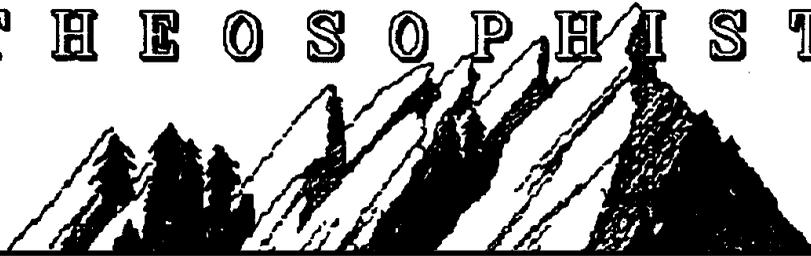


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Having long ago been accustomed to look upon this evanescent world of illusions as a great comedy and upon the actors therein as continually changing masks in which only the eternal reality hidden behind the veil of visible matter is worthy of serious consideration, I consider the mundane affairs of mortal my own included, as of no great importance and have no great desire to parade my own person-virtues and vices before the public.



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action of Karma acquired in previous incarnations, I have pleasure in supplying (at the Editor's request) the following account:—



I was born on November 22, 1838, at Donauwerth, a small town on the Danube in Bavaria. My father, Dr. Carl Hartmann, was a well-known and prominent physician, and my mother, Elizabeth von Stack, was of Irish descent; her ancestors were said to be descendants of Caolbha the 123rd and last king of the Irish race and 47th king of Ulster.

Some old family papers still in my possession go to corroborate this statement, and, strange to say, it seems to me that I was inhabiting Ireland myself in some previous incarnation; because, upon visiting that country some years ago, the lakes of Killarney and many other places seemed very familiar to me, and I remembered certain events in the history of Ireland of which I had never received information in any external way.

My mother's family emigrated to France after the execution of Charles I and afterwards to Bavaria during the French Revolution. When I was about one year old, my parents moved to Kempten in Southern Bavaria and there I received my education; first under the guidance of my grandfather, who had been an officer in the French army under Napoleon I and a participant of his battles in Russia; afterwards in the ordinary curriculum of the public schools.

I remember that even in my earliest youth it seemed to me as if I were composed of two personalities. I spoke of myself as being two boys, a good one and a bad one. The good one was a dreamer and idealist and had sometimes beautiful visions, perhaps recollections of the devachanic state which he had occupied previous to his present incarnation; the bad one was very obstinate and self-willed, ready to perpetrate all sorts of mischief and reprehensible tricks, and for all I know he may have been a so-called "Dweller of the Threshold"; that is to say, a form shaped by bad Karma during a previous incarnation and having survived in

Kama loca.

I always loved solitude, and my favorite lounging place was near the top of a tall spruce tree in the thicket of a pine forest on a hill, where I built myself a nest of boughs and held converse with the spirits of the air, or I spent hours at the shore of a solitary lake hidden between hills and rocks, where I imagined I saw the nymphs playing among the water-lilies and listened to their songs. The intercourse with the spirits of nature was to me so real and interesting, that I cared very little for being in company with my schoolmates and taking part in their play; in fact, it developed a certain sentimentality, of which I have not been cured up to this day.

My longing for the supersensual and mysterious may have been the reason why I was strongly attracted by the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, in whose doctrines I was educated. The grand dome with its cupola and colored windows, hidden stalls and secret vaults, the music and lights and mysterious ceremonies exercised a great influence over my mind. I felt showers of ethereal vibrations pass through my body during the holy mass and the sounding of the big bell seemed to lift my spirit beyond the clouds.

I knew that behind all this outward show and ceremony there must be some mysterious, living influence or power; but none of the priests whom I consulted could give me any satisfactory explanation.

They only talked about blind belief in the teachings of the Catechism, but I did not want merely to believe in theories; I wanted to *know*. I was not aware that the mysteries of religion must first be realized within the knowledge of the heart before they can be understood with the brain.

At a time when my religious doubts were very strong, I made friends with a comrade somewhat older than myself and who later on became a well-known composer of music. This

young man was a thorough materialist and rationalist.

According to the phrenological development of my skull, I have a great deficiency of self-esteem. I always believed that everybody knew everything much better than I, only to find out my mistake afterwards. In this way I fell into a great many deplorable errors and lost a great deal of money.

My new friend did not believe in anything except eating and drinking, playing the piano, and enjoying himself wherever there was an occasion, and it did not take him long to persuade me that all religion was only a humbug instituted by priests for the purpose of profiting from the ignorance and superstition of the people. Moreover, materialism was at that time the fashion; I read the books of Ludwig Büchner, composed poetry and wrote a theatrical play, the subject being taken from Greek history.

I tried to avoid all religious thought and looked upon clericalism with the greatest contempt. Nevertheless, the teachings of Büchner, Moleschott and Comte did not satisfy me. There seemed to be something wanting in them. They only tore down and destroyed things which existed; but they did not build up anything compatible with my own intuition. Consequently, there remained nothing else to do but to fall for a while into a state of agnosticism, which was more unsatisfactory than all the rest.

In this state of mind I became a student at the University of Munich, joined a "Corporation," and soon excelled the rest in dueling, occasional drinking and other amusements; not for the love of such things, which appeared to me ridiculous, but out of ambition and pride. I wanted to be at least the equal of everybody in everything.

This love of ambition, together with a superabundance of energy, has often caused me trouble. Thus, for instance, once while making a

difficult ascent of a high glacier of the Alps one of my comrades dared me to pass over an extremely steep part of the ice. My pride arose; I wanted to show him that to me no such thing was impossible. I went, slipped, fell down and had to be glad to escape a fall of 3,000 feet by striking against a rock and getting a fractured leg.

This, however, was cured and the accident did not prevent me joining the Bavarian army and serving for a few months in the 1st Artillery regiment as a volunteer in 1859 during the war between Austria, Italy and France. Numerous amusing incidents might be told of my adventures during those times; but they do not come within the scope of this article, which is to deal more especially with interior experiences and changes of mind.

In the year 1865 my medical studies were ended and I went to Paris, where I remained for some weeks. Being desirous of seeing the ocean, I one day made a trip to Havre by an excursion train, such as frequently carry the Parisians there on Saturday evening and bring them back on Monday morning.

On the intervening Sunday I made the casual acquaintance of a gentleman who in the course of our conversation asked me whether I would not like to make a trip to America, and he furthermore told me that the ship *Mercury*, with some 360 emigrants, was about to leave for New York, and that they needed a physician.

Love of adventure induced me to accept that position, and instead of returning to Paris I went on board, after having passed through a hurried examination before the medical committee for the purpose of proving my qualifications. We started for New York, and the voyage was very pleasant, but not without incidents, for another emigrant ship, with hundreds of passengers, took fire in the open sea and was burned. Only a few were saved which we took on board.

I loved the sea and would have wished to stay there all my life; but to my great regret we arrived at New York, after a forty days' voyage, on August 28, 1865, and having no other plans I went to see the Niagara Falls and thence to St. Louis.

Now it happened that there was an epidemic of cholera at St. Louis at that time. This gave me an opportunity to make myself useful. So I hung out my sign, remained at St. Louis, became an American citizen and soon had a remunerative practice. Love of change and adventure, however, left me no rest. I found my life too monotonous; the climate of St. Louis was in winter exceedingly cold and I desired to see a tropical country.

So I turned my practice over to another physician and went to New Orleans and finding, while taking a walk on the wharf, a schooner ready to sail for Mexico, I took passage and left for Vera Cruz, where we arrived on February 17, 1871.

I then went to the city of Mexico and later on to Puebla and Cordova, and I might write a volume about the many interesting experiences which I had in that country, which at that time was not yet so much invaded by foreigners as it is now; but space will not permit it.

I can, however, not omit mentioning the beautiful spectacle offered by a sight of the Pique de Orizaba on a sunny morning, when darkness still covers the valley and the mist hides the foot of the mountain, while the icefields of the volcano reflect the splendor of the rising sun; so that it seems as if a new planet had been created during the night and was now floating in space in close proximity to our earth.

However much I was pleased with Mexico I thought it more profitable for me to return to the United States. I took passage at Vera Cruz on board an American brig and arrived once more at New Orleans.

There I was robbed by a fellow passenger of the whole of my baggage, which I had entrusted to his safe keeping for a few hours; but who absconded with it.

Thus I was left at New Orleans, where I did not know a single soul, with nothing but the clothes I wore and a few dollars in my waistcoat pocket. All my goods, instruments, papers, books and documents were gone, and I was at a loss what to do. To begin to practice medicine in a strange city without having any means or acquaintances would have been an impossibility.

I thought of applying for a position as policeman; but I soon found out that I might just as well expect to be elected President of the United States as to be appointed a policeman at New Orleans, as to that office only persons of political influence are selected.

That night the mosquitoes on the Mississippi River were very annoying to me, and the next morning I went to a drug store to buy a remedy to cure the bites.

The apothecary began a conversation with me, and hearing of my adventure, he told me that I came to him like a godsend, as he needed a physician to write prescriptions for the patients that came to seek advice in his drug store. His offers were very favorable; I accepted them and in less than a month I had a very remunerative practice and a larger income than I would have ever dared to hope to attain in my life.

Especially the Protestant system seemed to me a delusion of the brain without any heart. The pious people whom I met claimed that all the Bible stories, no matter how absurd and incredible they were, had to be believed literally, and my objection that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life" made no impression upon their minds.

They seemed to believe in some vicarious atonement made by another person, and that one could only attain eternal salvation by

claiming to believe in certain theories and in the veracity of a certain historical account, of which, in reality, nobody knew whether it was actually true. Their religion seemed to me extremely egotistical, because every one asked, above all, salvation for himself, caring but little what would become of the rest.

A far better sentiment I had found in the house of the Jewish Rabbi, whose family life was very harmonious, and also among the Red Indians; for when I once, and without any companion, undertook an excursion on horseback among the Senerca, Shawnees and Choktaw tribes, I found there the most admirable kindness and hospitality and was assured by them that the "Great Spirit" (whom I suppose to be the spirit of brotherly love) was residing with them.

Thus far I had been an enemy to spiritism; because I had been told that all the "spiritualistic" phenomena were produced by trickery and fraud. A believer in spiritism was, to my mind, a long-haired crank with goggle eyes, who would see the products of his own diseased imagination in the shape of ghosts in every corner.

Nevertheless, my curiosity prompted me to visit a certain "materializing seance" held by a medium by the name of Mrs. Rice or Mrs. Holmes (?), and there I saw the most wonderful phenomena of tangible appearances and materializations of ghosts, known as the spirits of Katie King and certain others. I became interested in these things and went to hear the lectures of Professor Peebles and the philosophy which he taught seemed to me very rational and plausible; but it overthrew all the theories of Büchner and Comte.

Just at that time I had a lady patient whose name was Katie Wentworth. She was a highly accomplished married lady with English and Indian blood in her veins. She was not a believer in spiritism, and rather unwilling to give credence to the accounts which I gave her

of what I had witnessed; but for the purpose of seeing "whether there was anything in it," she consented to sit with me, and after her recovery we held frequent séances together.

At first the phenomena were insignificant and the communications received through the "planchette" puerile but after a while other influences were attracted, and we had the most astonishing results. My friend Katie Wentworth became herself one of the most remarkable mediums for all kinds of manifestations, including trance, materialization, levitation, apports, direct writing, etc.

Perhaps, owing to her presence, I myself became to a certain extent clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I highly enjoyed the intercourse with the "departed." Being accustomed to go easily into extremes I now devoted nearly all my time to the reading of books on spiritualism, such as the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Judge Edmonds, and many others, while my principal amusements were my seances with my friend and with other mediums whom I had learned to know. Some of my experiences during that time have already been described in the OCCULT REVIEW, and it would take too much space to repeat these accounts.

Katie Wentworth's accomplishments as a medium soon became known among the spiritualists; she received invitations for holding seances from all sides and accepted many. The consequence was that she was continually vampirized by these ghosts, lost her vitality, became paralyzed and died.

That these "spirits" were not what they claimed to be was clearly shown by the fact that, even within half an hour of that lady's death, pretended spirits of some of the most celebrated physicians that ever lived on earth, came and made prescriptions for her and insisted that there was no danger.

It would perhaps have been well for me, if I had remained at New Orleans; but desire for change and adventures, together with glowing reports that came to me from Texas, induced me to go to that country. I was tired of fashionable city life; I longed to see the "Wild West." I went there in 1873 and had my fill of adventures. My horse was shot dead by a playful drunken cowboy, while I was riding through the street in Fredericksburg, a few days after my arrival.

There was a continual war among the cattle thieves, and, the cowboys being good shooters, my services for holding inquests were sometimes more in demand than my aid for attending the wounded. There were a great many poor people in that country, and many a dark night I had to ride a great many miles through pouring rain and splashing mud to see some patient, but received no remuneration. Nevertheless, I lived the life and enjoyed it for fully five years, and I still think with pleasure of many beautiful rides over the prairies on moonlit nights, and of numerous thrilling adventures, accounts of which I must unfortunately omit, as I am asked to write an article and not a whole book.

At last, however, the annoyances predominated over the pleasures, and I left that country of mosquitoes and went to Colorado in 1879 where I settled for the time being at Georgetown, and felt myself immediately at home in the Rocky Mountains; for they had some resemblance to my beloved Bavarian Alps, only the vegetation in the "Rockies" was much poorer, owing to their higher elevation above the sea.

As this is a mining country, it was not long before I was induced to become the happy possessor of a gold and silver mine; but the streak of ore which it carried, although rich in metal, was so thin that it did not pay for the working, and after having lost several thousands of dollars by the aid

of "clairvoyants" who claimed to know that I was very near to striking a "pocket," I abandoned mining and all aspirations of becoming a millionaire in this incarnation.

During my five years' stay in Colorado I had many wonderful experiences in occultism and spiritism, some of which I have already mentioned in the OCCULT REVIEW and of which a whole volume might be written. There I was cured by spiritual power of trouble which had been caused to me in my earliest childhood by the abominable practice of "vaccination."

There I made the acquaintance of Mrs. N. D. Miller, of Denver, one of the most remarkable "materializing mediums" that ever existed, and as she sometimes stayed at my house I had occasion to witness the most interesting phenomena, fully materialized ghosts became my almost daily companions, fresh seaweeds were brought from the far distant ocean; I was myself levitated to the ceiling and carried through the air; in short, all the now well-known spiritual phenomena occurred under test conditions which left nothing to desire.

I was, and am of course still, a believer in these phenomena, for I cannot "unknow" that which I have actually experienced and known as well as any other fact in my daily life; but my experience with my friend Katie Wentworth had already taught me that these phenomena were probably not always caused by the spirits of departed human beings, and that they surely often originated in occult but intelligent forces or powers at present unknown to us.

My desire was to know the cause of such things. I had no doubt that in some cases, especially in those of suicides or sudden deaths, the souls of the killed, being still bound to earth by their own unfulfilled desires, could communicate with mortals.

I had received strong proof of it and

especially the following experience made a strong impression upon my mind:—

I was elected coroner for the district of Clear Creek Country, to which Georgetown belongs, and it would have been my duty to order and hold inquest in cases of sudden death. One morning, however, in a town not far from where I resided, a physician committed suicide by poisoning himself with morphine. I was duly informed of it, but missed the first train to go to that place, and when I arrived in the afternoon, the other physicians there had already dissected the body of their colleague and cut it to pieces without waiting till it grew cold.

That night the apparition of the suicide rose up before me. He was in a horribly mutilated shape and seemed to suffer a great deal. It seems that his astral body had not yet been separated from his material form at the time of the dissection. The apparition may have been the product of my imagination, but it seemed exceedingly real.

I made use of every opportunity to stay at houses that were reputed to be haunted by ghosts, and had some remarkable experiences; but the ghosts I saw or heard showed very little or no intelligence: sometimes they appeared to be birds of enormous size, their footsteps were audible and the rush of their wings could be felt.

While my perplexity was at its highest and I despaired of the possibility of knowing anything certain about these manifestations, a number of *The Theosophist*, a journal edited by H. P. Blavatsky and published at Madras, fell into my hands.

It contained an article describing the sevenfold constitution of man and the seven principles in the universe. This came to me like a revelation, and seemed to furnish the key to those mysteries whose explanation I had sought so long in vain. I was delighted with this discovery, and my greatest desire now was to become personally acquainted with Madame Blavatsky and to learn from her more of the secrets of life and death.

I wrote to her, and few weeks afterwards I had a vivid dream. I dreamed I saw a letter with the address written in a to me, unknown, handwriting and with a strange postage stamp stuck on the wrong side of it.

I went to the Post Office, and there I found that identical letter in my box with the postage stamp on the wrong side.

It was a letter from Adyar, written by Colonel H. S. Olcott the President of the “Theosophical Society,” who in the name of his “Master” invited me to come to India and to collaborate with him. A few kind words were added by H. P. Blavatsky.

[*To be continued next month*]

To Be Able by Bo Lozoff

I got a phone call recently from a young man in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He said, “A friend of mine told me I was heading down the wrong road, and that I really need to get your books to steer me back in the right direction.” I asked him what wrong road he was taking, and he said he was using drugs again. He has been out of prison since 1993 and has been doing “so-so,” but he knew that he was starting the Big Slide again and was desperate for help.

I said, “Well, you don’t need my books to know that drugs are going to screw up your life. You need to do whatever it takes - twelve steps, counseling, detox, whatever - to stop using drugs immediately. You have to stop. You already know that. Don’t wait for my books. You need to do it today.”

He said he had already been through groups and rehab, and maybe he would go again, but wasn’t sure how long it would hold up. So I asked him to tell me what his life was about. He said that he has an apartment and works at Bally’s Casino. That’s it. That’s his life.

I told him I’d probably be doing drugs too if that were all my life was about. Working every day in a greed-filled, decadent environment, witnessing pathetic gamblers, prostitutes, drug dealers, gangsters, wealthy people, poor people, young people, elderly people, wasting their time in pursuits that have absolutely **nothing** to do with the meaning or purpose of human life; if all he’s doing is working there and going back and forth to his apartment—that’s not life, that’s hell. He was silent for a while.

I asked him what he believed in. What is

important to him? What brings him joy? What noble cause, what passion, inspires him? He was silent again for a minute and then said, “I don’t know; just living, you know, just hanging out.” I asked him what he was good at or interested in—anything that he might strive to become better at, whether carpentry or auto mechanics or music or art or anything at all. “I don’t know, nothing, I guess.”

I told him we’d send our books, but there was no magic recipe which will help him create a delicious life out of such rancid ingredients. He needs a bigger change. I encouraged him to look into his heart, talk with others, develop some worthwhile interests, find a cause he can believe in and work hard to support.... after about five minutes of which he meekly said, “Well, listen, um, thanks for sending me the books; I appreciate you taking the call,” and hung up the phone.

Before reading on, please take a moment or two to send that brother in New Jersey a silent blessing from your heart that he may find his way, that he may find a decent vision to follow. Please send him your love.

Why Do So Many Of Us Feel Useless or Powerless?

How is it that millions of people in our modern society reach adulthood having almost no values, interests or useful skills? It is a big mistake to assume that this is just a matter of underprivileged kids needing a better education! Privileged kids are just as lost and apathetic, and usually even *less* skilled in practical things like fixing a flat tire or repairing a leaky roof. These days, few kids of *any* socioeconomic group feel any link to their ancestors’ honor or their unborn children’s future, or any ideal larger than “I don’t know,

just living, you know, just hanging out.”

In her recent book, *Jesus Meets Buddha*, Sister Ayya Khema says that the Buddha listed fifteen qualities which are essential for a good life.

At the very top of the list is **“To Be Able.”** To be a capable person, to have a variety of skills that come in handy, give us self-respect, and which provide various honorable ways to make a living.

The Jewish culture has a well-known word for such a person: *Mensch*. A mensch is someone whom you can loan your car to without worrying about it; someone who can figure out how to get the crumbly piece of toast out of the toaster without electrocuting anybody; someone whom you would like to work with, or have next to you in a fire, or a stuck elevator, or an earthquake or hurricane.

What does it take **to be able**, to be a *mensch*? It seems to me that it takes three things which should be the framework of any educational system or model of childraising:

1. Learning the classic spiritual and moral **values** which are common to any civilization—mercy, kindness, justice, courage, etc.
2. Learning practical **skills** relevant to the basics food, shelter, warmth, health. Such self-reliance is the core of self-respect and common sense.
3. Developing **self-discipline** and adaptability so one doesn't fall apart in hard times. Not needing to be pampered. Not being so touchy or needy.

A Different View of Childhood

In the ancient Hindu culture, even the most privileged kids, the children of kings and emperors, were sent into the forest ashrams of rugged sages at a very young age to live without any luxuries and learn true unselfishness.

In most other ancient cultures too, childhood was mainly about learning those three things: **Values, skills, and self-discipline**. This is what gives us a sense of connection to others, a sense of our place in the great scheme of life, a sense of responsibility to the common good. If we separate kids from any duties in the real world, we inadvertently remove their deepest sense of value as well.

That may be the chief reason modern American kids are so lost and angry. American childhood is unnaturally insulated and separate from the adult world. **“Generation gap” is not a natural human phenomenon; it’s a serious problem we have created by having so little to do with our children’s daily lives.**

Many kids don't know or care what their parents do for a living. The kids have no direct importance to their family's daily needs or maintenance. Even the government calls children “dependents.” Is that a good message?

We may see American childhood as “giving them a chance just to be kids, just to have fun while they can.”

But in reality the effect seems to make them bored, agitated, and hopeless. People of every age *need* to be useful, and *need* to be skilled at something.

If we provide no opportunities for kids to be responsible, skilled and needed; no meaningful initiations from one stage of childhood to

another, then children will form their own groups -- gangs, social cliques, Satanic groups -- in which they can experience initiation, define their identity and value to the group, pledge their loyalty and learn the skills relevant to that group -- even if the relevant skills happen to be using a credit card to pick a lock or shoving an icepick through the exact location between two ribs so that it punctures an enemy's heart

A Nation of *Mensch*es

Helena Norberg Hodge, a British woman who spent many years living in the tiny Himalayan country of Ladakh, points out that before our modern western educational system came to Ladakh, the society was basically a whole nation of *mensch*es!

Children grew up learning their society's values of compassion, nonviolence and harmony, and virtually *every* boy and girl, by the time they reached adolescence, knew how to raise food, mend clothes, care for animals, build houses, construct complex irrigation systems—in short, Ladakhi youngsters naturally became moral and capable young adults.

Now “progress” has come. Thousands of children are removed from their villages, crammed into classrooms to memorize facts and recite their times tables.

They no longer learn from their parents, aunts, uncles, grandparents; they no longer share the responsibility of food production, warmth, shelter, child care; they now have a more “privileged” childhood.

But as Ms. Hodge explains, when their education is finished and they return to their villages, they are essentially useless. They have been cut off from the wealth of values, skills

and traditions which have made the Ladakhis a happy people for hundreds of years.

Many of them then migrate to the larger cities around India or Nepal, becoming prostitutes or drug abusers or working for minimum wage and being as aimless as our friend in Atlantic City at the beginning of this article. It's a very sad situation, similar to the devastation of the Native American cultures in the USA.

Josh's Two Complaints

In 1991, Sita and I celebrated our 25th anniversary by spending the day with our son, Josh, in a remote spot at the bottom of the Rio Grande Gorge in northern New Mexico. The three of us took the opportunity to clean out all our old baggage with each other, air any secrets, deepen our sense of love and connection and loyalty to each other. Josh was twenty at the time.

At one point during the day I asked Josh if there was any way we had let him down as parents. He said there were actually two ways. “First of all, whenever something was hard for me to do, you guys helped me so much that I didn't develop much self-discipline. That hurt me a lot when I got to L.A. I had to develop all my self-discipline on my own. You didn't help me become very tough or adaptable.

“The second thing is, Dad, do you remember when I was fourteen and I told you that as soon as I finished high school I wanted to go out to L.A. to be an actor, and that I didn't want to go to college?” I said that I remembered, and he continued, “Well, you told me that I would have your blessing to do so on one condition: That by the time I left home, I was a skilled carpenter. That way, whether I succeeded in my acting career or not,

I would still be able to make a good living and feel the satisfaction of working with my hands.”

Once again, I said I remembered. Then Josh said, “But you didn’t make me do it. You didn’t force me to become a good carpenter, and you gave me your blessing anyway. You should have stuck by your word.”

I said, “But I tried! I built five buildings between the time you were fourteen and the time you left home, and I tried to get you to help me on every one of them. You didn’t like it; it was like pulling teeth to get you to help. So I gave up. I didn’t want to force you.”

Josh replied, “That’s exactly what I mean: You *should* have forced me. You were the parent and I was the kid. You set a condition for your blessing and then you didn’t make me live up to it. You should have made me become a good carpenter whether I liked it or not.”

Sita and I sincerely asked his forgiveness on both those accounts. He asked for ours on a few other things. It was a great day - a renewal of deep affection and trust. I recommend such an occasional event to any family. And once again, it reminded us that kids don’t want to be in a fantasy world of their own, they want to be needed and involved and held accountable, even though they may resist it.

The Common Myth of “Personal Freedom”

Most people think of personal freedom as doing whatever they want to do; our media images of personal freedom always depict self-centered pleasures and irresponsibility — “getting away from it all,” “taking the phone off the hook,” “luxuriating in a bubble bath,”

“being rich enough not to care what others think,” etc. . But human beings *exist* in relation to each other. Real personal freedom is being able to respond to whatever our situation or circumstances require from us. Ability to respond. Respond-ability. Responsibility.

If I don’t know how to swim, and I walk by a lake where a child is drowning, I may passionately *want* to save her but not have the personal freedom to do it. I may have a million dollars in my pocket, I may be president of the United States, but if I don’t know how to swim, that child will still drown. Motivation is only one part of freedom. Skill is another.

Many things limit our true personal freedom. If we are unskilled, illiterate, addicted, greedy, short-tempered, we will not be very free. We will always be victims of forces outside of our control. Even addiction to cigarettes, ~sweets or a certain amount of sleep or particular working conditions compromises our personal freedom.

Needing to be “validated” or “acknowledged” by others also prevents us from being free. The popular sentiment “I just want to be loved” is a veritable anthem of slavery, not a song of freedom. When we focus on our ability to give love instead our need to receive it, that’s when we set foot on the path to true liberation.

Cutting Out the Old and the Young

The truth is, *real* freedom, *real* joy, require a sense of one’s “fit” in the great scheme of things. In order to feel connected to Life, we must contribute something positive toward the common good. Children and elderly people are no exception.

By sheltering children from responsibility and putting the elderly out to pasture, we

have unwittingly created an angry, aimless younger generation and a lonely, unappreciated older generation.

Many Americans assume this is simply what it means to be young or to be old. But anyone who has traveled in other cultures knows this is not true. Children can be happy, respectful, capable. The elderly can be radiantly peaceful, lucid, venerated.

Life is a holy and mysterious process all the way through. It's not just about making a living. There are wonders and challenges in every stage of life.

Each stage is worthy of equal respect. Each stage requires values, skill, and self-discipline. And in every stage, we need each other.

We need younger, middle-aged and older people around us, not just others our own age. We are ever and always part of each other. We either walk into Heaven arm in arm or we don't get in at all.

Making the Change

At this moment, there are many millions of angry young people, lonely old people, and lost, unhappy people like our friend in Atlantic City. The situation won't turn around overnight.

But each one of us can begin the process of turning it around by sizing up our own lives with respect to values, skills, and self-discipline and doing whatever we need to do in order to bring those qualities up to our liking.

We can look at how we are treating our children and elders and see whether we are allowing them their own areas of usefulness and responsibility, even if they fuss about it for a while.

We can steadily dismantle every notion we have that freedom is about money or accomplishments or prestige or recreation, and we can cease passing such empty notions on to our kids.

We can develop common sense and basic skills, at any age, so that we become more self-reliant and adaptable to changing circumstances.

We can size up our way of talking and make sure that we say what we mean and mean what we say; no hidden agendas or broken promises to ourselves or others.

In short, these are the qualities of a basic *Mensch*, and the world badly needs more mensches. Values, skills, and self-discipline make for a more enjoyable experience of living, more self-respect and confidence and friendliness to others.

We can put ourselves and our kids and our elders back on this time-honored path to freedom and see how it begins to affect the folks next door and down the block.

Everyone wants to feel better these days. A humble personal step in the right direction is a contribution to the whole world and to all future generations.

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Human Kindness Foundation Fall 1996

William Q. Judge

By Franz Hartmann, M.D.

Translation with notes by Robert Hütwohl

This article, by the noted German theosophist and direct student of H.P. Blavatsky, first appeared in the German language *Lotusblüten*, Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich, VII/44 (May 1896): 373-79. The *Lotusblüten* was Franz Hartmann's monthly journal, which ran regular issues serially from 1893 to 1900, in 16 annual volumes, being:

“Ein monatlich erscheinendes Journal enthaltend Originalartikel und ausgewählte Übersetzungen aus der orientalischen Litteratur in Bezug auf die Grundlage der Religionen des Ostens und der THEOSOPHIE.”

[A journal appearing monthly containing original articles and selected translations from oriental literature with regard to the basis of the religions of the East and THEOSOPHY.]

The *Lotusblüten* incorporated the wisdom-doctrine from a wide range of occult, theosophical and oriental topics in addition to Hartmann's own submissions. Dr. Hartmann made an effort in those pages to give thanks to the many world cultures which have provided a living basis for the cohesiveness of humans everywhere, attempting at the same time to transcend dogmas, opinions, theories and hypotheses. In his first article “*Lotusblüten*,” in an early volume of *Lotusblüten* (Jan. 1894), Hartmann emphasized and had high regard for theosophy, exemplifying a focus similar to Judge and Blavatsky, which was:

“the knowledge of the divine rests on no dogma, book or theory, but personally relies on itself, is eternal and unchangeable like space, in which the

celestial objects move. . . [and] as soon as the eternal truth becomes evident in one's heart, it is the only saving principle, which rescues human beings from the death of the night of ignorance and leads one to the light of truth; it is the only possible saviour of mankind from ignorance, selfishness, and error . . . for this reason he [Hartmann] has directed his attention towards the east, where for the whole of humanity, the originally proclaimed religious doctrines are still in their unspoiled purity . . .”¹

where he found the religious allegories of the Christian bible in similar form, throughout the *Vedas* and *Upanisads* of India, which should cause one to look for the germ of truth universally.

Although of high mystical bent, Hartmann's life gave evidence to having an occult predilection as well, as seen by the many articles he wrote which had themes of such scientifically inclined metaphysical subjects which required delving into the laws of nature and the workings of consciousness in the *kosas* or bodies-of-life. Where the mystic works above—below, the reverse is true for the occultist, who works below—above, thereby incorporating the mystic's efforts.

Hartmann seemed to possess a rich variety and balance of both mystical and occult faculties, especially during the latter duration of his life and placed high importance on experience and praxis, just as William Q Judge did. My thanks to Doss McDavid for sending me *Lotusblüten* vol. VII from which I made a copy.

Ingratitude is detested
by Deity and human beings.

Sir R. L'Estrange.

Just after the last number of the *Lotusblüten* was already in print, we received news concerning

the death of William Q Judge, who was, after the death of H.P. Blavatsky, the real soul of the theosophical movement in America, Europe and Australia. The author of the *Lotusblüten* had an association and tie of friendship and equal mind with William Q Judge for many long years, and had lived for several months with him in India (Adyar); thus, he is enabled, to make a judgment, which is not based on hearsay, but is founded on his own observation.

William Q. Judge was a real Theosoph, which was not accomplished merely around the research of newer theories, but through the practical working out of sudden recognized truths.

Thus, he was no more comprehended than was H.P. Blavatsky, by the fanatics, dreamers and theorists; especially however from those of such ill-will, who wanted to intrude upon him as his pupils, without having either the courage or the ability, to follow him.

He was one of the founders of the "Theosophical Society," and of course he and H.P. Blavatsky and Colonel H.S. Olcott were well nigh the only partners within the organization who comprehended, as to what it really meant and dealt with; for even still nowadays, the majority of persons attempting the study of theosophical writings find nothing, in looking for an expansion of their personal knowledge, as only William Q Judge and a few others cognized, that true self-knowledge exists only in one's own experience and only through exercise can this be attained; therefore, this was also the first and main purpose of the newly established Society, not to construct "a theosophical idea of a theoretical kind" of propaganda, but rather, it was set forth after the principle:

*Words are exchanged enough;
now read to me those final deeds.*

To form a nucleus of people, whereby the already theoretically acknowledged idea con-

Goethe

cerning the universal fraternization of people could come to a practical completion.

The only realistic way to ameliorate the world, is through the reformation of each individual; for the ecclesiastic, who does not follow his own doctrines, has given out enough. Therefore, it was expected, that a tree should develop from this nucleus through good example and doctrine, and its branches would extend over the entire world; that in each union of branches a lamp should disseminate the manifestation of truth through action; that knowledge of the divine and charity would spread through practice and accordingly, refine the whole of mankind, which should become cleared up and elevated.²

No one has more actively worked towards this purpose and worked more unremittingly, than H.P. Blavatsky and William Q Judge; however, just as the light shines eternally through the darkness, and the darkness cannot comprehend the light, so too were these champions motivated towards the realization of these ideals in mankind; their spirit was not comprehended by spiritless people, and precisely those "leaders" (?),³ to which H.P. Blavatsky and William Q Judge did not uncover everything, which they knew or believed to know, but also after their own affirmation did not owe their moral salvation, were the first to be called the very next day: "Crucify them!" and plaster them over with mud.⁴

The author of the *Lotusblüten* has not responded to all this wretchedness. Not because he bestowed rightfulness to all these foolish attacks, but because he knows, that a lie distends like an avalanche the more it rolls. Also he is mindful of the saying from a poet unknown to him, which says:

*The all-fatalist is, after the delusion
A great principle to wage war against,
The insight, that we are the Titan
To fight such a simple nonsense.*

It was nothing but nonsense, against which H. P. Blavatsky and William Q Judge were consumed, and to fight around these, to that end it appears the author considered his time too valuable and human life too short. But we still live in the age of theory, where everything rests on the knowledge of mere opinions and probabilities.

One speaks and writes much from a mental view and intellectual knowledge; that someone really has a mental knowledge and praxis with regard to that which he has learned personally and mentally, likewise can talk “authoritatively,” like a traveler, who comes back from a foreign country, who has a right, to talk authoritatively about that which he has seen and gone from that place; this, only the few appear to comprehend.

Seeing needs no proof for that which they see and feel and what they have and are personally, the spiritually blind scream for proofs and reject them if they are offered, because they are incapable of comprehending the very same.

For these reasons many of the members of the “Theosophical Society,” who were still deeply stuck in theory, did not discern from William Q Judge that which he acquired through the practical exercise of Theosophy, and eventually fell away from him and the original “Theosophical Society,” although they continue, even still, to consider themselves as the faithful followers of this Society, as it was in the beginning. What is missing for these people is the true understanding of the spirit of Theosophy.

While the greater majority of Americans held with William Q. Judge, and pursued the pragmatic way, it also revealed itself in England in the direction of the petty, acquisitive, confessed shopkeeper spirit, which they considered as their own personal property, as the deliberate expansion of their theoretical ideas, which however the idea

of such an eminence can not be grasped because of egoism.

Therefore, the so-called English section of the T.S. has become an ordinary society dedicated towards the theoretical discussion of metaphysical problems, in which we certainly find intellectual talent, but detect little spirit.

It is concerned with the true “Theosophical Society” and not with a society of fellows and a school of accomplishment, also not with the intention to bring everything under its safekeeping or forced into a pattern, as is the case with other societies and sects, but the “Theosophical Society” should be nothing more than a means, to offer free, self-thinking people a path towards mutual approach, and anyone who cannot think on his own, should be in the company of advice and a helpful deed.

Through the death of William Q. Judge, the “Theosophical Society” suffers no disturbance; for it emerges from his inheritance, where he stood in much nearer relationship to the illumined, to which the care for these efforts is transferred, received in his lifetime or also was only anticipated, and have already arranged the same measures for his succession.

End notes

1 [My Translation—R.H.]

2 See Dr. Hartmann’s *Magic*, 252.

3 It would appear Hartmann justifiably inserted a question mark here. However, it is for the reader to figure out who he meant.—R.H.

4 See “Sphinx,” *Lotusblüten* XX (May 1895): 288. [This is an article on H.P.Blavatsky, which is due out in print soon -- R. H.]

Editor's note

With the exception of Hartmann's writings at Adyar, (*Report on observations made during a six month's stay at the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar*), I think it is fair to say that his works are not generally well known. Hartmann's *Theosophical Fable* appeared in the July '96 HCT and his *Psychometric Experiment*, was featured in the Dec. '93 HCT.

The *Fable* and the much longer *Talking Image of Urur* are satires on the T.S. We plan to run the latter serially in future issues of the HCT. *Among the Adepts* ran serially in *The Canadian Theosophist* from August 1920 to November 1921. *Adventures with the Rosicrucians* is in *B.C.W.* Vol. VIII 130-36.

A large volume of untranslated Hartmann material exists in German. Robert Hutwohl is working on translations of these into English and plans to issue them in book form.

Robert and I recently spent a day at the Clear Creek county courthouse researching the archives for records of Hartmann's activities in Georgetown between 1879 and 1883.

Existing biographical and autobiographical material states that he served at Coroner during this period and, later at Adyar, offered Alexis Coulomb interest in his Georgetown Silver mine as an inducement to get the latter to leave

Pilgrimage to India

Letter 18

Theosophical World Headquarters Adyar, Madras January 11, '85

My beloved Marty,

Well, the trip through southern India went quite smoothly and I arrived back in Madras by train from Madurai at 7 a.m. I probably short changed myself on Madurai because yesterday, after having seen the Sri Meenakshi temple, I was kind of burned out on sightseeing and opted not to see the palace which I guess really would have been worthwhile.

Instead, I spent most of the day in my hotel room meditating and reading a book I had bought on Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. I think your mom would be interested in it because Ramakrishna, originally a Hindu, found enlightenment or Self (the Atman) realization in Hinduism, Islam (Mohammedism) and Christianity - in each case totally immersing himself in the beliefs and practices of the religion.

In this way he proved by his actual experience that all religions, when practiced with earnestness and sincerity, lead to God. In this way, his non-sectarian approach is quite similar to Theosophy.

When I was at Rockfort, I met a young Australian woman about 25, sitting on the steps near the top. She had a mandolin she was carrying and didn't know how to tune it.

So I tuned it for her and showed her how

- and we got into an interesting discussion about the moral and dharmic implications involved in giving to beggars and other types of Indians - specifically the 18 year old Indian who had guided me through the Srirangam temple. I found him very intelligent, ambitious, friendly and generally likeable. He called for me at my hotel at 6:30 a.m. on a borrowed bicycle and rode with me to the temple.

While on the way, he told me how he was trying to save money in order to enter college to take mathematics and electrical engineering. He said his father had died last summer of alcoholism and he was also helping to support his mother.

Now one can believe all this or not - I believed him to be sincere and decided to give him a contribution. If it was a hype, it was his karma, my intention was sincerely to help.

The Australian girl disagreed with me, saying that she believed that people such as he who was healthy and able bodied was able to help himself.

She took the position that in giving to the destitute beggars, even a few paise would keep them from starving. I felt that perhaps I could help him materially and significantly to better himself, whereas in giving to the beggar you don't change his situation with the few paise you give him. I think there is a valid argument on both sides of the question. Basically, my position was that I felt that one can do more good in helping to eliminate the

cause of the suffering than in mitigating its effects.

Back here at Adyar I discussed this question with Prakash (from Nepal) and Anand (the Dutch Buddhist monk). They tended to agree with my viewpoint. I think that is good that there are those of us who take various different viewpoints and thus different kinds of people are helped.

My plan for the rest of the trip is to leave on the train tomorrow for Bhubaneswar, Puri and Konarak which are on India's east coast in the state of Orissa, south of Calcutta. I'll probably spend 3 or 4 days there and next take a train for Gaya and Bodh Gaya where the Buddha achieved enlightenment.

From there I'll go to Agra, south of New Delhi, to see the Taj Mahal. It looks as if I'll have time to go to Jaipur in Rajasthan to see the Jantar Mantar observatory and the several palaces. The city is said to be built with pink sandstone and is spacious and beautiful.

I've been looking forward to getting back to Adyar in the hopes of more letters from you and was disappointed that none were waiting for me, but at 5 p.m. tonight Norma Sastry came through with two letters from my Marty - #15 and #17.

I am really impressed and deeply appreciative of the efforts you are putting into distributing my letters to Pasadena and all the rest of the friends and family. Thank you also for passing Grace Knoche's reply to me. I warmly appreciated her comments.

I'm sure they really appreciated your care package to them also.

Your blood pressure sounds as if you are in the best of health. Before I left STC I had mine taken and it was quite good, although I don't remember the exact figure.

I hope you can explain to your mom that occultism has nothing whatever to do with the black arts or the devil. Occult, if you look it up in the dictionary, means hidden or not given out to the general population and it is in the sense of its being secret teachings, not previously given out, that the word is used in the Theosophical context.

Coming back to Adyar was a little bit like coming home. But I'm really starting to look forward to coming home and am counting down the days.

Prakash seems to be a gold mine of information on things to see and places to stay. He has recommended that I stay at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in New Delhi when I and a return, instead of the YMCA, for Rs 30 instead of Rs 75 a day. Also, there is meditation practice with a more spiritual environment.

Still to be solved is the problem of packing the bike for return to the USA. I'll have to check into it when I get to New Delhi.

My return flight information, reading from my ticket is as follows:

LEAVE FROM
NEW DELHI AIR INDIA FLT
109 4:35 a.m. 8 FEB 85

ARRIVE IN NEW YORK
11:54 a.m. 8 FEB

LEAVE NY ARRIVE DENV.
UNITED FLT 165
8:29 p.m. 5:25 p.m.

The ticket is a little confusing because two flight numbers are listed; 165 and 241 on United.

You should check United at Stapleton and see which flight is arriving from Kennedy airport at 8:29 or so. According to my calendar, Feb 8th is on a Friday night. I guess the best way to do it is to come with my car and we can go to Boulder directly from the airport.

Unless your care package arrives tomorrow, I may never see it. I'll leave a New Delhi forwarding address here when I leave.

I hadn't realized that I'd actually be back in Denver on the 8th. I'll be chasing the sun all the way and have a long long day. So, really there are only 28 more days 'till I can hold you in my arms again.

I love you so very very much

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NLQ Dot matrix OK
Good Quality Xerox OK

Unacceptable

Draft mode Dot matrix
Faint printouts
Strike-overs
handwriting on printed sheet

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

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

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

OBJECTIVES

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

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

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