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Bill LAWRENCE MEMORIAL ISSUE

MEDITATION I AM THE LIGHT OF LIFE

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My physical, emotional and mental attitude is stillness. I am in silence in the tense awakeness. I am poised in receptiveness. I let the light of life flow into every atom of my being. I let the inner vehicles become merged in the oneness of the eternal reality. The light of the one life behind all diversity, I *am* the light of life. Life is one. All “THAT IS” is in the SEA OF BEING. I cannot escape from it.

I cannot escape from life.

*I dwell on this intensely and quietly whisper
within myself
these words of mantric power:*

I am
the light of life
I identify
the inner most core of my Being
that I call “I”
in the center of love, light and will.



I remain detached
from these three expressions of my
soul
nature.

I do this

I am still and I am free.

Freedom within the spirit of life
is eternal life.

There is no other self.

Reality is the perpetuation of the
real.

I do not drift

in the magnetic pull of desire
in dreams, or thoughts
or craving of any kind.

Inwardly I resist in my stillness
the pull towards the feeling
thinking or willing tendencies
so as to identify my True Self
while drinking from the cup of
eternal bliss

I recognize this trinity of self expres-
sion as modes of communication only

I retain this my place in heaven for
awhile and I know that the I AM
is of the same life and substance
as the *eternal* I AM

is in ABSOLUTE REALITY

I withdraw from thou to world
from time to time and as often as I
can

I experience the simple yet profound
inner way

I do this in joy and thankfulness

This is the long lost key
that will unlock the door
of the prison of form

Other “keys” of life there are
seek these, in all humility
and with diligence

embracing love and generosity of
spirit

self giving and freedom

and listening to

my voice

will entitle me

to this break through to reality

I remember

it is always NOW in the light of life

and I share in this unity

of SUPREME SELF

which embraces all manifestations
of the ONE SELF

I am the voice that speakest in the
silence

The One Voice

that speaks to all who listens in
stillness

Keep thou my words

Repeat them often with gentle love

In this inner most knowing

I realize within the depths of MY

BEING that I AM

THE LIGHT OF LIFE

A — U — M

Bill Lawrence

Who was Bill Lawrence?

Known as “the Old Man” to the few who were his students in the “Inner City” of Chicago’s South Side, Bill Lawrence was mentor and spiritual teacher.

The real identity of Bill Lawrence remains a mystery along with the mysteries of Gottfried de Purucker and William Q. Judge.

My one glimpse of him was during an evening program I attended as part of the 1986 Convention of the Theosophical Society in America at Wheaton Illinois.

Bill was Black and brought with him an Afro-American group of singers who sang a song “*Come on children let’s sing about Theosophy*” in joyous rousing gospel style.

Some years later, as secretary of the High Country Study Center, I had the occasion to meet Tim Boyd and soon counted him as a personal friend. As a visiting lecturer of the Wheaton T.S., Tim related how he had been introduced to the theosophical life by Bill Lawrence.

Here, in Tim’s words, is some of the story of Bill Lawrence:

[Dick Slusser, ed. HCT]

Tim Boyd:

I want to share with you some of my experiences with the spiritual “community” which I am involved with in Chicago.

This group formed around an individual named Bill Lawrence. He was the focal point. He drew in all the different members. He is past now and since that time there have been

people who have never known him.

He led a very interesting life. He is one of those people who from childhood was clairvoyant and as a child he would often get into a lot of trouble.

Children were supposed to be seen and not heard. He broke with that mold as he wanted to be heard continually. In his day you didn’t spare the rod and spoil the child.

He said he got more beatings for telling what he saw. He was always seeing things. People would come into the house.

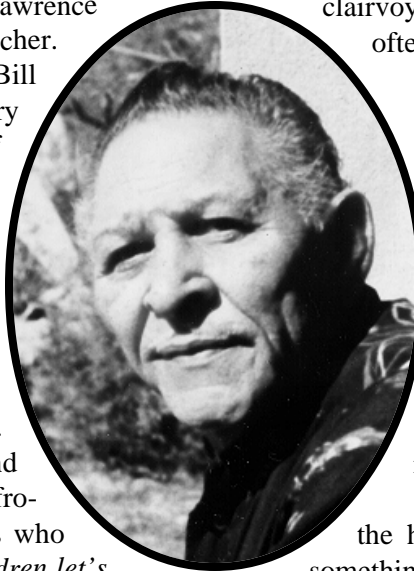
Once a woman came into the house and Bill started seeing something and asked: “Who is that man that I see you with?” He started to describe a man that didn’t look like her husband. It turned out he was seeing some small town gossip relationship that was going on. He got a beating for that.

Another woman came in and he saw nothing but black around her. She died shortly thereafter. He would talk to his parents about Tibet. They were living in central Illinois at the time and no one even knew where Tibet was. He would say things like:

“I don’t know what I am doing here?” “You’re not my parents.” “I’m from Tibet!”

One of the effects was that his father tried to find out what this kid was talking about and ended up a very deep student of metaphysics as that was the only direction he could turn to try to find an explanation.

After a short while in his life he realized that all these things he was seeing weren’t being



seen by his friends around him and there came a period when he hated having this ability and he did everything he could to suppress it. He wanted to be more like his buddies and friends.

As he grew up World War II came along. As with everyone his age, he went into the services. He became first sergeant of a group of men. It was during this period of the war that he had a lot of visions and previsions. The nature of his clairvoyance tended to be previsional and the soldiers that were with him said: "Man, if it wasn't for Sergeant Lawrence we wouldn't be here today!"

When he came out of the war and got back to normal civilian life, he still didn't want to deal with his abilities.

He found himself in the business world and it seemed like everything he touched would turn into money. It was almost unavoidable until he found he had a big chain of supermarkets in Joliet, a suburb of Chicago.

He had this experience which, perhaps, is common to many of us. He reached a point where, however well things may be going on the surface, there seemed to him to be some piece that was very, very important and it was missing.

Something deep inside was not satisfied even though the life he was living outwardly was flowing very, very well. He needed to know more. It reached a point with him where all these different things that looked so good, outwardly, were a heavy weight around his neck. He felt like he was drowning under their influence.

He decided one day that he was just going to walk away and leave it all and *he did that!* He walked away from the grocery store, from the real estate, from all of it and he took nothing except a cash register from one of the stores

and donated it to a children's orphanage because he heard they needed one. He left everything. He left the shelves full of groceries. He went out to find himself.

The reaction of his family was that this man has gone stark raving MAD. Especially, since he was supporting most of them.

He took this time to try and go deeper and find out what it was that was going on with him. One of the things that was happening to him was that he was starting to "see" things again even though he tried to suppress it. It was starting to come up again. It was to the point that he didn't have control over it.

He found that when he was working in the grocery stores that he would come home in the evening very, very tired. He would come home and when he heard a certain music he would go right to sleep.

One day when he was asleep his sister came into the house trying to find a misplaced ring. She was mumbling to herself: "Where did I put that thing?" He spoke up: "Look behind the dresser." She said: "Bill, did you say something?" but he was snoring. She thought it strange but she looked behind the dresser and sure enough, there was this ring!

After that, she couldn't wait for him to get home from work and put this music on. And as soon as he would she would go in there ask him questions about anything and everything. It got so good to her that she invited her friends in and had them ask questions. He didn't know *anything* about this.

One day for some reason he came out of this state and when he opened his eyes here were about eight people peering over him. One woman said: "**DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP!** You were just about to tell me about that money!" He said: "What is this?" One of

them told him. He then broke that record into a thousand pieces.

That day he swore that “from this point on I am not going to be under the control of any ‘outer’ thing. I am going to work to get these abilities under my control so that it won’t be influenced in this way ever again.”

This control led to helping with street gangs. Back in the 1960s, whole areas of Chicago were dominated by street gangs; back then it was the mecca of gangs. These little kids would rule their turfs.

Bill Lawrence had strong visions and was guided to buy this dilapidated old house. It didn’t cost much but it was located at an intersection where the turfs of three gangs intersected.

He started to work on it. Where ever he went he wanted it to be beautiful. He was warned that you can’t grow anything beautiful here as the kids will destroy it. He started to make contact with these kids. He wasn’t ruled by fear at all.

He could see things that they had done or intended to do and he would talk to them. There was one particular case I remember.

This kid named Willy was walking the streets. He had a gun at the time. The Old Man called him over to the fence and he started talking.

He said: “Look, you and two other boys, I can see where you shot a boy.” Then he proceeded to describe the event, scenery and etc. Willy was very, very suspicious about it So Bill said, “go get your friends because I want to talk to you about it.” So, Willie got his friends. They were afraid to come, but they came.

Bill would talk to them and told them what he saw. He didn’t really chastise them but

talked to them about karma and laws of life where you can’t take something that isn’t given and there are repercussions for these sorts of things.

These little kids would listen to him and as time went on learned to trust him. They started to see that here was an old person who has their interest at heart. No motive, as he wasn’t getting paid to this. He even opened up his house for them. It became sort of like a clubhouse.

They loved to listen to him. He would make up rhymes. A lot of these kids families had put them out and these kids were living in abandoned buildings during the summer.

In the winter he would take them into his house because he couldn’t stand seeing them staying in the cold. These gang guys would start telling other gang members about the Old Man.

All these different gangs who had been fighting and killing each other on the street would gather at his house for Peace council..

Bill would make them leave their guns outside. He would say “There are only two BAD people in this house and I am both of them. Your guns, your weapons, leave them here at the door.” And there would be a stack of weapons -- this high.

Bill would talk to them about theosophical principles that we take for granted. He would talk to them about karma, reincarnation, and the seven bodies of man.

He put these principles in their terms that they could understand.

He would create these little phrases which he would call his mantras. They would try and repeat anything the Old Man said.

I remember one saying:

“I know I am a spark from that eternal flame and a grain of sand on this

beach of life. I'm related to a blade of grass, correlated to a leaf on the tree. I am part of the universal all, what can be denied me?

They would say: "Man! Old Man, that's good stuff. I like that poetry," and they would carry it out like it was their own.

There was one guy who could never get it straight. He would say: "I know I am a cinder in the furnace and a boulder on the beach."

He had it completely messed up but he had it in his heart.

The Old Man had a lot of kids with extremely limited opportunity in terms of exposure to things that we take for granted in this world.

Limited opportunity, no sorts of models, absolutely no spiritual role models, and yet, so many of these kids were deeply involved in violence and misguided activities that there was a core of natural born leaders.

The only thing they needed was some sort of positive influence.

These kids loved the Old Man would do anything for him. If someone "messed" with him, they would tell him:

"You don't need to worry, if anybody messes with you, just call us. We may not be able to quote that Theosophy stuff but we will kill them if they mess with you."

The Old Man just replied:

"Don't worry about that stuff. If you see me and bear in a fight, help the bear. I don't need any help."

It was at this time that Theosophy came into his life and here all the pieces came together. It is at this point that his "community" came to be. From that point on his work took on a very different character.

He began receiving a vision of a new location, a new place, a new house, very

different from the other one. He wasn't really very interested because he was finally getting the raggedy shack together -- it was getting to be a beautiful place.

It was when he was driving down some streets that he was not familiar with that he saw the house that had been in his vision. He had no money to buy and it wasn't for sale. But in a few weeks, it came up for sale.

This was a very different kind of home. It was a sixteen room mansion that had been built as the Japanese Consulate. It had been beautiful at one point but had been all cut up into small units and was in dilapidated condition.

It was at this time when I first came in contact with him. I was living in New York and going to college. It was Spring break and my father was going to Chicago. At the last minute he said; "Tim, do you want to go?"

I had a wild cousin out there and thought we would have a good time. When I got there I found him a changed guy.

He sits down in the morning in a corner, folds his hands and does nothing that I can see and he calls it meditating.

I told him: "Barrett, you have changed a lot since I last saw you." He said: "Well, you probably need to meet my teacher."

I'm coming from school and I don't want to meet any teacher because I thought he meant a teacher who teaches something that's in a book. Then he said: "Yeh! The Old Man," and that really did it because I knew I didn't want to meet any old men. Anyway, he engineered it for me to get down there.

As it happened the Old Man talked. He said some very different things. One thing I remembered someone had a headache and the Old Man called him over saying, "what's the

matter.” “I have a headache,” he said. “Let Larry take it from you.”

When he said that I’m looking for Larry to go for a bottle of Anacin, but he just rubbed his hands together and placed them on his head and asked: “How does it feel.” “It is gone,” said the someone. I didn’t see anything happen and I just didn’t have any box in my mind to put that in so I let it float. That was that -- nothing miraculous.

When I got back to my cousin’s house I noticed something of mine missing. My cousin wanted me to ask the Old Man. I said, “Don’t you think you’re getting a little carried away with this stuff? We’re four miles away from there. What is he going to know about all this?” He just shook his head like he is dealing with an ignoramus and didn’t say any more about it.

Later that night we drove by the Old Man’s house again. We walk in and the Old Man said: “Ah! I see we meet again.” Previously when I left the Old Man kept insisting that we would see each other again soon. I doubted it but finally agreed: “O.K., I’ll see you soon.”

Anyway, upon our arrival the Old Man said: “The thing you came to ask me, you will get your answer when you get back to New York.” He went into another subject. It was all Theosophy. I was there for four hours just listening. One of the things he was talking about was energy systems in the body and such. Then he said: “Your third eye is really lit up.”

He told me of the nature of the subtle bodies and how we can function consciously in any one of them and how we’re so limited in our thinking that we have closed ourself off to our potential.

He went on and on, then he told me of things I was aware of but no one else knew

about. Finally he said: “Son, you have got to go home, it is four o’clock in the morning.”

Sure enough when I got to New York, just like he had said, the answer to what I was looking for unfolded and I found out how, why, who and what - everything I needed to know right then and there.

I also had an experience with myself where I was walking alone and thinking about this thing about the spark and the eternal flame and I couldn’t remember it all. But as I was walking along, there was this one part that stuck with me -- the part about a grain of sand on the beach of life. It was something that was completely separate and immediate and yet without that grain of sand, the beach was completely different. I started to see a lot of different aspects of that.

I got deeply into thinking about this and then while still at my cousin’s I opened a book that talked about following the breath. I was following this inbreath and outbreath and was into the rhythm of it and what happened next is one of these experiences that later on I came to read about in books.

It was complete stepping out of one frame of mind and into a whole new door of consciousness. I was walking and in precisely the time interval between this foot going down and before the next foot hit, it was like the entire world had changed and all sorts of information and things started to flood into me.

It continued on for quite awhile after that. It was disconcerting too, because it would be to the point where we would be sitting in a group of people and talking with anyone and it would be almost as if hearing voices and like Toby’s saying something out of turn and he said: “I hadn’t said a word.”

Yet, what I would be hearing would be

like the deep things within your heart, that we keep quiet from the world but we keep within ourselves. It would be coming up -- and I'd turn and you know Oh yeah! and I would talk about that and it just went on and on like that.

I also started to realize that cultivating some of the latent qualities very much needed guidance to be properly expressed instead of experimenting as I was doing.

So, I came to realize that I needed to get back to the point from which these things open up. I needed to get back with the Old Man and that's when I determined to do that.

Meanwhile, at the same time without me knowing anything about it, somebody from Kentucky had gotten in touch, somebody else had met him out at The Theosophical Society and this whole group formed around that and came to live there in Chicago at this big house that needed all this work.

It was in an area of beautiful homes as far as structure but the area itself had gone down to the point where there was all of this negative activity. Next door there was big gambling and everything going on.

They would have a party that would start on Thursday night and end Tuesday and take Wednesday to rest and start again on Thursday and it was just constant noise and activity and they'd fight but they had rules.

You know, there is honor among thieves so if there was going to be an argument they had what they called the fighting board which was a piece of plywood, 4 by 8 foot sheet of plywood out in the front, no grass growing just bottles and rocks.

One would stand on one end of it and the other one in the argument would stand on the other. The one who was able to walk away from it after the fight was the one who was

right. That was the mentality of it. ...

[Tape side 1 ends. Begin tape side 2]

The landlady named Anita said:

"You know they killed somebody right in front of this place!!! I'm not coming over. You bring the rent. I don't want to come."

She would make up all these stories. Finally she decided to sell the buildings but she wouldn't sell the one next to us without selling the one next to that.

It was the greatest news we had ever heard. So we went out and immediately -- we didn't have any money. We were just college students and the Old Man -- and he didn't have anything at the time.

We went out and he had a friend who was a doctor and his brother told him about it. They were willing to come out and buy these places at the price the lady wanted.

The whole thing was set up and arranged. It was a great day in the morning for us. They were going to close the deal right there on the house where we were. The lawyers came, the lady came. Everything was set. We were ready to sign on the dotted line. The money was ready to change hands.

The lady selling the property jumps up, right in the middle of this and says: "I've changed my mind. This deal is off." We were horrified!

She said: "Bill, Call me when these people are gone." He said: "Anita, What are you talking about?" She said: "Call me when they're gone!"

So she goes home and he calls her and asks what has gotten into her. The people are paying the price she wanted. She will get the headache off of her. Everything was perfect.

She said: "Bill, let me tell you something. Often you and the guys in

this group have worked on me with healing and things and I have often heard you talking about Theosophy and different altered states and things but I have never experienced anything like that myself.

I never have had any sort of psychic vision. But while I was sitting there in that room, I saw my husband coming in the room just as plain as day and he has been dead for like forty years. He was a former city councilman and he told me that you and your group are supposed to have those buildings.”

And when she said that the Old Man cracked up. He said: “Thats all well and good, Anita but did he tell you how we’re going to pay for it. You want money I am sure.”

She said: “I’m going to make it so you will take those buildings and she was true to her word. That lady ended up giving it to us. It was a gift. You might as well call it that.

It was like: “Could you give me \$12,000 for the two of them?” and: “Is \$2000 down too much but I have got to have some interest? How does 4% sound?” It was a gift. It was a gift and \$100 a month.

Anyway, now we found ourselves with these two buildings and nobody knows how to do anything. We had to learn everything to do and we started to work on those.

We started to beautify the outside - beautify the inside. One thing led to another and within six months time the people next door came and practically gave that [building] and as well as gift to us and the one around the corner.

We owned half of a city block within six months time without looking for it and without looking for a stick of property and had no money.

What we ended up doing, we got in touch

with wreckers that were tearing down property and would recycle everything out of there.

They just loved to see us come in saying: “When you guys leave all we have to do is blow on it and it falls down.”

It went on with a Theosophical group and classes started to grow. At one point there came like a whole tide of people that were all musicians. For whatever reason at that particular time there was a group of young musicians that got in touch with us. We had sessions until 4:00 or 5:00 o’clock in the morning and they wanted to develop music for healing purposes.

Want to use the music as a means of communicating the Thoughts of Universal Light and they would sit and talk to the Old Man till all hours of the night. A lot of those guys and I mean guys and girls have long since gone and have been very successful in the music world. But out of that this community set up grew.

Meditation together in the morning, working on the different buildings that developed into a business that ended up being the support for the community as an on going business now. Working mainly almost entirely on dilapidated buildings - ones that everyone had given up on. This group of musicians that have gone on to produce record albums and things.

There is a food garden and bee hives. All this within looking at the Sears Tower out the window and five minutes of downtown. It is an ongoing Theosophical Spiritual Center right there in the heart of Chicago. Six years ago, the Old Man died (January 22, 1987).

One of the things that has really indicated to me so strongly is that for each one of us we tend to take an approach to think of ourselves as being rather powerless, being blown and

tossed by the winds of life. But really our potential to influence the world around us, we think of as being more limited than perhaps it is.

I really can see the life of this particular individual and the things that have flowed out of it. That there is within each one of us the ability to connect with our inner resources which are our real resources and from that it is possible for us to have an effect on our surroundings and the people within our lives that is absolutely enormous.

[Transcribed and edited from an audio tape of a talk by Tim Boyd to The High Country Theosophical Study Center, December 13, 1991].

The Bill Lawrence Memorial tape, contains the Meditation: I am the light of life plus a dialogue with terminally ill patients at a Tijuana, Mexico Cancer Clinic. Side 2 contains Bill Lawrence's favorite gospel music. Available for \$5.00 from:

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A guided tour of the Chakras

by Bo Lozoff

After working in a general way with pranayam (breathing/power techniques) for awhile, it's very useful to understand a little more about how this power moves through our bodies, and how we can make even better use of it.

The basic outline of the whole set-up is this: We have an "energy body" which gives life to the physical body. Pran is like the fuel.

Our internal sparkplug is called the kundalini. The kundalini is our very own individual nuclear-reactor core at the base of the spine. It holds more power than could ever be described.

It could be said that our total "life-force" is a combination of two things:

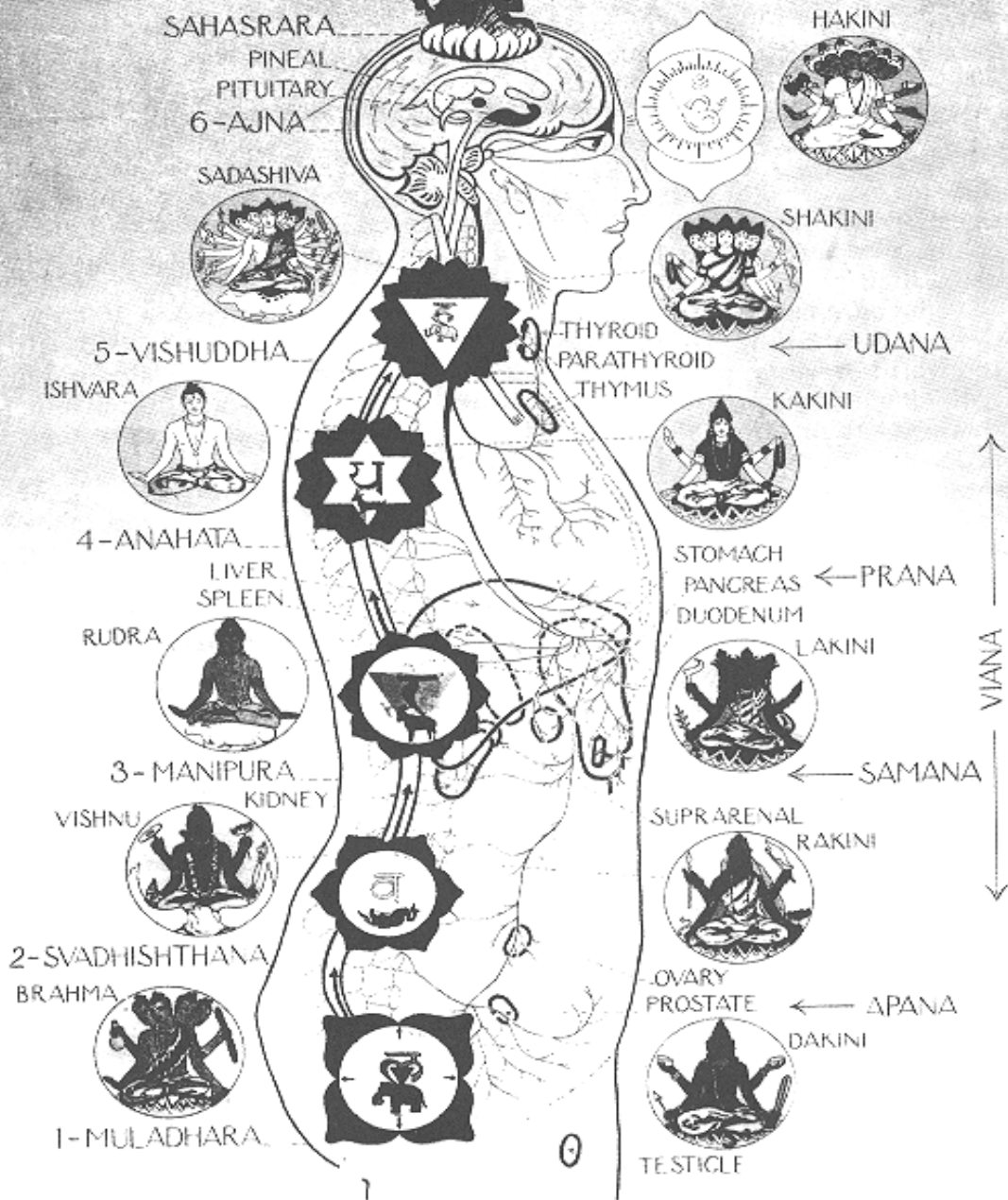
- 1) How well we take in pran when we breathe; and
- 2) how awakened the kundalini is- which depends on the hang-ups, fears, and attachments we hold on to.

Our power moves through seven channels which are called chakras ("shockra" or "chockra"). Chakra simply means "wheel". These seven main chakras in the human body are like colored filters.

For example, if I put on pink sunglasses, the whole world suddenly becomes pink. Likewise, how we see the world depends on which chakras we're looking through at the time.

If we're loose and free, we see things as they really are; a mouse is a mouse. But if we're stuck, say, in loneliness, we may be

CHART OF THE MYSTERIOUS KUNDALINI AND THE LOCATION OF THE GLANDS



desperate for the mouse to be a companion. If we're starving, the very same mouse begins to look like a pretty good dinner.

It's completely natural for power to flow into one chakra or another. The problem is, our fears and desires push us to unnaturally manipulate the power-flow so that we don't allow the whole system to work as it should.

We develop attachments and bad habits in various chakras, and then all our power keeps flowing through the wrong places, and it gets harder and harder for us to see things as they really are.

THE BASICS

Roughly speaking, these are the areas of body and mind which are associated with the seven chakras.

1st chakra: survival, self-defense (base of the spine)

2nd chakra: Sensual and sexual feelings-taste, smell, etc. (lower back behind the genitals).

3rd chakra: Power and ego-power (behind the solar plexus).

4th chakra: Love, compassion (center of chest, "Christ-heart").

5th chakra: Devotion and creativity (throat).

6th chakra: Wisdom, self-realization (middle of forehead, "third eye").

7th chakra: Enlightenment-merging into the "All" instead of remaining separate (crown of the head, where a baby's "soft spot" is located).

Everybody has some amount of energy going through all the chakras but generally we tend to be way out of balance, holding nearly all of our power in the lower three, and subconsciously keeping the upper four chakras closed off. So, a better understanding of what they're about and how to work with them can be a very big key for spiritual transformation.

With a little training, even some of the

heaviest emotional states can be completely changed, from a single breath into the heart-chakra.

In this chapter, we'll take a brief look at each of the seven chakras, and then get into the idea of using the breathing techniques (pranayam) to work on specific chakras & problems. Like the other teachings in this book, these are real, practical, facts & ideas, not merely words or images to collect like a scholar.

1st Chakra - Law Of The Jungle

The first chakra is the densest, thickest, of the seven filters-like wearing dark glasses at night.

When life is seen through the first chakra, only one question arises: How to survive?

The first chakra isn't concerned with nice colors, pleasant sounds, the needs of others, or anything more sophisticated than primal existence.

A newborn baby is pretty much operating from the first chakra:

If it had to press a button to be fed, no matter whether that button blew up half the world, it would push the button anyway.

No blame can be laid on the baby; it's just the way its mind deals with reality. Babies are primitive in this way-their minds don't deal with the unseen consequences of their actions.

Most of us get more civilized early in life, but if you look around (especially in prison, but surely also on the streets) you can find many people who seem to be holding a lot of their power in this first chakra.

You may try to reason with them from how you see things, but the same world looks very different to them, and they're just acting accordingly just like people who have phobias about elevators, spiders, public places, etc. Many phobias probably stem from energy caught in the first chakra.

The aim of the spiritual seeker is for this and the other chakras to be wide open, without any set attitudes or habitual responses. If a real threat to our survival comes along, we may feel it in the first chakra because that's what's really happening.

But we don't have to live in dread of everyone we meet. That's a terribly lonely way to live.

I had an intense first-chakra experience in the Caribbean in the late 60's when Sita and I worked on a sailboat. I was underwater with a spear and an armful of bloody fish for our dinner, and I turned to see a huge shark (about a 10-footer) coming toward me, directly between me and the boat.

What a psychedelic trip that was! Every cell in my body, every corner of my mind, was alive with fear. I could see fear rippling through the water I could hear it, smell it, and taste it.



my first chakra. It was one of those things that, if you survive it, it was really worth it just to feel such intensity. That's first chakra.

(Oh yeah, the end of the shark story:

Thank God sharks circle their Victims! As the shark made his way around me, I got back to the boat and hopped out of the water—arms, legs, butt, all at once in record time. He was right behind me.)

2nd Chakra - OOOHHH, AAHHHH, OOOHHHH,AAAHHH!

The second chakra, located a little higher up the spine behind the genitals, is the filter which defines reality on the basis of how things feel, look, sound, taste, and smell; the world in which our senses run the whole show.

In a baby's life, this comes right after the first-chakra survival period.

Gradually as the mind gets more sophisticated and bare survival isn't such a struggle, the senses open up a whole new world. It's still far from the whole world, but it's a lot broader filter than before.

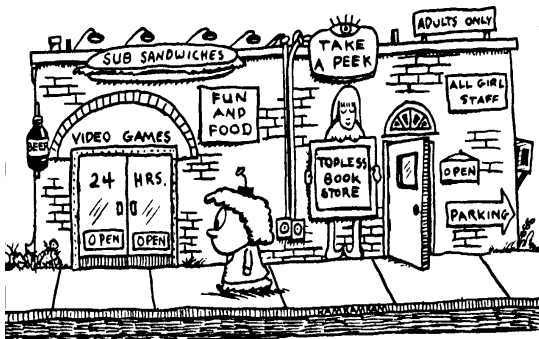
Life becomes a never ending process of sense experiences. Second-chakra energy gives us the good sense to avoid bitter poisons and remove our hands from a hot stove, as well as giving us the desire for a ripe, juicy apple, or a friendly, warm body.

These can all be perfectly healthy, natural instincts, or they can also be terrible burdens—obsessions which take over our lives and drive us to ruin.

Whereas a phobia is an example of first-chakra attachment, lusts and addictions are examples of being stuck in the second chakra.

Again, if we were loose and free, we'd be able to feel fear or desire in tune with the way the world moves around us.

But after a lifetime of fiendishly clever sales pitches for everything from candy bars to sports cars to sexual devices, most of us have quite a lot of attachments in the second chakra.



How many thousands of Greeks and Trojans died because some dude wanted to screw Helen of Troy? How many junkies' lives have been wasted in their endless quest just to feel zonked out? How much torment and suffering have fat people brought upon themselves simply because they love the taste of certain foods so much?

3rd Chakra - Make Way, I Exist!

Moving on up the spine, the third chakra is a filter which takes in still a little more of life than the second; it's like a baby's mind proceeding naturally outward.

This chakra has to do with power. Life seen through the third chakra is a world of relationships - relationship to the environment, to other people.

A healthy third chakra gives us the cleverness to make trees into lumber so we can build comfortable shelters; it helps us figure out how best to deal with somebody who's angry or crazy

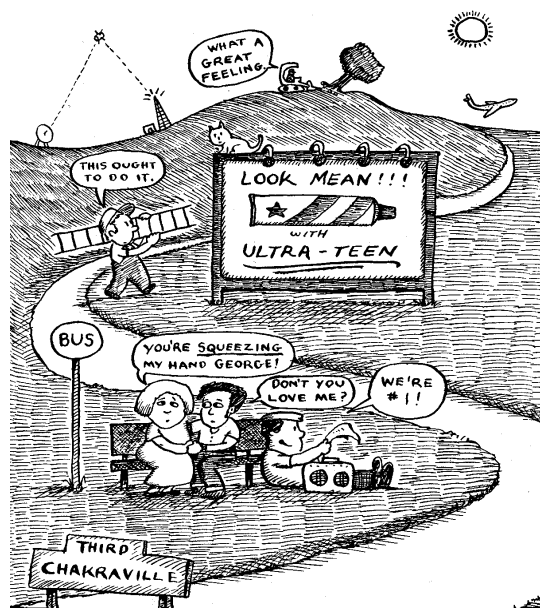
But as with the second chakra, we grow up surrounded by influences like DALLAS and the hypocrisy of politics;

we grow up watching intelligent adults shoot down beautiful animals just for fun,

we grow up seeing news reports of wars going on all over the world at any given time.

So, by the time we're old enough to think about things, we have a pretty demented sense of what power is all about.

This is attachment in the third chakra. It's like the energy center gets misshapen, and then we think the deformed shape is natural, so we hold it in that position and feed it energy for a lot of wrong ideas.



Nazis and klansmen are good examples of people with severely deformed third chakras.

So are all the mega-corporations which are destroying the planet in order to make personal profit. That's crazy!

Where will their children spend the money?

To a milder degree, third-chakra stuff is mostly responsible for our hair styles, beards, the way we dress, the kinds of cars we drive, etc.

There's a subconscious ratings game going on in our heads, and we try to acquire all the right moves for the high ratings we want.

Also, many men have third-chakra sex more so than second-chakra sex; that is, more a power trip than a pleasure-trip. It's more "Am

I the best?” than “Oh wow, that felt so good!”

One of the heaviest problems we run into because of attachments in the third chakra is in the area of romance. Most of our romances, and even our marriages, are relationships coming from the third chakra.

Third-chakra love is conditional love:

“I’ll love you as long as you love me back and you don’t cheat on me and you stay reasonably attractive and you keep treating me the way I want to be treated.”

It’s a power-trip - a deal negotiated without so many words, but with a great deal of fear and needfulness hiding on the back of the page.

Feelings like anger, jealousy, humiliation, betrayal, and paranoia lurk in the shadows of third-chakra love.

4th Chakra - I Live In Every Heart

The first, second and third chakras are generally known as the “lower” energy centers, the places we’re apt to get stuck if we “lay up our treasures,” as Jesus put it, “where moth and rust cloth corrupt, and thieves break in and steal.”

In other words, these are the centers of activity for the world of appearances.

The fourth chakra, the “Christ-heart” right in the middle of the chest, is the first of the higher energy centers.

There are still all sorts of attachments we can form in these higher centers-being stuck in bliss or power is still being stuck. But these chakras are the keys to becoming the spiritual warriors we were born to become.

When we look at life through the fourth chakra, we see a lot more than survival, pleasure, and power. The heart chakra is the place where we start to realize our profound connection to all people, to all of existence.

True kindness, that is, kindness without any thought of credit or reward comes from this center of power.

True compassion comes from this place too, and so does unconditional love, like Jesus, Buddha, Krishna and the others represent.

So, one of the basic goals of yoga and pranayam techniques is to open the heart-chakra by focusing power into it as often as possible.

Many people believe in the love of Christ, but few actually feel it in their hearts. Until we do feel it in our own heart-centers, love is just another head trip.

But we can’t feel much power in our heart-chakras at the same time we feel greed, anger, fear, and so forth.

For example, look at the nature of greed: It’s wanting more for ourselves than we want for somebody else.

In order to feel that way, we have to close our hearts a little. An open heart “loves thy neighbor as thyself.”

In a way, because of how much our parents loved us, they often want better things for us than for other people, and so we innocently learn about greed.

But when we wake up to the real world, we find out that actually, greed doesn’t help make our lives work very well; it’s the line again about “Lay not up your treasures.”

Most of us have tried being greedy, and it never works out well.

So, the emphasis on giving up greed, anger, bitterness and so forth, isn’t so much a moral teaching, like “give up these sinful feelings or you go to hell,” or “these faults make you a bad person” but rather it’s a very practical teaching, like “If you want to get hip to the way things really are, you’ve got to let go of your baggage so you can learn how to fly.5th, 6th, and 7th Chakras - Coming Home

The fifth chakra is the filter which sees life as a journey of creative devotion to God.

The first three chakras seem to establish us as individuals; the fourth shows us that we're all worthy of loving kindness, and now the fifth reveals even a little more Truth, a little more of the Grand Design

This whole life, from birth to death, with all its seeming "accidents" and "meaningless" details, is nothing else than a process of opening to our higher nature.

That's the piece of the puzzle which the fifth-chakra reveals.

The sixth chakra, or the third eye (remember when Jesus said, "When thine eye be single thy body will be full of Light"?), reveals everything else that can ever be revealed:

All past and future, everything that could possibly be realized by a single individual.

That's why when the sixth chakra opens it's called "Self-realization"; it's the awareness that we are actually not separate from God in the first place. God-realization and self realization are one; God, Guru, and Self are one. The seventh chakra is the gate through which we merge from the One into the All. At that point, there's nobody sitting here knowing anything; the self has been liberated; gone beyond words and images. Here We Are...

Where most of us are at, we have a lot of attachments in the first three chakras; a lot of places where we've been holding tight for quite a few years.

That's what limits our power, that's what tires us out every day, that's what gets us in trouble time and time again.

We may not even remember, because those experiences may even have been in dreams; but in our deepest minds and memories, we know that something inside of us is greater than what we usually relate to.

The exact natures of our chakras - our

attachments, strengths, experiences, needs are probably as unique as our fingerprints.

But the reason for knowing a little about the whole system is so that we can take more responsibility for trying to open them up.

Knowing about the chakras helps us to be more objective about some of the things that used to suck us in, like jealousy or anger or greed.

If we can just quiet down a minute and feel what's going on somewhere in our chakras, we can learn to work with it in a better way than slamming our fists through the wall or biting our nails to the bone.

When I get angry I can feel the hot lump in my solar plexus (the third chakra) for hours. It's just energy caught there. If I have enough control to realize that, I can sit down somewhere and work on moving it up into the heart, where it'll do me and the world a lot more good.

In this way, the system of chakras becomes like a whole system of psychology and power, and each of us becomes our own best therapist which is as it should be.

Reprinted, with permission, from *We're All Doing Time* by Bo Lozoff

Letters Received

January 1997

Dear Friend:

During the course of our lives we are occasionally blessed by encounters with extraordinary men and women.

If we are lucky and the timing is right, these meetings can have a life changing effect on us. At the very least we part knowing that in some way we have been enriched; at some deep level of our being a seed has been planted which will grow and blossom in its own time.

Many of us feel that we have had the good fortune to have met such a man in this life.

Bill Lawrence, “the Old Man”, influenced the lives of a great number of us for the better. Depending on what point in his own life’s unfoldment you met him, his focus and his impact would be different, but always he made an impression.

To those of us who encountered him after he had connected with Theosophy and the Theosophical Society he is remembered chiefly as a spiritual friend and teacher, but also as a master story teller, a clear eyed seer and visionary, a man painfully wise in the ways of the world, a music lover who musicians loved to play for, and an artist whose medium was the canvas of unfolding lives.

It has been 10 years now since his passing. On January 22, 1987 when the Old Man died it was the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.

The group of us who heard and took his message to heart have spread out into the world and now find ourselves deeply involved in a variety of responsibilities; so much so that for many there seems to be no time to stop and reflect, to “check in” and reconnect with that “still small voice” inside.

It is with this in mind that we send out this letter on this the 10th anniversary of his passing.

Not to reminisce or to recall “the good old days”, nor even to merely remind ourselves of the life of a great man, but to help us to remember the simple, powerful truths that he called out from each one of us; that each of us is a “spark from that Eternal Flame,” that all of the answers are within us, that we all have a direct and unbreakable connection to the Divine if we would just get out of our own way, that the work before us is to live these truths so that our passing through this world will make it a better place.

The main way the Old Man “taught” was in his moment to moment living.

Lectures or formal talks and writings were rare. There was no way of telling at what moment the inspiration would flow. As a result there are few recordings of his voice.

In the tape that comes with this letter are two short recordings of the Old Man - one, a meditation entitled “I am the Light of Life,” and the other a recording of a talk he gave to a group of fellow cancer patients at a clinic in Tijuana, Mexico 2 1/2 months before he died.

On side 2 of the tape are some musical selections which he especially enjoyed. Also included is a short selection of some of his home spun expressions which we all heard so often - “Old Man isms.”

With the hope that your New Year is bright and filled with the blessings of health and ever expanding service.

Students of the Old Man
3322 S. Calumet Ave
Chicago, IL 60616
312 842-7210

Theosophy And Meditating On Your Inner Self

Rick Archer writes:

In the short time I have studied Theosophy, I have noticed something that has me concerned. There is an exoteric trap that needs to be addressed.

Theosophy is a study on an Esoteric level, is it not? Then why are some of our brothers\sisters slipping into an exoteric level. This is an intellectual trap. Can we truly learn by studies alone? Yes, we do learn by understanding what we have been taught, at least that is what our mind would have us to believe.

Yet, we are missing something which is much deeper. Ms. Blavatsky states in her Collected Writings Vol XII, E.S. Introduction pages 492-3:

Practical esoteric science is altogether sui generis. It requires all the mental and psychic powers of the student to be used in examining what is given, to the end that the real meaning of the Teacher may be discovered, as far as the student can understand it

How does one gain psychic understanding? Surely not through books alone, but on a deeper level through meditation. When the student begins to understand this psychic power and understanding then he truly begins to understand the Ancient Wisdom.

For example you can tell one how to swim on an intellectual level but does he really

understand it? Not until he drops into the water. You must get your feet wet, float, learn to tread water and finally to swim.

The same goes with Theosophy. To fully understand you have to look to your inner SELF, through meditation and self discipline. A much clearer understanding arises. It is on the esoteric level.

Again Ms. Blavatsky states in Collected Writings, Vol XII. E.S. Introduction. pages 494-8

RULES

16. Each member is expected to set apart a certain time of the day or night of not less than a half an hour's duration, for meditation upon the instructions received, for self-examination and self-study. If possible, the place selected for this should be used by no other person, nor for any other purpose; but the providing of such a special place, if inconvenient is not insisted upon.

So, are we all doing this or have we slipped into an exoteric level of reading and sharing of knowledge but not experiencing it.

MEDITATE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

OPEN YOURSELF TO A DEEPER UNDERSTANDING.

Rick Archer

A BLAVATSKY LETTER
TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

HCT editor's note: In reading the readily available and in-print material on Franz Hartmann, I had gotten the impression that he was regarded as somehow having failed to live up to his potential. We read in *Damodar and the Pioneers of the Theosophical Movement*, p. 606:

“Hartmann had been very successful financially in the U.S.A. where he had acquired many friends. Being an American citizen, there was every reason to return, inasmuch as his usefulness in working for the Theosophical Society was limited by the lack of trust which H.P.B. had in him. ...”

The following letter bears out the “lack of trust” on H.P.B.'s part during the Hodgson-Coulomb crises at Adyar but signals a change in her attitude. The letter is not included in any collections of H.P.B. letters, as far as I know. I discovered it in *The Canadian Theosophist* Vol. XXII No. 3, May 1941, and reprint it here for its importance to a study of Hartmann's career. dslusser, ed.

From the *Theosophical Quarterly*, April, 1928

April 3rd, 1886.

My Dear Doctor:-

I had given up all hope of ever hearing from you again, and was glad to receive to-day your letter. What you say in it seems to me like an echo of my own thoughts in many a way; only knowing the truth and the real state of things in the “occult world” better than you do, I am perhaps able to see better where the real mischief was and lies.

Well, I say honestly and impartially now - you are unjust to Olcott more than to anyone else; because you had no means to ascertain hitherto in what direction the evil blew from.

Mind you, Doctor, my dear friend, I do not justify Olcott in what he did and how he acted toward yourself - nor do I justify him in any thing else.

What I say is: he was led on blindly by people as blind as himself to see you in quite a false light, and there was a time, for a month or two, when I myself - notwithstanding my inner voice, and to the day the Master's voice told me I was mistaken in you and had to keep friends - shared his blindness.

This with regard to some people in Adyar; but there is another side to the question, of which you seem quite ignorant; and that I wanted to show to you, by furnishing you with documents, had you only come when I asked you.

But you did not - and the result is, this letter of yours, that will also go against you in the eyes of Karma, whether you believe in the cross, empty of any particular entity on it - or in the KwanShi-Yin of the Tibetans.

To dispose of this question for once, I propose to you to come between now and May the 10th, when I leave Wurzburg to go elsewhere. So you have plenty of time to think over it, and to come and go as you like.

The Countess is with me. You know her; she is no woman of gush or impulse. During the four months we have passed together, and the three months of utter solitude, we have had time to talk things over; and I will ask you to believe her, not me, when and if you come, which I hope you will.

As to the other side of the question, that portion of your letter where you speak of the

“army” of the deluded- and “imaginary” Mahatmas of Olcott- you are absolutely and sadly right.

Have I not seen the thing for nearly eight years?

Have I not struggled and fought against Olcott’s ardent and gushing imagination, and tried to stop him every day of my life?

Was he not told by me (from a letter I received through a Yogi just returned from Lake Mansarovara) in 1881 (when he was preparing to go to Ceylon) that if he did not see the Masters in their true light, and did not cease speaking and inflaming people’s imaginations, that he would be held responsible for all the evil the Society might come to?

Was he not told there were no such Mahatmas, who Rishi-like could hold the Mount Meru on the tip of their finger and fly to and fro in their bodies (!!) at their will, and who were (or were imagined by fools) more gods on earth than a God in Heaven could be, etc., etc.?

All this I saw, foresaw, despaired, fought against; and, finally, gave up the struggle in utter helplessness.

If Sinnett has remained true and devoted to them to this day, it is because he never allowed his fancy to run away with his judgment and reason. Because he follows his common sense and discerned the truth, without sacrificing it to his ardent imagination.

I told him the whole truth, from the first, as I had told Olcott and Hume also. Hume knows the Mahatma K. H. exists, and holds to it to this day. But, angry and vexed with my Master, who spoke to him as though he (Hume) had never been a Secretary for the Indian Government and the great Hume of Simla-he denied him through pure viciousness and revenge.

Ah, if by some psychological process you

could be made to see the whole truth; if in a dream or vision, you could be made to see the panorama of the last ten years, from the first year at New York to the last at Adyar, you would be happy and strong and just tont to the Eddies. There I found Olcott in love with spirits, as he became in love with the Masters later on.

I was ordered to let him know that spiritual phenomena without the philosophy of Occultism were dangerous and misleading.

I proved to him that all that mediums could do through spirits of others, I could do at will without any spirits at all; that bells and thought reading, raps, and physical phenomena, could be achieved by anyone who had a faculty of acting in his physical body through the organs of his astral body, and I had that faculty ever since I was four years old, as all my family know.

I could make furniture move and objects fly apparently, and my astral arms that supported them remained invisible; all this even before I knew even Masters.

Well, I told him the whole truth. I said to him that I had known Adepts, the “Brothers,” not only in India and beyond Ladakh, but in Egypt, Syria,-for there are “Brothers” there to this day.

The names of the “Mahatmas” were not even known at the time, since they are called so only in India. That whether they were called Rosicrucians, Kabbalists, Yogis-Adepts were everywhere Adepts-silent, secret, retiring, and who would never divulge themselves entirely to anyone, unless one did as I did -passed seven and ten years’ probation and given proofs of absolute devotion, and that he or she would keep silent even before a prospect and a threat of death.

I fulfilled the requirements and am what I am, and this no Hodgson, no Coulombs, no Sellin, can take away from me. All I was allowed to say

was -the truth: There is beyond the Himalayas a nucleus of Adepts of various nationalities; and the Teshu Lama knows them, and they act together, and some of them are with him and yet remain unknown in their true character even to the average lamas-who are ignorant fools mostly.

My Master and K. H. and several others I know personally are there, coming and going, and they are all in communication with Adepts in Egypt and Syria, and even Europe. I said and proved that they could perform marvellous phenomena; but I also said that it was rarely that they would condescend to do so to satisfy enquirers.

You were one of the few who had genuine communication with them; and if you doubt it now, I pity you, my poor friend, for you may repent one day for having lost your chance.

Well, in New York already, Olcott and Judge went mad over the thing; but they kept it secret enough then.

When we went to India, their very names were never pronounced in London or on the way (one of the supposed proofs-that I had invented the Mahatmas after I had come to India-of Mr. A. O. Hume).

When we arrived, and Master coming bodily to Bombay, paid a visit to us at Girgaum, and several persons saw him, Wimbridge for one- Olcott became crazy.

He was like Balaam's she-ass when she saw the angel!

Then came Damodar, Servai and several other fanatics, who began calling them "Mahatmas"; and, little by little, the Adepts were transformed into Gods on earth.

They began to be appealed to, and made puja to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous.

Now, if I tell you the answer I received from Keshow Pillai you will laugh, but it

characterizes the thing. "But what is your idea of you Hindus about the Masters?"-I asked him one day when he prostrated himself flat before the picture in my golden locket.

Then he told me that they (the Mahatmas) were their ancient Rishis, who had never died, and were some 700,00 years old. That they were represented as living in sacred trees, and when showing themselves were found to have long, green hair, and their bodies shining like the moon, etc., etc.

Well, between this idea of the Mahatmas and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing.

The "Masters" as all thought, must be omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. If a Hindu or Parsi sighed for a son, or a government office, or was in trouble, and the Mahatmas never gave a sign of life-the good and faithful Parsi, the devoted Hindu, was unjustly treated.

The Masters knew all; why did they not help the devotee? If a mistake or a flap-doodle was committed in the Society-"How could the Masters allow you or Olcott to do so and so?" we were asked in amazement.

The idea that the Masters were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed anyone's mind, though they wrote this themselves repeatedly. It was "modesty and secretiveness" people thought.

"How is it possible," the fools argued, "that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by each member?" That to do so, and find out what the people thought, and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special Psychological means, to take great trouble for it at the cost of labour and time was something out

of the range of the perceptions of their devotees.

Is it Olcott's fault? Perhaps, to a degree. Is it mine? I absolutely deny it, and protest against the accusation.

It is no one's fault. Human nature alone, and the failure of modern society to furnish people with something higher and nobler than craving after money and honours-is at the bottom of it.

Place this failure on one side, and the mischief and havoc produced in people's brains by modern spiritualism, and you have the enigma solved.

Olcott to this day is sincere, true, and devoted to the cause. He does and acts the best he knows how, and the mistakes and absurdities he has committed, and commits to this day, are due to something he lacks in the psychological portion of his brain, and he is not responsible for it.

Loaded and heavy is his Karma, poor man, but much must be forgiven to him for he has always erred through lack of right judgment, not from any vicious propensity.

Olcott is thoroughly honest; he is as true as gold to his friends; he is as impersonal for himself as he is selfish and grasping for the Society; and his devotion and love for the Masters is such that he is ready to lay down his life any day for them if he thinks it will be greeable to them and benefit the Society.

Be just, above all, whatever you do or say. If anyone is to be blamed, it is I.

I have desecrated the holy Truth by remaining too passive in the face of all this desecration, brought on by too much zeal and false ideas.

My only justification is that I had work to do that would have been too much for four men, as you know. I was always occupied with the Theosophist and ever in my room, shut up,

having hardly time to see even the office Hindus.

All was left to Olcott and Damodar, two fanatics. How I protested and tried to swim against the current, only Mr. Sinnett knows, and the Masters.

Brown was crazy before he came to us, unasked and unexpected. C. Oakley was an occultist two years before he joined us.

You speak of hundreds that have been made "cowards" by Olcott. I can show you many hundreds who have been saved through Theosophy from drunkenness, dissolute life, etc.

Those who believed in a personal God believe in him now as they did before. Those who did not-are all the better in believing in the soul's immortality, if in nothing else.

It is Sellin's thought, not yours- "the men and women ruined mentally and physically" by me and Olcott.

Hiibbe Schleiden is ruined only and solely by Sellin, aided by his own weakness.

No, dear Doctor, you are wrong and unjust; for Olcott never taught anyone "to sit down and expect favours from Mahatmas."

On the contrary, he has always taught, verbally and in print, that no one was to expect favours from Mahatmas or God unless his own actions and merit forced Karma to do him justice in the end.

Where has Sellin heard Col. Olcott's Theosophy? Sellin had and has his head full of spiritualism and spiritual phenomena; he believes in spirits and their agency, which is worse even than believing too much in Mahatmas.

We all of us have made mistakes, and are all more or less to blame. Why should you be so hard on poor Olcott, except what he has done personally against you, for which I am the first to blame him?

But even here, it is not his fault. I have twenty pages of manuscript giving a detailed

daily account of your supposed crimes and falseness, to prove to you that no flesh and blood could resist the proofs and insinuations.

I know you now, since Torre del Greco; I feared and dreaded you at Adyar- just because of those proofs.

If you come, I will let you read the secret history of your life for two years, and you will recognize the handwriting.

And such manuscripts as I have learned, have been sent all over the Branches, and Olcott was the last to learn of it.

What I have to tell you will show to you human nature and your own discernment in another light. There are things it is impossible for me to write; and unless you come here -they will die with me.

Olcott has nothing to do with all this. You are ignorant, it seems, of what took place since Christmas.

God-bye, then, and may your intuitions lead you to the Truth.

Yours ever, H. P. B.

Winds of Change

Theosophical Reflections future uncertain

For the past sixteen years Claire Walker has edited a newsletter bearing the title "Reflections." Her *Reflections of a Theosophist* served the T.S. in Maryland until the summer of 1992 when she and her husband moved to the retirement community of Seal Beach, California. There she contributed her journalistic efforts to the Long Beach Lodge T.S.

Claire announces in issue #83 (November, 96) her intention to issue, perhaps, two

more issues in 1997 so that she and her husband can have time for some long over due travelling. We wish her well.

Edmonton T.S.

Edmonton began a local newsletter in the summer of 1994 in recognition of the situation that their activities were no longer printed in *The Canadian Theosophist*.

The newsletter quickly grew from merely listing events and activities to including substantial theosophical content. The December, 1996 Newsletter (Vol. 2, No. 3) contains the following announcement:

Edmonton Theosophical Society wishes to announce that on March 21, 1997, it will launch a new magazine to be called FOHAT.

The magazine will be international in scope with the intent of exploring the Ancient Wisdom Tradition in a forceful manner.

Anyone wishing to receive the initial issue should contact:

Newsletter Staff
Edmonton Theosophical Society
Box 4587
Edmonton, Alberta
T6E 5G4

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
Strike-overs
handwriting on printed sheet

Address all communications to:
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Subscriptions

The HCT subscription year begins with the July issue and ends with the June issue of the following year.

Paid New Subscriptions received during the period July 1 - May 31 will be sent back issues, beginning with July, as indicated above. If received June 1 - 30, subscription will begin with July.

Rates: \$9.00/year U.S.A.
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Free yearly Subscriptions are available
on written request if cost is a hardship.

Editorial

Objectives

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.

(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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