

The Clarion

October 1, 2021

HAPPY
HALLOWEEN!



Future of Esoterics: Cosmic Pantheism—Reinventing Religion

By Barbara Penninton

Pantheism is trans-theological. It is of an undefineable, inconceivable mystery thought of as a power, that is the source and end and supporting ground of all life and being.

Joseph Campbell

Life in church, synagogue, or temple began for many with a classical theology of Father-God contained within a powerful, patriarchal paradigm. In the remarkable evolution of human intelligence, that worldview is no longer attracting widely popular support. Humanity is collectively seeking a more intelligent, discerning theology that is inspired by amazing advancements in various fields.

Cosmic Pantheism suggests a divinity that is indwelling and intimate, present through resonance with all of life. The divine is not a remote, power figure used to control the masses, but offers potentiality for an ever-evolving humanity.

As humanity begins to evolve to a higher kingdom of nature, stagnant religions will lose relevancy. The seeds of wisdom in every religion will continue to inspire, but the theological vision will need to brighten and become powerful enough to impel humanity toward the destiny of a glorious future.

Decades ago, Carl Sagan, a planetary scientist and astrophysicist, offered a profound vision of what religion could be:

A religion old or new that stressed the magnificence of the universe as revealed by modern science, might be able to draw forth reserves of reverence and awe hardly tapped by the conventional faiths. Sooner or later such a religion will emerge.

From the beginning of time, extraordinary seers from all cultures have offered glimpses of the new theology.

Some hints came from the Roman Emperor of antiquity, Marcus Aurelius, who declared that: "Everything is interwoven and the web is holy.

Centuries later, Giordano Bruno (1548-1600), an Italian Dominican friar, had the courage to rethink theology even though it cost him his life.

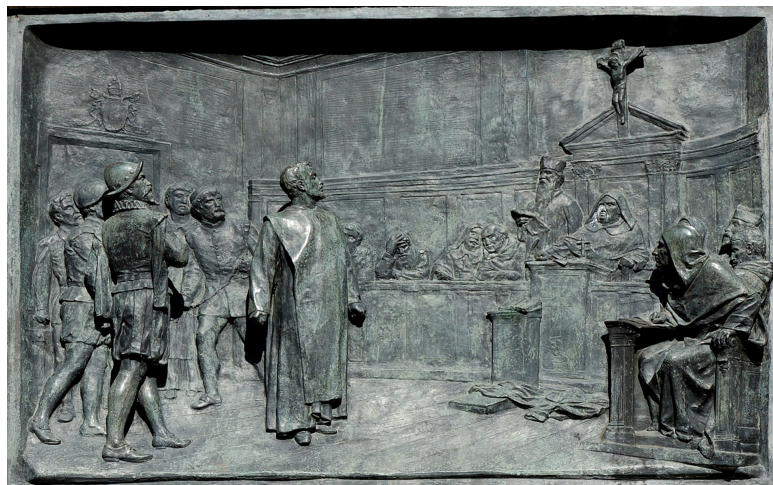
Unless you make yourself equal to God, you cannot understand God: for the like is not intelligible save to the like. Make yourself grow to a greatness beyond measure, by a bound free yourself from the body; raise yourself above all time, become Eternity; then you will understand God. Believe that nothing is

impossible for you, think yourself immortal and capable of understanding all, all arts, all sciences, the nature of every living being. Mount higher than the highest height; descend lower than the lowest depth. Draw into yourself all sensations of everything created, fire and water, dry and moist, imagining that you are everywhere, on earth, in the sea, in the sky, that you are not yet born, in the maternal womb, adolescent, old, dead, beyond

death. If you embrace in your thought all things at once, times, places, substances, qualities, quantities, you may understand God."



Giordano Bruno
1548-1600



Trial of Giordano Bruno

Giordano Bruno expressed these themes in *On the Infinite, the Universe and the Worlds*. Several decades after the death of Bruno, a Dutch

I say that the universe is not all-comprehensive infinity because each of the parts thereof that we can examine is finite and each of the innumerable worlds contained therein is finite. I declare God to be completely infinite because he can be associated with no boundary and his every attribute is one and infinite. And I say that God is all-comprehensive infinity because the whole of him pervadeth the whole world and every part thereof comprehensively and to infinity. That is unlike the infinity of the universe which is comprehensively in the whole but not comprehensively in those parts which we can distinguish within the whole (if indeed we can use the name parts, since

philosopher, Spinoza, expressed similar views that everything must be an expression of God. The result was excommunication.

The greatest secret of monarchic rule...is to keep men deceived and to cloak in the specious name of religion the fear by which they must be checked, so that they will fight for slavery as they would for salvation, and will think it not shameful, but a most honorable achievement, to give their life and blood that one man may have a ground for boasting.

Currently, Mary-Jane Rubenstein, professor of **rat** Wesleyan University, suggests religion needs a refresh. In introducing Cosmic Pantheism, she offers a theology that is inspired by science.

As neo-pagans, ecofeminists, radical environmentalists, new animists, and even some biologists have suggested, the Western opposition between God and world seems

to have endorsed our exploitation of nature. So if God is the world, might we be more inclined to care for it? Or maybe the difference is conceptual: What would it mean to recode divinity as embodied, evolving, multiple, and multiversal? What kinds of new mythologies and spiritual practices might emerge from the unlikely terrain of modern physics?

If we cling to the old theology, we miss the wondrous synergy of new world views emerging from philosophers, ecologists, scientists, seers and enlightened theologians. The universe is increasingly mysterious and new forces are being discovered that stretch our conception of cosmic existence to an incredible degree. It's not appropriate to put expanded, nuanced world views back in a box sealed by the stamp of religious dogma. The future demands sacred intelligence that rejoices in the brilliance of complexities within a vastly more glorious view of wholeness.

I believe in the cosmos.
All of us are linked to
the cosmos.
So nature is my god.
To me nature is sacred.
Trees are my temples
And forests are my
cathedrals,
Being at one with nature

Mikhail Gorbachev



Spinoza
1632-1677



Mikhail Gorbachev
1931-

THE YELLOW RIBBON

Submitted by Peggy Heubel

A Spooky Wisconsin Halloween Story, Retold by S.E. Schlosserby

This tale directly evoked memories of the stories my brothers and I made up during our childhood escapades in the hills of West Virginia. We were allowed (urged, ordered) to go play in the woods without a second thought or warning. And, too, there was never a question or concern about roaming the woods after dark on particular nights; some nights like Halloween. Yes, we grew up free at least when told to go play. But woe to us if we misbehaved at home—but that's another matter. On Halloween nights, we told ghost stories such as this... well, almost like this. We scared ourselves to death and that was the whole idea. And anticipation was everything.

Juliette wore a yellow ribbon around her neck every day. And I mean every day, rain or shine, whether it matched her outfit or not. It annoyed her best friend Jack after a while. He was her next-door neighbor and had known Juliette since she was three. When he was young, he had barely noticed the yellow ribbon, but now they were in high school together, it bothered him.

"Why do you wear that yellow ribbon around your neck, Juliette?" he'd ask her every day. But she wouldn't tell him.

Still, in spite of this aggravation, Jack thought she was cute. He asked her to the soda shoppe for an ice cream sundae. Then he asked her to watch him play in the football game. Then he started seeing her home. And come the spring, he asked her to the dance. Juliette always said yes when he asked her out. And she always wore a yellow dress to match the ribbon around her neck.

It finally occurred to Jack that he and Juliette were going steady, and he still didn't know why she wore the yellow ribbon around her neck. So, he asked her about it yet again, and yet again she did not tell him. "Maybe someday I'll tell you about it," she'd reply. Someday! That answer annoyed

Jack, but he shrugged it off, because Juliette was so cute and fun to be with.

Well, time flew past, as it has a habit of doing, and one day Jack proposed to Juliette and was accepted. They planned a big wedding, and Juliette hinted that she might tell him about the yellow ribbon around her neck on their wedding day. But somehow, what with the preparations and his beautiful bride, and the lovely reception, Jack never got around to asking Juliette about it. And when he did remember, she got a bit teary-eyed, and said: "We are so happy together, what difference does it make?" And Jack decided she was right.



Jack and Juliette raised a family of four, with the usual ups and downs, laughter and tears. When their golden anniversary rolled around, Jack once again asked Juliette about the yellow ribbon around her neck. It was the first time he'd brought it up since the week after their wedding. Whenever their children asked him about it, he'd always hushed them, and somehow none of the kids had dared ask their mother. Juliette gave Jack a sad look and said: "Jack, you've waited this long. You can wait awhile longer."

And Jack agreed. It was not until Juliette was on her death bed a year later that Jack, seeing his last chance slip away, asked Juliette one final time about the yellow ribbon she wore around her neck. She shook her head a bit at his persistence, and then said with a sad smile: "Okay Jack, you can go ahead and untie it."

With shaking hands, Jack fumbled for the knot and untied the yellow ribbon around his wife's neck.

And Juliette's head fell off."

Okay. Go ahead and groan. That's what Halloween is all about, right?

OCTOBER CELEBRATIONS

Colonel Henry Steel Olcott and Annie Besant

Henry S. Olcott

By Peggy Heubel

On October 1, 1898, the Theosophical Society in Oakland (aka the TSEB), was chartered by Col. Henry Steel Olcott, first president of the parent Theosophical Society, in international organization spread wide and far. We are of the Sun Sign Libra and, as one of its branches in good standing we are, too, celebrating our 123rd anniversary. This month, we can do no less than honor Col. Olcott, who holds a special place in our hearts as not only one of the primary founders of the TS but also the signatory founder of our branch having sealed our admittance into a great esoteric organization. For those who might be interested in THE premier first-hand account of the public introduction of Theosophy and upfront and personal accounts of the relationship between H. P. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, there is no better source than Olcott's 6-volume diary titled *Old Diary Leaves*.

Col. Olcott was an American military officer in the Civil War, a journalist, lawyer, and Freemason before he became a founding Theosophist. One of the most important contributions to the blossoming psychism of his day was his book, *People from the Other World*, published in 1875. Part 1 of the work is a "careful account" of Olcott's 1874 investigations into the famous Eddy brothers of Chittenden, Vermont, and their claimed psychic powers. Part 2 is a report into two Philadelphia mediums who claimed to be able to call up two spirits called John and Katie King. The account includes descriptions of séances, healings, levitation, teleportation, and the famous Compton transfiguration. Olcott, before there was such a thing as Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, was a pioneer of psychical research, which was deeply influenced by Helena Blavatsky (1831-1891), who he met at Chittenden. This culturally important book is one of his most popular and offers unique insights into nineteenth-century fascination with the occult representing "a classic example of a Victorian attempt to approach the supernatural with the rigors of scientific investigation."



It is easy for us to research the founding of the Society, easy to find all kinds of information concerning its founders, and easy to find evaluations of theosophical concepts ranging from considered and insightful to uninformed and ignorant. However, few of us (even though members of the Society for many years), have very little idea of the extraordinary work Col Olcott did for the reintroduction of Buddhism in Sri Lanka but throughout Asia. He is owed a great deal of gratitude.

In Sri Lanka, Henry Steel Olcott (revered even to this day) created scores of Buddhist schools, and many more were built in his name. It was he who initiated the design of the international Buddhist flag seen

everywhere in Sri Lanka. In the world of Southern Buddhism, who wrote its *Buddhist Catechism* used throughout Asia? Col. Olcott. Southern Buddhism is also called Theravada Buddhism and is strongest in Sri Lanka, Cambodian, Thailand, Laos, and Myanmar. "Theravada" means 'the doctrine of the elders'—the elders being the senior Buddhist monks. Perhaps his extensive work for the reestablishment of Southern Buddhism is a little more than coincidental in that Henry (popularly called the *White Buddhist*), was for a time, even considered an incarnation of Emperor Ashoka (reigning from circa 268 to 232 BC) for his role in reviving Buddhism in south

Asia. Asoka was considered a (if not THE) most zealous supporter of Buddhism; he maintained in his palace from 60-70,000 monks and priests, erected 84,000 *topes* and *stupas* throughout India, reigned 36 years, and sent his monks and priests on Buddhist missions out of India and into the Middle East and Asia.

Whether or not (who can say) Henry Olcott was an incarnation of Emperor Asoka matters very little in the grand scheme of things. Suffice it to say, the Colonel was a great Theosophist, who lived an active life in support of all people. Who can have a greater epitaph than that?

OCTOBER CELEBRATIONS

Annie Besant: Out with the Old Life, In With the New

Submitted by Peggy Heubel

The following was extracted from Annie Besant's *Autobiography*. Herein, she talks about never succumbing to censorship when speaking the truth of your own conscience. When she bids farewell to her long-time friends, she is leaving the materialistic world and entering into the theosophical world. Here is her reasoning.

"In 1886, I was speaking of the various religions of the world and alluded Hinduism and Buddhism as dealing with the problem of existence, and then went on to say: 'These mystic Oriental religions are profoundly Pantheistic; one life pulsing through all living things; one existence bodying itself forth in all individual existences; such is the common ground of those mighty religions which number amongst their adherents the vast majority of human kind. And in this magnificent conception they are in accord with modern science; the philosopher and the poet, with the far-reaching glance of genius, caught sight of that unity of all things, the 'one in the many' of Plato, a belief which it is the glory of modern science to have placed on the sure foundation of ascertained fact.' You have in them the recognition of that unity of existence which is common to Pantheism and to Materialism, the great gulf between the two being this: that whereas Pantheism speaks of one universal life bodying itself forth in all lives, Materialism speaks of matter and of force of which life and consciousness are the ultimate products and not the essential fact. I believe in the unity of existence, but I realize that that existence is a living force, and not only what is called "matter" and "energy"; that it is a principle of life, a principle of consciousness; that the life and the consciousness that pulse out from its center evolve from that one eternal life without which life and consciousness could never be. That is the great difference which separates the position of the Materialism that I once held from the position I hold today; and that has its natural corollary that, as the essence of the universe is life, so the essence of each man is life as well; that death is but a passing phenomenon, as simple and as natural as that which is spoken of as life; that in the heart of man as of the universe, life is an eternal principle fulfilling itself in many forms, but immortal, inextinguishable, never to be either created or destroyed.



Now, glancing back to the Materialism to which I clung for so many years of life, glancing back over the training it gave me, and the steps by which slowly I left it behind, there is one point that I desire here to place on record. You have Materialism of two very different schools. There is the Materialism which cares nothing for man but only for oneself; which seeks only for personal gain, personal pleasure, personal delight; which cares nothing for the race but only for self; nothing for posterity but only for the moment; of which the real expression is: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." With that Materialism neither I nor those with whom I worked had aught in common. With that Materialism, which is only that of the brute, we never had part nor lot. That is the Materialism that destroys all the glory of human life, it is the Materialism that can only be held by the selfish and, therefore, the degraded. It is the other Materialism that has been the training school in which have been trained many of the noblest intellects and truest hearts of our time.

For what is the higher Materialism after all? What is it but the reason and thought which is the groundwork of many a noble life today? It is that which, while it believes that the life of the individual ends in death, so far as he himself is concerned, recognizes the life of the race as that for which the individual is living, and to which all that is noblest and best in him is to be devoted. That is the Materialism of such men as Clifford, who taught it in philosophy, and of such men as Charles Bradlaugh, who lived it out in life. It was that Materialism which was put into words by Clifford when, for the moment fearing he might be misunderstood, he said: "Do I seem to say, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die'? Nay; rather let us take hands and help, for today we are alive together." Against that Materialism I have no word of reproach to speak now. Never have I spoken a word of reproach against it, and I never shall; for I know that it is a philosophy so selfless in its noblest forms that few are grand enough to grasp it and live it out, and that which I have brought back as fruit from my many years of Materialism is the teaching that to work without self as the goal is the great object-lesson of human life.

For there can be no selflessness more complete than that which accepts a life of struggle for itself so that the race may have an easier life in years to come, which is willing to die that, from its death, others may have wider life; which is willing to sacrifice everything, so that even on its own dead body others may rise to greater happiness and a truer intellectual life.

But — and here comes the difference — there are problems in the universe which Materialism not only does not solve but which it declares are insoluble, difficulties in life and mind that Materialism cannot grapple with, and in face of which it is not only dumb but says that mankind must remain dumb for evermore. Now, in my own studies and my own searching, I came to problem after problem for which scientific Materialism had no answer — nay, told me that no answer could be found. There were things that were facts, and the whole scheme of science is not that you are to impose your own will on nature, but that you are to question nature and listen to her answer, whatever that answer may be. But I came upon fact after fact that did not square with the theories of Materialism. I came across facts which were facts of nature as much as any fact of the laboratory, or any discovery by the knife or the scalpel of the anatomist. Was I to refuse to see them because my philosophy had no place for them? Was I to do what men have done in every age — insist that nature was no greater than my knowledge, and that because a fact was new, it was, therefore, a fraud or an illusion? Not thus had I learned the lesson of materialistic science from its deepest depths of investigation into nature. And, when I found that there were facts that made life other than Materialism considered; when I found that there were facts of life and consciousness that made the materialistic hypothesis impossible; then I determined still to study, although the foundations were shaking, and not to be nonconformist enough to the search after truth, to draw back, because it wore a face other than the one I expected. When I found that in the researches of men today, who still are Materialists, there are many facts which they themselves admit they cannot explain, and about which they will endeavor to form no theory; when I found in studying such branches



of mental science as hypnotism and mesmerism, that there were undeniable facts which had their place in nature as much as any other facts; when I found that as those facts were analyzed and experimented on, and consciousness did not rise and fall with the pulsations of the brain or the vibrations of the cells of the brain; when I found that as you diminish the throb of physical life your intellectual manifestations became more vivid and more startling; when I found that in that brain in which the blood ran freely, from which, on examination, every careful instrument of science gave an average of the lowest conditions that made life possible at all, when I found that from the person with a brain in such a condition thoughts could proceed more vividly than when the brain was in full activity — then do you wonder that I began to ask whether other methods of investigation might not be useful, and whether it was wise for me to turn my back upon any road which promised to lead towards a better understanding of the subtlest problems of psychology?

Two or three years before, I had met with two books which I read and re-read, and then put aside because I was unable to relate them to any other information I could obtain, and I could find no other method then of carrying my study further along those lines. They were two books by Mr. Sinnett. One was Esoteric Buddhism and the other The Occult World. They fascinated me on my scientific side, because for the first time they threw an intelligible light upon, and

brought within the realm of law and of natural order, a large number of facts that had always remained to me unexplained in the history of man. They did not carry me very far, but they suggested a new line of investigation; and from that time onward, I was on the look-out for other clues which might lead me in the direction I sought. Those clues were not definitely found until early in the year 1889. I had experimented, to some extent, then, and many years before, in Spiritualism, and found some facts and much folly; but I never found there an answer, nor anything which carried me further than the mere recording of certain unexplainable phenomena. But in 1889 I had a book given to me to review, written by H. P. Blavatsky, and known as The Secret Doctrine. I was given it to review,

as a book the reviewers of the paper did not care to tackle, and it was thought I might do something with it, as I was considered more or less mad on the subjects of which it treated. I accepted the task, I read the book, and I knew that I had found the clue that I had been seeking. I then asked for an introduction to the writer of that book, feeling that the one who had written it would be able to show me something at least of a path along which I might travel with some hope of finding out more than I knew of life and mind. I met her for the first time in that year. Before very long I placed myself under her tuition, and there is nothing in the whole of my life for which I am one tithe so grateful as the apparent accident that threw her book into my hands, and the resolution taken by myself that I would know the writer of that book.

Know that in this hall there will not be many who will share the view that I take of Helena Blavatsky. I knew her, you did not – and in that may lie the difference of our opinion. You talk of her as “fraud,” and fling about the word as carelessly of one with whom you disagree, as Christians and others threw against me the epithet of “harlot” in the days gone by, and with as much truth. I read the evidence that was said to be against her. I read the great proofs of the “fraud”: how she had written the letters which she said had come to her from the men who had been her Teachers. I read the evidence of W. Netherclift, the expert, first that the letters were not written by her, and then that they were. The expert at Berlin swore that they were not written by her. I read most carefully the evidence against her, because I had so much to lose. I read it; I judged it false on the reading; I knew it to be false when I came to know her. And here is one fact which may, perhaps, interest you much, as rather curious from the point of view that Madame Blavatsky was the writer of those famous letters.

You have known me in this Hall for sixteen and a half years. You have never known me lie to you. My worst public enemy, through the whole of my life, never cast a slur upon my integrity. Everything else they have sullied, but my truth never; and I

tell you that since Madame Blavatsky left, I have had letters in the same writing and from the same person. Unless you think that dead persons write – and I do not think so – that is rather a curious fact against the whole challenge of fraud. I do not ask you to believe me, but I tell you this on the faith of a record that has never yet been sullied by a conscious lie. Those who knew her, knew she could not very well commit fraud, if she tried. She was the frankest of human beings. It may be said: “What evidence have you beside hers?” My own knowledge. For some time, all the evidence I had of the existence of her Teachers and the existence of those so-called “abnormal powers” was second-hand, gained through her. It is not so now, and it has not been so for many months: unless every

sense can be at the same time deceived, unless a person can be, at the same moment, sane and insane, I have exactly the same certainty for the truth of theosophy as I have for the fact that you are here. Of course, you may be all delusions, invented by myself and manufactured by my own brain. I refuse to be false to all the knowledge of my intellect, the perceptions of my senses, and my reasoning faculties as well.

And so I pass out of Materialism into Theosophy, and every month that has gone since then has given me reason to be more and more grateful for the light which then came; for it is better to live in a universe you are beginning to understand than in one which is full of problems

never to be solved; and if you find yourself on the way to the solution of many, that gives you at least a reasonable hope that you may possibly at last be able to solve those that are at the moment beyond our grasp. Already you may find the ranks of Theosophy winning day by day thoughtful and intellectual adherents.

Truth is mightier than our wildest dreams; deeper than our longest plummet-line; higher than our loftiest soarings; grander than you and I can even imagine. What are we?



In bidding you farewell, I have no words save words of gratitude; for well I know that for seventeen years I have met with a kindness that has never changed, a loyalty that has never broken; a courage that has always been ready to stand by me and defend me. Without your help I had been crushed many a year ago; without the love you gave me, my heart would have been broken many long years since. But not even for love of you; not even for your sake will I promise not to speak of that which I know to be true. Although my knowledge may be ultimately mistaken, still it is knowledge to me. As long as I have it, I should commit the worst treachery to truth and conscience if I allowed anyone to stand between my right to speak that which I believe I have found to those who are willing to listen. To you, friends and companions of so many years, of

whom I have spoken no harsh word, and of whom through all the years to come, no words save of gratitude shall ever pass my lips – to you, friends and brethren, I must say farewell, going out into a life that is shornindeed of its friends, but has on it that light of duty which is the polestar of every true conscience and brave heart. I know – as far as human being can know—that Those to Whom I have pledged my faith and service are true and pure and great. I would not have left your platform had I not been compelled; but if I must be silent on what I know to be true then I must take my dismissal, and to you now, and for the rest of this life, to you I bid ---- FAREWELL.

Witch Mabel

A Twisted Tale

By Barbara Pennington

There once was a witch named Mabel
Whose exploits were etched in eerie fable

One day, gazing in a mirror, a ghoul with a frown
Ordered her to switch the king into a clown

She seized the chance to grasp the fallen crown
and commenced to boss every poor soul in town

To win allies, she put a toadstool in every pot
And was shocked by the dire twist in the plot

At Halloween there was no spirit left to scare
And no one to taunt and tease or even to dare

Instead she scared herself out of her pointed skull
And was horrified when all turned dark and dull

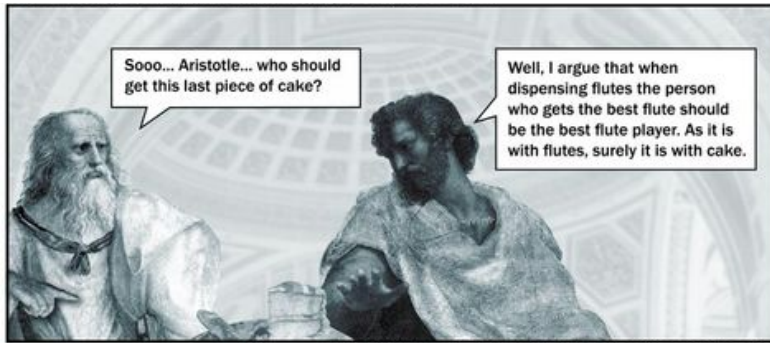
Alas, she became a headless, wretched witch
Who without beams landed in a dirty ditch

The moral is that an image in a mirror seems right
but truly illusion conceals a clever, cruel fright.

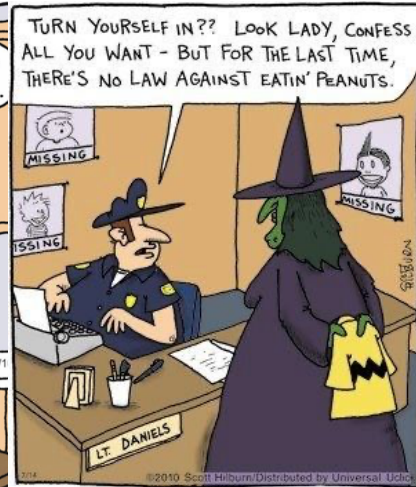


In Thoughtful Jest

Chosen and arranged by Odette Larde



©2012 MATT RUSSELL & NICK GIBB WWW.DEAD-PHILOSOPHERS.COM



For Sale
AliExpress



Cotton T Shirt Men Plato And Aristotle In Epic Basketball Match Slim Graphic Cartoon T-Shirt Funny Tshirt Tees Harajuku
1 order US \$4.34 - 7.53

<https://www.aliexpress.com/?spm=a2g0o.detail.1000002.1.25c061c4AXRQMX>