

February 2013

## A REFLECTION ON *THE SECRET DOCTRINE*, No. 14

Space is the *one eternal thing* that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective Universe.

— *The Secret Doctrine*

*So, imagine this:*

You're suspended in interstellar space . . . alone . . . when suddenly the stars begin to disappear. Within seconds, not only stars, but entire constellations and galaxies are gone, vanished without a trace. All that remains is an unfathomable darkness, an uncompromising stillness, terrifying in its absoluteness. There's no gravity, no *up* or *down*, no *in* or *out*, no *here* or *there*. Those words are now devoid of meaning, relics of a nonexistent world. Your mind races for a rational explanation, peering into the opaque abyss, anxiously searching for some discrete object . . . something . . . anything . . . anywhere. It's a total blackout, a mute darkness unlike anything you've ever imagined. Are you moving? Are you suspended? You feel the unnerving sensation of a boy on his first roller coaster ride. You could be tumbling headlong into the bowels of infinity, but how would you know? Without any visible points of reference, is there such a thing as motion? A subtle and diabolical thought arises: *Maybe the cloak of darkness extends only a few yards in all directions*. A claustrophobic feeling of panic strikes. You want to escape. This screen of oppressive opacity is causing you to lose your grip. What is reality? What happened to the world you knew? All that your conditioned mind was accustomed to has passed into oblivion.

After a while, you recall that you once read something in *The Secret Doctrine* about cosmic cycles and the dissolution of the Cosmos. That's what it is—a cosmic Pralaya in which time no longer exists and darkness fills the boundless ALL!

With this realization, you begin to acclimate yourself to the Void. In this mysterious nothingness, without objects or events to stimulate thought, the mind grows still. There's only absolute silence . . . and utter darkness. Releasing all thoughts, memories, and dreams, you sink into the soft bosom of Infinite Duration, blissfully surrendering yourself to a dreamless sleep, a sleep that will last for seven eternities.

**David P. Bruce** is the National Secretary of the Theosophical Society in America.