

about his long and interesting life as a violinist and conductor, the artists and composers he had met, his years in Paris, the loves of his life and ... Theosophy.

At the time, the colorful and vibrant sixties, my head was filled with Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, and the Iron Butterfly. I was certain that I was going to change the world. Bob Dylan was my hero, the war in Vietnam was horrible, Woodstock was still in the making, and at night I sat down together with some student friends of mine, trying to understand what Jean Paul Sartre meant when he wrote that humans are condemned to be free. In addition to all that, this old man was talking to me about Theosophy.

Was not aware of the existence of anything like a Theosophical Society, but intrigued by his many tales, one day I asked him if he had ever joined a group or circle of people interested in Theosophy. His reply was significant; he had never considered joining any Theosophical Society because as far as he was concerned, Theosophy was wonderful, it had been a beacon all through his life, and helped him to live through the war years, but one had to be very careful with Theosophists. When I asked why one needed to show caution when dealing with them, he said that brotherhood was embedded in their first object, but that there was so much disharmony among them that, as a classically trained violinist, he couldn't participate in what he called "Karlheinz Stockhausen's cacophony." (Stockhausen was a modern and controversial German composer known for using a twelve tone technique that often assaults one's hearing.)

It took me more than twenty-six years to join a Theosophical Society. The words of my old Jewish friend had apparently been implanted in my memory, and my fascination for Theosophy was still there. From November 17, 1994 onward, as a member of the TS Adyar (much later I joined all existing Societies), I witnessed all the good but also the bad that active members in the Societies cause.

It is apparent that some people live very much in the past or gain their inspiration solely from the many conflicts that took place in the past. In an earlier editorial, I referred to that as "hijacking" a conflict, thus making it one's own. Although good people are energetically trying to live up to what sister and brotherhood stand for, a small isolated group seems to point out continuously