

# THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST



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### Harvest Festival at The Farm

by Steve Schweitzer

We just held the Sixth Annual Harvest Festival on the Farm in Surnmertown, which this year was produced by Plenty as a benefit for Kids to the Country.

The Festival was loads of fun, along with all the satisfying work, and we're including a spread of photos in the Bulletin to help convey some of the good spirit and energy that we experienced during this three day event.

The Festival was a, fitting project for Plenty. We had workshops about sustainable forestry, biodynamic farming, straw bale construction, home birth, alternative healing, photovoltaics, solar heating and cooking, and the history of Plenty. There was an international variety of music from African to Polynesian to Caribbean to Country to Rock and Ska. We had environmental education for kids, vegetanan cooking, horse and wagon rides, traditional craftmaking and contra dancing during this multicultural exposition.

One of the highlights for me was when OJ Ekemode and his Nigerian Allstars arrived and they realized their drummer had gotten lost. Being the headliner band, there were some tense moments until one of the Farm young people, an accomplished drummer, volunteered to fill in. The tension was dispelled in the first number as the young drummer displayed his cool ability to reproduce the intricate and heart-stopping Afro-Beat rhythms. Under a sparkling night sky and a full autumn moon, OJ and the band brought the Festival to its feet and kept it there, dancing for peace, feeling connected to the whole world through the pure energy of transcendent global music. It was magical.

# PLENTY AND THE FARM PRESENT THE SIXTH ANNUAL

The Harvest Festival took place September 27-29, 1996. A benefit for Plenty's Kids to the Country project, the Festival also marked the Farm Community's 25th Anniversary. It was 25 years ago, September, 1971, that 270 hippie pioneers in 50 some "bus-homes" landed here.



The Polynesian Reflections have become Festival favorites.



a.k.a. RUDY served up some irresistible SKA.

All photos by Anita Whipple



Farm neighbor, Tom Riley and brother Joe, provided horse and wagon tours of the land.



Mustafa and the Mystic Meditations have played five of our Festivals.



Listening to a speaker at one of the workshops.



Kids to the Country's Mary Ellen Bowen (left front) and Elizabeth Barger (right front) and friends at the Festival.

## HARVEST FESTIVAL IN SUMMERTOWN, TENNESSEE

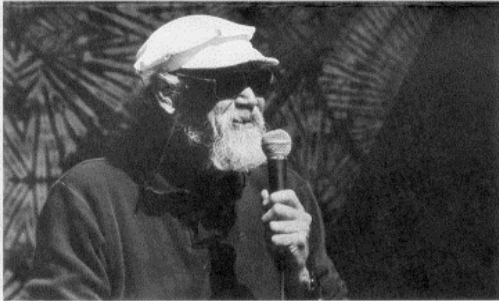
The Festival was attended by more than 700 folks who were treated to world beat music, workshops, vegetarian cuisine and beautiful Tennessee fall weather, sunny and warm by day, cool, clear nights under a full moon. It was an educational, healing, musical, 'fun-raiser.'



The band "Common Bond" expresses a Festival theme.



Vegetarian cookbook author, Louise Hagler (rt.) introduced some new recipes to willing testers.



Community Founder, Stephen Gaskin, reflects on the first 25 years.

All photos by Anita Whipple



Mac Gayden ("Barefoot Jerry") is back with his "Everlasting Love."



Demonstration of an appropriate technology, spinning wool. 3



Farm youth group, Tofu Nation, unplugged.

Also, in this Bulletin, there are reports about the ongoing work in southern Belize with the Mayan and Garifuna peoples.

We are putting a lot of attention into this part of the world because we see it as one of the last natural frontiers where the indigenous inhabitants of a fragile and threatened ecosystem are making strides toward protecting their habitat while strengthening their cultures and economies.

Many indigenous peoples in other parts of the world are in a similar predicament and are looking at some of the same strategies. We need actual models of these strategies so the methods and lessons learned may be shared.

I have recently spoken with Iderabdullah, Director of the IMANI HOUSE project in Liberia. Bisi is in New York raising money for the project. She reports that the stiff and orphans in Liberia survived the latest fighting, and the project is running, the clinic is open, and soybeans are growing. Her husband, Mahmoud is in Monrovia working with the United Nations. IMANI HOUSE has been invited to assist a soy foods development project in Gambia.

We are grateful for this good news, and happy to be making plans with Bisi again for renewing and expanding the work in Africa. Bisi asked me to thank you all, and so I thank you, on behalf of IMANI HOUSE, and on behalf of all the dedicated people we are working with. We are thankful for your kindness and for your partnership.

**ONAWAY TRUST FUNDS**  
**MAYAN AND GARIFUNA**  
**INTEGRATED DEVELOPMENT**  
by Peter Schweitzer

Thanks in part to funding provided by Onaway Trust Plenty's work in Belize has made a lot of headway this year. I've spent over six weeks in Toledo working with the Toledo Ecotourism Association (T.E.A-) and have seen the program expand from Indigenous Ecotourism to involve an integrated development plan implicating the entire District of Toledo.

We have come to realize that, while integral to the future protection and economic enhancement of the Mayan and Garifuna peoples of southern Belize and their environment.

Ecotourism cannot be depended upon to both protect and preserve the valuable natural resources and, at the same time, provide the expanded economic opportunities the people require. Together we are working to establish a 166,000 acre Special Development Area (SDA) basically a protected park containing large sections of the Maya Mountain rainforest in Toledo-along with contiguous Community Conservation Areas (CCAs) which will act as buffer zones of sustainable development demonstration activities between local villages and the SDA.

This is becoming a truly visionary model of how indigenous communities may effectively respond to the encroachments of industry and uncontrolled development, not to mention unscrupulous governments. The key to the plan is communities getting better educated about their situation, and then organizing themselves to cooperatively meet the challenge by taking control of their lands and resources before these

lands and resources get divided up and peeled away piece by piece.

Specifically, in the Toledo District of Belize, 19 local rural communities and Punta Gorda Town are in the process of creating site plans for their Community Conservation Areas. Proposed activities include workshops in the villages to explain, generate discussion and ideas about, and promote local support for these CCAs.

The Toledo Ecotourism Association has now been established in 13 Mayan villages and one Garifuna village in the Toledo District. Currently each of these villages has a guesthouse and ecotrail program whereby a limited number of conscientious tourists may visit a village, stay in a simple, but comfortable guesthouse, eat with different families and explore the natural wonders surrounding the village with a guide.

The various jobs of integrating the tourists are shared by the T.E.A. membership on a rotation basis, and all members are trained to ensure a safe, healthy, educational and enjoyable visit.

The T.E. A. has been established in these local communities to manage tourism at sustainable levels, to enhance the cultural and environmental education of both the visitors and the villagers, and to generate new sources of income while protecting the environmental and cultural resources of the local people.

These proposed expanded activities of the project are already underway thanks to the volunteer efforts of T.E.A\_ members as well as Plenty, the Toledo Homesite Farming and ecology Center. the Florida Association of Volunteer Agencies (FAVACA) and the Belizecenter for environmental studies. Each of

the villages participating in the project will have its own Community Conservation Area. The CCA is simply a small tract of land, not too far from the community where a variety of activities relating to the land and the environment can be undertaken by the people of the village and demonstrated to visitors Each CCA will have the same six activities:

1.) A “cash crop” area where crops such as cacao and cashews will be grown in an environmentally-safe way to produce income.

2.) A “sustainable forestry area” to grow selected forest products on a sustained-yield basis.

3.) A “wildlife propagation and reintroduction” area to raise selected native animals for food, income and for returning to the wild.

4.) A “permaculture homesite farm” to demonstrate sustainable farming methods.

5.) A “scientific monitoring and research site to provide a natural laboratory for visiting scientists

6.) A “rustic camping area” where visitors passing through the CCA on foot may stay overnight. All of the CCAs will eventually be connected by a trail so that visitors may hike, or ride horses or mountain bikes from one CCA to another without having to increase traffic through the villages.

Phase two of the project will establish the 166,000 acre SDA and trails connecting the CCAs and the SDA. Phase three will focus on expanding the SDA borders, and increasing the number of villages and CCAs in the Toledo District, ultimately targeting all of the communities in the district.

Autobiography of Dr. Franz Hartmann  
Part 2

*The Occult Review* (Jan. 1908): 7-35

Robert Hutwohl.

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Of course, after such an invitation I had no desire to remain any longer in the United States of America or to continue the practice of medicine, and in the month of September, 1883, I left Colorado and started for California for the purpose of sailing to India. I stopped at Salt Lake City on my way to study the life of the Mormons, *en route* to San Francisco. It has always been my experience forward on the way to progress in spirituality, some great and unforeseen internal and external obstacles will arise to hinder him.

Thus it also happened to me on that occasion, for while I was staying at San Francisco I fell desperately in love with a young Spanish-American lady.

She was very beautiful and accomplished, and the very creature to tempt an angel from heaven and still more to confound the good sense of a poor sinner like myself. She appeared to me just the very ideal of a woman such as I had only met in my dreams "Conchita" (for this was her name) and sensuality on one side, with old Madame Blavatsky and spirituality on the other, it was for me a hard struggle to decide; but at last the desire for occult knowledge gained the victory over love; I tore myself away from the object of my passion, and on October 11, 1883~ 1

left California on board of the s.s. Coptic, bound for Hong Kong.

My adventures and experiences on the voyage and during my stay in India have been described, to a certain extent, in my novel *The Talking Image of Urur*, a humorous story which appeared first \*in H. P. Blavatsky's paper *Lucifer* and was afterwards published as a book. This book, however, is now out of print. It was written for the purpose of showing that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step."

On December 4, 1883, we arrived at Madras, and I went to Adyar, where I was welcomed by Madame Blavatsky "to my future home," as she expressed it. The headquarters of the "Theosophical Society," where she lived, were beautifully located near the Adyar River and only a short distance from the sea.

They consisted of a bungalow with some outbuildings and were surrounded by a park, containing palms, mango, and other trees. The lower part of the two-story house was for the use of the members of the Society; the upper story was occupied by Madame Blavatsky.

A great deal has already been written about H. P. Blavatsky, and I might, perhaps, be excused from now adding something to it, especially as I am quite certain that no one will ever be able to judge her extraordinary character correctly, unless he has been intimately acquainted -with her. To an occultist, capable of seeing "beyond the veil," her personality was extremely interesting.

To me she always appeared as a great spirit, a

sage and initiate inhabiting the body of a grown-up capricious child, very amiable on the whole but also at times very irascible, ambitious, of an impetuous temper, but easily led and caring nothing for conventionalities of any kind. She seemed to be in possession of the highest occult wisdom and of a knowledge obtained not by the reading of books or by ratiocination, but by interior illumination and direct perception of truth. She seemed to know everything without having ever read anything, and as if the whole universe was to her like an open book.

She seemed to be at home on the astral plane as much as on the physical plane. Nevertheless she did not claim to be an adept, but only a conscious instrument of an intelligent power higher than her own personality.

She used to say: "My learning is my Master's. I am nothing but a reflector of some one else's luminous light."

To me it seems that this, "Master" was her own higher self and that everybody has such a light hidden within his own soul but not everybody is conscious of it. Men and women may be compared to lanterns in which such a light exists; in some it is only a spark that has not yet been discovered, \*in others the wick sheds but a dim glow, while in rare cases it gives a bright light that shines through the crystal.

Many of those who presumed to judge the character of H. P. Blavatsky could only see the polish of the lantern but were blind to the light contained in it. Thus Madame Blavatsky appeared to be two or even more different

persons manifesting themselves in one body, and I have no doubt that her \*inner real or permanent self was in communication with other higher intelligences existing on the same plane, and that they thus were able to communicate their knowledge through her instrumentality or agency to the outside world.

These intelligences, or "Masters," she claimed were certain adepts still living \*in Tibet and in possession of great occult powers, such as impressing suitable minds at a distance by what is now called "telepathy," going out in their astral forms or "thought bodies" and materializing themselves, using the organism of H. P. Blavatsky and other "disciples" for the production of "occult phenomena," etc.

All such things, which some years ago appeared incredible, now appear quite possible in the light which recent investigations 'in occult science have thrown upon that subject. My own experience in this line has convinced me that such Masters exist.

I have been present on certain occasions when "the Master" appeared to her and she spoke with him. I could not see him with my eyes, but I felt his presence. His influence pervaded my whole being and filled me with a sensation of indescribable bliss which lasted for several days. This power, awakening within me a higher state of consciousness made me feel on such occasions as if it were my own and I the Master myself.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the "occult phenomena" produced by

Madame Blavatsky, by her enemies and others giving undue importance to them.

She was not a “spiritual medium,” producing phenomena under test conditions for the purpose of proving their reality, neither did she receive any money for it. All the phenomena which I witnessed in her presence were undoubtedly genuine, but if it is true that she occasionally “helped the spirits” or played some sleight of hand trick I would not criticize her too severely for it; because her only purpose was to induce the people to study the higher laws of life, to raise them up to a higher conception of eternal truth, and teach them to do their own thinking.

She wanted to call the attention of the world by all means to the higher teachings which originated from the adepts, and the phenomena were to her nothing else but the sweets, with which one coaxes the children to come to school and to learn.

It may also be stated that the demands made upon her by ignorant and unspiritual people were often of an ‘incredible absurdity and extremely selfish.

There was one who insisted that she should pray the holy saints of the Himalayas that they should provide that his wife would give birth to a son, another that they should procure him a paying appointment at a government office, another wanted to find a buyer for his house, another a good location for opening a shop for selling cheese, etc., and if such “searchers for truth ‘did not receive a favorable reply, they soon became her enemies and would have nothing to do with the teachings of wisdom.

It is, therefore, not surprising that H. P. B. sometimes amused herself by making fun of such fools. In fact her sense of humor was very great, and one of her objectionable sides was that she loved to make sport even of her best friends. Although she, as far as I know, never had taken any lessons in drawing, she sometimes drew caricatures that were not without artistic value and portraits that were easily recognizable.

One such represents the examination for initiation of a prominent member of the T.S. He is evidently unable to answer the questions asked of him by K. H., and he looks with a wistful eye at a bottle of champagne and a dancing girl, as if he were very loath to abandon the pleasures of this life. An elemental holds a candle, and in the distance is the Master M. and still further on Madame Blavatsky herself sitting upon an elephant .<sup>2</sup>

Already on the first day after my arrival at Adyar I received through Madame Blavatsky an unsought and unexpected test. I went to her room and found her writing. Not wishing to disturb her, I sat down near the window and thought of a lady friend of mine who had died at Galveston some years ago, wondering what had become of her “principles.”

I noticed that Madame Blavatsky turned her paper and seemed to play with with her pencil in a state of absentmindedness with a faraway look. She then handed me the paper. It contained the answer to my question in a drawing, representing the corpse of my friend extended upon the ground and an elemental standing by its side, watching for the escape of



the astral soul, while the passage of her spirit to higher spheres was indicated by a rainbow.

Similar evidences of occult power I often received through H. P. Blavatsky. Sometimes it was direct writing produced by some invisible entity; whole letters written in that way were found in my closed desk; but these phenomena were nothing new to me, as I had seen them often in America. I did not look at them with suspicion of trickery. Trick or no trick was all the same to me, because I was interested only in the contents of the letters and not in the way in which they were written and forwarded to me.

I have seen quite a number of occult phenomena taking place in her presence; but the most surprising of all phenomena was to me the fact that I found myself able to write articles on occult subjects for *The Theosophist* and to deliver without any previous preparation public lectures which found interested and appreciative audiences in India and afterwards in America, Germany and Italy, although I had never spoken in public before I arrived in India.

Besides myself there were present at the headquarters Colonel H. S. Olcott, the president of the T. S., a very serious-looking Scotchman by the name of W. T. Brown, some Hindu "chelas" (Damodar K. Mavalankar, Bavadjee, Ananda, etc.), supposed to be 'in possession of extraordinary psychic faculties, and last, but not least, a Frenchman and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Coulomb, who were the managers and housekeepers of the place.

Later on there arrived other visitors, Mr. St. George Lane Fox, W. Q. Judge, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and others. We also had frequent visits from Mr. Subba Rao, a great occultist and teacher of Madame Blavatsky; but as I am not writing a history of the Theosophical Society of those times, and as Colonel Olcott has considered it prudent not to refer in his *DiaryLeaves* to that period of my activity at Adyar, I will not enter into details, but merely mention the above-named persons as witnesses of certain important events which took place at that time.

This was the time of "occult letters" supposed to have been written or sent by the "Mahatmas" of the Himalayas. Such letters were seen to form themselves suddenly in the air, or they were found unexpectedly upon the table or in closed drawers, and they contained orders and directions for the management of affairs. I as well as others, received numerous letters of that kind, some written in red ink, others in blue, and some in green. They usually appeared when some advice was needed. The following extracts may serve as an example. The subjoined letter was found in my desk on February 5, 1884, while Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky were about to sail on a visit to Europe

Friend! You seem to me the only fully rational being among the Pelengs now left at headquarters. Therefore with an eye to a variety of unexpected emergencies in future which I foresee, I must ask you to show practically your devotion to the cause of truth by accepting the rudder of the theosophical course. If I know anything, I know you to be

entirely free from those prejudices and predilections that are generally in the way of a calm and dispassionate pursuit of the chief aim of the Society, full equality among men as brothers and an entire unconcern with the childish fairy tales they call their religion, whether exoteric, or esoteric. If you kindly consent to take care of theosophical interests during the absence of Henry (Olcott) and Upasika (Blavatsky), I will cause him to write you an official letter, investing you with more official power than any other “assistant,” so as to give you a firmer hold of the rod of authority than you would otherwise have with an informal title shared by so many others .... Your pucca authority I ask you to make the best of it in the interests of Truth, Justice and Charity . . . . -M. C. ~

This letter was not received under test conditions, but, as stated above, it was found in my desk, and it may have been put there surreptitiously by Madame Coulomb; but if I had any doubts in regard to the possibility of the “precipitation” of such letters from the astral plane or the formation of physical objects by magical powers, the following incident served to destroy my suspicions.

H. P. Blavatsky started on her voyage to Europe and I accompanied her to Bombay. I went with her on board the steamship and afterwards returned to my room. Before leaving Adyar she had given me a keepsake as coming from the “Mahatma,” a sort of amulet in the shape of a coin with inscriptions in Tibetan letters.

Now while I was alone in my room at Bombay, I paced the floor, thinking of buying

a gold chain or something with which to wear that amulet around my neck. Just then the thought struck me that a silk ribbon would answer the same purpose, and as I meditated upon it, something fluttered through the air and fell to the floor before my feet. It was a rose-colored silk ribbon of exactly the required length, with the ends twisted and ready for use. It was not a “phantasm” and did not disappear; for I wore it for many months.

I may, perhaps, here mention some occult phenomena witnessed on this voyage. On one occasion two Yogis came and recited some mantrams.

Their singing seemed to set the spiritual part of the atmosphere in vibration, and the room was soon full of entities of a curious kind, floating through the air like fishes swimming in water. Their forms were indistinct to my view but sufficiently defined to see them change and assume different shapes of animals, such as are not to be found in the natural history of our globe.

On another occasion a fakir took two trumpets and, putting them each on one side of his neck, he gave us a concert. Needless to say, there were no holes in his neck; it must have been a “spiritual breath” from which the sounding originated.

Again, on another occasion I was invited with Mr. St. George Lane Fox and a Mr. Ezekiel to the house of Judge Khandalavala, a Parsee at Poona, to see the performance of a fakir.

The room was large and in the middle of it there was a censer for burning incense, in

front of which the fakir took his seat. Before the ceremonies began, the judge asked the fakir whether he would permit him to bring his ladies in the room to see the exhibition.

This the fakir refused, saying that the presence of women would hinder the production of the phenomena.

The judge, however, perhaps supposing this to be a mere prejudice on the part of the fakir, only partly obeyed the injunction, for he placed the ladies in an adjoining room, at a window from which they could see all that was going on without being seen by the fakir, whose back was turned that way.

The fakir began his incantations. He seemed to be unusually excited and was perspiring freely. At last he took a knife and pulling his tongue with his fingers out of his mouth, he cut off a large portion of it. This portion he held over the burning coals, so as to keep it warm, while we examined carefully the remaining stump of his tongue.

There was not a drop of blood but the tongue was certainly cut. After the examination he replaced the cut piece and all was as sound as before, but he refused to proceed with other phenomena, saying that a certain influence was present which abstracted his power to such an extent that he dared not attempt any more.

Now it seems to me that this circumstance is even more satisfactory to prove the genuineness of those phenomena than the examination of the fakir's mouth, for we all know that women are attractive to men and what they

attract from them seem to be the very-elements necessary for the production of magic arts.

Of other phenomena which occurred on this voyage, I will only mention that while I was traveling on the railway with Madame Blavatsky she asked me to show her a manuscript which I had written that morning and which was locked up in my satchel. I took it out and handed it to her. She looked it over without moving her hands, but when she returned it to me, I saw that some-remarks in black writing ink had been added to it in some mysterious way.

I returned to Adyar in company with Mr. Lane Fox, and now dark clouds began to gather over the T. S. Madame Blavatsky had quarreled with Madame Coulomb and wished to send her away.

To this the latter would not submit, and she took sides with the clergy, who made an onslaught upon Madame Blavatsky, accusing her of producing her phenomena by sleight of hand tricks, and as the accused person was absent, the duty to defend her and the Theosophical Society fell upon me, which was the more difficult as newly made trapdoors and hidden recesses evidently constructed by Monsieur Coulomb for the purpose of producing bogus phenomena were actually found, although the newness of these constructions went to show that, they had never been used; and to cap the climax, Mr. Richard Hodgson was at that time sent to Adyar by the "Society for Psychical Research" for the purpose of investigating these phenomena and convincing himself of the existence of the "Mahatmas," if there were

any in existence.

He was, at that time, a great skeptic and unbeliever, although some years afterwards he became a leader of the spiritists in America and a defender of their faith; but at that time he believed nothing except what he was told by Madame Coulomb, who accused Madame Blavatsky of trickery, in which she claimed to have participated herself.

During all this time “occult letters” arrived; they dropped from the ceiling or were found in locked drawers and desks, and in one of these letters dated April 27, 1884, and before any suspicion regarding the genuineness of the phenomena arose, it was said:

For some time the woman (Coulomb) has opened a communication with the enemies of the cause. Hence hints as to trapdoors and tricks. Moreover, when needed, trapdoors will be found, as they have been forthcoming for some time. They (the Coulombs) have full entrance to and control of the premises. Monsieur is clever and cunning at every handicraft, a good mechanic and carpenter and good at walls likewise... -M C

It seems strange that if Madame Blavatsky (although absent in Europe) should have had anything to do with the writing of this letter and with the making of traps, she would have thus led us upon the scent, but I cannot shake off the conviction that they were made by order of somebody at the headquarters and for the purpose of being used after Colonel Olcott’s return.

Upon receipt of the above letter a search was

made and the trapdoors were found and thus the “great exposure” took place, which caused a scandal and made the existence of the T.S. and the theosophical teachings known all over the world, and the consequence was that thousands procured and read the books of Madame Blavatsky and made themselves acquainted with her views, while otherwise they might have remained in ignorance of these things all their life.

On December 17, 1884, Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky returned from Europe. The attacks upon the latter continued, and she fell very ill.

Towards the end of March her condition became so serious that a consultation of doctors from Madras was called, and they decided that she could not live until the next day.

Upon this Mr. Cooper-Oakley went to Madras the same night to obtain a permit for the cremation of her body, but the next morning Madame Blavatsky arose, feeling quite well. She said that during the night the Master had visited her and given her a new lease of life.

The missionaries all the time were desirous of finding charges against H. P. B., so as to bring her into a Court of Justice, but finding none, they brought charges of calumny against a prominent member of the T. S. (General Morgan), hoping thus to drag Madame Blavatsky as a witness before the Court, in which case she would, undoubtedly, have been fined for contempt, because in view of her uncontrollable temper she would be sure

to have given just occasion for it.

To avoid such an unpleasant affair it was considered wise to send her to Europe, and I was asked to take charge of her. We therefore took passage on board the *Tibre* of the Messageries Maritimes, and on April 11 started with her on a voyage to Naples, accompanied by Mr. Bavadjee and Miss Mary Flynn.

During our voyage there was a continuation of occult phenomena. Frequently piles of sheets with notes referring to H. P. Blavatsky's writing of the *Secret Doctrine* were found in the mornings upon her table. Whether she wrote them herself in a somnambulist state or whether they were brought to her by some occult means from Tibet, I am unable to say.

On October 23, 1885 we arrived at Naples, where a "drummer" took us to the Hotel. Madame Blavatsky, not feeling quite well, did not wish to ascend many stairs and asked for a room on the ground floor or on the first (meaning only one story higher). Such a one was not to be had, but the manager said he could give us two rooms on the second floor for fifteen francs a day.

We made the bargain, and then the ascent began. First the "*Parterre*," next came the "*High Parterre*," then the "*Mezzanin*," next the "first" and afterwards the "second" floor, which was actually the fifth

When I went to pay the bill next morning, I found that I had forgotten to make the stipulation with "*tutto compreso*" (every-

thing included), for they charged us not only the fifteen francs for the rooms, but also a price for every piece of furniture contained therein, so that the bill amounted to eighty-five francs, not including the meal.

Of course there was nothing else to be done, but to grumble and pay.

We immediately left Naples and found more hospitable quarters at the *Hotel Vesuvio* at Torre del Greco, where we remained for one month. Madame Blavatsky's temper during that time was not of the sweetest; she was continually irritated by letters concerning the scandals, she scolded the servants, and abused her friends or praised them according to her changeable moods. The weather was cold, and to see the fires of Vesuvius, that was in eruption, glow at a distance while we had no stoves was somewhat provoking.

After some weeks had passed away Madame Blavatsky went to Warburg and I to Kempten (Bavaria) to visit my relatives and have a look at the place where I spent my youth. For my friends and acquaintances there of old I looked in vain but I found their names in great numbers inscribed upon the tombstones of the cemetery.

Subsequently I visited Madame Blavatsky repeatedly at Wurzburg and in London where she died on May 8, 1891, after a short illness and half an hour after her physician had declared her to be out of danger.

She remained a riddle to everybody up to the last. I was at that time far away in Austria, but

during the night following her death I had a symbolical dream, indicating that event and was therefore not surprised when, some days afterwards, I received its confirmation by letter. The vision was an eagle returning to its home in the sky.

My intention was to return to America. I had become tired of “theosophy,” which, owing to the position which I occupied in the Society, consisted in defeating the attacks of its enemies, disputing with missionaries and quarreling with psychic researchers.

I longed for peace, for the solitude of the prairies of Texas, where one feels so strongly the presence of the Infinite, and for the sublimity of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, that seem to lift us above the worthless things of this life and to bring us nearer to Heaven.

I was almost ready to leave, when, owing to a concatenation of circumstances, too long to briefly explain, I made the acquaintance of an occultist who was the leader of a small body of real Rosicrucians.

When he first entered my room I at once recognized his face as one which I had seen in a vision on the night of January 1, 1884, while lying half awake on my couch at Adyar.

It seemed to me at that time that a large serpent, the symbol of wisdom, was coiled up at the side of my bed, with its head erect, looking sternly at me, and that head was the head of the man I met, and I knew that a ray of wisdom would come to me by his aid.

I remained at Kempton, and he introduced me to his friends. I attended their meetings, became one of his disciples and followed his instructions for many years. These people did not call themselves “Rosicrucians,” but they were nevertheless such in fact. They were not learned people, but for the greater part weavers in a factory, where they had to work from early till late at a very poor salary.

The two leaders were not even able to read or to write, and nevertheless they seemed to know the very mysteries contained in the books of the mystics and in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky.

They knew these things, not from hearsay but by interior revelation, and their teaching did not consist in giving information of what other people had taught or even of what they had experienced themselves, but in showing the way to the direct perception of truth and preparing oneself to receive this revelation within.

They rarely answered questions to satisfy curiosity, but they asked questions on which one had to meditate and find the answer oneself, and the guidance took place not so much by any external means or verbal advice, as by symbolic visions seen during dreams or in a state of meditation, or even by signs and letters appearing visibly upon the skin, for the state of the soul expresses itself in forms and images, and if we learn to read these pictures correctly we may know the state of our interior condition and act so as to improve it accordingly, just as a gardener, who, by watching his plants, knows what he

ought to cultivate and what cut away.

Thus a higher and more interior state of consciousness began gradually to dawn within my mind like the dawn that appears on the sky before the rising of the sun, revealing the beauties of a higher state of existence.

I found that it is far more important to find the real Master and Guide within one's own soul than to seek to gratify one's curiosity to know all about the Masters in Tibet, and that it is far more valuable to help to create a heaven within one's own mind than to be informed of what is said to have taken place at the time when our world was created or how the old Lemurians and Atlanteans lived, however interesting and amusing and even instructive such information may be.

These "Rosicrucians" did not seek for notoriety, nor did they wish to catch members; they wished to remain unknown and avoided publicity.

I remained in contact with their leader until he died, and many of the truths contained in the numerous books which I have written were made clear to me by his guidance.

To give a detailed account of the teachings thus received would require not only a long article but a whole book, and the mystic language in which many of these communications were given would be like some of the writings of Jacob Boehme, Jane Lead and others incomprehensible for many readers; because such teachings deal with

## Heavy Doings in The High Country

Co-editor, Marty Lyman is working at a Denver inner-city middle school with "at-risk" special ed students. She is corresponding with John Greschner, an inmate at the Federal Penitentiary at Florence, Colorado. Marty feels that John's previous prison experiences and the wisdom distilled therefrom can serve as valuable firsthand advice for her young charges. Here follow excerpts from communications between Marty and John:

[Marty]:

I like the symbology of the Red and White Rose as well as the arms of the crucifixion. I wonder though how do we purify ourself of intellectual mind with that *thorn* of the mind? How can we grasp meaning without the "Thought Forms?" How do we recognize the Grains of Dark Whispering Doubts? I suspect it lies in the meaning to *Become with* by going within . ...

My job is going better. It is interesting how my students come to me. From the first day I was given a ten year old student who is labeled as Emotionally disturbed. I call him my Gifted .... He comes from an incredible family life of bootlegging boozers, alcoholism, and drug and physical abuse. I am told the only reason that he is wanted by his family is because of his Welfare money. People tell me his whole family is BAD. The reason I have this kid is because on his Individual Educational Progress report, it was advised that this student needed a teacher he could bond with. Everyone thought I would be the best person and it worked. I felt and still feel he was given to me by the Heart and is MY

Continued on page 24

TEACHER. I even have been told I'm crazy to want him.

He didn't last long though. He decided to run away and was caught with another boy stealing a car - he was put into the Crisis center and then finally - - Mental Institution. I and another person from - Middle School went to visit him yesterday.

John, this boy is brilliant. I don't mean from an *academic* standpoint but an *affective* (i.e., street cunning) point. If only other people could see what I can see in his Soul. The trouble is that when he gets mad it is like there is this demon - a dweller on the threshold? present - like he really isn't the same person but is being overshadowed?

What do you know of this?? Can a dweller really exist?? I sense, if this child can conquer this "dweller," the creative potential would be awesome. He is truly gifted.

The other thing that worries me is that when this dweller manifests, the "Authorities" feel it is best to put him in a "lock down." What is your feeling on this?

I know you have been put in the hole several times and I spoke about it to this boy. Surprisingly, he listened, fleeting as it may have been. He goes from listening to me with his heart to being very angry.

I am afraid the lock downs will stifle any willingness to transfer this destructive energy to a creative one or that once he hits the streets he will be captured by the *thrill of stealing* and being *wanted*.

I am afraid of his talk of *wanting to go to prison* and being a *bad kid*. What are your thoughts? Can you share any prison talk, but at a child's level?

Dear Marty,

10-22-96

... As to your question: "How do we purify the intellectual mind with that thorn of mind?" It is through the inner journey that you go beyond mind into pure experience. At that level, the mind with its plodding thoughts, ideas, concepts - its "flickering," is incapable of representing that state - that is why symbols arose such as geometry, numbers, colors and sound. To depict it, all that is found in *The Secret Doctrine* .....

Your student "Gifted" is simply filled with hurt, rage and is deeply wounded. He needs love and kindness and teachings of the True Goodness of Life.

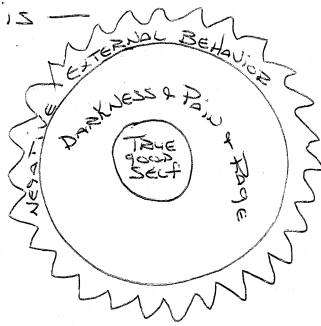
I do not think his rages are due to "The Dweller." His blind, furious rages are flares of his inner turmoil and pain. He is living on the surface of his *being* and avoiding the darkness, negativity and pain underneath.

His behavior is both a running from that which is underneath and a crying\stirring out rebellion. His behavior is his pain and tears and in one sense, he is not wrong at all or to be blamed. He is the Karmic product of a very ill societal organism. To truly help him you must work through his two levels of defense mechanism.

The first, is his so called "bad" behavior and running away, stealing etc. You see -- to him, what is "Good" is to you "Bad."

The second level is the darkness and pain which is covering his *True Self*.





His True Self is being suffocated and manifests as his negative dancing on the edge, thrill seeking\adventuresome behavior.

I used to be there myself. Your only relief, sense of worth sense of accomplishment and control is found way out on the edge. The more dangerous and reckless - the more thrilling, fun and gratifying

You also must understand that in human behavior, ideas in what is good and bad are based on mindsets of the internal imprints. In his world right now, he is polarized opposite from you.

Example:

<	>
Good	Bad

If you go to the left it is increased good, to the right lessened good and increased bad.

Gifted; going to the right is increased good, to the left, lessened good, increased bad.

In his case "Badder" is "Gooder" Being as bad as you can be is also very ego gratifying and you get recognition and respect from your peers - usually out of fear sometimes, the closer they're orientated to your mindset, it is for your "heart" (courage), cunning and

accomplishment.

To reach him, you have to reorient him from one polarity to the other, you must show him the way - a path that is suitable for his personal desires and interests.

You must teach him to love and respect himself, that he is very good, high, pure, and he should not blame himself in any way. He can do and accomplish anything as long as he develops the skills and discipline\desire to do so.

You need to teach him that it takes more strength and courage to be good, positive and constructive than to be bad, negative and destructive.

**Anyone can run in the streets, rob and steal, that is easy, it takes more courage and strength to face all the garbage, deal with it and transform it into the good, positive and healthy things for himself and others.**

Marty; Give this to him to read and help him understand any area he may have difficulty with, encourage him to write if he shows any interest and for him to ask questions. I'll help you help him.

You and Dick take special care, stay healthy, happy, positive, focused on the good stuff, and stay in the inner light. With love and respects from your brother and friend.

Satchitananda, John Greschner

To Gifted:

Hey *youngster*, I will call you by that until I know your name. What's up? I hear they've got you slammed up in a --- ----Bughouse." What's happening with all that?

I've been hearing all this stuff about you, that you are highly gifted, very sharp and intelligent and that you've got the potential to be anything you want, yet you're not trying to

focus it in a positive way to benefit *yourself*, and that you keep going off making them People slam ya in the hole. What's going on with you? What's got you so hot? I was told that your family is all whacked and out of shape with a lot of drinking, drugs, abuse and stuff like that, and that *you* are talking about being a BAD *young dude* wanting to go to the Penitentiary. Is that right? Why?

Check this out *Shorty*, I know where you're at, I came from the exact same type of family. My Pop was a Juice Head and he loved his Booze. He was a stomp down violent fool. He used to throw me like a football and bounce me off the walls.

My Mom was a Dope Fiend who was always loaded and neither one of my parents were home too often. But Hey, I STILL LOVED THEM. They just couldn't deal with life and all its stuff too cool, so they stayed loaded. They needed help and some guidance to get their life on a good track. They never got it tho. Mom died from a drug overdose, and Pop died in the desert on the run from the F.B.I. What can *Ya* say, sometimes, it goes like that.

Anyhow, I was raised up in the streets. I caught my first case when I was 7 years old, and just kept on catching them, until they gave me **20** years and sent me to the **Joint**. I have been in and out of all the **Juvenile Joints** until finally they gave me the **20** years. This was when I was **16** years old and **then they slammed me hard**.

I was like you, wild, crazy, rippin and runnin -full of hate, rage, pain, and MAD

about it. **The world seemed like a whacked out garbage dump**. To me, to be **good** was to be as **bad** as I could be. In my world bad was good. I didn't even slow down in **jail**. All I could really see was what I was feeling and that's how I carried it.

Naturally, I stayed in trouble **with the cops**. **I ended up picking up new cases [adding on years] in the pen. I first got 2 1/2 years, then 3 years, then 5 years, then 10 years. Finally they tried to give me 50 to 150 years but I won that one. I got 20 years with 1 to 2 life sentences.**

**Hey, I came to prison when I was 16 years old, and I'm still here 29 years later [45 years old now]. I never have been released and if I don't win my appeal in the courts on my criminal cases, I never will get out - I'll die in THIS CAGE.**

**I was told you have been in and out of the hole [solitary confinement]. What do you think of the hole? How much time do they give you in the hole? 30 to 60 days? That's how much I used to get when I was your age [detention center]. It's different in prison. Oh, you can get 30,60,90 days in the hole but it is usually much longer. I have been in solitary confinement - the hole, for the last 13 years -since 1983.**

These places are the true bug houses and everybody is buggin, and everyone wants to get back outside of prison more than anything else.

Hey, *Shorty* (for real) you don't want to come up in here. These places are dumps, the Graveyards for the living dead. Man! I wish I had the chance to do it all over again For sure' I wouldn't step this way!

*Shorty*, if you're only 10 years old, you've got THE WHOLE WORLD OPEN

AND WAITING FOR YOU, YOUR WHOLE LIFE IS IN FRONT OF YOU AND YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO BE. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT TO DO.

**If you put your mind to it, if you want it bad enough, and if you are willing to be a MAN and be STRONG and not give up and throw it all away.**

Check this out, ANYONE CAN STEAL, ROB, AND SELL DOPE. **There is nothing hard about that, that is the easy way out. IT IS HARD TO DO IT BY GOING TO SCHOOL AND REALLY GETTING A GOOD EDUCATION. EDUCATION is a TOOL to get what you want from this world.**

You want to hear something funny? You know what all the prisoners are doing in prison? GOING TO SCHOOL, STUDYING AND GETTING AN EDUCATION. These are the same guys that when they were on the streets playing the CRIME and GANGSTER GAME. They said: "SCHOOL AND EDUCATION WAS FOR SUCKERS AND SQUARES!" Even they -- now understand the importance of knowledge and a good education.

*Shorty, I know where you are at inside yourself, and how it feels. It is like sometimes the pressure and energy is going down you or make you explode. I lived in the same place myself for a long time. I ALSO KNOW YOU ARE A GOOD, SOLID YOUNG DUDE. YOU JUST NEED TO GIVE YOURSELF A REAL CHANCE. You need to get yourself on track and stay strong and positive, to focus all that INSIDE ENERGY toward good stuff for your self It will be hard at first but if you stay strong and positive, focused on YOUR*

HIGHER GOALS, it will get easier as you actually start making it happen and come together. YOU MUST STAY STRONG AND NOT LET ANYONE OR ANYTHING PULL YOU AWAY FROM YOUR GOALS AND DREAMS.

Here is something else, as you look around at the world and all the different people, including your family and if it sometimes looks crazy, remember this:

*It's not your fault, you did not create it or make it happen so don't blame yourself There is one thing for sure if you stay strong and get yourself together, you may be an important person in changing all this madness. You can turn people's suffering into happiness and peace and you can make this world a better place. NEVER THINK YOU CAN'T DO MS BUT YOU MUST BE STRONG, POSITIVE AND GET YOURSELF TOGETHER FIRST DON'T LET PEOPLE WHO ARE NEGATIVE MAKE YOU GIVE UP ON YOUR DREAMS AND GOALS.*

**Anyhow, I just wanted to lay this on you: "DON'T GIVE UP YOU HAVE POTENTIAL TO DO AND BE ANYTHING YOU WANT. You can write and ask me anything you want about anything. I'll kick it with you. Miss Marty is a good person to and she will help you in anyway that she can. She will get your letters to me if you want to write. If you have any questions just ASK and I'll give it to you STRAIGHT UP.**

*Anyhow, you be cool, take good care, stay healthy, happy, the good stuff that is truly for you, and stay centered in your SELFS bright and strong inner light. Satchitananda!*

Your friend and bro, John Greschner

## Letters Received

**Rick Archer writes from the  
Federal Prison at Florence, Colorado:**

15 Aug., '96

I received this month's copy of the HCT and read it from cover to cover, and [am] working on getting John's back issues. I have to tell you, I never knew there was a society designated to finding the truth, as the theosophical movement is, or I'd find so much common interest in it.

I'm totally thrilled that there's a Theosophical Correspondence course, though I'm not sure I have enough knowledge to take it just yet, so I think I'll spend my time, first following the HCT and studying *The Secret Doctrine*. The goes hand-in-hand with my Siddha Lessons and my meditations.

But, I promise you, I will advance 'in time. And I will be forever grateful to you and everyone I may not know of, for your help in putting me on the path. Lastly, any advice you can give me in the future is always wanted and greatly needed.

Thank you, Rick Archer

P. S. I'm including something I wrote -- It's the only way I can think of to thank you - Hope you like it. I've almost finished Book I of *The Secret Doctrine* and have read about 15 back issues of the HCT.

**A Thought to Others  
Like Myself**

"Realizing limitations" where there are no limitations. This is what the ego had me believing about meditation, mantras and the self.

I am incarcerated, locked 23 hours a day behind double bars. No female distractions, no worries of work or life, in general. A perfect atmosphere for meditation. But eight months ago, a friend started sharing his visions of other planes, worlds and states of being.

Now, at first, all this talk sounded like pure fantasy or the product of a damaged mind, formed during twenty years in prison. My ego, my lack of knowledge told me that this "just isn't possible."

But, as time passed, and I opened up my mind to the possibility that "Hey," with all the passion that flows from this guy, the intensity of his tales.

I thought, "Here's a man who's on this lonely path as I am -- facing forever behind these walls. Could this be a form of escape, something that my jailers can't take from me?"

So with little knowledge, a mantra, and a very strong curiosity I started. At first, it was hard getting used to saying the mantra and keeping my eyes closed. And just plain breathing. But, in time, my breath found peace with the mantra, and the mantra became a normal function and even the

restlessness of trying to sit still passed.

And then something wonderful began. Blue lights appeared, gaseous in shape, contracting into themselves only to become more intensely blue-electric in color.

At times

, I would find myself smiling, feeling good -- and not even knowing why! But I continued, and with the blue appeared another color of golden-copper. This, too, was gaseous -- always chasing the blue, either expanding or contracting on a fine point, only to reappear again.

But, I found that the blue and the copper never merged, but always chasing each other with a band of blackness in between. I could go for four hours.

Now, eight months later at the visions, feelings and how the meditation has affected my dreams. But that's not the point I want to get across. In meditation there's no faith to believe in something, no need to change your life-style or morals -just the desire to do it every day -to concentrate on the self -- the inner self And it happens slowly.

The change at first is unnoticeable then it hits you, you realize these changes. In the beginning I was concerned about how others would view me -- would they think I'm crazy -- like I thought my friend was. [I] put these feelings inside.

Later down the road, you'll realize how silly those feelings were. Now, if someone makes fun at yogis, I just smile contentedly. If you're reading this far, then

here's something you're searching for --know it or not --you are.

## **Pilgrimage to India**

### **Letter 19**

**Konarak, Orissa**

**Jan. 16, '85**

**Dearly** beloved Marty,

I left Adyar on the evening of January 12th on the Howrah Express at 10:20 p.m., bound for Calcutta from Madras.

It was pleasant to spend a couple of days at Adyar before leaving. I took a nice stroll along the beachfront with Jan, the Australian woman, and met Radha Burnier, T.S. president, and J. Krishnamurti, who I have previously written about. K is amazingly fit and active for a man of 90!

I got some nice sunset silhouette pictures of a fisherman wading in the Adyar river with the T. S. estate in the background. Jan and I then walked through the forest to Olcott bungalow where she is staying and had tea. By that time it was 7:15 and I had to return to Shanti Kunj to pack my bags.

I rode the six miles in the dark along the beach road to the Madras central RR station, arriving at 8:15 and checked the bike into luggage.

Earlier I had succeeded in obtaining an emergency 1st class sleeper reservation for the train, but when the train was on the platform I had some difficulty in locating the correct coach, as the final reservation sheet was late in being posted.

After twice dragging the bags the full length of the train, I returned to the station and found my name finally posted and located my coach just 10 minutes before departure time. [Normally, the names of reserved seats are posted on a card on each coach by the door. Since mine was an “emergency reservation” made late, it was not on the original list.]

Train travel by first class coach is nice because invariably there are intelligent, friendly and well educated Indians to talk to.

In the morning I found that the seat “quick release” had been tampered with because the seat was too high. That night, I resolved after doing my meditation to park the bike in the latrine attached to my room.

I got into a vigorous and extended argument with the desk clerk who was refusing to allow me to take the bike to my room.

Fortunately, a well educated Indian guest served as my advocate and interpreted and it came out that the clerk was afraid of repercussions from the hotel owner who

came at 9 a.m. When I assured him that I would leave before 7 a.m., the matter was resolved.

I spent Monday the 14th seeing the few temples and caves in Bhubaneswar and left at 6 a.m. on Tuesday, too early for any hope of breakfast. There are definitely no 24 hour Mc Donalds there.

I made the 10 miles to Pipli where I was able to get tea and a piece of cake, saturated with sugar, some cookies and a bunch of not-so good bananas - with all of which I had the energy to ride the remaining 28 miles to Konarak.

I arrived at 9:25 after missing the correct turn in Piph for want of a sign, wasting 2 miles and having to backtrack. It was good to get some definite exercise again.

I spent the day pretty thoroughly covering the Konarak Sun Temple and today I’ll see the archaeological museum, post this letter and film rolls 21, 22 and 23 and try to cash a traveller’s check if there is a suitable bank here.

In the afternoon I’ll ride the 30 km (18 miles) along the new coast road to Puri where there are several points of interest and try to get a train to Gaya in the state of Bihar.

I don’t know whether I can get a direct rail connection or not and I’m concerned about the risk of a train change as regards the bicycle. But I’m sure that everything

will work out as long as I am conscious and careful.

Oh yes, I will comment on a book I got before leaving Adyar; “How Theosophy came to me”, by C.W. Leadbeater. As you probably know, C.W.L. was very clairvoyant, could see and interpret Auras and read the Akashic record of people’s past lives.

In reading of these things previously, I have wondered how he acquired these powers and also how he knew the validity of what he saw.

His book answered these questions for me. In the next to the last chapter, after he had been accepted as a chela of Master K.H. and had travelled to India with madame H.P.B., he was instructed by another Master of the White Brotherhood, Djual Khood, in certain occult (secret) practices connected with meditation.

These were probably pranayama (breath control), and mantras (use of words and phrases having occult power), which served to awaken the Kundalini energy and awaken the Ajna (brow chakra). It is the Ajna or third eye through which clairvoyance takes place.

Also strongly emphasized in this connection, was that this training must be undertaken only under the guidance of a Master because:

1. The newly awakened chela becomes

vulnerable to the influence of evil elementals and “brothers of the shadow”, and must have the protection of his Master.

2. Extensive training and practice in the use of the Astral vision is necessary before a chela can learn to correctly interpret what he sees. This, it is pointed out, is the problem with untrained mediums and psychics. Not having the training of one of the Masters of Wisdom, they misinterpret much of what they see.

You may have seen, in reading “At the feet of the Master”, a reference to a book “The Lives of Alcyone”, which I mentioned previously.

I spent about half a day at the Adyar library reading these two out-of-print volumes, in which Leadbeater apparently traced 48 past lives of J. Krishnamurti, going back as far as 70,000 b.c. Each life covered a narrative of about 3-4 pages and was a fascinating story in itself, and was accompanied with a “cast of characters” who were associated with Krishnamurti in that particular incarnation.

The soul entities in this book were all given names of various constellations and mythological characters which could be traced through each of the lifetimes. Many of them occurred together repeatedly but were sometimes absent in a particular life.

Of particular interest in “How Theosophy came to me” was C.W.L.’s statement

that in his previous incarnation in Greece, he had been the student of the great Greek philosopher and mystic Pythagoras and Pythagoras in turn reincarnated as Master K.H. The association of Master and pupil was continued in C.W.L.'s present incarnation and K-H. made a statement in a letter to remind him of it.

In reading "The lives", I was struck at what a fascinating story it would make if reprinted. Probably, the T.S. would not want this done however, because it probably would encourage sensationalism for no good purpose.

I think the Olcott library in Wheaton may also have a copy, but if they do it is probably classified as rare out-of-print and is not lent out.

Anyway, such reading, while making an absorbing study for the student of esoteric history, far beyond the findings of archaeology and written history, is not of any particular value to the spiritual aspirant in his work towards perfection.

Yet it seems to me, that a serious student of archaeology would find a gold mine of information there.

Well I must get these letters and films posted.

I love you and am glad our reunion is drawing ever closer,

## Continued from page 15

internal verities and not with outward facts known to every one, and unless one has experienced the beauties of the higher and interior life they are beyond the grasp of the mortal mind.

We all live a dream life, and we cannot know the reality unless we awaken to a consciousness of its existence in us. To bring these higher truths nearer to the understanding of the human mind is the object which I had in view in writing my books.

During these times I wrote several books in English and, having received offers from a German publisher in Leipzig, I edited a German Theosophical monthly journal, *Lotusbluthen*, which continued for eight years and is about to be revived.

It was, at that time, the first and only Theosophical journal in Germany and there was only one Theosophical Society; but after the death of H. P. Blavatsky, dissensions arose within that society between the leaders, and parties were formed, whose mode of fighting each other went to show that mutual tolerance, to say nothing about "universal brotherhood" was still difficult to attain.

One of these parties elected me President of the T. S. in Germany, but seeing a strongly sectarian spirit prevail, I resigned soon after. I advocated the formation of free and independent Theosophical Societies in Germany without any president.

Numerous such societies were formed, but they were not left in peace by those who



claimed to be the “only genuine and original ones,” and the quarrels continued all the same, because wherever there is an organization there are also self-interests, which must be taken care of and defended, and there is still much imperfection in human nature even among those who are called “Theosophists.”

But whatever the fate of the “Theosophical Societies,” may be, the theosophical movement inaugurated by H. P. Blavatsky goes on.

People in different countries taking up some bits of those teachings have built systems upon it and given it a new name and obtained thousands of followers; many appropriating such bits have perverted the teachings, made them a means of financial profits and desecrated divine truth by trying to make superior spiritual powers serviceable to inferior material purposes, thus opening the door to “black magic” and its deplorable consequences; but the powers of light cannot move without stirring the powers of darkness.

Misfortunes are said to be blessings in disguise, and all that leads mankind to a higher experience however evil it may be for the individual, may be good for the progress of humanity as a whole.

The fact that the stars in the sky cannot be dragged down to our earth for the purpose of examination, and that one must himself grow up to a higher plane if he wants to realize its ideals, is still an incomprehensible mystery to many who claim to be seekers of truth.

Some philosopher said that “it is doubtful

whether the proclaiming of a new truth has ever done so much good as its misunderstanding has produced harm.” Unripe fruits are difficult to digest, and what may be wholesome food for one may be poison for another.

There are so many who try to make the second step in occultism without making the first they jump and fall into the ditch. I have a long list of people with whom I was personally acquainted and who became victims of their curiosity to learn occult practices and to use them for their own purposes, while they were not yet ripe to understand them correctly, and I feel sorry for the great multitude of people who are misled and sent to their ruin by blind teachers leading the blind.

It is not without just reason that in olden times the revelation of certain secrets of occultism was punished by death because the more a thing may be put to a good use, the more it is liable to be misused and to do mischief. Intellectual and scientific progress ought to be always accompanied by a corresponding development of the moral faculties.

Divine things ought not to be touched with unclean hands. Selfish desires and thoughts are the greatest obstacles to the perception of truth.

The illusion of “self” is the shadow -which is in our way of meeting the light of the real self, and therefore the first requisite in every religion and in every school of occult science is purification, i.e. the rising above the illusion of that “self” which is the product of our own imagination.

The secrets of occultism will always be secrets to those who are not able to grasp them, but as these things at the present time are proclaimed from the housetops it will be better to throw light upon them than to be silent because "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

A warning in time will often be useful, and if we cannot demonstrate to everybody's satisfaction what the truth actually is, we may at least indicate what it is not, and for this purpose I propose to continue the work to which I have been called by another power than my own.

Those who wish to obtain divine powers for the purpose of employing them for material and selfish purposes; be it for gaining money, for the sake of ambition, or even for the gratification of their scientific curiosity, are on the same level of intelligence with those religious hypocrites who try to press the Divinity into their service by exhortations, persuasion and prayers.

Divine powers belong to the spiritual inner man and ought not to be misused. "He who degrades these powers degrades himself." This is the secret referred to in the Bible (I Corinthians xi. 29).

All this, however, is not to be understood as if we were forbidden to search for the still undiscovered laws of Nature and employ them to our service.

If we knew all of these laws and would obey them, there would be an end of poverty, crime and disease.

If we were to realize what life really is, and what the ultimate purpose of our existence in this world, we could employ the laws of life, and heaven would descend upon the earth.

All the forces of Nature are at our command, we only need to discover them, and by their discovery humanity may rise to an altitude of which we at present have no conception.

**A real occultist is not a dreamer, and my pursuits of occult science have not prevented my studying natural laws, but they have helped me to make an important discovery of a gaseous chemical compound for inhalation which has already done great service for the cure of lung diseases, including that plague of humanity popularly called consumption.' See "The Health Record" of October, 1907.**

All ills result originally from ignorance of our own higher nature and the laws of life, and there is no remedy against ignorance except the attainment of knowledge. To aid in the search for that knowledge and to spread it is my object and that of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I always had a peculiar liking for the spirits of Nature, especially for the gnomes and the water nymphs. Some of my experiences with the gnomes I have embodied in my book *An Adventure among the Rosicrucians*, which was published at Boston, Mass., and some of those with the gnomes were mentioned in another entitled *Among the Gnomes of the Untersberg*, published by T. Fisher Unwin (London).

Both of these books are now out of print.

I am not a “medium,” and my clairvoyant powers are very limited.

Nevertheless I am quite convinced that these spirits of Nature have real existence, as real as ours, although the conditions of their existence are difficult for us to understand. It seems that their element is the ether of space, the etheric part of water and of the earth.

The gnomes pass as easily through the most solid rocks as we move through air, but it seems that they cannot pass through water, nor the nymphs through the earth.

The interior of mountains and rocks is not dark for the gnomes; the sunlight comes to them just as the Roentgen rays penetrate solid flesh. The gnomes are mostly little, about two feet high; the nymphs and undines have often very perfect human forms, but can change them at will.

I have for eight years been living at Hallein near Salzburg in Austria, in the vicinity of the Untersberg; which has a great reputation on account of the stories that circulate about its being inhabited by the gnomes, although within the last few years these spirits seem to have retired on account of the turmoil caused by the advance of modern civilization, for in those places where formerly was reigning solitude and peace there are now fashionable hotels and inns *where the* revels of tourists break the stillness of the night, the beautiful alpine flowers are exterminated by greedy hands, the engine of the railway renders the air smoky and impure, mid the ideality of the scenery is evermore giving way to an aspect of materiality caused

by business enterprises, breweries stone quarries, etc. What wonder if the peaceloving spirits flee or hide themselves away!

A. great many interesting stories about the doings of the gnomes might be gathered among the peasants of that country, but one would have first to gain their confidence, because they are very reticent to speak of such things to strangers, whom, they suppose, inquire only for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity and afterwards throw ridicule upon the subject.

The gnomes seem to be a pious people, because they have often been seen, especially on certain nights in the year, passing in procession into some solitary church and chapel and holding service there. Persons coming on such occasions near the building would find the windows illuminated by a light coming from the interior and they would hear chorales sung within; but when they went for the parson to get the keys to the place and entered, everything became at once dark and still and the gnomes disappeared.

What seems to me most incredible is that human children have suddenly disappeared in a mysterious way and after some days been brought back sound and well and smiling to their homes claiming that they had been taken care of by a beautiful little lady.

There is also a story of a boy who was taken by the gnomes into the Untersberg and remained there for sometime. After his return he gave an account of his experiences to the priest in the confessional, and the priest published as much of it as he was permitted to reveal.

## Submission Guidelines

### By floppy disk

3.5 or 5.25 inch (DOS format),  
WordPerfect or MS Word  
in ASCII format preferable.

### By hard copy

Laser printer preferable,  
NLQ Dot matrix OK  
Good Quality Xerox OK

### Unacceptable

Draft mode Dot matrix  
Faint printouts  
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## EDITORIAL

THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST is an *independent* Journal and has the following editorial objectives:

(1) To serve the greater Theosophical Movement as a forum for the free interchange of ideas and commentary in the pursuit of Truth and to facilitate various projects in furtherance of Theosophical principles.

(2) To present articles and essays consistent with source theosophy, otherwise known as the Ancient Wisdom as given by The Masters and H.P. Blavatsky, and other theosophical writers consistent with this tradition.

## OBJECTIVES

(3) To examine contemporary ethical, religious, metaphysical, scientific and philosophical issues from the viewpoint of the source theosophical teachings.

(4) To impartially examine significant events and issues in the history of the theosophical movement which have affected and shaped its present-day realities.

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