sciences. But with them music stands at the head of everything else. Their Mantra Shastra has for its subject matter the force or power of letters, speech, or music in all its manifestations. Sound (tonal modulations) may be produced of such a nature that the pyramid of Cheops could be raised in the air ... or a dying man be revived and filled with new energy and vigor.

"What," asks Scipio in his ancient vision, "is this mighty and sweet harmony which fills my ears?" The voice replies, "This melody of unequal intervals, yet proportionately harmonized, is produced by the impulse and motion of the spheres themselves, which by blending high and low tones produces uniformly divers symphonies. Mortals have become deaf to those sounds, by having their ears continually filled with them ... and so this sound, which is generated by the exceedingly rapid revolution of the whole Cosmos, is so stupendous that mortal ears cannot contain it." Two millenniums later, in our own time, the Vision of Scipio is restated in scientific terms: "Vibration which controls the forms into which matter shapes itself is considered as the common factor for the appearance of the Cosmos in all its details. The Cosmos may with exactness be considered an acoustical phenomenon, only an infinitesimal fraction of its full scope of vibration being within the range of our hearing or other senses. The material world is the pattern of a cosmical orchestral score in progress of being performed. Truly the 'night is filled with music' and the 'stars sing together'. They are all indeed held, revolved, and rotated by the vibrations of a great song." (New York Herald-Tribune, 1940)

With the elder Chinese, music was in close affinity with religion. They built their world upon the harmonious action of heaven and earth. They regarded the animation of all nature, the movement of the stars and the changes of seasons, as "grand world-music," in which everything keeps steadfastly to its

appointed course. This, they felt, taught to mankind a wholesome lesson. "Would'st thou know if a people be well governed, if its manners be good or bad?" asks Confucius. "Examine the music it produces!" The Yao Chi states that "In the ancestral temples, rulers and ministers, high and low, listen together to music, and all is harmony and deference. Within the gates of the family, fathers and sons, brothers and cousins, listen together, and all is harmony and affection. In this way fathers and sons, rulers and subjects, were once united in harmony, and the people of the myriad states were associated in love. Such was the method of the ancient kings when they framed their music."

Said the Egyptian Hermes: "As for true music, to know this is to have a knowledge of the order of all things. For the order of each separate thing when set together in one key for all, by means of skilful reason, will make the sweetest and truest music." In Plato's Academy, music was the first subject presented to his pupils, as he considered this art to be the one offering the best preparation for the study of philosophy. In the Republic (III) he says, "Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony enter into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated, graceful."

Again, in the Shu-King, the Emperor commands his minister: "K'wei, I appoint you to be director of music, and to teach our sons, so that the straightforward shall be mild; the gentle, dignified; the strong, not tyrannical; the impetuous, not arrogant."

The music of nature has everywhere been the first step to the music of art. In the Indian system, their melodies allow no sounds that cannot be classified among the living voices of nature. Indian music is, in the highest sense, pantheistic; but at the same time it is highly scientific. They of the

early Aryan races, first to attain to manhood, listened to the voice of nature, and concluded that melody, as well as harmony, are both contained in the great common mother. The Hindus, the Northern Buddhists, and all the Chinese, some thousands of years preceding the discoveries of modern Western science, found that all the sounds of nature make only one tone, which is the middle F, the fundamental tone of nature. This we can all hear, if we know how to listen, in the eternal rustle of the foliage of great forests, in the murmur of waters, in the roar of the storming ocean, and even in the distant roll of a great city. In the Hindu as in Chinese music, the middle F, called Kung or Emperor tone, is the keynote, the starting point, around which are grouped all the other sounds.

It is stated that thousands of years ago the Chinese possessed a system of octaves a "circle of fifths." Beginning with Hwang-ti, who reigned in 2697 B.C., Chinese music assumes its characteristic form. Hwang-ti sent one of his ministers, Ling Lun, to a place west of the Kuen Lun mountains. There he found Indian musicians who knew the secret he was seeking. He took a bamboo rod, tuned to the kung, and found that the proportion 2:3 gave him the next tone (the perfect fifth). Taking two-thirds of each successive tone, he discovered that twelve tones could be made, the thirteenth leading him back to the original kung. (In their 2:3 proportions as "fifths" the seven notes appear as F, C, G, D, A, E, B.) According to Chinese ideas, music rests on two fundamental principles, the shin-li, or spiritual, immaterial principle, and the chi-i-shu, or substance. Unity is above, it is heaven; plurality is below, it is earth. Some inkling of the part played by music in the life of ancient China may be seen from the following statement found in the book called The Yellow Bell by Chao-mai-pa: "In 1100 B.C., under the Dynasty of Chou, the orchestra was the Festival Orchestra, called Yen-yo. History tells us that the musicians

(more than ten thousand in number were divided into nine groups, playing simultaneously upon 300 different kinds of instruments.”

Ancient Greece had its Orpheus, who was the son of Apollo, and from the latter received the lyre of seven strings. The seven-stringed lyre symbolizes the sevenfold mystery of initiation. In China the favorite instrument of Confucius was the seven-stringed ch'in. To all the demi-gods, heroes and teachers of the Past, Mythology ascribes wondrous powers in the use of sound. Orpheus played to such perfection that nothing could withstand the charm of his music. Not only his fellow mortals but wild beasts were softened by his strains, and gathering round him laid by their fierceness, entranced by his lay. The trees and rocks were sensible to his charm. Kui, a Chinese musician, says: “When I play my kyng the wild animals hasten to me, ranging themselves in rows, spell-bound by my melody.” The Bhagavata Purana speaks of Krishna as the “Eternal Boy, first Master of all the Arts.” He began as a flute-player, fascinating the village maids and youths and the animals of the jungle. He ended by giving lessons to great Narada in the art of playing the Vina. The Mahabharata describes his complete course of education, saying that he learned the “64 fine arts” including music, in 64 days. “Krishna used often to play his flute in the woods. He made his appearance manifold and danced with the Gopis, he playing the flute and the Gopis their lutes. And as they played, all the gods came down from heaven to see the dancing, and wind and water stood still to listen.”

Orpheus came from India, and Orpheus also is the type of the Egyptian Thoth, inventor of the arts and sciences, including music, for Egypt. The Greeks thus owe their knowledge of music primarily to the Hindus. It is also pointed out that the Chinese have a system of music essentially the same as the Greeks, “a scale consisting

of two conjunct tetrachords — the keynote being the fourth of the scale. Other details seem to point to a time in the far-distant past when both races were in contact with one source. Then came a day of disruption—one race eastward, the other westward, each pursuing their own way.” However, as shown in Theosophical works, both nations had recourse to India; in addition to the other fact that “both the Greeks and the Chinese belonged to the seventh sub-race of the Atlanteans.” It was the Egyptians who were considered to be the best music teachers in Greece. “There can be no doubt as to the character of Egyptian music. It must have been both solemn and majestic. This would correspond to all the philosophical notions entertained by the Egyptians.”

Plato tells us that amongst the melodies sacred to Isis were songs of immense antiquity, as he believed that good music had existed among the Egyptians for 10,000 years without suffering any change. “In their possession,” says the Greek philosopher, “are songs having the power to exalt and ennoble mankind, and these could only emanate from gods and god-like men.” The Egyptians themselves entertained similar thoughts concerning the origin of these melodies. In the temple of Dakkeh is a picture of Ptah playing on a harp. Osiris was also looked upon as a patron deity of song. In many representations Osiris is accompanied by the nine female singers whom the Greeks subsequently transformed into the “nine muses.”

The priests of ancient nations understood the secret power of music not only upon the human spirit, but as well upon the health of the body. They understood, perhaps, that “the vibrations constituting the notes of the musical scale are strictly analogous to the scale of chemical elements, and also to the scale of colour . . .” Our modern temples of healing have, in this regard, much ground still to recover. The ancients quite evidently knew what to avoid

and what could be safely used in these hidden realms of the new Physics; that “certain kinds of music throw us into frenzy; other kinds exalt the soul to religious aspirations. Some colors excite, others soothe and please.” The *Odyssey* (Book XIX) tells us that after a hunting episode “the wounds of the noble Odysseus they bound up skillfully, and stayed the black blood with a song of healing.”

And now, as then: “When we think of music, how it reaches to the height of heaven and embraces the earth; how there is in it communication with the spirit-like processes of nature, we must pronounce its height the highest, its reach the furthest, its depth the most profound, its breadth the greatest. When one has mastered completely the principles of music, the natural, gentle and honest heart is easily developed, and with this development comes joy. This joy merges in a feeling of repose. The man in this constant repose becomes heaven-like, his actions spirit-like. So it is when mastering music. One regulates his mind and heart.” (Yao Chi) Nor is it probable that our dynamic times would suffer from such occasional “repose.” (*Theosophy Magazine*, Vol. 42, p. 175)\*



## Music And The Mind

I have seen (I think in “Path”) that Buddha orders his disciples not to have anything to do with music nor to live by it, though in many works on Theosophy music is represented as having a civilizing effect. Can you say why Buddha condemned music and those who practised it? Is it because it is time wasted and prevents meditation?

\* NOTE:-Collated from Theosophical texts and various sources on mythology and history of music.

**W.Q.J.:** — It would be well to consult references before stating premises on which questions are put. I do not remember any statement in Path of the kind quoted. Secondly, it is quite important to know what sort of music Buddha referred to when he prohibited it if he did so. It is more than probable that good organs were not then in use. Can we say that he would have prohibited those? Again, we do not know to what school of music he adverted. Was it sensuous, or sensual, or trifling, or what? All this is important, for supposing the music of that day was of a highly sensuous or sensual style, he would have been perfectly right in ordering his disciples to give it no attention. So first I conclude that there is no way of answering the question properly until we have exact knowledge of the styles and schools of music of Buddha’s time, as well as of the kinds of instruments in use. So far as my recollection extends, Buddha did not condemn those who practised music.

But having looked at the purely instrumental and objective side of the matter, we come to the real question on which Buddha, like all other great teachers, laid stress. It is found not only in his words but in the older Brahmanical religion. It is the direction to the student — not to the man of the world — to leave off sight and sound, meaning that unless sensation is overcome the mind will be bound to re-birth. This will include music and all sounds. It covers a large subject relating to how and by what the soul is attached to the miseries of re-birth, but it has really very little to do with the music to which the questioner refers. — *Theosophical Forum*, April, 1893

(Reprinted in *Theosophy Magazine*, Vol. 35, p. 29)





# Music

Opening a Conference of the Madras Music Academy, Shri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri said:

Music is a fine art which touches the emotion. All arts, fine or mechanical are creative. Both are needed. The difference is that while the one is consumable the other creates imperishable spiritual goods. Sculpture has been said to be frozen music.... Visible fine art is for all time. Frozen music is a description which places music highest among fine arts. Our classical music has always been connected with religion and devotion and practically all the classical compositions are devotional in character.... Our music is predominantly productive of the spirit of restful peace. Europeans have asked me whether Indian music was not sad. That Rajasic races should think so, is natural. ...

The therapeutic value of music was also well recognized in ancient times, e.g., in Egypt and Greece. H.P.B. says in *Isis Unveiled*

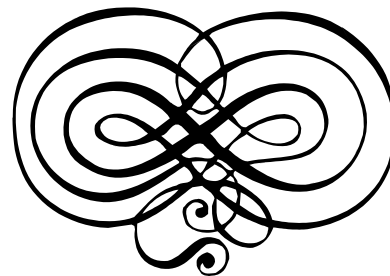
From the remotest ages the philosophers have maintained the singular power of music over certain diseases, especially of the nervous class . . . sound has an attractive property; it draws out disease, which streams out to encounter the musical wave, and the two, blending together, disappear in space. . . . Music is the combination and modulation of sounds, and sound is the effect produced by the vibration of the ether. Now, if the impulses communicated to the ether by the different planets may be likened to the tones produced by the different notes of a musical instrument, it is not difficult to conceive that the Pythagorean “music of the spheres” is something more than a mere fancy, and that certain planetary aspects may imply disturbances in the ether of our planet, and

certain others rest and harmony. Certain kinds of music throw us into frenzy; some exalt the soul to religious aspirations. In fine, there is scarcely a human creation which does not respond to certain vibrations of the atmosphere. . . . The most ancient Egyptians cultivated the musical arts, and understood well the effect of musical harmony and its influence on the human spirit. . . . Music was used in the Healing Department of the temples for the cure of nervous disorders.

The President of the Conference, who is a well known musician of the South, dwelt upon the spiritual value of music and said: “The art of sangita was a yoga in itself.” We may mention here that those who sought admission into the school of Pythagoras — who learnt music from the Egyptians — were required to have already studied as a preliminary step, the sciences of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and music, held as the four divisions of Mathematics.

Our universities could well introduce music into their curricula of studies, and it is satisfying to note that the Madras University has given the lead. There is some scope for the standardization of the ragas, some of which vary with the different schools, and in this task the universities could help.

*Theosophical Movement*, Vol. 22, p. 68



## Music's Role In Healing

An article by Edward Podolsky entitled “Music's Role in Healing,” which is abstracted in the Reader's Rapid Review (September) from the *Etude*, traces the

belief in the healthful and curative properties of music back to Homer in Greece and the oldest Egyptian medical papyri. The successful treatment of melancholia with music is illustrated not only by the classic Biblical case of King Saul, but also by the cases of Philip V of Spain and George III of England. Mr. Podolsky reports a French physician as agreeing with the ancient view of the efficacy of music in the treatment of sciatica. He cites numerous other experiments, in the course of the last few decades, in the treatment of disease with music:

Dr. Hunter in 1892 found that music was of great value for pain and insomnia in his hospital wards. After a trial of various instruments he considered the lyre and harp as yielding the best results.

In 1899 Dr. Herbert Dixon described how he tested the effects of music on his patients. He found that quick, lively music suited those with slow circulation and lowered vitality, whereas soft, soothing music was an aid against night terrors and delirium.

Dr. Xavier Vernier in 1903 proved that music was capable of dispelling fatigue and acting as a stimulus for more work. A greater amount of work was accomplished during the playing of certain types of music than others allegro, maestoso and militaire, also largo and andante movements, were found to be accompanied by more production in work than the allegretto movement.

Among the more modern experimenters in this particular phase of the influence of musical stimuli were Binet and Courtier who in 1895 conducted a series of experiments on the capillary circulation in the hand. They established the fact that purely sensorial excitations produced a marked effect on the amplitude of pulsation. Dissonances produced a greater effect of the

same nature, and sad music nearly always provoked a reduction.

He concludes that "from the evidence before us it can be stated that music has a well-defined influence on all the systems of the human body and in this fashion exerts a profound effect on human health."

The author summarises the recognized physiological effects of music thus:

1. Music increases metabolism.
2. It increases or decreases muscular energy according to the type of music played.
3. It accelerates respiration and lessens its regularity.
4. It produces a marked but variable effect on volume, pulse and blood pressure.
5. It lowers the threshold for sensory stimuli of different modes.

Apropos of this, H. P. B. refers (Isis Unveiled. I. 544 to the knowledge of the ancient Egyptians who used music in the healing department of the temples for the cure of nervous disorders.

She furnishes a suggestive clue to the manner of its action:

From the remotest ages the philosophers have maintained the singular power of music over certain diseases, especially of the nervous class. Kircher recommends it, having experienced its good effects in himself, and he gives an elaborate description of the instrument he employed. It was a harmonica composed of five tumblers of a very thin glass, placed in a row. In two of them were two different varieties of wine; in the third, brandy; in the fourth, oil; in the fifth, water. He extracted five melodious sounds from them in the usual way, by merely rubbing his finger on the edges of the tumblers. The sound has an attractive property; it draws out disease, which streams out to encounter the musical

wave, and the two, blending together, disappear in space. Asclepiades employed music for the same purpose, some twenty centuries ago; he blew a trumpet to cure sciatica, and its prolonged sound making the fibres of the nerves to palpitate, the pain invariably subsided. Democritus in like manner affirmed that many diseases could be cured by the melodious sounds of a flute. Mesmer used this very harmonica described by Kircher for his magnetic cures. —I, 215.

Music has been described as “the combination and modulation of sounds” (Isis Unveiled. I, 275) and sound as “the most potent and effectual magic agent”. (S. D. I, 464)

Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an ozone, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even resurrect a man or an animal whose astral “vital body” has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. As one saved thrice from death by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it —I, 555.



## An Unpublished Discourse of Buddha

Said the All-Merciful: —

**B**lessed are ye, O Bhikshus, happy are ye who have understood the mystery of Being and *Non-Being* explained in Bas-pa [Dharma, Doctrine], and have

given preference to the latter, for ye are verily my Arhats. . . . The elephant, who sees his form mirrored in the lake, looks at it, and then goes away, taking it for the real body of another elephant, is wiser than the man who beholds his face in the stream, and looking at it, says, “Here am I . . . I am I” — for the “I,” his Self, is not in the world of the twelve Nidānas and mutability, but in that of Non-Being, the only world beyond the snares of Māyā. . . . That alone, which has neither cause nor author, which is self-existing, eternal, far beyond the reach of mutability, is the true “I” [Ego], the Self of the Universe. The Universe of Nam-Kha says: “I am the world of Sien-Chan”;<sup>\*</sup> the four illusions laugh and reply, “Verily so.” But the truly wise man knows that neither man, nor the Universe that he passes through like a flitting shadow, is any more a real Universe than the dewdrop that reflects a spark of the morning sun is that sun. . . . There are three things, Bhikshus, that are everlastingly the same, upon which no vicissitude, no modification can ever act: these are the Law, Nirvāṣa, and Space,<sup>†</sup> and those three are One, since the first two are within the last, and that last one a Māyā, so long as man keeps within the whirlpool of sensuous existences. One need not have his mortal body die to avoid the clutches of concupiscence and other passions. The Arhat who observes the seven hidden precepts of Bas-pa may become Dang-ma and Lha.<sup>‡</sup> He may hear the “holy voice” of .

<sup>\*</sup> The Universe of Brahmā (Sien-Chan; Nam-Kha) is Universal Illusion, or our phenomenal world.

<sup>†</sup> Ākāśa. It is next to impossible to render the mystic word “Tho-og” by any other term than “Space,” and yet, unless coined on purpose, no new appellation can render it so well to the mind of the Occultist. The term “Aditi” is also translated “Space,” and there is a world of meaning in it.

<sup>‡</sup> Dang-ma, a purified soul, and Lha, a freed spirit within a living body; an Adept or Arhat. In the popular opinion in Tibet, a Lha is a disembodied spirit, something similar to the Burmese Nat — only higher.

. . [Kwan-yin],\* and find himself within the quiet precincts of his Sangharama<sup>†</sup> transferred into Amitabha Buddha.<sup>‡</sup> Becoming one with Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi,<sup>§</sup> he may pass through all the six worlds of Being (Rūpalooka) and get into the first three worlds of Arūpa.<sup>\*\*§</sup> . . . He who listens to my secret law, preached to my select Arhats, will arrive with its help at the knowledge of Self, and thence to perfection.

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It is due to entirely erroneous conceptions of Eastern thought and to ignorance of the existence of an Esoteric key to the outward Buddhist phrases that Burnouf and other great scholars have inferred from such propositions — held also by the Vedāntins — as “my body is not body” and “myself is no self of mine,” that Eastern psychology was all based upon non-permanency. Cousin, for instance, lecturing upon the subject, brings the two following propositions to prove, on Burnouf’s authority, that, unlike Brāhmanism, Buddhism rejects the

\* Kwan-yin is a synonym, for in the original another term is used, but the meaning is identical. It is the divine voice of Self, or the “Spirit-voice” in man, and the same as Vāchīśvara (the “Voice-deity”) of the Brāhmans. In China, the Buddhist ritualists have degraded its meaning by anthropomorphizing it into a Goddess of the same name, with one thousand hands and eyes, and they call it Kwan-shai-yin-Bodhisat. It is the Buddhist “daimon”-voice of Socrates.

<sup>†</sup> Sangharama is the *sanctum sanctorum* of an ascetic, a cave or any place he chooses for his meditation.

<sup>‡</sup> Amitābha Buddha is in this connection the “boundless light” by which things of the subjective world are perceived.

<sup>§</sup> Esoterically, “the unsurpassingly merciful and enlightened heart,” said of the “Perfect Ones,” the Jivan-muktas, collectively.

\*\* These six worlds — seven with us — are the worlds of Nats or Spirits, with the Burmese Buddhists, and the seven higher worlds of the Vedantins.

perpetuity of the thinking principle. These are:

1. Thought or Spirit\*\* — for the faculty is not distinguished from the subject — appears only with sensation and does not survive it.
2. The Spirit cannot itself lay hold of itself, and in directing attention to itself it draws from it only the conviction of its powerlessness to see itself otherwise than as successive and transitory.

This all refers to Spirit embodied, not to the freed Spiritual Self on whom Māyā has no more hold. Spirit is no body; therefore have the Orientalists made of it “nobody” and nothing. Hence they proclaim Buddhists to be Nihilists, and Vedāntins to be the followers of a creed in which the “Impersonal [God] turns out on examination to be a myth”; their goal is described as

The complete extinction of all spiritual, mental, and bodily powers by absorption into the Impersonal.<sup>††</sup>

The mastery of Buddhistic dogmas can be attained only according to the Platonic method: from universals to particulars. The key to it lies in the refined and mystical tenets of spiritual influx and divine life.

Saith Buddha:

*Whoever is unacquainted with my Law,<sup>‡‡</sup> and dies in that state, must return to*

\*\* Two things entirely distinct from each other. The “faculty is not distinguished from the subject” only on this material plane, while thought generated by our physical brain, one that has never impressed itself at the same time on the spiritual counterpart, whether through the atrophy of the latter or the intrinsic weakness of that thought, can never survive our body; this much is sure.

<sup>††</sup> *Vedānta Sāra* . . . translated by Major G. A. Jacob in *A Manual of Hindu Pantheism*. [London, Trübner; Boston, Houghton, 1881.]

<sup>‡‡</sup> The Secret Law, the “Doctrine of the Heart,” so called in contrast to the “Doctrine of the Eye,” or exoteric Buddhism.

*the earth till he becomes a perfect Samana [ascetic]. To achieve this object, he must destroy within himself the trinity of Māyā.\* He must extinguish his passions, unite and identify himself with the Law 'the teaching of the Secret Doctrine,' and comprehend the religion of annihilation.†*

No, it is not in the dead-letter of Buddhistical literature that scholars may ever hope to find the true solution of its metaphysical subtleties. Alone in all antiquity the Pythagoreans understood them perfectly, and it is on the (to the average Orientalist and the Materialist) incomprehensible abstractions of Buddhism that Pythagoras grounded the principal tenets of his Philosophy.

Thus *annihilation* means, with the Buddhistical philosophy, only a dispersion of matter, in whatever form or *semblance* of form it may be; for everything that bears a shape was created, and thus must sooner or later perish, *i.e.*, change that shape; therefore, as something temporary, though seeming to be permanent, it is but an illusion, *Māyā*; for, as eternity has neither beginning nor end, the more or less prolonged duration of some particular form passes, as it were, like an instantaneous flash of lightning. Before we have the time to realize that we have seen it, it is gone and passed away for ever; hence, even our astral bodies, pure ether, are but illusions of matter, so long as they retain their terrestrial outline. The latter changes, says the Buddhist, according to the merits or demerits of the person during his lifetime, and this is metempsychosis. When the spiritual *entity* breaks loose for ever from every particle of matter, then only it enters upon the eternal and unchangeable Nirvāna. He exists in Spirit, in *nothing*; as a form, a shape, a semblance, he is completely

\* "Illusion; matter in its triple manifestation in the earthly, and the astral or fontal Soul, or the body, and the Platonian dual Soul — the rational and the irrational one."

† *Isis Unveiled*, I, 289.

*annihilated*, and thus will die no more, for Spirit alone is no *Māyā*, but the only REALITY in an illusionary universe of ever-passing forms.

It is upon this Buddhist doctrine that the Pythagoreans grounded the principal tenets of their philosophy. "Can that Spirit, which gives life and motion, and partakes of the nature of light, be reduced to nonentity?" they ask. "Can that sensitive Spirit in brutes which exercises memory, one of the rational faculties, die, and become nothing?" And Whitelocke Bulstrode, in his able defence of Pythagoras, expounds this doctrine by adding: "If you say, they [the brutes] breathe their Spirits into the air, and there vanish, that is all that I contend for. The air, indeed, is the proper place to receive them, being according to Laertius, full of souls; and according to Epicurus, full of atoms. . . . the Principle of all things. For even this place wherein we walk and birds fly. . . is thus much of a spiritual nature, that it is invisible; therefore, may well be the receiver of forms, since the forms of all bodies are so; we can only hear and see its effects; the air itself is too fine, and above the capacity of the eye. What then is the aether that is in the region above. And what are the influences of forms that descend from thence?"‡ The *Spirits* of creatures, the Pythagoreans hold, who are emanations of the most sublimated portions of ether—emanations, *BREATHS*, but not forms. Ether is incorruptible, all philosophers agree in that; and what is incorruptible *is so far from being annihilated* when it gets rid of the *form*, that it lays a good claim to *IMMORTALITY*.

"But what is that which has no body, no *form*; which is imponderable, invisible and indivisible, that which exists, and yet *is not*?" ask the Buddhists. "It is Nirvāṣa," is the answer. It is *NOTHING*, not a region, but rather a state.§ [Extract from *C.W.*, vol. xiv, p. 408-10 & 419-21.]

‡ [*An Essay of Transmigration*, etc., pp. 29-30; 1692.]

§ *Isis Unveiled*, I, 290.