



## THE CIRCLE OF TRANSFORMATION

My dear Judge,

You ask me what is my belief about “re-incarnation”. Well, as it is a complicated question, I must give you a plain statement of my full belief.

To begin with, I am a Pantheist and not a Theist or a Deist. I believe that the whole Universe is God. You must however well understand that the word “God” does not convey to me any meaning attached to that word by the Westerns. When I say God, I understand it to be Nature or Universe and no more. Therefore, I might more appropriately be called a “Naturalist”. To my mind there is no possibility of the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity. For if there were such a possibility the harmony or equilibrium in nature could not be preserved and the whole Universe instead of being one harmonious whole would be but a Tower of Babel. This harmony can be kept only by the working of the Immutable Laws of Nature. And if the Laws of Nature are immutable, they must be blind and require no guidance. Hence the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity is impossible. This, as far as I can understand, is the Chief teaching and principle of Aryan Philosophy. The Aryan and the Semite Philosophies differ from each other in this fundamental Idea, viz., that while the former is pantheistic, i.e., not acknowledging the existence of an extra-cosmical God, the latter is Monotheistic, i.e., admitting the existence of an intelligent Creator existing outside the cosmos. How far either of these is true I cannot say. But, as I think the former to be a logical position while the latter merely a matter of blind faith, I accept the former.

Now some of the Pantheists recognize the existence of two distinct existences, viz., Matter and Spirit. But thinking deeply over the Subject has led me to the conclusion that this position is not quite logical. For, as far as I can understand, there can be but one Infinite Existence and not two. Call it either Matter or Spirit,

anything you like, but it is one and the same. For who can say that this is Spirit and this is Matter? Can you draw anywhere a line between the two? Take an instance. Ice is a gross form of matter. Suppose it is a little rarefied, you will have water, which you will still call matter. Higher still, you have vapour, but it is still matter. Higher again, it becomes atmosphere, but still it is matter. Furthermore, it becomes ether, but still it is matter, and thus you may go *ad infinitum*. Thus becoming more and more sublimated it will reach its climax of the process of spiritualization. But still it does not become nothing. For if it does, there must come a time when the whole Universe will be nothing. If it is so, it is not infinite, as it has an end. If it has an end, it must have a beginning. If it had a beginning, it must have been created and thus we must assume the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity, which, as said above, is not a logical position. Then we thus find logically that this highest sublimated form of matter cannot be nothing. In this case matter has reached that climax of Sublimation or Spiritualization when any further action would make it grosser, not finer.

What is commonly understood by the word "Spirit" then is nothing but that highly etherealized form of matter which we with our finite senses cannot comprehend. But it is still matter inasmuch as it is still something and liable to be grosser. Some argue that these terms are adopted to signify the two extreme conditions of matter. But then I cannot with my finite senses comprehend where you can draw the line between Matter and Spirit. And the gradations being infinite, I give up this task as hopeless for me, an imperfect finite being. Well then, there is *only one* eternal Infinite Existence, call it either Spirit or Matter. I will, however, designate it by the latter name as that term is most suited in its common understanding for what I am to state. Matter, as you know, we call *Maya*. Now some say that Matter, when assuming form and shape and being temporary, is illusion and therefore does not really exist. But I do not agree there. In my opinion — and such is that of every rational metaphysician — it is *the only* Existence. And it is called *Maya simply on account of these Transformations*. It is never steady. The Process is ever working. The one Infinite Agglomeration of matter is in some of its modes becoming grosser and grosser, while, in others, becoming

more and more sublimated.

The Circle is ever turning its round. Nothing goes out of that Circle. Everything is kept within its bounds by the action of the Centripetal and the Centrifugal Forces. The forms are changing but the *Inner* substance remains the same. You will naturally ask what is the use of our being good or bad, if Nature has her own course. Our souls will be etherealized in their proper time? But then, what is a Soul? Is it material or immaterial? Well, it *is* material for me as there is nothing immaterial as said above. Then what is it? Well, as far as I can think, it is an agglomeration of all the attributes together with that something which gives us the consciousness that we are. And just as Thought is Matter, so is every attribute Matter.

It might be then asked, will not our souls be etherealized in their proper turn? Well, then take here again the instance of Ice. It is the grossest form of matter. We say it then becomes water. But will it be so unless it comes in contact with heat? Decidedly not. The action of the Centripetal Force is strong and it keeps up together the particles of Ice. It requires the action of Centrifugal Force, which is done by the supply of heat. If that piece of Ice be left in a cold place it will remain so until by accident the Sun's rays might penetrate there or in some such way heat might be supplied. Just so then with man. The action of the Centripetal Force keeps us to our gross forms. And if we have to etherealize ourselves we must supply the Centrifugal Force, which is our WILL. And this is the first principle of OCCULTISM. Just as the etherealization of our Souls is the result of the action of our Will, so is everything else the result of something else.

The action of the working of the Circle of Matter is regulated by the Law of Cause and Effect. Nothing can be without it. And everything is at the same time in itself a Cause and an Effect. Take, for instance, heat. It is the cause of the melting of ice into water and at the same time it is the result of some other force. It did not come out of nothing. Then, how can we etherealize ourselves? By studying the action of Causes and Effects and acting accordingly. Or, in other words, by obtaining knowledge of the Forces of Nature — in one word, by studying occultism. You might ask, can we not rise higher and higher without being Occultists? I reply, decidedly not to that extent to which an Occultist will rise. You will simply desire to rise higher? Well, as

said above, this is only the first principle of occultism. And just as one step leads you to certain progress, more Knowledge will lead you to a greater progress; for every result must be in proportion to the cause producing it. As said above, the action of matter is always going on. And we are every instant emitting and attracting various atoms of matter. Now a person who is not an occultist will have various desires and unconsciously to himself he will produce a Cause which will attract to him such atoms of matter as are not suited for his higher progress. The same way, when he is emitting others, he may give them such a tendency that they will mix with others evilly inclined and thus other Individualities which are thus formed will have to suffer for no fault of theirs. While an Occultist directs both. He is the Master of the Situation. He is not guided by the blind Forces of Nature. He guides them. And by knowing their action, he produces such conditions as are favourable to his attaining "Nirvana". But what is Nirvana? By Nirvana I do not mean any locality but a *state*. It is that condition in which we are so etherealized that instead of being merely a mode of the one Infinite Existence as at present, we are merged into Totality or we become THE WHOLE.

There is also another reason why an advanced occultist is superior to one who merely is content with the first step mentioned above. The more he studies and understands the action of the Forces of Nature, the more is he in a position to benefit Humanity. While the one is merely content with his own advancement — the other one, the advanced occultist, places his happiness in the good of Humanity which he practically assists and benefits. Perhaps you might ask that as the Universe is evolving, there must come a time when this process of evolution must cease and *involution* begin; and when the latter process has done her course, everything will be in Nirvana; and therefore what is the use of troubling oneself with the study of Occultism, etc., if we can be just as well in that state? But then there are two reasons why we should do it. The first is, we do not know when the process of involution will begin and perhaps millions and billions of years might pass before everything is in Nirvana, and who knows through how many transformations we may have to pass, for, as said above, Matter is never steady but is ever changing forms. A practical occultist reaches that state in a comparatively

very short time. The other reason is — when everything will be in Nirvana, it will not be *me* that attains Nirvana.

And here I must state I believe that a man can attain Nirvana only *in this life and no other*. If I do not go to *Nirvana* some time after death, where do I go in the end, you will naturally ask. My reply is that if I do not keep up my Individuality, I lose it. My *Ego* remains; but my Individuality is lost. I lose that something which at present furnishes to me the consciousness that I am Damodar, that I exist as such. My Spiritual Soul or *Ego* if pure and good may be etherealized and reach Nirvana state but it will no longer be the Individuality of Damodar that will attain that state. Therefore I must keep up that Individuality until I reach Nirvana state. And how to do it is taught by occultism. I did not come out of Nothing. The particles of which I am formed have always existed, and yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through millions or billions of Transformations. And why do I not know it now? Because I did not retain my Individuality. I did not supply the action of the Force that would not have allowed the disintegration of my Individuality.

Occultism furnishes that Key. And if I act up accordingly I may attain Nirvana. But then I shall not be eternally in that state. For it is unjust that the actions of a few years should be rewarded or punished eternally. At the most, how long can a human life last? Not more than four hundred years. Would it then be just that my actions of so short a period should be punished or rewarded eternally? For what are even billions of years compared to eternity? Well, then you might say what is the use of our attaining Nirvana if we are to come back again? The reasons are twofold. The first is — I shall be in Nirvana for some time, so long as the action of the Force keeps me there, or, in other words, I shall be there until the completion of the result of my endeavours to attain it, the effect being always in proportion to the Cause.

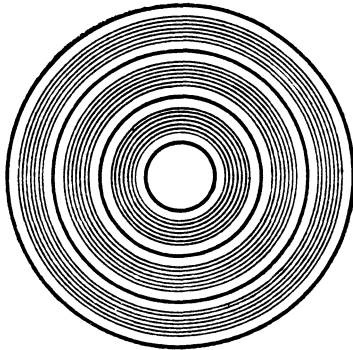
Here again you might ask, but can we not keep up this process *ad infinitum*? Certainly you cannot, because the Law of Exhaustion must assert itself. Everything you do must be to the detriment of another, or, in other words, you exhaust a certain amount of Energy to produce a certain Result. The other reason is that while you are passing through this process of etherealization you all

along give a certain tendency to the particles of which you are formed. This tendency will always assert itself and thus in every Cycle, i.e., in each Circle of your transformation or Reincarnation, you will have the same advantages which you can always utilize to be soon free, and, by remaining longer in Nirvana State than the generality of Humanity, you are comparatively free. So every consciousness which has been once fully developed must disintegrate if not preserved by the purity of its successive *Egos* till the attainment of Nirvana State.

Now I believe that the full development of my consciousness as Damodar is possible only upon this earth and therefore should a person die before his consciousness is developed, he must be reborn on this earth. And this is possible only in two states, viz., if one dies in childhood, or as a congenital idiot. Or there is a third state possible, which is this. Suppose I am studying Occultism and I reach a certain stage where I am able to retain my Individuality; suppose my body should be incapacitated for my practical purposes. Then with my Knowledge I can choose any body I like, for, as I said above, Nirvana State is possible of attainment only in this earthly life. I may be in any other body, but my Individuality will be the same as now.

“Letters between Damodar and Judge”  
*The Path*, January 1896

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## THE LONE DISCIPLE

Narottam, the lone disciple at the temple of Sharada Pitham, lit his evening fire. His mind turned once again to the problem posed by his past.

“We are leaving in the morning. You are to stay and show the way to those who may come. Cleave to the teaching, and fear not, for I shall return for you.” These were the words the Holy One had spoken on the night before his departure. Two years had transpired since that night, whose message Narottam knew contained the key.

Cleave to the teaching. Still, as the months passed, Narottam could feel the teaching slip from his grasp. The more he would grasp, the more would it slip. He performed what small duties remained, but the spirit had fled, and that which once had enkindled every fibre of his life now seemed cold, bitter and repellent. His mind was replete with the ruminations of those who live too much alone. Occasionally he would think back to the earlier period spent in the company of the Holy One and his disciples, golden times when, like a lost child, he had come upon the sweet teaching, and the world was like a song. Little did he then know the trials awaiting him alone, the last of the disciples at Sharada Pitham. These memories were tinged with envy and regret, but he often tormented himself with them. Naught else was there for him upon that empty plain. Narottam noticed his fire burning low and stopped to stir the embers.

Unmistakably, he heard a rapping at the door. He was startled, having had no visitor for many months. The hour was already late. He braced the door open against the howling winds. A stranger stood outside.

“I am a traveller in search of the temple of Sharada Pitham. I was directed here.”

“Come in”, answered Narottam. The traveller put down his small satchel and assumed a seat in front of the fire. Narottam put a new log on the coals.

“Why have you come?” he asked.

“I am Lohita, from the remote province in the south. There it has long been held that a great spiritual teacher is associated with this temple. I had a dream wherein I saw him, and I resolved never to cease looking until I came unto his presence.”

“You are too late”, Narottam replied. “He was here, but now he is gone. Three years ago this day he set off.”

Lohita, dismayed, pondered this news. “Tell me,” he resumed, “what were the circumstances of his departure? Where has he gone?”

Narottam looked away. “I do not know.”

“But are you not one of his disciples?”

“I do not know.”

“Please, friend, explain, for I do not understand how this can be.”

“Nor I,” Narottam began, “for I hardly know what to answer. Several years ago the teaching was flourishing and I came to join the Holy One, among the last of his disciples. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the Teacher decided to go from here. I did not know of his plan until the night before their leaving. He sent for me and instructed that I was to remain behind. Then the next morning . . .” and here Narottam’s words broke off, as if he had with his own speech touched upon some exposed nerve. He continued in stammering phrases: “. . . the following morning they all left, up the mountain trail. The Holy One, his disciples with him, and I behind. They taken, and I forsaken; they selected, and I rejected . . .” Narottam started to cry. Lohita’s eyes, which had been fixed intently upon him, now fell to the floor.

The two sat in silence. At last Narottam spoke. “A fine picture I have painted for you. You come in search of the Teacher, and I have nothing but my own troubles to offer you. Oh, I am the worst of men!”

Lohita made no reply. He asked quietly, “The stories told of the Holy One — are they not true?”

The fire had burnt low, but Narottam felt himself warmed from within his own heart. He talked in earnest now. “The stories told of him are more true than anyone knows, yet even they do not do him justice!” And Narottam proceeded to recount to Lohita some of the words and acts of his Teacher.



After they had spent some time in this way, the hour had grown very late, and both were tired. The conversation returned to the present.

“They took the mountain path?” asked Lohita.

“Yes”, Narottam replied.

“Then I will resume my journey there in the morning.”

“Good. I know you will find him.”

Narottam showed the traveller where he could sleep, but did not go to bed himself. At his table he took out paper, pen and holy book. Lohita slept soundly, awakening with the sun.

The next morning Lohita made ready to leave. “I have this to give you”, Narottam said.

“What is it?”

“Verses from the sacred precepts, to guide you on your journey.”

“I thank you, disciple. I will tell the Teacher of the service you have rendered to me.”

Narottam bid his companion farewell. Walking back to his dwelling, he reflected that they shared much in common. Strange, that out of this encounter something indefinable had been made clear.

This was the last Narottam heard of Lohita for several years. News of the death of the Holy One had come to the village. Narottam’s heart was pierced, yet held on to hope, for it was further told that Lohita had become the Teacher’s favoured disciple, and Narottam was filled with gladness at his friend’s good fortune.

“I shall return for you”, the Holy One had said, but now this was impossible, and Narottam sought for the deeper meaning of that message. But within the year Narottam caught a fever and died. Only in the closing moments of his life did the true significance of those words become apparent, striking him as by lightning, nor could he believe himself worthy of the sacrifice.

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The wheel of the Good Law moves swiftly on. When Telemus met the disciple at the door, he was immediately struck by the composure of the young man, being so much greater than his own.

“Where are you from? I have not seen you in our town before.”

“It is true. We come from the island.”

“And why do you come here?”

“It was the Guru’s wish”, the novitiate answered. “He will speak here this afternoon.”

“I have heard of this man. The priests speak slightly of him and claim he is an imposter”, Telemus said, meaning no disrespect, but simply pointing to a matter of fact.

“Do you believe them?” the disciple asked.

“No, for I know they are hypocrites.”

“Then I suggest that you come”, the disciple said.

Telemus was surprised to meet many of his friends on that grassy knoll outside of town. He took a seat, and soon the Guru emerged, accompanied by several disciples. He addressed the assembly at once, with no formalities.

Telemus began listening in an attitude of critical attention, but within two sentences he was transfixed. The man’s words shone with a spiritual serenity, rang with an inner truth Telemus felt he had always known but never heard. His heart melted into this larger heart. And when the sermon ended, Telemus could not stir for a long while. He noticed the young disciple sitting by his side. The townspeople were leaving.

“Where are they going?” he asked in astonishment.

“Back to town”, the disciple answered.

“But did they not hear?”

The Guru approached the place where the two youths sat. “Men pass through this dark world, each like a blind man hugging his own blindness. But you who have seen may help others to see also. Let us walk together, Telemus, and offer aid to those whose eyes may be opened.”

Telemus, with words which flowed from where he knew not, spoke, “O my Master, thou hast come for me.”

*Hermes, July 1979*

