

## H.P.B. ON THE S. P. R. REPORT

January 6, 1886.

**B**AD New Year to us all, Olcott—Hodgson's Report reached here through Sellin on the eve—like a N. Y.'s present—and it will and has already done an *immense harm*. It is not I who stands accused alone[—]I might leave the Society and there's an end—but the *whole Society*, beginning with Sinnett and yourself—and making of Babula<sup>1</sup>—our *Master!!* He wrote M.'s letters they say—the idiots! I am a *Russian spy* he says again and this will prejudice the cause and prevent my returning to India for ever so long, unless you turn heaven and earth to show the utter absurdity of the accusation. The slip—the famous slip photographed from a bit of MSS. stolen by Coulomb[—]is a translation from a Russian paper for Sinnett's *Pioneer*—the quotation mark at the end shows it; this is *rot*, and can be made away with. About Babula writing Master's letters—everyone will laugh—in India at any rate. Also connecting *Jhelum* telegram with some bit of paper stolen by somebody from Damodar's papers in Master's handwriting, telling him to copy some original telegram and send it to Sinnett, and to tell Deb to learn better his part. For Deb and Bawajee came both a year after; there was no Bawajee at HQrs. when we were at Amritsar. This is absurd also. I have not read all, only a few pages (Sellin went away and carried the *Report* away with him to München) but even in these few pages I found everything luckily construed on erroneous

<sup>1</sup>[Babula was H.P.B.'s Hindu servant.—C. J.]

inferences and nonsense. Hume lies like—a Hume. He says Masters never wrote on the Cashmere or Nepaul paper you know, till after I came back from Darjeeling where it can be got; and Sinnett has the original page of such paper where notes are made by Master for Esoteric Buddhism from which I taught him and Hume at Simla when I lived at Hume's and a year or two *before I went to Darjeeling*. Sinnett knows that it's a lie. There are many such flapdoodles. It is the *whole* that is damaging as against a Society hated by all. Nor do I care about experts, for what one expert affirms the other denies generally. Even the similarity of style detected between K. H. and myself—the same mistakes and peculiarities is all nonsense. When I arrived to America, I could hardly speak English and could not write it at all—*it is a fact*, as you know. *Isis* was the first work with the exception of a few articles corrected by you and others that I ever wrote in English in all my life and *it was mostly dictated* by K. H. (Kashmiri) as you know. I learnt to write English with him, so to say. I took up all his peculiarities even to writing sceptic with a *k*—which I dropped in India and he preserved the habit. What wonder then, that similarity is found between the style of *Isis* and letters to Sinnett and so on. I told you, and you know, and you *have to maintain*, that I spoke English ten times as badly as I do now, and as you said yourself. 40, 50 pages at a time would be written of *Isis* MSS. without one mistake. Please *remember* THAT—that I hardly spoke and could not write English at all. I had not spoken since my childhood almost—as I told you. The first time when I spoke *nothing* but English for months was, when I was with the Masters—with Mah. K. H. and of course I got his style.<sup>1</sup> The difference of handwriting detected between several

<sup>1</sup> [For a full account of how H.P.B. learnt some of her English from the Master K.H., see *The Mahatma Letters*, pp. 478-9.—C. J.]

of his letters is due to the fact, that of course he did not write all his letters himself and he said so repeatedly to Sinnett. Various chelas precipitated them hence difference of writing. No two chelas can form the same conception of a writing in their heads not even of their own when the writing is not *produced mechanically* with the hand but impressed from image in the brain. I could not *precipitate* my own handwriting *twice* in the same way. That's nonsense, and if Hodgson's Report is damaging when viewed from the common, daily-life experience of writing, etc., it is explained as naturally as possible when examined from an occult standpoint. To judge the whole affair as Hodgson has is ridiculous. So far as I have read the *Report*, everything can be explained. I wrote *Isis* (it is claimed) and the K. H. letters and Master's (through Babula!!) using in them Subba Row's letters (!!!) and S. R. is said to have confessed it to Hume—all this, is trash, but it must be shown such to the outside public, and this is what is clamoured for by the Branches. The German Branch (Gebhards excepted) is in a terrible funk. The *Sphynx* that had to come out N. Y.'s day is stopped by Hubbe Schleiden who wants either to resign or change name of the Branch, dropping "Theosophical" altogether. Du Prel and I think the Baron Hoffmann have or will resign. All is in a turmoil. The Countess has left this night for Munich to try and quiet them. She saw Master in a vision last night went out of her body (and I watched her doing it in the drawing room—) and He ordered her to go and mend matters. But Sellin who had left declaring that the testimony of Hodgson and Coulomb were worthless and absurd—after reading the whole of the Report wrote to me a furious letter from Munich—*resigns*, calls the whole Society a humbug—denounces all (not you and me only), Sinnett included, and says if I do not defend myself and explain the charges,

the whole Society will disappear in a few weeks. That your *mechante* lettre about Hartmann shows what you are: a backbiter, a slanderer, etc. I send you Hartmann's letter to me. He is the only one who could defend us successfully at München and now he is furious against you and Society (Adyar) having been told by Sellin of the letter you wrote to Gebhard's about him. So that it is not I, only who writes stupid and compromising<sup>1</sup> letters. The L. L. keeps steadfast so far as I hear. Sinnett's letter enclosed written *after Report*, and all about the *Secret Doctrine*. He *cannot leave*, too far deep in it. But you must write a pamphlet and d—d quick explaining as much as you can showing the absurdity of Hodgson's inferences—spy business, Babula, the collective charges against Bhawani Row, Damodar, Bawajee, Mohini, yourself. Now you see *you* are SAVED not dishonoured, by my referring to you as a "psychological baby" and saying I am smarter than you to H. Chintamon. This said in fun has saved you, I say. Better to pass off as an honest, truthful, though credulous man than a *fraud*. And that no one can call you. Oh the Psychic R. S.! Oh your Karma, you poor man when I begged you, asked you from Paris to leave S. P. R. alone, and you did *cram* them full with phenomena, you *would* force yourself upon them. Well that's over and done; and no "King's horses, nor all the King's men" can mend what's done. Your Karma, dear; and Sinnett's Karma for giving 8 K.H.'s letters to Hodgson, and he (Hodgson) does give it to him! 60 alterations found, made in print, differing from K. H.'s *originals*—serves Sinnett right.

I have the *Secret Doctrine* to show whether Masters are or *are not*. If not—then *I am* the Mahatma, and that's as well. See what Sinnett has arranged. A little better arrangement to begin with than *Isis* ever was. What you

<sup>1</sup> [So in manuscript.]

ought to do is to condense *Isis* throwing out all that is not to the point and letting it out in monthly parts (cheap) or in one vol. better monthly, and sell it in India. For Secret Doctrine is *entirely* new. There will not be there 20 pages quoted by bits from *Isis*. New matter, occult explanations—the whole Hindu Pantheon explained, based on exoteric translations (to be easily verified) and explained esoterically proving Xty and every other religion to have taken their dogmas from India's oldest religion. No word against any class, personalities *left out altogether*—missionaries entirely ignored, scientists except when quoted—*untouched*. In four Parts—Archaic, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern Periods. Each Part 12 chapters, with Appendices and a Glossary of terms at the end. Countess here, and she sees I have almost *no books*. Master and Kashmiri dictating in turn. She copies all. This *will be* my vindication, I tell you. *Preface* received from Adyar only came to be immediately *burnt* in the kitchen by myself and Countess. Thus you could easily, by sacrificing two copies of *Isis*, boil out of two Vol. 1 in parts and let it go for 8 or 10 rupees the whole 12 or 14 annas the number and keep money for Society. I could do it in a month had I time. Now listen. Secure the help of Subba Row for *Secret Doc*; Lots there of Adwaitism or *old Aryan Religion* occult which if *reinforced* by what S. R. can add will kill Hodgson and Co. on the spot. Shall he do it for you or rather for himself and Adwaitism? If he promises faithfully and you think he will do it I shall send you by two or three chapters at once; if not—I begin publishing here. Let him see first five or six chapt. and judge. We can take the public of India by storm if he helps me with old quotations and occult meanings added to mine. Answer at once. Because it will delay publication, unless you do. And I have to hurry on with my vindication. Now that I am here quite alone with no books around me and that S. D. will be twenty times as

erudite as occult and explanatory people shall see I guess and judge. Now for the *Report*—it is really so full of *animus* of lies and nothing but *suspicious* and false inferences that you can make up a splendid answer. The only thing to be explained away is similarity of style and mistakes between Mah. K. H.'s and my English and *Isis*, and so on. This I told you, and you know *it is true*. He is not a good English scholar though ten times better than I—(Kashmiri). The “spy” business as the only *possible* motive for those who are determined not to see *the truth*—helps us. He calls me a *forger*! Funny and stupid. *If* I invented the *two Masters*, then they do not exist, and *if they do not* exist, how could I forge *their* handwritings, which did not equally exist *before I invented them*. And if I am the inventor of the two and three handwritings, then these handwritings *are not* forged but mine—how then can I be “a forger”. It's a libel punishable by law—as well as *spy* charge if he *cannot* prove. And that he *can't*, you may bet. Remain the “Blav. Coulomb” letters. Well, I deny *in toto* all<sup>the</sup> the incriminating portions. I have *never* been allowed to see *one* line of those letters. Sinnett wanted to borrow them from S. P. R. to bring them here to Würzburg—and was refused *point blank*. This goes against them. Theosophy is a *Tree* to be judged by its fruits. And the fruits have saved so many lost people, have redeemed from a bad to a good life through the holy names of Masters, that if MASTERS did not exist *they should be invented* (as Voltaire said of either God or Christ) for the good they do to humanity. You have done well to send me the *Report on the Investigation*. The Countess took a copy with my notes to Munchen, for no one there has read that Report and it does in some things knock down Hodgson. Now COURAGE and a last effort—and WE ARE SAVED.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

# THE MYSTERY AND THE FAILURE OF "BAWAJI"

## I.

Elberfeld, June 3, [1886].

My dear Olcott,

My foot has turned a more serious matter than was first thought. The sprain has held me already over 3 weeks in bed and armchair motionless and heaven knows whether in a fortnight I will be able to go to Ostende where I mean to settle and try to finish my unfortunate *Secret Doctrine*. That it is an *extraordinary* work and revelation I am now sure. A learned Occultist, an Englishman (one who is a man of exact science but whose name I cannot give, though he is known to the Countess and Mme. Gebhard) has proclaimed it a *wonderful* work, "full of the most important revelations and secrets"—therefore it is all right, this once.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, he has not found three words to correct in its English in the two enormous chapters he has seen, and that's *flattering*.

But there is another cloud on our horizon—Bawaji<sup>2</sup>. He is here now, having been sent for to *interview* me before his going to India. He has now thrown aside his mask and has shown himself *as he is*, to wit—an *unscrupulous little liar*, and

<sup>1</sup>[In manuscript, no period.]

<sup>2</sup>["Bawaji" was a young Hindu of Madras Presidency by name S. Krishnaswami Iyengar. He joined the Society in 1881, and accompanied H. P. B. in 1885 to Europe. A few years after his return to India, he passed away.]

a Jesuit of the finest water. The following is his present attitude and the policy adopted by him :

He does not deny having said and written and maintained that his " Master " had given him the order to come with me to Europe. He thought and believed so sincerely at the time, he says—but he has NOW CHANGED HIS OPINION. He mistook his own *fancy for an order was self-deceived*. He has now come to the conclusion (after 5 years !!) that no Master can communicate with his chela except by *impressions* " from higher to higher self "—and that therefore it is easy to misunderstand the orders. He *had so misunderstood* and now recognizes it. Franz, who is entirely under his thumb and psychological glamour—sees in it *no lie* simply " a proof of Bawaji's sincerity ". Luckily Mme. and Mr. Gebhard are of a different opinion.

Well, once started from such a premiss the rest becomes easy. For five months I have watched him, and rumours were reaching me that he taught a doctrine entirely opposed to the teachings of the Masters ; that he went against *Esoteric Buddhism*, etc. And now since he came here he said to my face before all the Gebhard family that *I knew nothing* of the esoteric teaching ; *Isis* was full of ludicrous mistakes ; my *Theosophist* articles likewise.\* No *astral body* could ever be seen by either chela or profane of one's Master ; for *no Mahatma* would condescend to show himself in this way. It was all " hallucinations on the astral plane " ; no Mahatma would ever write or cause his chelas to write—" red and blue spook letters, such as have been occasionally received by us and other theosophists : they were all the production of Elementals or *fraud*, whether conscious or unconscious—*mediumistic* at best. He " had come to the conclusion " that

\* The letter you signed with my name in the January *Theosophist*, which letter contains certainly some flapdoodles—became a nice pretext for him.

we knew nothing of the Masters in America; we heard of Them only in Bombay. No Mahatma would condescend to stoop down to bother himself with the weal or woes of even their chelas not only of simple theosophists (hence all the phenomena such as with Srinavas Rao, Damodar and dozens of others were all if not frauds, at any rate *hallucinations* and works of Elementals, etc etc. it would be too long to report all he says and evolutes from his brain. When I had come to the conclusion that he was simply undermining and . . .

[CONTINUATION OF LETTER MISSING]

## H.P.B.'S VISION OF THE FIRE IN MADRAS FAIR

January 4 [1887]

My Dear Olcott,

This is the first time I awoke and passed a New Year *quite alone*, as if I were in my tomb. Not a soul the whole day, as the Countess has gone to London and I have no one but Louise with me in the big house—and something very funny happened.

I had been writing the whole day when needing a book I got up and approached my night-table over which Adyar and the river (the photograph) is hung. I had looked on it long on the 27th and tried to imagine what you were all doing. But that day, occupied in finishing the Archaic Period I had not given it a thought. Suddenly I see the whole picture blazing like with fire. I got scared; thought it was blood to the head, looked again—the river the trees and the house were all glowing like with the reflection of fire. Twice a wave of flames like a long serpentine tongue crossed the river and licked the trees and our houses and then receded and everything disappeared. I was struck with surprise and horror and my first thought was Adyar must be on fire! For two days all Ostende was drunk and I had no papers. I was in agony. Then on the morning of the 2nd Jan. I wrote to F—, begging him to look over the papers to see if there was no fire at Adyar or Madras that day. (We are making very successful experiments with him in thought-reading, and he is amazed at some things, such a success!) On the 3rd he telegraphs to me the enclosed.<sup>1</sup> And

<sup>1</sup> [Telegram from Bournemouth, now at Adyar, reads! "Great fire at Peoples Park Fair Madras 300 natives burnt dont bother."]

to-day I saw the thing in the Independence Belge myself. What is it? And why should I connect Adyar with that fair and the poor 300 Hindus burnt? Are there any victims among theosophists? I am positively in great fear. I hope *you* were not there! You could not leave Adyar that day, could you? It's terrible that. And that young fool of D—F— telegraphing Don't bother, *only 300 natives* burnt. Well I wrote to him to say that I would feel less "bother" if I knew it to be 600 Englishmen.

I am glad Subba Row likes my *Proem*. But it is *only a Preliminary Vol.* and the real, original doctrine is in the Volume I will send you when F—comes on the 20th and he will take it to England himself—for I cannot send it or rather *ensure*<sup>1</sup> it, from here.

So keep the other MSS. till you have read both and see what changes to make. Let S. R. do what he likes—I give him *carte blanche*. I trust in his wisdom far more than in mine, for I may have misunderstood in many a point both Master and the Old G.<sup>2</sup> They give me facts only and rarely dictate in succession. I am *no maker* of books you know it. But I know that my facts are all original and new. Wait and see.

What has ruffled *your* feathers, love? I never blamed *you* for *Isis*. Had you made 20,000 mistakes you were not supposed to know anything of philosophy then? Were you? You are too ticklish and vain Olcott. It is not friendly to speak as you do.

Well good bye. I am much occupied love to all.

H. P. B.

Have you received the three gold things I sent? The Countess sent them on the same day as the MSS.?

<sup>1</sup>[So in manuscript, for "insure".]

<sup>2</sup>[The venerable Adept called "the Old Gentleman", known also as the Rishi Agastya. A communication appeared from him in THE THEOSOPHIST, June 1882.—C.J.]

## “THE THREE GOLD THINGS”

My dear old Boss<sup>1</sup>,

The Countess who goes for a week to London will send from there three things in a box--(1) The Saptapurna ring for Bhawani Rao. It is the seven-leaved mystical leaf, made of seven stones all consecrated to planets and *now* strongly magnetized. If he leaves it in no badly disposed person's hands, it will be a talisman for him forever. (2) The Mohur, I had for years, as you know—for Tookaram Tatyā as he asks always for something magnetized by Master and myself. I have worn it for years. Please send to him or keep till he comes to Adyar for Anniversary. I have nothing else to give, and you know how I cared for the *Mohur*, because for the association. But Tookaram *is a Theosophist* indeed. Let him have it then in preference to any other. I wrote to tell him the thing he asks for is with you.

(3) A sovereign for poor Babula. It is little but I can give no more, being very poor as you know. If I make money this year with my work then will I give him £5. He is a good boy—give him my blessing and love.<sup>2</sup> And salaams to all. I send you a book for the library curious one, but too political. My library here is quick accumulating and I will send several more this winter and of course leave all to the T.S. Library.

<sup>1</sup> [“Boss” in H.P.B.’s letters is Mr. Sinnett, but this “old Boss” is H.S.O.—C. J.]

<sup>2</sup> [Till his death only a few years ago, H.P.B.’s servant Babula received a pension from the Society.—C. J.]

I will see what I can do to review the Pratt's book. It is very *occult* no doubt, quite esoteric ideas some, yet terribly heretical and materialistic, these "New Aspects of Life". I hope the O. Gentleman will help me.

In haste yours ever

H. P. BL—<sup>1</sup>.

Send with this mail, Mohini's "Few Words" and my answer, I had asked him to write down his grievance *for me to send to you privately*—never to address it to "sincere theosophists and make public.—Well there is of the Loyola and Pecksniff in him combined. I wish it could be published, *but not by you but by Tookaram*—(for they would laugh at you if *you do* yourself, and I do not want to take out what I wrote of you for it is the truth<sup>2</sup>, though you are a d—d humbug with me often enough. But I love you sincerely, still. Well good bye.

H. P. B.

<sup>1</sup> [The signature after Bl is a wave in ink.—C. J.]

<sup>2</sup> [See "On the Watch Tower", p. 554, and p. 582.—C. J.]