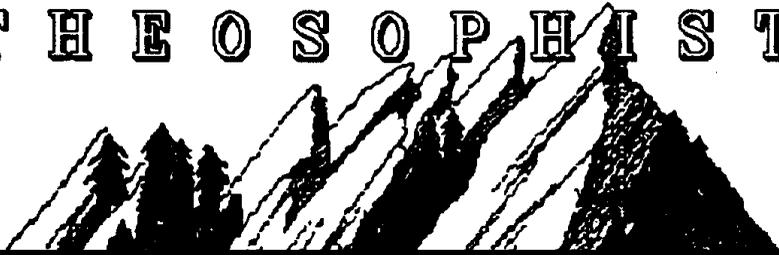


# THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST



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The first official notice of Damodar's departure and safe arrival was given in *The Theosophist* for July 1886 [Damodar: 17]:

“To relieve the anxiety of a great many friends who have been anxious to learn the fate of our brother Damodar K. Mavalankar, and to dispel rumors of his death which came by way of Sikkim and Darjeeling, we are very happy to state that we have positive news as late as the 7th of June that he has safely reached his destination, is alive, and under the guardianship of the friends whom he sought. The date of his return, however, is uncertain, and will probably remain so for a long time to come.

H.S.OLCOTT, T. SUBBA ROW.”

In June 1886, Col. Olcott received a letter from Master K.H. giving the reason Damodar had endured so much suffering:

“The poor boy has had his *fall*. Before he could stand in the presence of the `Masters' he had to undergo the severest trials that a neophyte ever passed through, to atone for the many questionable doings in which he had over-zealously taken part, bringing disgrace upon the sa-



cred science and its adepts. The mental and physical suffering was too much for his weak frame, which has been quite prostrated, but he will recover in the course of time. This ought to be a warning to you all. You have believed 'not wisely but too well.' To unlock the gates of the mystery you must not only lead a life of the strictest probity, but learn to discriminate truth from falsehood. You have talked a great deal about Karma but have hardly realised the true significance of that doctrine. The time is come when you must lay the foundation of that strict conduct — in the individual as well as in the collective body — which, ever wakeful, guards against conscious as well as unconscious deception. K.H. [*Letters From The Masters of Wisdom*, First Series: No. 29, p. 64]

In April 1890, within a year of her death, H.P.B. wrote from London “To my brothers in Aryavarta,” an open letter explaining “Why I do not Return to India.” [*BCW XII*: 157-167].

Citing the role that the Theosophical Society had played in the regeneration of India, she said:

“... Most important of all, one at least among you has fully benefitted by it [The Theosophical Society]; and if the Society had never given to India but that one future Adept (Damodar) who has now the prospect of becoming one day a Mahatma, Kali Yuga notwithstanding, that alone would be proof that it was not founded at New York and trans-

planted to India in vain ...” [*ibid* p. 159].

In a January 8, 1930, meeting of “The Katherine Tingley Memorial Group” conducted by G. de Purucker at Point Loma, members of the group raised the question of Damodar’s fate:

*Student*: I think many of the older students have been interested in Damodar K. Mavalankar, the chela who worked so splendidly with H.P.B. and was taken after great trials into Tibet; and Katherine Tingley told us many years ago several interesting things about him, and I thought many would (I should certainly) be very glad to know if you could tell us anything more. Is he still with us? Is he working with us?

*G. de P.*: Yes, he certainly is. He went to Tibet, I think it was in 1885, was it not?

*Student*: Yes.

*G. de P.*: On a call from his Teacher. Now, I am going to tell you something that involves a mystery, but it is the only way in which I can speak of it.

It is this: Damodar arrived, and at the present time is working in Sambhala.

Nevertheless, there was circulated, many years ago, a very credible report that his body was found frozen stiff in one of the passes of the snowy Himalayas. Is that perfectly clear? I should like to know if anyone finds it difficult

to understand. Don't be afraid to speak.

*Student:* Might I say in connection with that, that H.P.B. says in one of her letters that she thought he might have arranged some occult "trick" (I think she used that word) in order to throw a glamor over the world. She said that openly in the Tenth Volume of *The Path*, I think.\*

*G. de P.:* And do you think that that has to do with what I have just spoken of?

*Student:* It seems possible to me that it gives a hint or two.

*G. de P.:* Well, it may. You Companions must realize that the physical body has very little to do with esoteric work, and that at a certain stage of spiritual progress it is not uncommon for those who have reached that stage simply to lay the body aside, sometimes in a trance more or less long, which may last for weeks or months or even years occasionally or simply allow it to die and thereafter work invisibly as the Nirmanakayas do.

Now, I will go this far: I do not believe that Damodar's body died. He was a very unusual character, greatly beloved by H.P.B. He gave up a great deal too.

*Student:* He was a prince?

*G. de P.:* He was a prince of men, as the saying goes. All I can tell you is that now he is working in Sambhala. You know what Sambhala is, I presume?

*Student:* I do not know professor.

*G. de P.:* Sambhala is the esoteric name given to what may popularly be called the Central Lodge, the Great Lodge.

It refers more particularly to the Lodge's geographical position on the earth. It is a district in the central or central western part of Tibet. No human being can ever enter that promised land, that holy land, unless he be called.

It is surrounded by an akasic veil of invisibility; and an army of airplanes might fly over it and see it not. All the armies of the nations on earth might pass it by and not know that it existed.

It is the home of the greatest of the Masters, and the residence of that particular Mahachohan who is the head of our own Order. It is spoken of in Oriental legends, in the exoteric legends, as the 'happy land,' 'the land of promise,' and by other names. It is quite an extensive tract of country.

It may interest you to know that in it are gathered some of the most valuable records of the human race — not only literary records, but what is ordinarily called archaeological, historical, what not. There, surrounded by the greatest and most evolved human beings, the Silent Watcher of the Earth has his invisible abode.

[*Dialogues of G. de P. vol. I:* 145-6].

[\* The letter referred to by "student" (p.

2) can be found in *Damodar*: p. 532, as follows]:

[*Compiler's note*: Originally published in *The Path*, Vol. X, February, 1896, p. 332-33. It bears no date, but was probably written either at the end of 1885 or sometime in 1886, most likely from Wurzburg].

LETTER FROM H.P. BLAVATSKY  
TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

My dear Doctor: Two words in answer to what the Countess [Wachmeister - ed. HCT] told me. I do myself harm, you say, "in telling everyone that Damodar is in Tibet, when he is only at Benares."

You are mistaken. He left Benares toward the middle of May, (ask in Adyar; I cannot say for certain whether it was in May or April) and went off, as everybody knows, to Darjeeling, and thence to the frontier *via* Sikkim.

Our Darjeeling Fellows accompanied him a good way. He wrote a last word from there to the office bidding goodbye and saying: "If I am not back by July 21st you may count me as dead."

He did not come back, and Olcott was in great grief and wrote to me about two months ago, to ask me whether I knew anything.

News had come by some Tibetan pedlars in Darjeeling that a young man of that descrip-

tion, with very long flowing hair, had been found frozen in the (forget the name) pass, stark dead, with twelve rupees in his pockets and his things and hat a few yards off.

Olcott was in despair, but Maji told him (and he, D., lived with Maji for some time at Benares,) that he was not dead — she knew it from some pilgrims who had returned, though Olcott supposes — which may be also — that she knew it clairvoyantly.

Well I know that he is alive, and am almost certain that he is in Tibet — as I am also certain that he will not come back — not for years, at any rate.

Who told you he was at Benares? We want him sorely now to refute all Hodgson's guesses and inferences that I simply call lies, as much as my "spy" business and forging — the blackguard: now mind, I do not give myself out as infallible in this case.

But I do know what he told me before going away — and at that moment he would not have said a fib, when he wept like a Magdalen.

He said, "I go for your sake. If the Maha-Chohan is satisfied with my services and my devotion, He may permit me to vindicate you by proving that Masters *do* exist. If I fail, no one shall see me for years to come, but I will send messages. But I am determined in the meanwhile to make people give up searching for me. I want them to believe I am dead."

This is why I think he must have arranged some trick to spread reports of his death by freezing.

But if the poor boy had indeed met with such an accident — why I think I would commit suicide; for it is out of pure devotion for me that he went. I would never forgive myself for this, for letting him go. That's the truth and only the truth.

Don't be harsh, Doctor — forgive him his faults and mistakes, willing and unwilling.

The poor boy, whether dead or alive, has no happy times now, since he is on probation and this is terrible.

I wish you would write to someone at Calcutta to enquire from Darjeeling whether it is so or not. Sinnett will write to you, I think. I wish you would.

Yours ever gratefully,  
H.P.B.

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Editor's Note: In the *HIGH COUNTRY NEWSLETTER* of May 1989 we ran an article on "P.G. Bowen and his Berber Teacher." To re-acquaint our readers with the P.G. Bowen and the source of these teachings, we excerpt from the May '89 *HCNL* the following intro:

Africa's White Race  
by Capt. P.G.B. Bowen

Reprinted from  
*The Theosophical Path*  
October 1932

There is a living race of white Africans existing, not in any unknown equatorial region, but in that corner of the continent most nearly adjacent to Europe. These white Africans are the Berbers of North Africa.

Their chief habitat lies in the middle regions of the Atlas Mountains, though considerable numbers are found in the Algerian Highlands, where they are known as Khabyles.

Extraordinarily little is known of the Berbers, their mode of life, beliefs, history and traditions. Their traditions are particularly interesting and significant to students of the less obvious aspects of life.

It is rare, however, for a European to gain the confidence of those who preserve this knowledge — namely, the priests and teachers — and the few who have succeeded in doing so have left no record of what they learned.

According to their tradition, the Berbers are the remnant of a once great race which in past ages occupied the valley now filled by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

The destruction of the Mediterranean civilization is said to have been due to a ter-

rible earthquake which caused the isthmus at Gibraltar to break in two and allow the waters of the Atlantic to pour in, flooding out the low valley. ...

This calamity split the nation into several fragments, each one of which became the parent of new and independent nations.

Of these, the tradition of which I have had it related to me has little to say. It is concerned only with that section which retreated to the south and established itself in Morocco.

From there, offshoots spread all over Africa, and, it is claimed, established [political dominance] over almost all Black Africa, with the exception of the Equatorial forest region.

How much of this tradition is truth and how much fairy-tale I am not prepared to say, more than that my own extensive observation of native African life, and knowledge of native legends and traditions, inclines me to believe that it has a solid foundation of truth.

There is the fact that all Nilotic and Bantu tribes, from the northwest to the extreme southeast of the continent, cherish a legend to the effect that their ancient rulers and great ancestors were white men from the North; and the other fact, already mentioned, that stories concerning a mysterious white African people are prevalent among all tribes, even to the fringes of the Hottentot and Bushman countries of the extreme south.

The latter may be accounted for by the

presence among the Black tribes of small communities of Berbers living their own life; but the former must, in my opinion, have some foundation since it is prevalent among tribes which until very recent times had no contact with Europeans.

More than a quarter of a century of my life was spent in Africa, in Government service of a kind which kept me constantly moving about among the natives, frequently in localities far removed from European influence.

A peculiar aptitude for native languages, and the fact that, for some reason never clear to me, I found it easy to win the confidence of the real rulers of all tribes, namely, the people miscalled 'witch-doctors,' led me into this work.

From the first I grew accustomed to hearing from my 'witch-doctor' friends tales of mysterious white men, who were said to be powerful magicians, but such stories I regarded as fairy-tales, because the term used to designate those white men was 'amakosi,' and this is the name which the ordinary native applies to his ancestral spirits.

It was not very long, however, before I found reason to amend my earlier conclusions, for in the year 1904, in a wild region, not far from the Limpopo River, I came upon a little community of about a dozen families who were undeniably white, though not of any European race.

These people, as I learned later from their

chief, were pure Berbers, although with the exception of the chief himself and one or two Elders, none had ever been within thousands of miles of the Atlas, nor had their forefathers, for generations. They lived exactly as the natives around them (a Zulu tribe) lived, spoke their language, obeyed their laws and customs but did not intermarry with them.

The chief, who went by the Zulu name of 'Mandhlalanga' (Spirit of the Sun) proved to be a most extraordinary man. He was an Atlas Berber, but had travelled not only all over Africa, but over most of the world.

He spoke English and several European languages perfectly, and exhibited an erudition far superior to my own. And yet he was living in this remote spot the life of an ordinary Bantu headman! ...

My first discovery was that his position was that of a teacher. Little groups of persons attended daily at his hut, "to get knowledge," so one of their number whom I questioned informed me. In these groups of pupils were individuals of many different tribes and races: in one group I was astonished to see two Rajput Indians, and in another an Arab.

My interest in what I observed led me to request the chief's permission to sit and listen to the instruction he gave his pupils.

He readily consented, but my listening gave me little enlightenment, for the language used, though suggestive of Zulu, was one which I could not follow. I was amazed to

note that it was apparently a written language, for both teacher and pupils frequently read from sheets of parchment, made from the entrails of the hippopotamus, and from others which resembled Egyptian papyrus: no native African language known to philology possesses a written form.

I questioned Mandhlalanga regarding the language he used, asking him if he would teach it to me. His reply was, "Become a learner and I will teach you our secret tongue, and much more which one day you will find of profit to you." ...

I became one of a group of seven pupils just being formed. Three were Zulus, two were Berbers, one was a wandering European ivory-hunter, while I made the seventh. Three of my fellow pupils were women, or rather girls.

For a beginning, we were placed under a vow not to reveal anything taught us without our teacher's permission. Next we were set to work learning the secret language.

As I surmised, it had a kinship with Zulu, being, according to Mandhlalanga, neither more nor less than the archaic tongue from which all modern Bantu languages have sprung.

It was written in two ways: one by means of symbols, was incalculably ancient; the other by means of an alphabet, was quite a modern invention. The first, I never mastered. The second, together with the spoken language, I mastered thoroughly in a couple of months.

As for the actual teachings, they were, in one word, THEOSOPHY. Not that I was aware of this fact then: I did not at that time, nor did I for twenty-odd years after, know what the word Theosophy meant, nor that any books existed in a European language dealing with such a subject.

The manner in which Mandhlalanga delivered his teachings was wholly unlike our European methods. His method was to discourse to us in poetic parables and allegories. Then he would dismiss us, telling us to think out the meaning of what we had heard, and bring back to him at our next meeting the ‘wisdom’ we had gained.

Alternatively, he would read from his parchment and papyrus Mss. [manuscripts], or get us ourselves to do so. The Mss. which we used formed part of a single volume of teachings (so our teacher informed us) called “The Teachings of the Ancient One.” In form, these writings were poetry of a high order.

The teaching they contained was subtle and paradoxical in the extreme, but, assisted by the significant questions and suggestions of our teacher it, bit by bit, began to set new ideas and conceptions stirring in my mind.

The curious thing (I recall remarking it at the time) was that the things I found growing in my mind impressed me as being the truth as regards life, or at least as much of it as I could grasp with my imperfect intelligence.

Of the Mss. we were from time to time allowed to copy small portions to assist us in our private studies.

My pupilship under Mandhlalanga lasted nearly a year. Then duty called me elsewhere. I did not lose touch with him, however, and met him from time to time in different parts of Africa, receiving his constant help and guidance. When I left Africa, and came to England in 1927, he ceased to give me direct instruction, and placed me under the guidance of one of his elder pupils, an Egyptian.

I had been some months in England when, seemingly by pure accident, I came in contact with the Adyar Theosophical Society. A friend and myself, taking refuge from a sudden shower, turned into an open door labeled “Reading Room, Theosophical Society: Open to All.”

While waiting I glanced casually over the bookshelves. Idly, I picked up a little book entitled *Light on the Path*, and turned over the pages. My astonishment may be imagined when I found myself reading precepts which to all intents and purposes were identical with the ‘Sayings of the Ancient One.’ Present readers can judge of the resemblance for themselves.

Next I picked up a book entitled *The Key to Theosophy*, and with the permission of the librarian, took it home to study. The teachings I found there also were simply those which had grown up in my own mind as a result of Mandhlalanga’s teachings.

Since that time I have read many books on Theosophy. In some: the works of H.P. Blavatsky, and a few others, I find the truth as I have come to know it through the thinking to which Mandhlalanga's teachings stimulated me; and I find them leading me to wider truths — to extensions of that which I already possess, but not to anything opposed to it.

I have also read other books, a great many of them, which profess to teach Theosophy, but I do not find the truth in them as I have grown to know it. ... I am now a member of the Point Loma Theosophical Society, having spent five years as an independent student.

Those who read what I have written will probably ask, Who, and what are Mandhlalanga and his fellows?

The following is as much as I can tell. They say that they are members of a great Brotherhood which they call by various names: "Ubungoma obu fihliweyo" (Brothers of Secret Wisdom) is the term employed by Mandhlalanga.

My Egyptian friend, and others whom I met from the northern half of Africa call their association 'Abadala abase Khemu' (Elders of Ethiopia). They have no organization such as is found in a Western society. One becomes a member by virtue of a certain development of mind and in no other way. There are many members, they say, who are unaware that they are such. Members are of every grade of attainment, from pupils such as I was, up to men known vaguely as 'Abangoma'

(Those who know); but neither Mandhlalanga, nor any of his fellows whom I have met, claim to know anything of those higher Brothers.

But above the 'Abangoma' there is said to be 'The Ancient One,' but who or what he is I do not know. Apparently he is a man, for I have heard it said that he lives somewhere in North Africa.

Mandhlalanga, and others like him, are simple Brothers, and they declare themselves to be the pupils of Elder Brothers, and these in turn are pupils of 'Those who know.'

Here follows the fragment titled:

### **The wilderness of THE MIND OF MAN**

The words of the Ancient One to the Neophytes, in the Hidden Temple of the Hidden Sun. Spoken in the Thirteenth Moon of the Seventh Circle of the Sun in the Seventy and Seventh Generation of *The Builders*.

*The Ancient One said:*

There are three questions that the MANY ask, but only the FEW can answer. These are they:

Whence Comest Thou Hither?

What Dost Thou Here?

WHITHER GOEST THOU HENCE?

Life asks those questions, but only LIFE can answer them, for WISDOM and LIFE are

two names for one thing. “What art thou?”  
Man asks of LIFE.

LIFE answers: “I am all that thou dost know. I am all that thou has known, but thinkst thou hast forgotten. I am all that thou hast yet to learn. Without me thou art not, for I am thy SELF.”

Take heed to my story, O Learners, for it is your own. I know its beginning, its middle, and its end; but you know its middle only, and that but dimly: therefore take heed and learn.

In youth I dwelt in a Garden with Brothers whose faces mirrored my own, sheltered by the love of a FATHER whose form we never saw: and we knew no strife, nor grief, nor pain, nor any Desire of Man. We walked and played by the shores of a Pool whose waters gleam like crystal, and are cold as the eternal snows that crown the Mighty Mountains. When weary we slept amidst groves of trees with feathery bows, and soft, shining leaves, and golden fruit that the Pool reflects in beauty that makes Beauty dim.

But my Brothers and I perceived not those glories, for *we* were the Garden and its Beauty. We saw not the trees, for we needed no shade. We saw not the fruit, for we did not hunger. We saw not the Pool, for we did not thirst. We knew not the Garden, for we craved no possessions. We *were* the Garden, and the Pool, and the fruit, and the trees; and they were *ourselves*.

But the VOICE of our unseen Father

reached my ear one day, and said:

“My son, thou art the Garden, and thou art thyself, but thou knowest not the one, nor yet the other. Before thou canst know thyself, thou must make thyself Lord of the Garden; and before thou becomest its Lord, thou must make the Garden complete.

There lies a Desert beyond our Home encircling it round about, that thou must seize with thy Strong Hand, and conquer and make thine own. There lies a Pool in its burning sands, that thou must seek with thy Strong Heart; and when thou hast found, and conquered thou wilt reign as Lord of this Kingdom.”

I went forth into the Desert, and wandered there a weary while; and I learned hunger, and thirst, and pain, and forgot that peace which once was mine. The Land was an Evil Wilderness; and yet it was filled with men; and I knew them to be my Brothers, wandering Sons of the Garden.

I looked on those Brothers with wonder, for they seemed blind to their sorrows: they strove not to quit that barren land, but bound themselves closely to it, piling up mighty works, building cities, and cutting roads, till all was one vast maze. Yet, of the roads they made, not one ran straight to any end, but turned, and turned again, reaching no goal but Confusion.

I saw men with charts and tools in their hands moving about in anxious circles, searching and digging in the earth; and I questioned

them, and they answered: "We search for the Lost Land of Knowledge"; and those who delved in the earth replied: "We dig for the Well of Truth."

It seemed, perchance, that those Brothers were seeking that which I also sought, and I made myself one of their number to aid them in their task. Yet, after many days, I saw that our work was vain: it made us nothing but deep worn tracks, and pits into which men strayed and stumbled, and which they escaped with pain and labour, and many escaped not at all.

I quitted this profitless toil, and said, I will seek a guide, a Man of Wisdom: there must be such: that will point the way to the Lost Land.

Then I saw a House of dark Red Stone, and a Man arrayed in a Crimson Robe who stood guard upon its door. The Man bore a staff of that sacred wood which my Lost Brothers call Authority; and he raised it high as I spoke to him, and told him of my need. He smiled, and said: "Have hope my son! Behold thou hast found thy guide, for I hold the pass to the Lost Land of Knowledge, and I guard the Well of Truth."

He placed a Crimson Veil on my head, and led me into the house, and down a steep stairway deep into the bowels of the earth: and we came into a vast cavern where shadows clustered thickly, and the ground underfoot was a noisome morass overgrown with pale lichens and evil weeds. "This is the Land of Knowledge," said my guide, "and yonder

lieth the Well of Truth."

I waded out through the dank morass, and drank of the Pool that I found in its midst: but the water was foul with mud and slime, and my thirst was not assuaged.

Then the VOICE of my unseen Father spoke clearly in my ear: "Seek with Strong Heart, and seize with Strong Hand, my son," it said: and I rose up and went forth from the House of Red, and set my face towards the Desert.

Hunger, and thirst, and weariness assailed me as I quested; and I looked for a strong and kindly hand to aid me on my way: and I came to a House of rich Purple Stone, and craved help of the Man that guarded its door. The Man was clad in a Purple Robe, and held on high a tall staff of Authority. "Thou art wise to have sought my aid," he replied, "for I am the Guardian of Truth and Knowledge."

He wrapped me round with a Purple Veil, and led me to the door of a darksome vault; then pointed forward with his staff, and commanded my movements, saying: "Take thou seven steps forward, then backward take three. Take seven steps to thy right hand, and bow at each step thou takest. The Gates of Knowledge are low, very low, so bow thou deeply, very deeply. Retrace thy steps again, and act as thou didst before; then take four steps backward, and kneel upon the floor."

I did as commanded, then rose, and gazed around; and I saw, though dimly through

my Veil, a vast space girt about by trees. The ground was bright with gorgeous flowers, and a sparkling fountain played before me. I rushed to the fountain, and drank a great draught of its waters; then I knew that the draught was not water, but warm, spice-charged wine. I cast the Veil from my head, and looked about me again; and I saw that the sward, and the flowers, and the trees were naught but painted pictures.

Then I remembered my Father's commands, and the Garden, and the Pool, and the trees, and the fruit; and I went out from the House of Purple, and faced the Desert alone.

Again my heart misgave me, and strength deserted my limbs, and I looked for some wise and powerful guide to aid my faltering steps.

And I came to a House of Crystal shining with many jewels, and begged the Man who stood by its door to help me upon my way. The Man was robed in a gorgeous robe of many splendid colours; and he waved on me with a milk-white wand of the Sacred Tree, Authority: "My son, come within and rest," he said, and took me by the hand. "I ask no service but that thou shouldst wear the garments that I shall give thee."

He clothed me in brilliant robes, and shaded my eyes with strange hued crystals; then he led me gently forward, and left me alone in a wondrous garden. The place was strange and lovely, and filled with a changeful mystery: endless vistas of trees and flowers extended on every hand. Among the trees were numberless lakes shining in misty beauty; and I leaped towards one with joyful heart to

slake my thirst in its waters.

Then I fell to earth, bruised and stunned, for a cold, hard barrier had risen before my feet, and stayed them in mid-career: the glorious landscape was shattered: nothing appeared about me, but a chaos of shifting colours, and vast mocking forms. I arose, and tore the robe from my body and cast the crystals in wrath from my eyes; and I saw that I stood in a narrow courtyard with all hung with mirrors. The lovely vistas of waving trees were naught but tangled sickly weeds. The myriad shining lakes were but some shallow stagnant pools.

Once again my Father's VOICE spoke clearly in my ear: "Face the Desert with Strong Heart, my son," it said. "Seize thou the Lost Kingdom with thy Strong Hand, for thus, and thus only wilt thou gain Kingship."

Then I went forth into the Desert, and set my Heart to conquer it, asking no longer aid from any man. I turned my face from the ways of men, and my eyes from their foolish works. I travelled the Desert Sands alone until hunger had melted my flesh, and thirst had dried up the springs of my life, and death walked close behind me, his hand outstretched to seize me. But his fingers failed to grasp me, though many times they touched me, for, again and again, though I fainted and fell, yet again and again I did rise. Again and again in the dews of the night, in a trickle amid the burning sands, in the hollow heart of the Desert Flower I found enough pure cold water to send me forward refreshed.

But I found not that Land, and that Pool which I sought, and at last my strength was spent. My garments had fallen into shreds, and my sandals had crumbled upon my feet. The Night of the Desert was upon me. Darkness and Silence surrounded me. I tottered and fell to earth, bethinking me, now I die!

For long I lay like one dead: then, lo! my outstretched hands touched soft and dewy grass. My nostrils were filled with the odour of flowers, and my ears with the pleasant murmur of waters. I opened my eyes, and saw that I lay in a place of LIGHT and Beauty: jewelled sward, and fruit-hung trees extended on every side. Among the glades a deep, cool lake gleamed soft in the Gold of Sunrise; and the azure air above me thrilled with the notes of bright-winged birds.

I rose up and plunged into the Pool, and drank my fill of the sweet cold water and strength returned to my body, and clean young flesh re clothed my withered limbs. Then I stood naked on the brink of the Pool, and stretched my arms towards the Sky, and the Sun; and gazed upon the trees, and the flowers, and the LAND like one new born to earth.

Then my eyes fell upon a vast Pillar that stood by the shores of the Pool, and gleamed like a Mountain of Silver in the light of the Morning Sun. Upon each face of the Pillar were characters graven in the stone; and I approached and scanned them, and these were the words which I read.

On that face of the Pillar that fronts the

Desert I read these words:

Without is the Wilderness  
OF THE MIND OF MAN.

...

On that Face that fronts the Fertile Land  
I read: ...

HERE LIETH THE OASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

On the Third Face that looks upon the  
Lake I read:

THE POOL OF THE WATERS OF TRUTH.

I looked upon the Fourth Face of the Pillar, but my eyes failed to serve me, for that Face seemed to front all ways at once. I sought to read the words I knew were graven upon it, but could decipher none. I turned away, and heard a Trumpet Voice from Earth, and Water, and Air, speak and say:

THE KINGDOM IS NOT YET WON.

Then I knew that my toil was not ended, for though I was saved, yet my Brothers were lost. And I thought, I will return to Wilderness, and lighten the lot of the Lost Ones with Water from this Pool which I have found.

I built a canal from the Pool across the Desert Land; and I dug deep wells in the cities to store the Waters of Truth. I named myself Guardian of the Waters, and called the thirsty to drink, and many came at my bidding and drank as I directed.

Then I marvelled, for I saw that all who came departed unrefreshed and I tasted the water of mine own wells, and found it *warm and salt*.

Then I planned to build a road from the cities unto the Pool, to make the Way easy and smooth to the feet of my weary Brothers; but when I had made my Highway, all those that travelled by it returned again to the cities reviling me for a deceiver. At this I wondered greatly, and set forth by the Way I had fashioned; but I found that indeed there was no road, for the *Sands had swallowed it up*.

And at last WISDOM flowered in my Heart, and I saw that Knowledge and Truth can never be reached by any easy and pleasant Way: they can never be found by cunning device of the Mind of Man: TRUTH MUST BE REACHED THROUGH THE STRENGTH OF THE HEART, AND KNOWLEDGE GRASPED WITH THE POWER OF THE HAND.

I rose up, and returned to the Oasis and the Pool; and the eyes of my True Being opened and looked upon the Pillar: on that face which fronts all ways at once: and these were the words I saw graven there:

I AM THE GARDEN OF ETERNAL WISDOM

I gazed upon that Beauty in the Golden LIGHT of WISDOM; and knew with love and rapture that I had found my Kingdom: The Garden was the Home of Father, Sons, and Brothers and I WAS NOW ITS LORD.

Consider my story, O Learners, for the story is your own. You are Sons of the Garden, and dwellers in the Wilderness. You are heirs to the Garden, but not until you conquer the Wilderness will you find the Lost Land, and receive your heritage.

With your own courage you must brave the Desert. By your own Strength you must overcome its perils. Hunger and thirst must not daunt you. Danger, and Pain, and Weariness must not stay your steps. If you fall, you must rise unaided, and press forward with no thought of rest. Because there is no rest, nor help, nor any surcease from struggle in *The Wilderness of the Mind of Man*.

[*The Sayings of the Ancient One*; 18-29, T.P.H. Wheaton]

Readers of the HCT are invited to reflect and meditate on the meaning of the various “CAPITALIZED Terms” and the significant stages in the Learner’s journey in order to grasp the occult meaning of the allegory.

Next month we will share P.G. Bowen’s commentary and our interpretation.

UPCOMING: Joy Mills will plan to be with us for a seminar on *The Mahatma Letters* on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26 and 27. Time and place to be announced later. Calendar

Friday March 13

Olivia Hansen's Home.  
Call 761-5925 for directions.

Tuesday, March 17

Park Hill Public Library

Montview Blvd at Dexter St.

Friday March 27

Olivia Hansen's Home.  
Call 761-5925 for directions.

Al Skrobisch leads study of *Light on the Path*, Volume III of *Talks on the Path of Occultism*. Meeting begins with meditation at 7:00 P.M.

**IMPORTANT NOTE: DATE & TIME OF MEETING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE.** Check with Judy Modig at 477-4788 (eve.) for verification.

We expect to conclude our studies in *An Introduction to Esoteric Principles* with discussion of Chapter 7, *The Path of Initiation*, and questions on pp. 64-66. Handouts of additional material will be available. We will consider our next topic and text.

Meeting begins with meditation at 6:30 P.M.

Take Colo. Blvd to Montview (2000 N.), 7 blocks E. to Dexter.

Al Skrobisch leads study of *Light on the Path*, Volume III of *Talks on the Path of Occultism*. Meeting begins with meditation at 7:00 P.M.

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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.

(3) To examine contemporary ethical,

## OBJECTIVES

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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