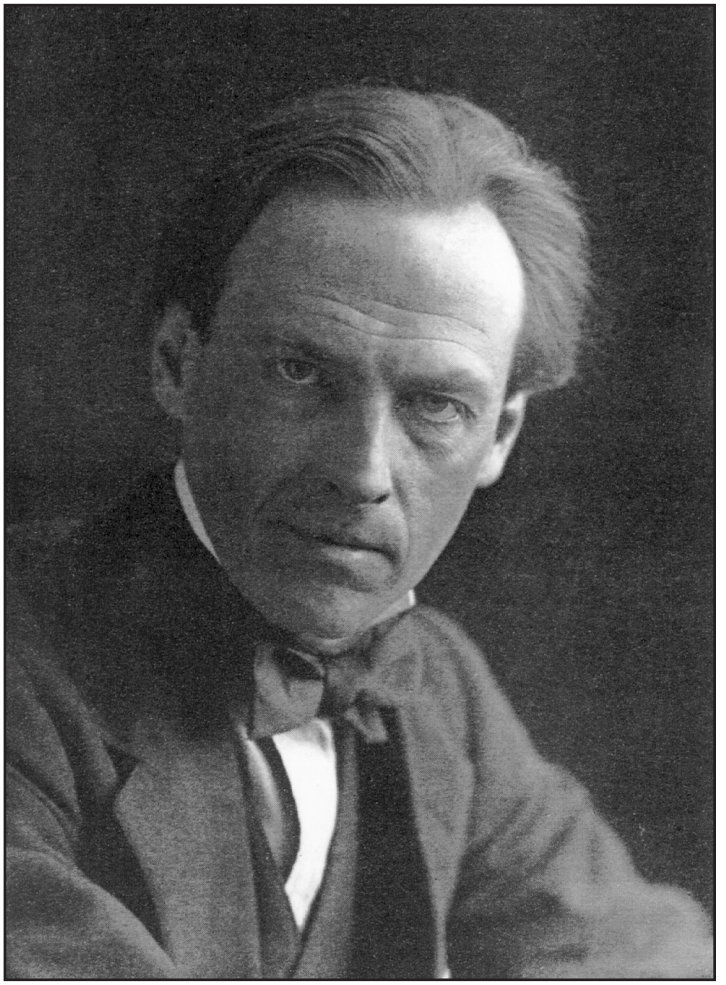
Theosophical History Occasional Papers

Volume VII

Cyril Scott and A Hidden School: Towards the Peeling of an Onion



Cyril Scott "in middle age. Taken during a concert tour in Canada [1921]." [Reproduced with permission from Vivien Stafford and Desmond Scott.]

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Editor: James A. Santucci

Vol. VII

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THEOSOPHICAL HISTORY
Fullerton, California

Composition and Layout by Robert Hütwohl,
Spirit of the Sun Publications, Santa Fe, New Mexico
using Adobe Goudy, Goudy Text Lombardic Caps and
Monotype Corp's Gill Sans typefaces.

Printed on acid-free paper

ISSN 1068-2597
ISBN 1-883279-00-3 (series)
ISBN 1-883279-07-0 (v. VII)

Printed in the United States of America

Cyril Scott and A Hidden School: Towards the Peeling of an Onion

by Jean Overton Fuller

There is a group of books, anonymously and pseudonymously published which excited enormous interest in the 1920s and '30s and exerts unexpected influence now. First comes, *The Initiate, Some Impressions of a Great Soul* (1920)[1], followed by *The Initiate in the New World* (1927)[2] and *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle* (1932)[3], all presented as "by His Pupil." In the first, the storyteller, Charles Broadbent, meets, in worldly London, Justin Morewood Haig, a man who seems at first to be as other men, though he dispenses advice—in which non-jealousy is a recurrent theme—which, though provocative is found by its recipients eye-opening. He accepts Broadbent as his pupil, but then the latter wakes one morning to find on his pillow a rose, and beneath it a note from Haig, saying he has been called elsewhere. Broadbent had—from living in hotels—locked the door of his room before going to bed. So Haig was an Initiate.

In the second book, Broadbent received, some years later, a letter from Haig summoning him to Boston, USA, where he is now conducting a school. In the school arrive also two girls, Clare, who is beautiful, and Viola, who is clever and spiritual. Broadbent falls in love with Clare, but is told by Haig it is Viola he must marry, or his progress will be impeded. It is admitted that there is between them a slight physical aversion, which can, however, be overcome. It may seem strange that an Initiate should wish to couple persons between whom there existed even the slightest physical aversion. In the third book, we are back in England. Viola and Broadbent are married and it has turned out better than they thought; but they are mourning the death of a woman medium, whom they call Chris, with whose teachings they compare those of Krishnamurti, to the disadvantage of the latter. Viola likens him to a World Piano-Teacher come to tell us all professors of the piano were so many obstacles to learning to play it.[4] The quip is unfair, because Krishnamurti expressly exempts from his observations skills requiring for their

[1] *The Initiate; Some Impressions of a Great Soul,* by His Pupil (London: Routledge, 1920).

[2] *The Initiate in the New World*, by His Pupil (London: Routledge, 1927).

[3] *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*, by His Pupil (London: Routledge, 1932) first chapter.

[4] *Ibid.*, 25.

accomplishment time and practice, such as learning to speak a foreign language or play a musical instrument. They are not what he is talking about. Viola and Broadbent ask themselves whether Krishnamurti is teaching Advaita[5]— monism in which the individual has no real existence, and pore over lines in one of his Star Bulletins, "The 'I' is the limitation of separateness . . . wall of limitation . . ."[6] I think one must be careful here. Whenever Krishnamurti uses the words "I" and "me" in a bad sense, he has in mind the illusion that "my" good can be had at the expense of "your" good, which puts us in competition with each other. He is not saying we do not exist. If I may intervene in this conversation I would like to say that while it is true that consciousness must have an envelope, even though that may be the very finest cell, the walls are surely permeable. The great waves of life and of the other lives are flowing through us, so that we are not separate from others. St. Paul says it beautifully, "We are members of one another."[7] He did not mean "We do not exist" and I do not think Krishnamurti means that either. His meaning is psychological. Let me put it this way: if I am looking at a rose, loving the subtle depths of its colour, the shape into which the petals curve, the perfume, that is one thing; but if I see myself looking at the rose, then there is no longer the rose but only me. While I was looking at the rose, I was not.

A telegram arrives. It is from Haig, the Initiate, telling Broadbent to take a certain train from Paddington and get into a blue car that he will find waiting. We are not told the town, but emerging from the station he does find the blue car. It takes him to a black and white Tudor house, where Haig awaits him and introduces him to an elderly gentleman in a skull cap,[8] "Sir Thomas", who seems to be a Master. Mystery is made of the location, but from the grounds there is a view of wooded hills, while Broadbent's awakening in the morning by a "concert of innumerable birds"[9] suggests trees near the house. It is in an oak-paneled room.[10] Sir Thomas answers a question about Krishnamurti: he "cut himself adrift from the White Lodge and repudiated all of us."[11] I do not believe a Master would have said that.

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[5] *Ibid.*, 73-74.

[6] *Ibid.*, 75.

[7] *The Bible*; Romans, xii, 5.

[8] *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*, 110, 133.

[9] *Ibid.*, 133.

[10] *Ibid.*, 122.

[11] *Ibid.*, 136.

Next we come to a series of books by David Anrias. The first is *Through the Eyes of the Masters* (1932)[12], "dedicated with affection to Rose and Cyril Scott in memory of time spent at Rye during 1932" with an "Introduction by the author of The Initiate etc." Here is an enormous clue. Scott would later acknowledge authorship of the *Initiate* trilogy, but the attraction of the Anrias book lies in his portraits of the Masters, in which he shows a deft pencil. Morya, he says, was Akbar. That Leadbeater said. That Koot Hoomi had been Pythagoras is also in Leadbeater. The identification of the Venetian (who seems to be Anrias's own) with Paolo Veronese was proposed by Dr. Weller van Hook in an article in *The Theosophist* in December 1921: "Some Artistic Labours of the Lord of the Cultural System." This was disputed by Maria von Szlemenics (November 1923). But I notice that Veronese died on the day Dürer was born, 6 April 1458. The esotericism of Dürer is the more obvious[13], but it could be a case of same-day reincarnation. That Hilarion was St. Paul is I believe correct. The portrait of the Mahachohan is not as I saw him, in an unexpected vision, which may of course have been subjective, but it is as Leadbeater describes him. Rakoczy, by some fluke, does not appear at all. In compensation, he appears as the frontispiece of the second edition. He does not look like the portrait of Rakoczy, or like that of Saint-Germain, which somewhat resembles it. And why is it said in the Foreword, "It depicts him prior to the death of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and reflects the fashion of that period?"[14] Considering that the entire life of Rakoczy was consumed in trying to relieve Hungary from oppression by Austria, an endeavour apparently continued by Saint-Germain, it seems tactless. The clue is in the next book by Anrias, *Adepts of the Five Elements* wherein, again, Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria is referred to in terms that make evident that Anrias thought of him as a further incarnation of the Master, who, in the terrible tragedy of Mayerling', "died putting love before all else."[15] No. Masters do not commit suicide. They are absolutely against it.[16] But in my memory there resurges a film, which I saw as a child with my mother. It was called, I think, simply *Mayerling*, a black-and-white silent, and I seem to see again Frederick March and Madeline Carroll in the roles of the star-crossed lovers, their story culminating in the suicide pact and the meeting in the hunting-lodge at Mayerling, in which they shoot themselves. The cinema in which we saw it was a

[12] David Anrias, *Through the Eyes of the Masters Meditations and Portraits*, revised ed. (London, Routledge, 1932) 1936, fourth impression.

[13] See my article, "Dürer's Secret Seal", in *Theosophical History* (London), vol. 3, no. 2 (April 1989): cover illustration and 78.

[14] *Through the Eyes of the Masters*, xi.

[15] David Anrias, *Adepts of the Five Elements* (London: Routledge, 1933), 46-47.

[16] *The Mahatma Letters* (London: Rider, 1923), 109 and *passim*.

small one in Hove, and it was from 1929 to—at the latest—spring 1931, that my mother and I had a flat near that cinema, which brings it very close to the time at which Anrias would have been writing that book, published in 1935. The possibility that it could have been that very film that he saw and by which he was so carried away that his imagination put Rakoczy into the Frederick March role, conveys a warning, that he was very susceptible to vibrations but not always those he thought. With past reincarnations, he could sometimes hit the nail on the head, but sometimes very much askew.

The portraits in *Through the Eyes of the Masters* are there for a reason: because, Cyril Scott's Introduction explains, Krishnamurti has depreciated the value of the Masters."[17] No, Krishnamurti never "depreciated" the Masters. He warned that people's visions of these persons whom they had not met in the flesh could embody their own preconceptions, and be in that sense illusory. The book culminates in what is presented as a telepathic communication from the Lord Maitreya to Anrias: that Krishnamurti had taken initiations along a devic line, "impersonal and detached," which made him "all but impossible to be used as my medium."[18] Some Theosophists still find this convincing, but the characteristic of devas is specialisation; they only do one thing: tend a shrine, tend flowers or women in childbirth, inspire music; to be able to do many things is human, and Krishnamurti, able to mend a car, change a baby's nappies or clean out a cowshed, is fully human. He does not like detachment. The communication continues, "Krishnamurti was right to emphasise the necessity for independent thought, he was wrong in assuming that everyone else, regardless of past karma and present limitations, could instantly reach that point which he himself had only reached through lives of effort."[19] But Krishnamurti is trying to cut out, for others, the labour of the long road by which he had come; trying, it seems to me, to make instant Arhats. The beauty of his teaching is, one can come to it without preparation, the person without preparation stands as much chance as the person with, for the preparation is irrelevant and indeed can get in one's way.

Adepts of the Five Elements carries the horoscope of the Theosophical Society with those of its leading figures imposed on it. That for Leadbeater is calculated for his supposed birth date, not his real one. Anrias should not be blamed for failure to spot this as the *satellitia* in Aquarius and Pisces could have fitted him.

Anrias's third book, *Man and the Zodiac*[20], is astrological, with his pencil drawings of human types.

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[17] *Through the Eyes of the Masters*, 17-18.

[18] *Ibid.*, 66.

[19] *Ibid.*, 67.

[20] David Anrias, *Man and the Zodiac* (London: Routledge, 1938).

Who was Anrias? To eliminate the possibility he could be another pseudonym of Scott, I wrote to Routledge, his publishers. They said he was B.A. Ross. I wrote also to Adyar, and Pedro R.M. Oliveira replied that according to their records his name was Brian Ross, and he stayed for about two years but did not become a member. Before we consider Scott's books further, it may help if we study his life. There are three obvious sources, a biography of him written before he was forty by Eaglesfield Hull[21], an early memoir by himself, *My Years of Indiscretion*[22], and his later autobiography *Bone of Contention*[23]. There is also a more recent, specialised study, *Cyril Scott and his Piano Music*, by Professor Ian Parrott.[24]

Scott was born on 27 September 1879, with Virgo rising he tells us, at Oxton, on the Wirral peninsula, on the outskirts of Birkenhead. His father was managing director of a shipping firm in Liverpool, and he walked every day the two and a half miles from The Laurels to the ferry across the Mersey from Birkenhead to Liverpool, and in the evening walked the same two and a half miles back. Yet he was an amateur scholar of New Testament Greek and his heart was in his linguistic studies of the Gospels. He had no vices but his absorption in something too abstruse for his son made him seem remote. It was from his mother Cyril had his love of music and from infancy he could play by ear the tunes, mostly hymns, she played and sang at their piano. A piano-teacher was engaged for him, and after a brief period at a day-school he was sent to Frankfurt for specialised musical education. He came back to rejoin his parents, not in their home but in the nearby seaside of New Brighton where they were staying for a while, but walked with his father to the ferry to Liverpool, where a piano teacher had been discovered for him, and back again daily. It was on a trip to Southport that he happened to come upon Swami Vivekananda's book *Raja Yoga*, which opened for him metaphysical vistas.

His parents had supposed him destined to a career as a virtuoso pianist, but his interest was now clearly switching to composing, and so when he was sixteen he was sent back to Frankfurt to study composition. During his first visit to Germany he had gone for walks with the poet Stefan George, till the latter, without trying to seduce him, confessed to him Oscar Wilde-like proclivities and suggested it would be better for them not to meet again until Cyril had grown old enough not to be boyishly attractive. Now they did meet again, and it was George who obtained for him the performance of his first symphony, at Darmstadt.

In 1899, towards the end of his twentieth year, he returned to England, this time to Liverpool,

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[21] A. Eaglesfield Hull, *Cyril Scott, Composer, Poet and Philosopher*, (London: Kegan Paul, 1919).

[22] Cyril Scott, *My Years of Indiscretion* (London: Mills & Boon, 1924).

[23] Cyril Scott, *Bone of Contention, Life Story and Confessions* (London: Aquarian Press, 1969), 19.

[24] Ian Parrott, *Cyril Scott and his Piano Music* (London: Thames, 1922).

where he did some teaching as well as composing. Here he met Dr. Charles Bonnier, Professor of French at Liverpool University, and, as they were neither of them comfortable in their rooms they took a house together. A poet himself, it was Bonnier who encouraged Scott to translate Stefan George's poems into English and even to write some of his own. Scott felt the older man to emanate an aura of goodness, from being in which he benefited.

Some time early in the new century, probably in the summer of 1902, Dr. Bonnier invited Scott to spend a few days with him at his home, near Calais, and then suggested they move on, together, to a hotel in Ambleteuse, a seaside town between Calais and Boulogne, where several friends of his would be congregated during August.

In Ambleteuse he met a Mrs. Stevenson, of whom more later, and also a couple who invited him to their home, in Shere, near Guildford, in sweet Surrey.

He was so charmed by the prettiness of the village that later he took rooms in it, returning to it for a number of holidays. It was in Shere he composed *Lotus Land*, in E flat minor (published in London by Elkin in 1905). A really distinguished and striking piece, with strange chords, it is his best known, still most appreciated work. What does the title mean? Probably most people will think first of that isle on to which Ulysses and his companions were blown—*Odyssey*, IX, 83-104—the indolent behaviour of whose inhabitants is unforgettably rendered in Tennyson's poem *The Lotus Eaters*. Yet Scott, despite the influence of Stefan George, was not much interested in the Greek, nor would the theme of indolent pleasure have appealed to him. The men are sunk in their dream, yes, but as I first played the opening bars, with those strange chords, I felt an association with the first of the Stanzas of The Book of Dzyan, which heads Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*: "The Eternal Parent wrapped in her Ever-Invisible Robes had slumbered once again for Seven Eternities." It is the awakening of the universe from its periodic latency. Is not the *matri padma*, mother lotus, from which the universe is born? "The matri Padma had not yet swollen." I hunted through all the references to "lotus" in *The Secret Doctrine*, and they seemed to confirm that Brahmâ sat on a lotus, Brahmâ was contained in the lotus. Now I do not know if Scott read these passages, but referring to Kreisler's success in Japan with an adaptation of the piece he had made for violin, he links the appreciation of his music by Orientals to his "extensive study of Oriental philosophy."

But Scott may also have thought of Egypt as the land of the lotus, especially if—reader as he was of Theosophical works—he had read that Theosophical classic, *The Idyll of the White Lotus* by Mabel Collins (1884).

The house in Liverpool was given up when Dr. Bonnier retired, to the south of France, and Scott, for the furtherance of his career, moved down to London, first to Chelsea, later to North Kensington. He also spent a little time in Paris, making the acquaintance of Debussy and Ravel, in whose work he was interested. In London he gave a series of recitals of his own works at the Bechstein (later Wigmore) Hall, wrote three operas, a ballet, orchestral works, pianoforte solos,

pianoforte concertos, songs . . . He received invitations to write incidental music for straight plays. His second symphony was conducted by Sir Henry Wood at a promenade concert. His compositions began to be printed and published, so that he had some income from royalties. But underneath this busy, musical life there was a seeking for spiritual understanding. The ancient philosophies of India attracted him. He sought out books on the Vedanta. He took lessons in physiological yoga from a man he calls, probably pseudonymously, Florin Jones, whose knowledge of Tantric yoga was owed to a teacher of it, Dr. P.A. Bernard, who lived in Nyack, near New York, to whom he would give him an introduction if ever he visited the United States; and when Swami Abhedananda, the successor of his idol Swami Vivekananda visited London, he took immediate steps to make his acquaintance. Exactly when he became interested in Theosophy we do not know; he says when a Christian Scientist (ironically) took him to hear Annie Besant lecturing at the Queen's Hall, but Mrs. Besant, though headquartered in India, came and gave a lecture at the Queen's Hall almost every year. Eaglesfield Hull says that in a lecture Scott compared the mystical interpretation of Wagner's work by Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump with that of Shaw; Mrs. Cleather was a member of Blavatsky's Inner Group, which takes the mind back; it was 1892 when she met Basil Crump, but though they were not much in England they lectured together on Wagner and Buddhism for some thirty years, all over the world, in England occasionally.

Scott's six books of poetry are long out of print, but five of the poems from them are in his book of musical compositions entitled *Poems* (Schott, 1912), of which photocopies can be bought in music shops. The pieces are not settings of the poems; the words cannot be sung to them and are printed not between the staves but on separate pages; they have been used simply as inspirations for the pieces of the same titles, which are "Poppies," "The Garden of Soul-sympathy," "Bells," "The Twilight of the Year" and "Paradise Birds." The poetry is written in a nineteenth century style—not surprising as it was back in 1896 he first had it published—with perhaps some influence of Dowson—but the music is very modern: not a key signature to be seen anywhere, great crops of accidentals everywhere and innumerable changes of time signature, including such as 10/8, 11/16 and 15/16. The little pairs of sequential notes in "Poppies" seem to imitate the nodding of the flowers in the breeze, but in "Bells" the sixths and augmented sixths peal down in a veritable carillon. Generally considered as amongst the most striking of Scott's pieces, they are in fact beautiful.

This near mimicry can also be felt in *Water Wagtail* (1906), where the music, mostly in C major, 2/4 time, makes one believe Scott had really looked at the dainty bird, which, between the sudden rushes on its little feet, stops to make the little flirts of its tail.

His enjoyment of birds is also shown in his having made a musical setting for R.M. Watson's poem, "Blackbirds Song" (1906).

Scott's opus 50 *Asphodel*, 1906, is dedicated "For Robert King." From the Theosophical archives in London, Barry Thompson found for me that Robert King, of "69 Basenbury (?) St., Liverpool Rd,

Islington N," applied for membership on 6 May, 1893, sponsored by "John (?) Scobie and Arthur (?) Slee," and received his "diploma on the 10th; Blavatsky Lodge, then North London. Resigned 9/6/06, applied to rejoin 11/6/1911; diploma issued 29/9/11." 1906 was the year of the Leadbeater scandal. It was his later reinstatement that caused the big wave of resignations; for King to have resigned when he did shows sympathy with him. He was an astrologer and in 1909 sat for Sinnett as a medium. He was also a member of the Liberal Catholic Church. Thompson found from the archives that Scott applied for membership on 26 November 1914, sponsored by Robert King and Mrs. Davis, and on the following day received his diploma as an unattached member.

When on 6 August 1915 Archbishop Mathew issued a pastoral forbidding Liberal Catholic clergy to join the Theosophical Society or Order of the Star in the East, or if they belonged already requiring them to resign their memberships, those who refused included Canon King. F.S. Willoughby, earlier expelled, consecrated King to the episcopate on 26 September.

Scott's *Carillon, Egypt (An Album of Five Impressions)*, 1913, is dedicated "To my Friend, Mrs. Marie Russak, That enlightened Seer who brought back for me the memory of my past Egyptian lives." Mrs. Russak, an American Theosophist, having been for three years in India, was in London to watch the coronation procession of George V in 1910, which suggests an approximate period during which Scott could have come to know her. The five *Impressions* are (1) In the Temple of Memphis (2) By the Waters of the Nile (3) Egyptian Boat Song (4) Funeral March of the Great Rameses (5) Song of the Spirits of the Nile.

Scott was still living in London when the Great War broke out. He says nothing about it in his first memoir and little in his final autobiography. My first reaction was that, absorbed in his musical activities, he was one of those people who "didn't notice there was a war on."

My friend and partner Timothy d'Arch Smith told me Scott married a woman, Rose Allatini, thought to be a lesbian since under the pen-name of A.T. Fitzroy she wrote a novel about homosexuals and conscientious objectors, which was the object, in 1918, of a prosecution, for sedition, not obscenity. The publisher was convicted and all copies ordered to be destroyed. The title was *Despised and Rejected*. He had not seen it but had heard that it had been recently reissued, and thought that I should read it—also a book, *Sex Variant Women in Literature*, by Jeanette Foster, which might have something about her.

It came to me that Rose was probably Viola—one flower-name for another—in the *Initiate* books. If she were a lesbian, it would explain the slight physical aversion between herself and Scott, in spite of which they married, though, as quoted on page 1, it seemed to me strange an Initiate would really want to couple two persons between whom there existed even the slightest physical aversion.

I wrote to London Library for both books. The Foster contained only a brief reference to the novel, as being by the "wife of Cyril Scott."[25]

[25] Jeanette Foster, *Sex Variant Women in Literature* (London: Muller, 1953), 261-63.

Despised and Rejected came as a reprint from GMP, believed to stand for Gay Men's Press. The Introduction, by Jonathan Cutbill, referred to it as "the most important lesbian and gay novel of the time."[26]

Rose Allatini, the author, Cutbill said, was born in Vienna, about 1890, of Italian father and Polish mother, brought up in England, had published a romance published by Mills & Boon and would later publish many more, under the pseudonym Eunice Buckley. In 1921 she married Cyril Scott.

The novel opens in a small country hotel, at Amberhurst, in June 1914. The guests are trying to get up amateur theatricals. One, Hester, is admired by another girl, Antoinette. From Hester's being the first mentioned, one imagines she is to be the heroine, but this is not so. It is Antoinette de Courcy, of French extraction but brought up in England, who is the chief character. This becomes plain when Dennis Blackwood arrives. He is a composer, which of course makes one think at once of Cyril Scott. He thinks Antoinette is a lesbian, but nevertheless likes her. Indeed, she likes him. They become interested in each other, promise to write, pass from the lawns lit from the hotel to a small railway bridge over the branch line which serves Amberhurst. On the bridge they halt to watch the sparks of a train passing through.[27] "He felt the sudden desire to stroke her head, just where the hair was quite smooth before it broke into the mass of short curls over her ears and round the nape of her neck." They very nearly kiss, yet avoid doing so. They will write . . .[28]

Antoinette is invited by Hester to visit her, but no longer finds her interesting. Hester drops from the story. It is the letters from Dennis that interest Antoinette. He tells her of his childhood. He had hated his school. Weakly, he had been bullied by stronger boys and hidden his musical nature. This makes him sound very like Scott, as he writes in his *Bone of Contention* and elsewhere. But just when she is getting to depend on them, they stopped coming.

From this point, it is Dennis who takes over the narrative. The style of the opening had been that of women's romantic fiction. This so entirely drops that I wondered if Scott had taken it over, and that was why Hester had been dropped, as needless to the story. As we now read, Dennis, the composer, and a man friend, intend to visit Land's End and take the train that stops at Crannock, but find there is no connection to Penzance that day. Dennis, seeing nothing else to do in this small Cornish town, takes a walk, and finds himself in the environs of a coal-mine.[29] There he meets a

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[26] A.T. Fitzroy [*pseud.* Rose Allatini], *Despised and Rejected* (London: 1918, confiscated; reissued, with an Introduction by Jonathan Cutbill, London: GMP, 1988), iii.

[27] *Ibid.*, 51.

[28] *Ibid.*, 53ff.

[29] *Ibid.*, 95.

most appealing boy, Alan. They begin to talk. Then Dennis is swept by such a rush of feeling that to prevent himself from committing an impropriety he beats a retreat to the hotel. That night, he does not write to Antoinette. Or the next.

Cutbill, in his introduction, expresses surprise the author should have situated a coal-mine in Cornwall, where there is no coal. This at least I can illuminate. I once took the train that goes as far as Camelford and walked the six miles to Tintagel, passing on the way the opening of a smaller road that led down to what looked like a coal-mine. On arriving I expressed to my hostess surprise there should be a coal-mine, as my recollection of a geological map of England was that it did not show that there was coal in Cornwall. Marie Steward said there wasn't. What I had passed was the big lead-quarry at Delabole.

In London, Dennis meets Antoinette again. This time he puts his arm round her and says, "Antoinette, will you marry me? It will be all right, dear . . . really it will."[30]

When yet again he repeats, "It will be all right," she asks him what he means. He says they are both of them attracted to their own sex. The fact that they understand that, in themselves and in each other, will enable then to make allowances. It had never before occurred to Antoinette that the emotions she had felt for other women had a sexual basis. She had never heard of homosexuality and he has to explain. This all seems to her very strange, but as it is something they seem to have in common, she accepts it. On the basis that they both know the truth about each other, and share something, if it is only "the same kink", they become engaged, or seem to be becoming engaged. It is like their first kiss, on the railway bridge, which was not quite. But then Dennis meets Alan again, in London, and this time he is unable to master the temptation and intercourse takes place.

He does not keep this from Antoinette. She asks him if, when he kisses her, he thinks of Alan. Honesty obliges him to say, "Yes."[31] This is bleak for her, but she has now become so attached to him she cannot bear to be separated, and begs him, "not to cut me off entirely . . . I can't do without you."[32] All dignity gone, she pleads with him—the only man who, with her peculiar temperament, she could ever love.[33] They must keep in, somehow.

By this time the war is on, and it is in a Miss Mowbray's tea-rooms that they meet, all three, in the afternoons, Antoinette trying not to be jealous of Alan's importance to Dennis. Dennis and Alan are both conscientious objectors, and she learns their arguments. Not only will they not fight, they

[30] *Ibid.*, 170.

[31] *Ibid.*, 283.

[32] *Ibid.*, 285-86.

[33] *Ibid.*, 323.

will not accept non-combatant work that would free another man to go to the front and be killed in their place. Antoinette, her loyalty to Dennis necessarily including loyalty to Alan as his friend, valiantly repeats and defends their arguments to those who condemn them. Here I would put in that conscientious objectors were recognised in the first world war as in the second, only it was expected they do farm work or the like. A respected organisation for them to join was the Friends Ambulance Unit. It was not necessary to be a Quaker to join. Dr. C.J. Cadoux, Congregational minister, having already qualifications in first aid, stretcher and ambulance work, was passed straight in, but for those needing the teaching a course was provided. Extracts from Cadoux's diary for 26 and 27 April 1915 reveal the Unit so close to the lines at Ypres that a shell was coming over about every ten minutes.[34] They were transporting wounded between mobile hospitals, positions of which presumably changed as the lines changed. Did he not perhaps have a happier war than the habitués of Miss Mowbray's tea-room waiting to feel a policeman's hand on their shoulders? What made their arrest inevitable was their refusal to do anything at all. The book ends with Alan and Dennis in separate prisons, Dennis breaking stones which will ruin his hands for the piano, and Barnaby on the last two pages explaining to Antoinette that although homosexuals are *Despised and Rejected* today, they are the forerunners of a future type in which the qualities of the two sexes will be combined.[35]

It is a remarkable book. The two chief characters, Antoinette and Dennis, are pathetically and admirably honest with one another.

I think the book is seditious, because it savours of conspiracy to discourage recruitment and resistance to conscription. It seems to me unwise to have included amongst the habitués of Miss Mowbray's tea-rooms an Irish couple of nationalists, and a trapdoor into a studio that concealed literature that would have sent them to prison. This played upon the English fear that the Irish would invite the Germans to come and use Ireland as a springboard from which to attack England. That was indeed the proposition made to Berlin by Sir Roger Casement, hanged for treason. Incidentally, Casement was a homosexual, though to have leaked his diaries to lower sympathy for him was mean. But most conscientious objectors were neither homosexuals nor Irish. Many homosexuals served in the armed forces, and not all Irish wanted the Germans in. My father, an officer of the regular Indian Army, on leave, and my mother crossed the Irish Sea on the night of 3 August in a ship without lights for fear of German submarines, to reach Dublin on 4 August, 1914, the day war was declared. It was to visit my mother's father, Colonel Smith RAMC, temporarily stationed there, and my mother remembered his half-humorously asking the lift-boy in the hotel, "Are you going to ask the Germans in, now, to get us out?" and getting the smiling reply. "No, Sir. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't." This seems to have been the attitude of many Irish.

[34] Elaine Keys, *C.J. Cadoux, Theologian, Scholar and Pacifist* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1988), 54.

[35] *Despised and Rejected*, 348-49.

In lumping together three different types of people, homosexuals, conscientious objectors and Irish, the book rendered doubtful service to any, since the implied alignment could prove counter-productive.

The book was published on 22 May 1918, and the trial of the publisher, C.W. Daniel, was held on 25 September and 10 October of that year, at the Mansion House, before Sir Charles Wakefield. I obtained photocopies of the issues of *The Times* for the days that would carry the law reports. That for 27 September said, "It was stated that the book was written by Miss Rose Allatini, whose *nom de plume* was A.T. Fitzroy" and that for 11 October repeated, "The book was written by Miss Rose Allatini." Sir Charles, pronouncing sentence, said he would have sent Daniel to prison, but on account of his ill-health was fining him £450, to be paid within twenty-eight days. All copies to be destroyed.

The Theosophical Society did not enjoin upon its members any course in the war. George Lansbury was a member and a conscientious objector; Geoffrey Hodson was a member and served in the Tank Corps. I think the question is a very difficult one. There may be behind it an atavistic feeling of which caste one belongs to. Krishna told Arjuna he had to fight, because he was of the Kshatriya (Warrior) caste. Krishnamurti (though he rejected caste) could never have been expected to fight, since he was of the Brahmin caste. It was the duty of the Kshatriya, not the duty of a Brahmin.

It does not seem that Scott himself registered as a conscientious objector, for in *Bone of Contention* he writes: "Being exempt from military service . . . the best thing to do was to make myself useful by playing at concerts in connection with War Charities . . . towards the end of the war, I was hauled up for medical re-examination, put into the C3 category, and finally served with a notice obliging me to do clerical work."[36] Scott sounds a bit peevish, but one must remember that—unlike in the Second World War—there was nothing especially wicked in the Germany of that time. There were no Nazis. It was the system of alliances that brought about the first world war. Once the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary was shot by a Serb nationalist in Sarajevo, Austria felt obliged to send troops into Serbia, Russia to come to the aid of her fellow Slavs, Germany to that of her fellow Germanics; there the conflict might have rested but that Francs, remembering the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and fearing invasion again by a Germany becoming too powerful, entered the fray on the side of Russia—thus provoking Germany to attempt the re-invasion feared, taking a short cut to France through Belgium, whose borders Britain was pledged to defend. That brought us in. It was misjudgments by statesmen that let us all in for that God-shocking carnage in the mud. Scott had lived eight years in Germany, and for him it was the home of music and Stefan George.

In his autobiography, Scott writes[37]:

[36] *Bone of Contention*, 142.

[37] *Ibid.*, 158.

> Around 1919-20, I made, through the theosophist and psychic consultant Robert King, a contact which was to have a very marked effect on my inner life . . . King had said to me, "If you want a nice place to go for week-ends or longer, I have some friends named Chaplin who run a sort of rest-house at Crowhurst near Hastings. I often go there myself and it would be very pleasant if you came too. Mrs. Chaplin has remarkable psychic gifts.

Though it was not necessary to be sick in order to stay at The Firs, Alec Chaplin had devised a form of colour therapy—beams of coloured lights from lamps—which proved beneficial to a number of ailing persons whom orthodox medicine had failed to cure. It was his wife, Nelsa, however, who was to Scott the more important. Between fifty and sixty, with silvery white hair, small and always busy, looking after her various charges, now trying to sort out the troubles of some couple and now coping with an epileptic, she was, he revealed now, the medium he had called Chris in *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*. To Scott she confided that from her childhood she had visions of a being whom she felt to be very wonderful, though she did not know who he was until, one day when grown up, she felt such vibrations from a locket being worn by another woman that she asked her to open it for her. Then, she saw within the locket the portrait of the being she had seen in her visions. She asked who this was, and was told, "The Master Koot Hoomi."[38] As Scott says, this has its parallel with the story of Alice Bailey—with the difference that Nelsa Chaplin did not make public that she had a personal contact with the Master.

I wrote to Barry Thompson to ask if Alex or Nelsa Chaplin became members of the Theosophical Society. He found for me that they received their diplomas, as unattached members, on 21 January 1919. Their Sponsors were A.P. Sinnett and the Rev. Robert King.

Here was a surprise link-up. I had not suspected Sinnett's connection with this group. But then, it is not every woman who goes round wearing a locket containing a copy of one of the portraits in the Shrine Room, supposed not to be seen except by members of the Esoteric School. Perhaps she was the famous "Mary"—Maud Travers—Sinnett's medium till, after her marriage to Scott-Elliot she was succeeded, in 1909, by Robert King: as far as regular mediumship was concerned, for she continued association with the Sinnett household though on a more personal basis. Jinarajadasa does not believe in the abilities of any of Sinnett's mediums, "Mary," King or others, but the point of interest here is just that they all knew each other: Sinnett, Maud Travers, Scott-Elliot, King, Nelsa Chaplin, and Scott.

I wrote to Hastings Public Library to ask if The Firs was a real place, and if so where, in the town, it was, and whether anything was known of the Chaplins. My friend Timothy d'Arch Smith told me that as a child he had been taken by his mother for holidays to Crowhurst village. They had stayed at a hotel in the angle between the main Hastings to Battle Road and the small road leading to Crowhurst. The hotel belonged to timber-merchants, called Howard, as did most of the extensive woodlands that were the main feature of the neighbourhood. From Hastings I received

[38] *Ibid.*, 159.

two street-maps, on which the position of The Firs was marked. It was not far from the small railway station, but, on the Old Fore Road, facing an extensive area dotted by the map-maker with trees, to show its forestation. It was called Fore Wood. The branch railway line ran through the Fore Wood, and was crossed by what must be a bridge over the Old Fore Road, very close to The Firs. There was more woodland behind The Firs, and indeed trees on both sides of it as well. It was the Crowhurst end of the road running up to join the Hastings to Battle Road my friend had mentioned. Surrounded by woods, it must have been a secluded place, and if indeed it was, as Scott would later say, through Mrs. Chaplin that the Master Koot Hoomi gave teaching to a few, the hidden school being camouflaged by the work being done there by her husband.

The Hastings Reference Librarian gave me the address—in the Old Fore Road—of a Mr. Springford, author of *Crowhurst, A Village in History*. I wrote to Mr. Springford. He had never heard of anything in the nature of a spiritual school in The Firs, to which he lived almost next door, but he wrote:

> The Chaplins were of course here in the twenties but the following extract from the parish magazine of November 1918 shows that he was here then: "Mr. Chaplin of The Firs has very kindly and generously offered one of his rooms for the use of the lads of Crowhurst during the winter evenings. We think that most people know of Mr. Chaplin's wonderful knowledge of science and electricity, and of the kindly disposition of Mrs. Chaplin. We do not doubt that the lads would from time to time be provided with many an interesting evening—but apart from this there is a billiard table and room for games . . ." We always supposed that Mr. Chaplin was a doctor of medicine. He and his wife made use of the therapeutic properties of electricity (and, I understand, X-rays) in the treatment of mental illness. One metal globe was suspended above another, current from a generator produced resistance, a spark, shock "and ozone." The patient was alone in a chamber at the back of the house facing a bank the walls of which were a foot thick. Chaplin was also concerned with T.B. treatment and the surrounding upper field contained chalets for patients . . . .

Was it at The Firs that Scott met Rose, and how long had he known her? Even in his autobiography, there has been a veiling of trails. Thus he writes[39]:

> Although I visited The Firs several times before my American tour in 1920-21, it was not until after my return that I made my first conscious contact with the Master K.H. But prior to the tour I did meet and form a friendship with the novelist who was subsequently to become my wife.

Here is economy with the truth. The impression is created that it was only just prior to his departure for America, in October 1920, but we know that their association was much older. The novel they had written together, *Despised and Rejected*, was published in May 1918, and to get a book printed and published occupies some months, as also must the writing of it, before a publisher

[39] *Ibid.*, 162.

is found. And then, it is not exactly the kind of book one would start writing in cooperation with a person one had only just met. The story told in the book seems to cover a couple of years of association. Could they indeed have met, as told in the book, in June 1914? At that small private hotel?

I re-read the beginning of the novel. On the first page of the first chapter, the setting was named as Amberhurst Private Hotel. It always seemed to me an odd hotel in which the guests knew each other well enough for one of them to have written a play with parts for the others—more of a guest-house. There was no place called Amberhurst, but the -hurst part of it could disguise Crowhurst. It was nowhere said where it was, but obviously it was in the country. There was a lawn, which guests could view from the lounge in which they took their tea, or on to which, after dinner, they sauntered, carrying their coffee, the women's dresses light against the dark foliage of the trees. Firs do look dark. Antoinette and Dennis passed through the boundary of the property to stand on a small railway bridge. With the help of the street-map from Hastings, I traced their route from The Firs to the small railway bridge on which they had first—nearly—kissed.

The owners of the property do not appear in the novel, though I fancy Mrs. Chaplin figures, transported to the tea-shop in London, as Miss Mowbray, hostess to a strange lot of regulars.

An earlier dating would also better fit Scott's description of Robert King as a "psychic consultant." He had indeed, in his earlier days, advertised as a psychic consultant and astrologer, though he had probably given up doing so by the time he became a Bishop. Note that Scott became a member of the Society before the Chaplins, although it was Mrs. Chaplin who had the contact with Koot Hoomi from childhood.

I asked London Library for a list of what they had by Scott's wife, under any pseudonym. They only possessed three, but these they sent me: *Root and Branch* by Rose Allatini, *Destination Unknown*, Eunice Buckley, (London, Secker, 1942) and *Blue Danube*, Eunice Buckley (London, Dakers, 1943). All three were about Jewish or half Jewish families from Vienna but settled in England, written with such knowledge of their attitudes of mind that I thought probable Rose herself came from such a family, that probably her mother was not just Polish but Polish Jewish—in *Destination Unknown*, they had come to Vienna from Poland. *Root and Branch* opens with a conversation between Lionel, Polish Jewish, and his friend Carstairs: it is about a case that is to come up for hearing on the morrow. Lionel's grandfather, a K.C., is defending a man charged with murder. Lionel's sympathies are with the accused, because it was out of love that he killed his fiancée, at her request, to save her from incurable and agonising cancer. Grandfather gets him off, but though Lionel is delighted, Carstairs has the benefit of knowing a couple called the Baxters, who, like the Chaplins, run an informal guest-house for the disturbed. They had attempted to treat the unfortunate girl, but the cancer was the outworking of errors committed in lives past, and her lover, instead of, as he thought, putting her out of her misery, put her back in it, in the sense that he prevented her from getting rid of it, which meant that she would still have to deal with it in lives to come. The mercy-killer now has a karma to be liquidated.

But Carstairs steals Lionel's girl, Theodora. His cousin, Eila, has lost her young man to another woman, but falls in love with Lionel. Lionel tells her it was never the young man, Mario, whom she was in love with but his sister, Grazia.[40] Here, as in *Despised and Rejected*, we have the man telling the woman she was lesbian though she had not realised it. He tells her that when Carstairs took his girl, it was less the loss of the girl than of Carstairs that distressed him. "We're both a little bit twisted out of the norm, Eila; that's why things are more difficult for us than for other people."[41] He had given her, "a queer glimpse into a mental world shared . . . And it would be all right"[41] between them. "Everything would be all right."[42] So he said in *Despised and Rejected*. Eila has a holiday home in Cornwall and asks him down. He takes the train to the junction, changes on to the branch line, but then he should take a bus, and he walks—not this time into a coal-mine or slate quarry but to the wrong house, where he meets Denise. Note how like the name is to Dennis. He falls in love with her. Eila perceives "how he would love to hold in his arms that slender, boyish body"[43] but tries to accept the situation. They go out riding together. They pass down a narrow lane, Eila first, then Denise, then Lionel. A branch overhangs. Eila raises her crop to push it out of the way, but it slips and swings back. "Look out!" she calls, but the thought darts through her mind, "Supposing it was across her face."[44] It had knocked her right out of the saddle. Medical examination reveals injuries to the spine such that she will be flat on her back for the rest of her life. She implores Lionel to end her life. He implores his father, who is a doctor, to give her sufficient morphine to kill her, but his father will not do it. Lionel has only his bare hands, and cannot bring himself to use them to strangle her. He rushes from the room—and strangles Eila. He has killed, not from love but from hate. There it ends. In *Despised and Rejected*, the characters have become nobler.

In parenthesis, the medley of people to whom Mrs. Baxter dispenses weak tea and plum-cake in her drawing-room included not only those seeking cure for every mental and emotional disorder but, amongst the freaks and fanatics the occasional figure distinguished in the world of the arts, the odd genius: there was Arbayat Khan[45], the Eastern-philosopher, who seemed half entranced as he swayed

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[40] Rose Allatini, *Root and Branch*, (London: Allen & Unwin, 1917), 314.

[41] *Ibid.*, 316.

[42] *Ibid.*, 318.

[43] *Ibid.*, 45.

[44] *Ibid.*, 364.

[45] *Ibid.*, 59, 61, 66.

while murmuring what sounded like some prayer, and, on being brought into the conversation, nodded his turbaned head and spoke some words of mystical teaching. Now this, it seems to me, can only be Inayat Khan, the Sufi mystic and musician, who sang and, with his brothers, played on their Indian instruments, and who later founded The Sufi Movement. In his gold robe, he was a majestic figure and there was at any rate one lady who took him to be the awaited Messiah. A very long time ago, when I was writing the biography of his daughter, Noor, her brother, Vilayat told me that amongst the interesting people his father met was Cyril Scott; I did not put this into my book, as Vilayat was unable to place the event precisely, either as to the when or the where, it was during his period in England—from mid or late 1914 to 1920—not in London but in some house in the country, whose he did not know. I have now to think it was the Chaplins', which argues for their quality.

In 1921, Rose had a book come out under her own name: *When I Was A Queen in Babylon*.[46] Dedicated "To my dear friends—Alex and Nelsa—in loving gratitude for all their love and understanding," it is largely about two characters who, though represented as brother and sister—Stephen and Cecilia—are plainly modeled on them. They run a kind of home for the sick or disturbed, called Hertswold, with an old workshop in the woods in which they tinker up broken hearts and broken heads. They regard it as their job. To them is brought a young woman, Lizie, who has been of concern to her family. Troubled by fragmentary recollections of her past existences, she appears insane. She is taken to doctors and analysts, but they fail to deal with a condition they do not understand, and that is why, ultimately, she is brought to Stephen and Cecilia at Hertswold, where the treatment by sound and colour therapy given her by Stephen does have some beneficial effect, and she develops a musical talent.

Was it in fact as a patient that Rose came to Alec and Nelsa? Did she, in fact, have recollections of a life in Babylon?

It is to Timothy d'Arch Smith that I owe the discovery of a banned, and apparently unknown, work by Cyril Scott. It was on 2 September 1997 that I received a note from him of the previous day's date:

> I've just come across this reference in an old Michael de Hartington catalogue . . . Could be important.
>
> [Scott (Cyril)] The *Autobiography of a Child, written from the Psycho-Sexual-Analytical Standpoint for Doctors, Parents, Teachers and Psychologists* (London, Kegan Paul, no date.) The book was banned in 1921.

I telephoned Timothy d'Arch Smith immediately. He said, "I hope I remembered to put in the square brackets. The book was attributed—by me—to Cyril Scott. I can't remember now why I attributed it to him." It was more than twenty years since he catalogued that collection.

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[46] Rose Allatini, *When I Was A Queen in Babylon*, (London: Mills & Boon, 1921).

It might be in the British Library, but that was in the process of transportation from the British Museum to its new home at St. Pancras, and would not be open till the end of November. There was a copy of its 1960 catalogue in London Library, which he would go to and consult, though once a book had been legally banned, it was not entered in the catalogue.

On 4 September he told me on the telephone he had been down to London Library and searched their copy of the British Library catalogue, in which, unsurprisingly, he found no entry for it. "Which doesn't mean it isn't there," but he had also looked in an international catalogue, and found there was a copy in the New York Public Library and one in a medical library in Washington. At this, I exclaimed in delight that I had a friend in New York, Mrs. Maureen Sullivan, who bought all my books and had, he might remember my telling him, come over to see me: she had been interested to hear I was now writing on Cyril Scott as she had read his book *The Greater Awareness* and the *Initiate* trilogy. I would ask her if she could look at it for me. He suggested I write also to the University of Cambridge and the Bodleian, although they were not listed. I said, "I will, but I pin my hopes on Maureen." He would look up *The Times* law report for me.

On the 5th he wrote that he had done so:

> I was only joking when I said it was probably Lord Alfred Douglas who got it banned; but I'd never said a truer word. See *The Times* for 14 March 21, 10d: "Owing to objections having been raised [by Lord Alfred who was sent the book for review at his paper, *Plain English—The Times* 26 March 21: 5d] "to the form in which the psycho-analytical information . . . is conveyed. The publishers have, in the absence of the author in America, withdrawn the book from circulation." Douglas pressed hard to get the author's name but W.S. Stallybrass [legendary figure at Kegan Paul] refused to give it, saying he had written three other books on other subjects, was an Englishman and was not a doctor but "a well known professional man." 239 copies were seized and destroyed of 2000 printed (1000 for America).

By telephone he added, "It was heard before the Lord Mayor and he only awarded Lord Alfred £10, so he can't have thought it much of a complaint."

March 1921: that would indeed have been after Scott left on his American tour and before his return to England. From both the University of Cambridge and Bodleian Libraries I received replies informing me that they did not possess the book but that the British Library (*incommunicado*) did.

From Maureen I received a letter assuring me she would be "honoured and delighted" to research this for me, and a few days later, on 14 September, I received her telephone call from New York. There had been some initial difficulty in locating the title; then a wonderful young woman had come to her aid and together they had been backwards and forwards between the catalogue and the computer; then it was found, and to her delight was brought to her. It was in navy covers, the pages slightly yellowing, with a musty smell. "That book is certainly by Cyril Scott, in my opinion." There were passages of such philosophical wisdom and spiritual beauty (pp. 244-47) as she felt could only have been composed by the author of *The Greater Awareness*—"a prelude perhaps. As I was reading it I was wondering all the time why anyone should have wanted to ban this book. I had to think back into 1921—well,

perhaps to find masturbation and Jesus between the same covers could have upset somebody."

Then there arrived by registered airmail an enormous postal package, the whole 389 pages of it in photocopy, with a note, "For Jean, a gift, with love from Maureen." I put all else aside and read for many consecutive hours, making notes.

First of all, the fictitious name the author had created for himself within the pages (there was none on the title-page) Chadwick Steele, had the same initials as Cyril Scott, C.S.

I looked for details concording or not with his birthplace: The opening, "I was born in a suburb of one of those many large, ugly and colourless towns . . . arid and sordid . . . high factory chimneys. . ."[47] would do well enough for Birkenhead, but the suburb, which, built on a hill which overlooked a plain "bounded by a distant range of hills" puzzled me till I thought that, whilst the Wirral peninsula itself was mostly flat, his vantage point probably gave a view of the north Welsh coast, with the hills that come before the mountains. His father was a merchant but amateur Mathematician.

Scott's father was an amateur Greek scholar, the purport of whose researches the son could never understand. Though there is the slight fictionalisation, there is the same idea, of a man who was, for his livelihood, in business, though his heart was in an abstruse private study. In *Autobiography of a Child*, he described the place in which they lived as lived in largely by nouveaux riches, who had earned their money in some plebeian manner and built themselves homes out there. I wrote to the Public Library of Birkenhead, and received from its Miss C.E. Bidston a most helpful letter with enclosed supporting photostats. Oxton was now within the town of Birkenhead, a Victorian suburb, distinguished largely by the residences of men who earned—or had earned—their livings in Liverpool, and, having made their money, retired there. It seemed to fit.

It was from his mother—whose Christian name in both autobiographies was Mary—that he had his love of music. In both autobiographies, the author says he remembered, as a child demanding to be helped to mount on to the piano stool, and then playing by ear. In *Autobiography of a Child*, he specifies that the piece was "Good King Wenceslaus", and that his mother had been playing and singing the carol over Christmas. Often she played hymn tunes. He made her singing difficult for her by weeping whenever she started—in *Autobiography of a Child*, he explains, fearing she was turning into an angel and so dying[48], in *Bone of Contention* he says, as Chopin is said to have done when his mother sang.[49] In *Autobiography of a Child*, he adds that from the beginning he also extemporised, using technically correct harmonies, much to the astonishment of his mother.

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[47] Anonymous [but certainly by Cyril Scott], *The Autobiography of a Child, written from the Psycho-Sexual-Analytical Standpoint for Doctors, Parents, Teachers and Psychologists* (London: Kegan Paul, 1921, confiscated), 16.

[48] *Ibid.*, 32.

[49] *Bone of Contention*, 16.

But there are things in the anonymously published *Autobiography of a Child* which are not in either of the autobiographies later published under his own name. The earliest concerns an occasion on which he had been put to bed by his nurse, who remained sitting in the room to watch over him. He fell asleep. But then he woke, and there was sitting in the chair at the foot of his bed not the young and reasonably nice looking nurse but "an old, ugly and unknown woman."[50] The shock was so great that when his parents returned they had to send for the doctor. He later realised that what had happened was not a hideous transmogrification; the nurse had left the room and a newly engaged elderly cook had deputised for her. But the doctor could not dispel his fear of what might happen if ever he let his mother out of sight. Indeed, he did not think his nervous system had ever completely recovered from that frightening occurrence.

But there follow a series of incidents. That nursemaid, if it was the same one[51]:

> permitted herself to undress and even attend to the demands of nature in the room where I was lying, and did so on the supposition that "I was so young it didn't matter." But alas it mattered very considerably. . ..

It set up in him an obsessional desire to be present when she was undressing, not to caress her, not to view her nude as a whole, but just to view her white drawers "and the insignum (*sic*) of her womanhood."[52] He would haunt the door of the lavatory when she was within, weeping at his non-admittance, and there came a time when he had only to visualise the performance he had first seen to experience "a sensation as nearly resembling an orgasm as it is possible for a child to get."[53]

On the same page we read that one day, as a treat, he and his sister (Scott had a sister) were sent out for the day in the company of one of the servants, who was both young and pretty:

> After lunching at a tea-shop, we had occasion to visit some public lavatories, and here it was that the servant, after attending to my wants—for I was too young to manipulate my apparel—proceeded to attend to her own, without first asking me to withdraw.

This set up a complex lasting well into his twentieth year. The immediate result was to stimulate him to visualise the incident over and over again, times without number, provoking an orgasm every night and sometimes several times in a night. Far into manhood, it constituted the bane of his life.

[50] *Autobiography of a Child*, 26.

[51] *Ibid.*, 57.

[52] *Ibid.*, 58-59.

[53] *Ibid.*, 59.

Anything in the way of a day's excursion or picnic stirred him unbearably, its climax being when the female members of the party "wandered off by themselves"[54], and so anxious was he to dissociate these associations from any girl that he genuinely liked that if anything in the nature of a picnic was proposed he had to make excuses to get out of it so as to avoid becoming roused again. It got in the way of every relationship.

I had wondered whether The *Autobiography of a Child* would reveal early homosexual contacts, that would explain the portrait of Dennis in *Despised and Rejected*, but there did not appear to have been anything like that. The obsession was with women's urination. The longing was to be present while a woman relieved herself and it got to the point where he could hardly see a woman leaving the room without imagining her to be doing this.

Well, I can see now why Scott did not put his name on the title-page. I seem to remember Havelock Ellis had something like this, the culprit in his case being his mother; there is also a hint of it in James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

From *Bone of Contention* we learned that he passed from the hands of the nursery governess at home to those of one to whose house he had to go for lessons; but from *Autobiography of a Child*, we learn more. There were besides himself three other pupils, his sister (older than he) and two other little girls, Muriel and Edith. Muriel and he were of the same age, both five years old, and she was his first real playmate; but she was always talking about drawers, and her curiosity concerning Edith was of such an order that, looking back on it, he saw her interest in her as homosexual. Yet when she grew up she married. This caused the author to wonder whether it was perhaps not unusual for an individual to start homosexual, changing to heterosexual with maturity. "I myself had at one time a passionate love-affair with a woman who had just previously been in love with one of her own sex."[55] "Is this an allusion to Rose? In *Despised and Rejected*, the impression is given that the man was more consciously homosexual than the woman; here the contrary impression is created.

Then he fell into adoration of a grown-up girl of eighteen. His craving was that she should weep, so that he might comfort her.[56] Moreover, this longing persisted in all his tender associations with women, to the extent that he could hardly say he was free from it at the time of writing. It was not sadism, for he was never tempted to cause the weeping and distress he should relieve. This peculiarity, if there was none other, would suffice to identify the work as Scott's.[57]

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[54] *Ibid.*, 61.

[55] *Ibid.*, 90.

[56] *Ibid.*, 91, 155.

[57] *Bone of Contention*, 34.

Later he was sent to a day-school which took girls and boys up to a certain age, presided over by a gorgon of a woman. There he was thoroughly miserable. There are passages common to both autobiographies.

A piano teacher had been engaged for him when he was six. At twelve he was sent (as Scott) for musical education to Germany—where he was told what his first teacher ought to have told him, that in playing by himself from infancy he had got bad digital faults and must for months play five-finger exercises and nothing else.[58] This, if there were no other evidence, would sign the *Autobiography of a Child* Scott, for he had, on his arrival in Germany, that humiliating experience.[59] The name of the town is changed from Frankfurt to Darmstadt (where he gave his first concert) but the abundantly described family he stayed with is obviously the same one, its name changed from Seiler to Schnitzler, and the fellow student Newnham-White is the fellow student Holland-Smith. Only Stefan George does not appear.

But then there is some juggling with persons and dates. Here, it was when he was only fourteen that he was taken by his parents for a holiday to the French seaside, Ambleteuse. Actually, it was when he was in his twenties that he spent a holiday with Dr. Bonnier in Ambleteuse, where they met the astonishing Mrs. Stevenson, who so impressed Scott. It is mentioned not at all in *My Years of Indiscretion* and only briefly in *Bone of Contention* that Mrs. Stevenson had a daughter, with whom he had a brief romance. In *Autobiography of a Child*, Mrs. Stevenson is omitted, but a chaste romance with a little girl is blown up into an idyll. As for Dr. Bonnier, he seems to be the second part of a pantomime horse, of which the first was a character he met in Germany but would only learn to appreciate when in his twenty-fourth year (when he would have got to know Dr. Bonnier) he met him again. "Mr. Strange" as he is here called, now showed him that there were words in the Gospels that were symbols, passages that needed to be read with the eyes of the spirit, and spoke to him of the Buddha and the ancient philosophies of India. This "cured me of many things, the most important of which was my sexual complex, though it took both effort and time. I found that my meditating on this exalted metaphysical system with intent to cure, my complex was at last eradicated."[60]

Why did he juggle with dates and persons? I think, by artistic licence, to have something nice to end the book with.

In the appendices, however, we have mature reflection, as well as a lot of references to works written by others, such as Freud, with citations and discussion of their ideas. He thinks Leadbeater

[58] *Autobiography of a Child*, 119 .

[59] *Bone of Contention*, 49.

[60] *Autobiography of a Child*, 246.

was right in advising a regulated practice, providing it was only given to boys troubled by masturbatory impulsions[61]; he had earlier pointed out that solitary sex must always be more debilitating than any reciprocal practice between two persons, whether of opposite sex or same, since there is in it no exchange of magnetisms. Here speaks the pupil of the teacher of tantric yoga; the Tantrikas have always a lot to say about the magnetic side of sex.[62] In *Bone of Contention*, there is a passage[63]:

> . . . during the first world war when matters of sex were still regarded with hypocritical intolerance, I was unwise enough to write an anonymous book in the hopes of creating that understanding which in accordance with the French proverb is said to be the prerequisite of pardoning. But, alas for my good intentions. Oscar Wilde's friend, the late Lord Alfred Douglas of all people, brought an action against its publishers, who were ordered to burn the whole edition. One aspersion cast on me in Court—and not being present I could not refute it—was that had my intentions been really altruistic I would have written the book under my own name. Queer reasoning, considering that most of the intimate revelations had been confided to me by several of my friends, who in that case might have been identified . . . I was sorry for the publishers, but it was largely their own fault for badgering me to add details and notes which were not in the original script. I warned them . . . when correcting the proofs I was careless.

When first I read this passage, I took the sexual peculiarity which required for its forgiveness that understanding of which is spoken in the French proverb, to be homosexuality. I therefore took the passage to refer to *Despised and Rejected* which had certainly been banned and though some points puzzled me, I thought he was avowing a silent co-authorship with his future wife of that book—on which I do indeed think he had some influence—and was until more than two months after I gave my talk on Scott to the Theosophical History Conference in London on 13 July 1997, unaware there was a second banned book "in the family" so to speak.

Now it appears to me that the passage above quoted refers to The *Autobiography of a Child*. It is not about homosexuality and the obsession which the text presents is with women's urination; but two things indicate it as the subject of his reference here. First is the allusion to "notes"; there are no notes to *Despised and Rejected* but thirty-three pages of them to *Autobiography of a Child*. Then there is the role of Lord Alfred Douglas. He is not known to have played one in regard to *Despised and Rejected*, but the publishers, Kegan Paul, were unwise enough to send a copy of the *Autobiography of a Child* to an organ, *Plain English* for which he reviewed, and he informed against it to the police.

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[61] *Ibid.*, 354.

[62] *Ibid.*, 291.

[63] *Bone of Contention*, 34.

Scott had left for a tour of America, so that when Messrs. Kegan Paul were prosecuted for the crime of publishing an obscene libel, they were able to say the author had gone to America.

The book is not obscene. I would say its chief message is to mothers and others having to do with small children: "Never suppose them too small to matter."

Yet had it not been suppressed, it might have robbed Richard Hughes' novel, *A High Wind in Jamaica,* of the position ascribed to it in the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* (1985) as the book that ended the Victorian and sentimental traditional presentation of children as always innocent little angels.

The transatlantic tour arranged for Scott by his manager took him, playing his own piano solos, conducting his Passacaglia, lecturing and attending receptions, to New York, where he stayed for three weeks and took time off to go out to Nyack for instruction in Tantric yoga by Dr. Bernard, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Montreal, Winnipeg, Toronto and back to New York, from which he sailed in February—not, however, straight home. Perhaps because the trial of Kegan Paul for the crime of publishing his *Autobiography of a Child* was coming up in March, he idled March away in Italy or France and on a lovely April day landed in Folkestone and took the train to London. It surprised him that his housekeeper did not open the door to him, but he had his keys. On his desk he found a note from her, "Forgive me . . ." with a row of pawn tickets, in respect of his clothes. Then he saw, propped up prominently, a warning not to take a light upstairs because of the gas. Indeed, the smell of it grew stronger as he mounted. In his bedroom, the eiderdown was on the floor near his fireplace. Rolled inside the eiderdown was his housekeeper, the gas-tube[a] in her mouth.[64]

His doctor rang the police for him, and as they would not be able to move the body immediately, invited him to come to his place for a day or two.

It must have been soon after this that Scott—more than usually in need of a rest—went down to stay for a while at The Firs. This time something new happened. Mrs. Chaplin came up to him and said, "The Master has offered to speak with you."[65] She took him into a small, private, oak-paneled room, and the smile and gesture with which she motioned him to be seated were simply not her smile and gesture. He had no doubt that he was being interviewed by the Master Koot Hoomi. Things were told him of a personal and private nature, and he was overwhelmed by the Master's tolerance. The Master said it was he who had inspired him with some of the ideas in *The Initiate*, and that if he wrote further he would at times be able to inspire him again. He wished him to marry Rose.

This was not an order, yet it was put in such a way that, though Scott had not had in mind to marry, to refuse would be to create a blockage to his progress along the path. No time can have been lost in applying for the licence, for (I have obtained a copy of the certificate) on 11 May 1921,

[64] *My Years of Indiscretion*, 263-64.

[65] *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*, 16.

at the Register Office of Paddington, in London, Cyril Meir Scott, aged 47, Bachelor, Musical Composer, of 24 Newton Rd, son of Henry Scott, Greek Scholar, and Rose Laure Allatini, Aged 31, Spinster, of 7 Campden Hill Mansions, Kensington, daughter of Robert Allatini, of Independent Means, were married, in the presence of Eugene Goosens Jnr., Robert Allatini and Marjorie Ridgeway Kushing.

Scott writes[66]:

> Rose and I made what among Occultists is called an occult marriage, and I for one have never regretted it.

It had after all a seven years apprenticeship behind it. Rose, too, was a pupil of the same Master and he told them it was not the first life in which they had been significantly linked[66a]:

> I am not prepared to divulge our names. Suffice it to say that neither of us was English, that Rose was an authoress and I a composer and had been one, in my previous life. Between that and the present one I was only out of incarnation some thirty years and Rose still less.

This is a claim that they were Chopin and George Sand.

Chopin died on 17 October 1849, that is just thirty years before Scott was born. I would have compared their horoscopes but for a complication. He said he was born on 1 March 1810, but the baptismal register of the parish church of Brochow, Welasova Wola, near Warsaw, gives his date of birth as 22 February.[67] This was presumably supplied by his parents. Could the discrepancy be to do with that between the Julian and Gregorian calendars? Russia was still on the Julian. Poland had in 1582 been prompt to adopt the Gregorian, but had been much under the domination and influence of Russia at various times before his birth and would become so again; but just at the time of his birth, his birthplace would have been in the briefly lasting Duchy of Warsaw, created by the Treaty of Tilsit, 1807, under the domination of Napoleon, who gave the government of it to the Elector of Saxony. My feeling is that Chopin was confused, and thought, whether this was so or not, that he had, when he entered France, to add some days to his birth date as given, to bring it into line with the calendar in use in western countries. Only, in that case, he did not add sufficient. The number, for that time, was twelve, which would have made it 6 March, but he may not have known the number.[b] 6 March would bring his Sun from 3 ½ Pisces to the conjunction of Pluto in 15 or 16 of the sign and Venus to the conjunction of both; also, the Moon from Libra to late Pisces or early Aries, but the matter is too speculative to build upon.

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[66] *Bone of Contention*, 177.

[66a] *Ibid*.

[67] Adam Zamoyski, *Chopin. A Biography* (London: Gollancz, 1977), 34.

Both Scott and Chopin were virtuoso pianists as well as composers, Chopin composing only piano solos and concertos. Scott was original in his chords, Chopin in his own way of playing. He used his thumbs on black notes[68], and I am wondering if this explains his writing chords that stretch well over the octave, making them impossible to many pianists. Scott, in Appendix IV[69] to his autobiography, sets out, in order to show the difference, the usual dominant seventh chord 1, 3, 5, 7, and his own, 1, 4, 7. This sounds less sweet and more clangy or biting. To illustrate its use he presents three bars from one of his compositions, but the example includes a chord for the right hand stretching over ten notes, which is more than mine can span. The last chord of his *Lotus Land* also seems to me impossible, unless played *stringendo*.

What of George Sand? 1 July 1804—8 June 1876, née Armandine Lucille Aurore Dupin, though born in Paris, was, because of family quarrels, brought up by her grandmother, in a huge country house, Nohant, near Le Châtre, in Berry (Indre)—the Sologne district. Her marriage, at eighteen, to Casimir Dudevant, turned out unhappily, and she had obtained a formal separation from him, with restitution of Nohant, her dowry and principal custody of her two children. Her first novel was written in collaboration with a lover, Jules Sandeau, and when they parted she kept half his name to form her pen-name, George Sand. She wore men's clothes for horse-riding and some other occasions, and Jeanette Foster includes her in her *Sex Variant Women*[70], but there is no evidence of lesbianism. And yet again, I do notice in *Nanon*, one of her least known novels, which I have nowhere seen commented upon, set in the Berry countryside in the time of the Terror, a curious inversion of traditional romantic roles: it is the heroine who rescues the hero in distress, holding up the tumbril that was carrying him to the guillotine. One of the other characters says to her, "*Vous êtes ni une femme ni un homme, vous êtes l'un et l'autre avec les meilleures qualités des deux sexes*"—"You are neither a woman nor a man, but both, with the better qualities of both sexes."[71]

She had several lovers before she met Chopin, by Donna Dickenson's count eight, mostly younger than herself and less well off. It was in her flat in Paris that Sandeau had lived with her for a year, and when her holiday in Venice with Alfred de Musset ended in quarrels, he had to ask her for his fare back to Paris.

She probably met Chopin in the last days of October 1836, in the salon of Marie d'Argoult, Liszt's mistress, and on 5 November it was Chopin who entertained Liszt, his lady and George Sand.

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[68] *Ibid.*, 103.

[69] *Bone of Contention*, 237.

[70] *Sex Variant Women*, 127-28.

[71] *Nanon*, George Sand (Paris: Flévy, nouvel éd., 1878) pp. 271-72.

It is eighteen months later that we find Sand writing, from Nohant at the end of May 1838, to Chopin's childhood friend, Albert Grzymala[c], thanking him for his letter of advice.[72] If he could assure her that the lady to whom Chopin was engaged would make him happy, she would avoid seeing him again. (He was not engaged. He had been in love with a Polish girl but her parents had made their engagement conditional on an improvement in his health, and had more than a year before they finally rejected him on her behalf.) If on the other hand Grzymala thought Chopin not really cut out for marriage, she would permit herself occasional chaste meetings with him. She had thought of herself as in a sense married already (to her son's tutor) and was not inconstant, but yet there was, when love had invaded one's heart, already in the slightest caress an infidelity, as much as if they had gone further. She had found Chopin timid and with religious scruple, it was as if a wind had taken them, and yet she had not liked the words with which he had backed out, that last night in Paris, that it would be a pity to soil their love with a further transport (*un transport de plus*). It shocked her he could think of the ultimate embrace (*dernier embrassement*) as soiling; it would have been as holy, pure and devoted as the rest.[72a]

Was he, as Sand seemed to think, at twenty-eight still virgin? Or as Donna Dickenson suggests, homosexual? There is no evidence for that. In *Lucrezia Floriani* Sand makes Lucrezia say of Karol that to have idealised a fiancée was not the same thing as to have held a woman in his arms.[73] But Delacroix began his double portrait of them in July of that year, and in September she wrote to Delacroix that she had been made lazy by the fatigue of a happy love, beneath the beautiful star. She began to think there were angels who walked this earth, only disguised as men.[74]

With an inherited liability to consumption, Chopin was coughing badly, and went with her and the children to Majorca, where she had taken a villa for the winter. But the weather was cold and he began to cough up blood. They were back on French soil on 24 February 1839. She ordered a piano from Pleyel to be sent ahead to Nohant, to be a surprise for Chopin when they arrived. She gave him a room there and he stayed for eight years. He paid rent for it, and referred to her in public as "Madame Sand, my hostess." Delacroix, who came to visit, has left us a lyrical description of the strains of Chopin's music floating out from his room to mingle with the songs of the birds and the scents of the flowers.

It was a perhaps unique case of two creative geniuses living together. They achieved the solitude needful to creativity by respecting each other's space and hours. The only house rule was that everybody sat down to the main meal between five and six in the evening. Then, after a pleasant

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[72] Georges Lubin, editor, *Correspondance de George Sand*, volume IV (Paris: Gaîner, 1966), 428-31, 435-37.

[72a] *Ibid*.

[73] George Sand, *Lucrezia Floriani*, (Paris: Flévy, nouvel éd., 1888), 106.

[74] *Correspondance*, IV, 462.

interlude for conversation, he went to bed and she started her night's writing. For both of them it was a highly productive period, during which they produced some of their best works. As Marie-Paule Rambeaud pointed out, the descriptions of Prague and Bohemia in *Consuelo* were probably given her by him, for he had been there and she had not.

In the wood above her bed she carved a date, 19 June "1839."[75] Their biographers have wondered whether it commemorated the first, the only or the last occasion on which their love was consummated.

Nine years after her first letter to Grzymala, she wrote to him, on 12 May 1837, that for the last seven years her relations with Chopin had been lived "in virginity,"[76] He had complained, but it was for his well-being. In that case, the date inscribed above the bed may be of her great renunciation.

Though his retrospective jealousy of her former lovers irked her, it was her children who broke them up. The boy resented his presence and wanted him out, while the girl tried to enlist him on her side in her quarrels with her mother. After some misunderstandings, he did not return to Nohant from some time in Paris. She wrote to his sister to ask if he was well.

Accepting an invitation, he crossed the Channel and at six in the evening of 20 April 1858 stepped on to England at Folkestone and went on to London. For three months he had a suite of rooms in Dover Street, Picadilly. He played informally before Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort at the Duchess of Sutherland's and wished Paolo Veronese could have painted the scene; and he found time to attend the opera in the Haymarket Theatre. In latter July he took the train to Edinburgh, and on 26 July arrived in Manchester, where he was to give a concert on the 28th.[77] He was thirty miles from Liverpool and Scott's birthplace, and if his host—for he was staying at Crumpsall House—thought he should see some of the local scenery, could well have been driven through it. But he had been in a depression since his rift with Sand, which neither his tour of Britain nor his return to Paris lifted. When she learned he had died she appeared profoundly shocked and said she could not do anything at all for several days; and it was found after his death that he still had a lock of her hair pressed in his diary.

If this was the pre-history of Rose and Cyril Scott, it explains so much. Donna Dickenson writes, "I cannot believe that Sand and Chopin were ever greatly compatible at the sexual level."[78]

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[75] Adam Zamoyski, *Chopin*, 174; Curtis Cate, *George Sand: A Biography* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1975), 485.

[76] *Correspondance*, VII, 701.

[77] Ates Orga, *Chopin, His Life and Times* (Tonbridge Wells: Midas, 1976), 127.

[78] Donna Dickenson, *George Sand, A Brave Man—the most Womanly Woman* (Oxford: Berg, 1988), 111.

It could have been said of Antoinette and Dennis, Viola and the Initiate's pupil. The Master, then, in bringing them together, took aboard a known difficulty for the sake of a deep link. He said they were to have two children, a boy and a girl. These arrived.

But did Chopin ever show interest in the hidden laws of nature? Pierre Leroux, editor of a review to which Sand contributed, believed in the evolution of the soul through reincarnation[79], and he paid them a visit. Sand wrote to a friend, on 26 February 1830, that she had adopted some of his ideas[80], and again, probably on 8 March of that year, that he was her "new Plato."[81] The ideas figure prominently in her three-volume novel, *Consuelo* (Paris, Flévy, nouvel éd. 1851). Though it opens in Venice, some time in the previous century, the heroine, Consuelo, a serious opera singer, is soon moved by the plot to a castle on the Bohemian border of Bavaria, seat of the Rudolstadt family—of German name but Czech origin, like the Lobkowitz family, whose castle Raudnitz or Roudnice is now in the Czech Republic, some twenty miles north of Prague. The young Count Albert, sensitive violinist and obvious mystic, recognises in Consuelo the reincarnation of Wanda Ziska, whom he had loved in his previous incarnation, as Jan Hus, Czech-speaking Bohemian patriot born 1360, burned at the stake 6 July 1412. They marry and she becomes the Comtesse von Rudolstadt. Here a conventional romance might have ended, but in the two-volume sequel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt* (Paris, Lévy, nouvel éd. 1857) they have further tests of character to undergo—in the course of which, at the court of Frederick the Great she meets the Comte de Saint Germain. She by now believes her husband is dead, and only from an old servant of his learns his true dignity; he was an Adept or Master of a very esoteric order. It would bring together the Templars, Moravian Bretheren, Herrenhunters, Theosophists, Pythagoreans and *Illuminés*, against intellectual tyranny. When again she meets her husband, it is to go through the initiation that he did long ago; and this she must do alone. She now finds herself in a subterranean world of caverns, dungeons and torture-chambers. When she emerges, it is to find herself surrounded by the robed figures of the Masters of all these orders, by whom she and her husband, now at her side again, are married. The legal marriage had been performed by a priest; this is something deeper. Have we here the idea of the "occult marriage" of Rose and Scott?

We know that Sand read these novels aloud to Chopin and that he interested himself at least to the point of interjecting that Consuelo should at no point tell even a white lie. But Sand had never been in Prague nor travelled the route from Vienna to Prague, and Chopin had, twice; it must have, as Donna Dickenson points out, been he who furnished her with the description of what her characters would see. Further, I would add that the whole idea of situating her characters

[79] Cate, *George Sand*, 495.

[80] *Correspondance*, IV, 561.

[81] *Ibid.*, 590.

in these parts must have come from her interest in what he told her of them. Sand's Europe was France, Italy and Spain—Latin not Slav. In *Nanon* her heroine feels in touch with the Druids and Druidesses who worshipped at stone circles when her home, Nohant, was part of Roman Gaul. But all these Bohemian and Czech characters must have been furnished to her by Chopin, who, for all his Polish patriotism, had visited Prague before he came to Paris.

Sand ordered homeopathic medicines for Chopin, and in one of his last letters he mentions using them. Scott would later interest himself in homeopathy.[82] In the photograph taken in the last year of his life, and in the magnificent portrait by Delacroix, Chopin looks like Scott. Eye-colour and hair type are determined by genes, but it is said that as the permanent individuality evolves it shows more and more through the personality, in the look in the eyes, and manner. Scott tells us that Baroness Rothschild, who had as a child been a pupil of Chopin, told him he had "a touch exactly like her master's."[83]

But who was that other composer Scott was told he had been before the last? The occultism in *The Magic Flute* obliges one to think first of Mozart, but physiognomy and personality are wrong. The only one who has the Scott-Chopin face—in the bust by Houdon—is Gluck. He died in 15 November 1787, twenty-two years before the birth of Chopin. Born on 2 July 1714, in Bavaria near the Bohemian border, his name is thought to have been of Czech origin, and when his family left the district, young Gluck ran away to Prague. Gaining the patronage of Prince Lobkowitz, he accompanied him to London, and so met the Comte de Saint Germain. All three were associated with operatic productions at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, in the spring of 1745.[84] As they attended all rehearsals, it is likely they sat together. A contact with a master is never unimportant. Gluck treated in his operas classic Greek themes with spiritual content; like Consuelo, he disliked trills and ornaments introduced to enable the singer to exhibit virtuosity.[85] The music should serve the story, not the other way about; it was a theme of Consuelo's. Nothing is known of Gluck's love-life, save that he married, but had no children.

But who was the Initiate of the books? I can remember from long ago a speaker at one of the public lectures of the Theosophical Society wondering whether he and Sir Thomas could be respectively Sir Henry More (of whom Blavatsky spoke) and perhaps Sir Thomas Vaughan reincarnated; and when it became known that I was now writing about Scott, Alan Senior wrote to me from Scotland

[82] Zamoyski, *Chopin*, 249.

[83] *Bone of Contention*, 202.

[84] Jean Overton Fuller, *The Comte de Saint-Germain* (London: East-West, 1988), 68.

[85] Alfred Einstein, *Gluck, His Life and Work*, translated from the German by Eric Blom (London: Dent, 1936).

asking me if I believed the Initiate a fictitious or a historical character while, from the Bristol Lodge, David Harvey wrote offering me the loan of rare Scott books and suggesting the Initiate was Dr. P.A. Bernard of Nyack, New York. I pointed out to him that the first of the *Initiate* books was published in 1920 and Scott did not go to the United States until 1921. But then I noticed something. In *Bone of Contention*, Scott said Bernard was "a very heavy cigar smoker"[86] and in the second volume of the trilogy, *The Initiate in the New World*, the Initiate was constantly lighting cigars.[87] These he did not smoke in the first book, though on one occasion he accepted a cigarette.[88] The Initiate in these two books is not, as is feigned, the same person. The encounter with Bernard had set Scott's imagination off again and he had attributed to him the advice to marry "Viola" (Rose) which he had actually received in England from Mrs. Chaplin as from Koot Hoomi.

But who was the Initiate in the first book? It will be recalled that Scott once spent a holiday with Dr. Bonnard in Ambleteuse. There they had met a Mrs. Stevenson. In *My Years of Indiscretion* there is a chapter-heading: "The Apostle of Non-Jealousy."[89] Mrs. Stevenson had told Scott she and her husband were the confidants of each other's affairs[90], which so impressed him that a score of years later he made non-jealousy a salient teaching of the Initiate. Further, the name supplies the first half of another equation: Ambleteuse + Crowhurst = Amberhurst, where Dennis and Antoinette meet in *Despised and Rejected*. But Scott fed into the character of the Initiate much of his own mystical apprehensions. As to the rose which he finds on his pillow though the door was locked from the inside, I feel it to have been transported from that bunch which Colonel Olcott, while travelling in Rajputana in 1879, received, not indeed in a paranormal manner but in circumstances sufficiently mysterious for him to believe the gift was from the Master Morya and conveyed his blessing.[91]

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[86] *Bone of Contention*, 167.

[87] *Initiate in the New World*, 40, 45, 73, 90, 97, 106.

[88] *The Initiate, Some Impressions of a Great Soul,* 24

[89] *My Years of Indiscretion*, 89.

[90] *Ibid.*, 63-64.

[91] Henry Steele Olcott, *OId Diary Leaves*, volume II (Adyar, Madras: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1928), 48-49.

In the third book the cigars and the non-jealousy have been dropped. It was in a house hidden among trees[92] filled with singing birds[93] in an oak-paneled room[94] that Sir Thomas received the author, as in The Firs, surrounded by trees, Mrs. Chaplin invited him into the oak-paneled room, for his interview with Koot Hoomi. People have looked for the Master's house in areas served by the Great Western Railway but Paddington was a blind. The inappropriate remarks about Krishnamurti will have come from Anrias. If Koot Hoomi really inspired anything in the first *Initiate* book I think it would have been chiefly the idea of an illuminated being going about unrecognised, save by a few, in worldly London, an antidote to the tendency to look to India and Tibet for teaching.

But Scott had notions of his own he wanted to put over, and if he had presented them simply as his, people would have asked his authority, so he had to create one. At the Theosophical History Conference in London in July 1997, at which I spoke on Scott, Daniel Caracostea, who had come from France to participate, handed me four sheets of photostats. "I made these for you." They were handwritten letters from Cyril Scott, dated 22 November 1929 and 29 November 1929, to Dr. Paul Thorin, appreciating his review of his *Initiate* books (July 1929, pp. 161-84) in *Lotus Bleu*, the French Theosophical journal, under the title "*Les Maîtres Vivants*." Scott said, "If you have another copy of the Review to send me, I will post it to my Master." Mrs. Chaplin was dead. Scott was keeping up the myth he had woven. Perhaps he just wanted a copy for a friend. In a p.s. he added, "I am amused to hear that some members of the T.S. over here imagine that Bishop Wedgewood (*sic*) is the Initiate I wrote about. This is quite untrue, though Bishop W. is a very good friend of mine."

Perhaps I should have mentioned above that Sir Thomas wears a skull-cap[95], as did Dr. Bonnier. And Bonnier was "a great soul"[96]: see the sub-title of first *Initiate* book.

In *Music, Its Secret Influence Throughout the Ages* (1933)[97], Scott says instruments in which strings have to be plucked—as by the plectrum in the harpsichord—correspond to a critical spirit and it is no accident that the predominance of that instrument in the eighteenth century coincides with its scepticism (but surely the harp, plucked with the fingers, can be romantic and plaintive); strings played with

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[92] *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*, 133.

[93] *Ibid.*

[94] *Ibid.*, 122.

[95] *Ibid.*, 110, 133.

[96] *My Years of Indiscretion*, 53-54.

[97] Cyril Scott, *Music, Its Secret Influence throughout the Ages* (London: Rider, 1938).

the bow are emotional and pensive. It seems far-fetched to lay to Handel's door the Victorians' love of pompous architecture, convention and hence prudery, or to credit Chopin with the emancipation of women. Ernest Newman wrote an unkind review of it, "Pythagoras Dodders" and, in Scott's words, "was able to indulge in an orgy of causticity and fun-poking at its expense."[98] Professor Parrott reminds us that Newman had poured scorn over Miss Jourdain's account of the music she heard in Versailles when revisiting the scene of the *Adventure*. Indeed, Parrott attributes the neglect into which Scott's music now began to fall to the hostility of a considerable part of the musical world to any form of mysticism. He likens the case to that of Skryabin [Scriabin]. Why is it, I wonder, that while the artists interested in Theosophy, Kandinsky, Franz Marc and Mondrian, are still honoured, their musical equivalents, Skryabin and Scott are stood in the corner for their mysticism and by-passed?

Scott had long been interested in therapeutics and alternative medicine, and now produced *Victory Over Cancer Without Radium or Surgery*. As a non-medically qualified person he had to rely on writings of the qualified, but has come up with some interesting quotations, for instance, from a Dr. John Round, D.Sc., the observation that among animals (captive or domestic) there is a higher incidence of cancer amongst carnivora and scavengers than amongst herbivora; dogs and cats are liable to it, but it is very rare in horses, goats, sheep and cattle; amongst birds, very high in the raptors—eagles, vultures, barn-owls—but very low in all others; it is very high in both rats and mice.[99] No figures are given, but a statistician could ask zoos to submit them. Lest the possible implication misguide pet-owners, the Cats' Protection League has over the years found necessary to warn its members on more than one occasion not to try to make cats vegetarian: cats need an amino-acid, taurine, which they find in meat, and lacking which their eyes turn pink and they become otherwise unhealthy. On the other hand, some vets advise against giving them red meat, which strains their kidneys. I would add that it is unnatural; a cat could not catch and kill a cow. If, as Anna Kingsford believed, the carnivorous animals have to learn to become vegetarian, it can only be gradually, after long aeons.

Dr. Round's observations may be slightly undermined by the remark of the veterinarian, Rolf Harris in the BBC programme Animal Hospital screened on 26 September 1996, that while both mice and rats frequently develop tumours, in mice they are usually malignant, in rats usually not so. Both are scavengers, but it is rats that will at times kill small animals for food—wild rats, that is, I do not know about the pet rats brought to veterinarians. I would like to be informed whether shrimps and prawns get cancers; they are the scavengers of the sea-bed and, like vultures, feed on flesh that is not fresh.

Dr. Round's observation that carnivorousness is half-way to parasitism, taking from eaters of plants instead of from plants direct—finds an odd echo, later placed in the book, a quotation from

[98] Ian Parrott, *Cyril Scott and his Piano Music* (London: Thames, 1922), 34.

[99] Cyril Scott, *Victory Over Cancer Without Radium or Surgery* (London: True Health, 1939; Wellingborough, Aquarius, 1958), 96-97.

a letter signed merely, "A London physician; the writer points out that the vegetable and animal kingdoms stand opposite to each other in that the vegetable (by day) gives off oxygen and absorbs carbonic acids, to produce matter on which animals feed; whilst the animal, absorbing oxygen and giving off carbonic acids, burns up the foods and returns them to the earth and air. In health, that is; when either vegetable or animal are depressed, deprived of fresh air and right food, they tend toward the character of the other kingdom: the vegetable to fungus, which absorbs oxygen and gives off carbonic acid like an animal, and the animal to cancerous growths that usurp the functions of the vegetable."[100] I have a gut feeling there could be something in this. Scott, though very much of the fresh air, fresh fruit and vegetable brigade, is not denying the adverse effect of the known cancer-causing irritants, but regards them as mainly bringing out and up malaise in the system as a whole, which if more organically healthy would have more resistance to the irritants. Scott would later produce two small practical booklets, *Crude Black Molasses—the Natural Wonder Food* (London, True Health, 1949) and, from the same firm in the same year, *Apple Cider Vinegar*.

Mrs. Chaplin died. As Scott is vague about when, I asked the Librarian at Hastings to search for me, and he found an entry in *The Hastings & St. Leonards Observer* of 6 August 1927 in the Deaths column:

> Chaplin—On 27th July, Nelsa, the wife of Alexander Chaplin, of "The Firs," Crowhurst, Sussex.

I regretted that we had nothing written by Nelsa Chaplin herself, through which we might get the feel of her personality at first hand, nor any photograph. Perhaps none was ever taken. Hastings knew of none, but the Librarian checked that the name of Chaplin remained in the Hastings Telephone Directory, at the same address, until 1930, when the same newspaper reported that Alec Chaplin had died, on 16 August of that year, aged 56. Scott says he had injured himself with his own X-rays.

In his autobiography, Scott confirmed that Nelsa Chaplin was the original of Christobel Portman in the last of the *Initiate* books, always busy and loving, prematurely silvery-white haired. For him, her loss was heavy, for it meant no more interviews with the Master Koot Hoomi. But then, Brian Ross—David Anrias—turned up, and as it were took over. The attack on Krishnamurti in *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle* cannot be debited to her, for she had died before his dissolution of the Order of the Star and the publication of the yellow Star bulletins quoted; the critique is of the kind expressed by Anrias in his own work.

The Vision of the Nazarene[101] by Scott carries a frontispiece drawing of Jesus by Anrias, but the substance may have been given Scott by Nelsa Chaplin before she died, as he said she was overshadowed not only by Koot Hoomi but by Jesus. The use of Biblical-sounding words such as "Lo" and "Verily" and the old English "welkin" for sky, to my mind argue against their being those of Jesus.

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[100] *Ibid.*, 199-200.

[101] Cyril Scott, *The Vision of the Nazarene* (London: Rider, 1935).

Scott accepts that he was now incarnated in a Syrian body, but then his present languages would have been Syriac and French plus perhaps modern English, not the English of the King James *Bible* and Shakespeare. The sentiments expressed are such as one feels Jesus would endorse.

Scott's *Outline of Modern Occultism*[102] aims at being a broad and simple presentation for people who have not ventured upon the subject before, agnostics looking for something to latch on to. Hence, it glances at Spiritualism and at Christian Science before coming to Theosophy. It is still not a bad book "for starters."

In *The Greater Awareness* (1936)[103] he considers various moral and social questions in the light of Theosophical teaching; it is a trying to go deeper into the problems that arise in life.

Meanwhile, Rose had been writing vigorously.

In 1933, Rose published under her married name, Mrs. Cyril Scott, *White Fire*. My first information about this is owed, again, to Timothy d' Arch Smith. He had a copy of it through his hands a few years ago, but it was before I had begun to research Scott, and he had sold it to one of our customers. He recalled it now as something of a mystical trend which might be germane to my enquiry. He could not ask to borrow it back from the customer as he could not remember which it was. He tried to get another copy through the trade and I also tried another specialised dealer, to no avail. I tried London Library; they did not possess it; I tried the Theosophical Library and the Society for Psychical Research; there the librarian suggested I try the College of Psychic Science; they had not got it either. Then it arrived in photostat from New York. I had not even mentioned to Maureen Sullivan that this was a book I had been looking for; she had simply come across it in the catalogue of New York Public Library while applying for the *Autobiography of a Child* and thought it could chance to interest me. "I must have been guided", was her comment when I told her how long I had been looking for it.

It is a book of short stories with spiritually intended psychical slants. The first and longest, "Galileo" was about a young amateur astronomer, Dennis Fayne. Curious how the name Dennis haunts the Scotts, but this one is meant to be not her husband but Anrias, whom they had recently met, for under the influence of an aged recluse, the young astronomer becomes an astrologer. The recluse, with long straggling grey beard is endowed with a Scottish accent but this and The Firs-like setting may mask the Adept of the Nilgiri hills said by Anrias to have been his instructor.

The story which gives its name to the volume is the last. The teller is at a dinner where the guests fall to talking of Indian swamis, gurus—and Devadas, who is obviously meant to be Krishnamurti. He had been heralded, "billed", as coming to give the world new teaching, but had apparently disappointed. One, Teresa, says, "He had a high mission . . . was to have brought us happiness—shown the way to . . . perhaps we didn't really understand him he wanted to make us independent of old

[102] Cyril Scott, *An Outline of Modern Occultism*, (London: Routledge, 1935).

[103] Cyril Scott, *The Greater Awareness* (London: Routledge, 1936).

traditions and standards . . . but—perhaps—some of us were too old ourselves to take his way."[104]

Another declares that the trouble with Indians is that their teaching has evolved to meet a disposition to metaphysics and abstract thought, useless to Westerners, who are differently polarised. Devadas, in his view, was partly westernised and so fell between two stools. [Needless to say, there is here a misunderstanding, which I shall tackle in my book on Krishnamurti.]

But then the youngest member of the party, Carl Harling, seventeen years old, exceptionally beautiful and just returned from Germany where he has been studying music, says, "If one could blend the two . . . ." There is a teaching that cannot be given in words but only through music. After the dinner they walk in the dark garden and he speaks more about this: "I turned to look at the boy, it was almost as if fire radiated from him, fire enveloped him as he spoke.. but it was the blazing *White Fire* of diamonds . . . ." He seems conscious of having a high mission, providing he doesn't muff it; but "They" won't let him muff it. She "sensed the capital letter from something in his inflection."

They return to the house, and later he plays, improvises.[105]

> An invocation it seemed, to what he had termed the fire from Heaven, which should kindle an answering flame to leap upwards from earth . . . an invocation to ineffable presences which, though unseen, intangible, charged the atmosphere with a vibrant sense of their nearness . . . his music suggested states of being beyond the range of everyday knowledge, sensed, glimpsed sometimes in dreams, and submerged again . . . spheres beyond and beyond the frontiers of human consciousness . . . aspired to perhaps in moments of high endeavour. It awakened memories and set the thoughts drifting down grim corridors of the past, with sounds that I could only liken to a swift interplay of geometrical figures of miraculous precision and beauty, it stimulated the mind and carried it out and out to realms of dizzy and unfamiliar speculation.

It is a nice piece of writing and calls to my mind the way in which Sand writes of music, as spiritual experience and form of relationship. It was twelve years since Rose had been told that she was Sand, and she may of course have read some of the novels of that former existence.

The story-teller looks round at the other guests and sees how the lines in their faces has softened and wonders[106]

> . . . if it were true . . . that each human being is attuned to a basic chord of his own to which he responds, then perhaps it might be that Larry, sensing these chords and sounding them with all their variants and elaborations, played upon each human organism as upon a musical instrument, keying it to a higher and higher pitch . . . which nevertheless remained the particular

[104] Mrs. Cyril Scott, *White Fire* (London: Secker, 1933), 244-45.

[105] *Ibid.*, 274-75.

[106] *Ibid.*, 281.

> pitch to which he, as an individual, must aspire . . . Thus to each would be given according to the measure of his needs and his responsiveness—given in a code which the brain might seek in vain to decipher, but by reason of its very disguise, perhaps, spoke all the more surely . . ..

This is real occultism, and I think Blavatsky would have appreciated it.

Only why is the pianist through whom all this is wrought made so young? Partly, I think, to have a boy to oppose the boy Krishnamurti brought by Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater from India. But just come from studying music in Germany suggests Scott at that age. I hope the thought was not in the mind of Rose that the Masters now found it easier to work through her husband than through Krishnamurti and transferred their channeling. Perhaps one should read this as her tribute to Cyril.

In 1935, Rose published, under the pseudonym Lucina Wainwright, *Waters Meet*.[107] This is set in Austria, but is this time not about her family. On holiday there is Phillipa Langford, an English woman, about forty, who lost her fiancé in the first world war and feels sad and lonely. But in the hotel she meets Stefan, who is a doctor, and he advises her to go up into the mountains. This she does, taking her painting things to Innsbruck and then higher still. She finds a chalet with superb mountain views to paint; her room looks straight on to a glacier. Stefan says she looks as though she had been in converse with mountain spirits.

Later, they visit it together. On their way down, however, the weather changes to nasty, and Stefan is taken, by appalling pains in his stomach and whole intestinal abdominal region. He had been telling her of his dream, which was to create a kind of guest house, to which sick people would come, to be healed of their illnesses and so to become their full potential. But Stefan, though he has the power to heal others, cannot heal himself. Phillipa, now deeply in love with him, tries to help him down, but between the weather and his pains, he dies. She resolves to go to Rye and to create the place of his dream.

Why was it to be in Rye? One will remember the dedication of Anrias's first book, "To Rose and Cyril Scott in memory of time spent in Rye during 1932".

Now that the Chaplins were both dead, Rose wrote—this under the pseudonym Lucina Wainwright—a novel about them—*The Oracle*. In this they are given the names, Henry and Anne Hamilton, and their home in the woods in which they receive sick people is called Restholme. The local G.P., Dr. Sawyer, is sympathetic, and together they form a triad, the doctor treating the patients at the physical level, Henry at the mental and Anne—who of course in *The Oracle*, also called "the little one" as in some of the other books—at the psychical—and so are able to call down a greater force for healing than either of them could have channeled alone. To Restholme come as patients two young people, who are plainly Rose and Scott again; the girl is this time called Pauline, who is French but has lived for so long in England that it feels now like her own country—as with Antoinette in *Despised and Rejected* and Rose in real life, except that her background was not French but Viennese—and

[107] Lucina Wainwright (Rose Scott), *Waters Meet* (London: Secker, 1935).

Richard, an author. Anne sees at once that they have been together for many lives and so anticipates for them a joyous future; but though they are indeed instantly attracted, drawn together, there is a hitch. They are neither of them sure whether it would be right for them to marry. He is unfaithful to her with another young woman—in *Despised and Rejected* with a young man—and this provides for Pauline a great test for she has to get over her jealousy and transmute her distress into understanding friendship. After going on for some years in this indeterminate way, they do, with some help from Anne, as *The Oracle*, make up their minds and marry (no mention here of Koot Hoomi).

But now Henry falls ill. He who had healed others is unable to cure himself. He undergoes more than one operation, but is in appalling pain. Anne, seated by his bedside in the nursing home tries to call him back into the body from which he seems to be slipping away, but he is so pain-racked, the room feels like a torture-chamber. Unexpectedly, almost detachedly, she sees a torture-chamber of the Inquisition. On the rack, a hapless creature is being broken. The menials operating the instrument of torture are being urged on by an inquisitor in a hood. The face beneath the hood is Henry's. It is not cruelty for its own sake that drives him to incite the torturers to further efforts. He is possessed by the idea that only by being made to recant can the soul of the heretic be saved[108], and it matters not if only the utmost pains can wring from him admission of the true faith. The realisation that he has a terrible karma does not take away from Anne's love—they have been together for many lives—but she understands now that although by healing all who have come within his orbit, including probably some of his former victims, he has considerably reduced that karma, there is still that which remains. Dr. Sawyer thinks she has rallied the patient, but now she faints.

She becomes aware of an immense black shape or force of concentrated enmity. Perhaps if she could receive the impact, Henry might be spared to continue the work. (I cannot believe that a vicarious atonement of this kind could be allowed, but in Sinnett's book *Superphysical Science* the chapter entitled "The Brotherhood of Sacrifice"[109] contains an idea of this sort, with which both Rose and Nelsa may have been familiar.) Pain is already within her; dying of cancer, she asks Pauline to carry on the Work of Restholme, then dies—to return as the first child of Pauline and Richard. The ending, which is obviously fictional, seems too contrived, but the significance of this book lies in its central revelation, concerning Alec Chaplin. Now we understand the pains that seized Stefan in *Waters Meet*, and now we read again the passage in Scott's *Bone of Contention*, which concern Alec[110]:

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[108] Lucina Wainwright (Rose Scott), *The Oracle* (London: Methuen, 1937), 191-92.

[109] A.P. Sinnett, *Superphysical Science* (London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1924), 197f.

[110] *Bone of Contention*, 160.

> He had been among the original experimenters with X-rays and had got burnt, irreparable damage having been done to his stomach. He had already had one serious operation, and was eventually doomed to die after a third and worse one . . .

I applied for the death certificates of the Chaplins, and on these read that, in the Hastings Central Sub-District, on 27 July 1927, Ellen Louisa Chaplin (so "Nelsa" was a made-up name) of The Firs, Crowhurst, Sussex, female, of 51 years, wife of Alexander Chaplin, retired radiographer, died of (a) Carcinoma, Stomach and intestines (b) General infection of nearly all abdominal organs. No P.M. Certificate by W.G. Richards M.B., notified by F.E. Bendit, present at the death—so she must have been only a couple of years older than Scott—and that in St. Marylebone, London, Alexander Chaplin, male, of 56 years, of The Firs, Crowhurst, Sussex, Retired Radiographer, died of (a) (Exhaustion) (b) gastric fistula (c) operation gastrectomy resection of intestine for duodenal and gastric ulcers, June 11th, certified by Constance H. Chaplin, sister, present at the death.

It did not, perhaps, further our deeper understanding, but I had felt I should obtain whatever was officially available.

But why did Rose, in *Waters Meet*, which is plainly about Alec Chaplin, locate in Rye the house in which he used to heal? Rye was only about twenty miles from Crowhurst and was the home of another writer now to become important in the story.

There are two well-known books by H.K. Challoner, *Watchers of the Seven Spheres* (1933)[111] and *The Wheel of Rebirth* (1935).[112] I will take the second first as it was composed earlier, except for an Epilogue set in Switzerland. It opens in what is plainly Rye, in a bungalow on a shingle ridge between the sea and the marsh, wherein the author, and to a lesser extent two house-guests, are precipitated back in memory to another sea-shore, outside the City of the Golden Gates in the Atlantis of some 800,000 years ago. They—four of them, the three present and a woman recently passed over—were utilising a woman, creating elementals, which they were attaching to themselves with magic formulae, to be repositories of their powers, which they would pick up again from life to life, dragging under their control their present rulers and even the lords of the planet. What they had overlooked was that by aligning themselves with the involutionary elemental life they were fating their very beings to annihilation—which they must have suffered, had they not—belatedly—realised their mistake. After thousands of lives of degradation, it was in Egypt that the author at last made a cry for help. At his approach to the temple, a ragged old beggar rises, and without a

[111] H.K. Challoner, *Watchers of the Seven Spheres* (London: Routledge, 1933). In later editions the title is *Regents of the Seven Spheres*.

[112] H.K. Challoner, *The Wheel of Rebirth* (London: Routledge, 1935).

word begins to walk.[113] The author follows, and is led into the presence of a Teacher, who enables him to see the horrible elementals which long ago he attached to himself, and which, to be rid of, he will have over the millennia to ingest and transmute. In key incarnations, he and his ancient confederates meet again, at first in hate, but gradually learning to bear with one other until now they meet with only the last of the elementals to face.

The book carries an introduction by Cyril Scott and an acknowledgement to David Anrias, both of whom the author met a year or two after the events.

In the first book of Scott's *Initiate* trilogy, there is, in the part entitled 'The Circuitous Journey", a ragged old beggar, following whom the supposed Initiate in a past life is led to his Master.[114] It cannot therefore be ruled out that Challoner allowed a memory of this literary source to leak into the literary shaping of memories of the far past. On the other hand, the ragged old beggar may be an archetype symbol, having a significance akin to that of the leaden casket in *The Merchant of Venice*, the Fool in the Tarot pack or indeed the Fool in *Twelfth Night*. As Blavatsky said, initiates' lives have a tendency to imitate symbols.

Challoner had been in low health following the revelations at Rye, and after a year or two was taken for a holiday in Switzerland. In the Alps, Challoner met the deva described in the Epilogue to *The Wheel of Rebirth*, learned to paint and brought back to Rye the paintings of devas seen among the peaks. which form the glory of *Watchers of the Seven Spheres*. The medium has the fluidity of water-colour, but with perhaps slightly more body to it, and the style recalls that of the Anthroposophists, Schindler and Merry. The text is blank verse, but it is the pictures that provide the attraction, eight of them in full colour. It has an Introduction by the author of *The Initiate* etc., a dedication to "The Master Hilarion" and the frontispiece is entitled, "The Master Hilarion showing himself in Deva form." The head of a ray must be a human, but Leadbeater does relate the fifth ray to nature study, and therefore not only to those forms that the natural science of today can observe but the underlying elemental life, the nature spirits.[115] Challoner may have been on a deva line.

In the Epilogue to *The Wheel of Rebirth*, the speech by the deva has, in a later edition, undergone revision. Most of the alterations are trifling, but one has significance. The words, "There will

[113] *The Wheel of Rebirth*, 77.

[114] Scott, *The Initiate, Some Impressions of a Great Soul*, 215-16.

[115] C.W. Leadbeater, *The Masters and the Path* (Adyar, Madras: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1925).

be no fresh revelation, for no revelation is needed"[116] —transparent gunning for the Theosophists' expectations of Krishnamurti—have been omitted. Here is a warning that the words are, in fact, Challoner's. I make these points not to discredit the whole but because it is always needful to be wary. Cyril Scott, on making allowance for psychics' errors, has told us that if while playing in public, he forgets where he is in some composition, he does not get up from the piano and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I've forgotten this portion of my piece."[117] He invents something that seems to be in keeping with it until he picks up the proper thread again. If this happens with a psychic, what is filled in will be from the psychic's own preconceptions and prejudices, which may include elements alien to the communicator, assuming that there genuinely is one. Indeed, if the writing of Scott's *Initiate* trilogy was occasionally inspired by the Master Koot Hoomi, I do not think we need attribute to the latter the words (concerning the possibility of another war) "What we Masters fear for humanity is a conflict between the Yellow Races and the White."[118] This was published only three years before the foundation of the Nazi party in Germany; but the "Yellow Peril" was a popular panic of the 1920s, in which Scott obviously shared. It was then imagined that the Chinese were multiplying so fast that China would be unable to contain them and they would come swarming over Europe.

"A Music-Deva", the coloured frontispiece to the third of Scott' *Initiate* books, is unsigned but obviously by the same artist, and *Watchers of the Seven Spheres* carries an "Introduction by the Author of *The Initiate* etc." in which Scott—remarkably generous in the way he helped junior writers with introductions to his publishers and to the reader—has written six pages without using a pronoun that gives away the sex of the author. Suspecting the pseudonym of a woman, I wrote to Barry Thompson, who was able to tell me that H.K. Challoner was the pen name of Janet Melanie Ailsa Mills, who wrote novels as J.M.A. Mills, was born on 1 April 1895 and had painted in Switzerland.

Had she come to Rye early enough to form part of The Firs group? Mr. Springford, since my letters had started him inquiring around, had been brought one volume of the visiting book of The Firs, starting at 27 December 1935. Though this was after the Chaplins' death, he found;

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[116] *Ibid.*, 282; rev. ed., 280.

[117] *My Years of Indiscretion*, 113.

[118] *The Initiate in the New World*, 232.

Mrs. Cyril Scott
with Mrs. Neilson ..... Arr. 27.12.1935 ..... Dept. 30.3.36
Mrs. Scott..... 3.4.36 ..... 9.4.36
Cyril Scott..... 9.4.36 ..... 15.4.36
Mrs. Scott..... 8.5.36 ..... 10.5.36
Desmond Cyril Scott ..... 20.6.36 ..... 24.6.36
Mrs. Cyril Scott 1.8.36
Mrs. Cyril Scott 12.2.37
Amy Scott..... 4.5.38 ..... 11.5.38
E.E. Scott ..... 31.3.39 ..... 6.4.39
Robert King..... 11.3.39 ..... 19.3.39
with Helen Heske Marks ..... 11.3.39 ..... 19.3.39
Mrs. Cyril Scott
with Mrs. Shane and Mrs. Mills ..... 2.9.39 ..... 14.9.39

Ross he did not find, but Mrs. Mills had been brought, whether or not brought also before the Chaplins' deaths. The Epilogue to *The Wheel of Rebirth* placed the holiday in Switzerland long after the occult experiences forming the main part, which the Prologue makes plain took place at Rye. Moreover, in a middle chapter, on her past incarnation in Germany, there is a reflection that many of those who in past lives abused the fire elemental are today[119]

> risking their lives experimenting for the benefit of their fellows, with electrical currents and the various rays which will eventually be used to cure most of the ills of humanity . . . Many . . . sustain injuries in the process so that ultimately their bodies are . . . destroyed by the same element they once used upon others.

This seems tailor-made to fit Alec Chaplin, who, Scott tells us somehow burned his stomach with the X-rays he used to cure others and over the years slowly died of the injury. This suggests Mrs. Mills may have belonged to the Firs group at any rate in Alec's time. She seems, however, not to have been a pupil of Nelsa, for she had, at Rye, her own small occult, karmically linked group, and the Teacher who wrote through her hand the commentaries on her memories. How true are they? I find the fragmentary memories more credible than the commentaries, which, though sometimes showing penetration are often platitudinous and in places, I feel, wrong. Automatic writing does not involve or develop the higher faculties, and for this reason I do not believe that Masters communicate through it. The long passages in inverted commas come, I believe, from Mrs. Mills' own mind, trying to make sense of the memories.

[119] *The Wheel of Rebirth*, 198-99.

As to the absence of wartime entries in the Firs visitors' book, Mr. Springford reminded me that they were during the war in the restricted area, which stretched from the coast twenty miles inland. To enter this required permission. Rose and Mrs. Mills were there the day before the war was declared (3 September 1939) but the restriction would not have come into force immediately, and in any case, Rose could certainly have left to rejoin her husband.

Yet this she did not do. In *Bone of Contention*, Scott writes[120]:

> When in 1939 the second world war eventuated, it broke up our home for good. My children, still relatively small, had to be got out of London at almost a moment's notice, but as my married sister owned a little house in Somerset, she was able to accommodate both them and myself. As for my wife, she was able to share a domicile near Rye with our mutual friend, the occultist and gifted writer, A. [*sic*] K. Challoner, with whom she stayed till the end of hostilities.

There is something unexplained here. The bombing did not start for a long time, but even if it had been deemed desirable to get the children out of London as quickly as possible, this could have been arranged without splitting husband and wife. In *Destination Unknown* (1942)[121], Rose describes what it was like to be living in a south coast town, obviously Rye, during 1940-41 when they could see the German bombers passing over their heads on their way to drop their loads on London.

Then Scott writes[122]:

> When the war was nearing its end, my wife became worried as to what was to happen to me. Before the war we had lived in a large house, with adequate domestic staff to look after it, and with our respective work-rooms sufficiently far from each other for me to pound on my piano without disturbing her too much while she was writing her novels.

On the other hand, the *Dictionary of National Biography* said that Scott and his wife parted amicably in 1943, when she came to live in London with her two children. Things were not quite tying up. 1943 was not towards the end but in the middle of the war, and the children must have been brought back from the west country; indeed Scott says he spent most of the war in various places in Devonshire, the children now attending boarding schools (presumably not in the holidays).

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[120] *Bone of Contention*, 210.

[121] Eunice Buckley (Rose Scott), *Destination Unknown*, (London: Secker, 1942).

[122] *Bone of Contention*, 217.

The passage of Scott's quoted above continues[123]:

> My wife's poor health was such that she felt she could no longer cope with it [the house]. In view of all this, she contrived to snap up a small domicile in London, whilst Marjorie, who was homeless, agreed, in accordance with K.H.'s wishes and intentions, to be a companion to me and look after me when and where we found a suitable home.

Who was Marjorie? In Devonshire, in 1944, Scott had met a young woman, Marjorie Hartston, ill, homeless, deserted by her husband and bereaved of a nearer tie. He took her in, gave her homeopathic medicines and showed her the portraits of the Masters in the book by Anrias. Some time after that, she told Scott, that she had been asleep when she became conscious of a light in the room. Thinking she had left the electric light on, she opened her eyes and saw the Master Koot Hoomi standing there, saying "We know he is looking after you." Scott was overjoyed, because, to him, it meant that he had once again a link with his own Master. Why did he not make it internally? It is a weakness in Scott that he felt this constant need of a medium. To be too often on the receiving end of communications encourages dependency instead of developing one's own faculties; it is leaning for support instead of gaining the vertical. And there is the danger of being misled. I am prepared to give some credence to Mrs. Chaplin, but the clairvoyance of Anrias, by which Scott was for a while very much influenced, was a very chancy affair, sometimes on target and sometimes right off. Incidentally, what had happened to Anrias? He had not died, for his later Foreword to the third edition of *Through the Eyes of the Masters* is dated from "North Devon, August 1946." He had just gone out of Scott's life, leaving the vacuum filled by Marjorie. We do not know enough of Marjorie's communications to Scott to be able to test them.

What had happened to the "occult marriage" of Scott and Rose? The big house they used to own had probably become too expensive for them to keep up since the drop in Scott's income. In *Destination Unknown*, Rose mentions that the popularity of radio had reduced sales of printed music; but while this will to some extent have hit all composers, Scott, after having obtained great success while very young, had suffered an eclipse of interest in his music. Though it was still played sometimes on the BBC, he could not obtain performance of his new works, with their new inspiration, and could not understand why this was. Had something gone wrong for Scott that he had not pin-pointed? Had his attack on Krishnamurti and his teachings (while under the influence of Anrias) caused appreciable nuisance? Or whatever it was that put him out of step with Rose?

Did Rose remain in London on her own, or, as Jonathan Cutbill thought, go to live with Mrs. Mills in Rye? The blurb of a book of Challoner's published in South Africa in 1982, *Man Triumphant*, referred to her living in Rye, aged eighty- seven, "alone". Leslie Price, founder of *Theosophical His-*

[123] *Loc. cit.*

tory, wrote to me that during his period as manager of the Theosophical Bookshop he had seen a file of letters passed between Challoner and the Theosophical Publishing House which he thought might interest me. He thought they would now be at HQ, so I wrote there and received from Barry Thompson a complete set of them in photocopy. They ranged from September 1966 to June 1968, and concerned a book, *Out of Chaos*[124], co-authored by herself and Roland Northover, which the TPH were publishing. Most of Challoner's were typed from Westlands, Beckley, Rye (well inland from the shingle strip) but there was a run of them handwritten from Switzerland from May to October 1967. One, dated 7 May from the Hotel Excelsior, Montreux, is in a different hand, and begins, "I am writing this for Miss Challoner, who has had an accident to her right hand recently." It is signed, "Rose L. Scott." A few days later. Miss Challoner was writing, with her own hand, on 15 May from the Hotel Edelweis, Murren, that the enclosed blurb "was largely concocted by Mrs. Cyril Scott." So Rose, then seventy-seven, was with her on that holiday. But did that mean all the year round? *The Authors' and Writers' Who's Who* for 1971 gives the address of Eunice Buckley as 159 Holland Park Avenue, London.

Scott, after having lived with Marjorie at Pevensey Bay, Sussex, for some two and a half years, moved with her to a house in the Sussex Downs near Eastbourne and Rose came to see them comfortably settled in. An exercise in non-jealousy perhaps, but which suggests she was living somewhere near. Later, Scott and Marjorie moved to Eastbourne; and when Challoner sent the TPH a list of names and addresses of persons it was hoped might buy the book, if leaflets were sent them, included on it was: Cyril Scott, Santosa, 53 Pashley Rd., Eastbourne. I would have thought he might have been sent a complimentary copy.

Scott died on 31 December, 1970, aged ninety-one and a quarter.

Rose survived him ten years. I wrote to Hale, the publishers of most of her last books, asking if they had a photograph of her (for there was none in Scott's books) and could tell me where she was living after the war. John Hale replied to me: for some years her letters came from London, then from Peasmarsh, Sussex; they had no photograph but he could forward a letter for me to her daughter.

I looked up Peasmarsh. It was only about a mile from Beckley, Rye. It looked to me now as though Rose had taken a cottage within a short walk or bus-ride from her friend's.

From Scott's daughter, I received a very warm reply:

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[124] H.K. Challoner and Roland Northover, *Out of Chaos*, (London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1967).

18 Dec. 1997

Dear Mrs. [*sic*] Fuller,

Thank you for your letter enquiring about my mother, Rose Laure Scott.

She died in 1980 at the age of ninety.

At the beginning of the war she and my father separated and he went to Devon and she shared the house at Beckley nr Rye, with Melanie Mills—known to my brother and I as Melon (a term of endearment).

Rose stayed in Beckley throughout the war—(our house in London having been sold) and moved into a flat in London when the war was over—some time later, Melanie and my mother wrote their books in the peaceful surroundings—and once a year used to go off to Switzerland, where Melanie used to paint and my mother carried on writing. (Her books are out of print now, apart from 'You've got to have gold', which is in large print for those with poor sight. I enclose two photographs of her (having searched through my albums.) The one taken in 1928 appeared in newspapers at the time, and the other one was taken at Beckley in 1943.

Meanwhile, my father had met Marjorie Hartston,—and they set up house together, first in Pevensey and then in Eastbourne. They did not marry, but Marjorie was known as Mrs. Hartston Scott and she was really like a step-mother to us.

When my father died in 1970 at the age of ninety-one—Marjorie remained in the house in Eastbourne—and sadly died just <u>last month</u> [later] at the age of eighty something. (We never knew her exact age.)

So now my brother Desmond Cyril Scott who lives in Toronto, Canada, is coming with his wife to stay with me and we have to go down to Eastbourne in the new year to sort out everything (which will not be easy).

During the war Desmond was in the Navy and I was in the WAAF. He married a Canadian (having emigrated after being at Drama School and then getting his degree at Cambridge.)

Their son & daughter are gifted. The girl is a clever musician.

I married an Army Captain and travelled all over the world with him. But sadly he died two years ago. His obituary was in *The Daily Telegraph*—we have 2 girls, both married to GPs.

Luckily we bought our house some time ago (when he was due to go to a Staff college in Camberley) and here I remain.

It is interesting about the paper you have been writing about C.S. as his music is hardly ever broadcast but he had many other achievements with books on health and Theosophy etc., Philosophy—

One of my sons-in-law (being a doctor) has read some of Cyril's books on cure of cancer & many other subjects to do with illness and says that he wrote before his time. Rose Laure Scott was born in Vienna in 1890, 23rd January. I hope this letter will be of some help.

Yours sincerely,

Vivien Stafford

The enclosed pictures, especially the 1928 one, showed a very beautiful woman. Not unlike Sand, I thought, but improved. I wished I knew what had gone wrong for Cyril and Rose; but the elements that make a relationship are so subtle an outsider cannot know them, and it was better not to pry.

I thought I had finished my Scott research, when I answered the telephone to hear, "It's Maureen. In New York. I think I've found another Scott book. It's like *The Autobiography of a Child*. . . . the same although different. I feel it's Scott." There was an Introduction by Scott and the title was *The Boy Who Saw True*. I had a feeling that was a well-known book and thought I might be able to find it in libraries here. Indeed, the Society for Psychical Research sent me a copy of the original edition, of 1953, and the Theosophical Society one of the second impression, 1961, and then I received, as a gift from Maureen, one of the seventh impression, 1982, with the publisher's wrapper still on it and the Quest Bookshop's sticker. Scott's Introduction was dated from Eastbourne December 1952 and said that the diary had been sent to him by the widow of the man the child-diarist had grown up to be; and the publisher's blurb sustained this.

The diary started on 1 January 1885. Its supposed author had been born on 1 October, so would have had Sun in Libra like Scott. His father was a north country business man who read books, including Pepys' diary. It struck me as suspicious that a child who wrote "close" for "clothes", "sossages" for sausages, "assydrops" for acid-drops and "dairy" for diary, should spell Pepys correctly. Birkdale sounded like Birkenhead. On 23 January, the child wrote he asked his mother whether she said her prayers in the closet, "because the clergyman said in his sermon when we pray we ought to enter into our closets."[125] His father told him the word used to mean small room, not WC. This was reminiscent of a passage in The *Autobiography of a Child*, where the clergyman's sermon at evensong ended, "And so, my brethren, when this evening you enter into the privacy of your closets (sometimes he would vary it with the word chamber . . . .[126] Obviously these pages had the same author. They had a maid called Bucktrout "all names with uk sound horrid".[127] Was this a dig at Rose? His first playmate was a little girl of his own age, called Marjorie, surely the Muriel of The *Autobiography of a Child*.

We play together in the sand hills where there is nobody and sail paper boats in the puddles she knows how to make.[128]

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[125] Anonymous [Cyril Scott], *The Boy Who Saw True*, with an Introduction and Notes by Cyril Scott (London: Peter Neville, 1953; London, Neville Spearman, 1961), seventh impression, 1982, 32.

[126] *Autobiography of a Child*, 281-82.

[127] *The Boy Who Saw True*, 128.

[128] *Ibid.*, 37-38.

I suppose if one had not read *The Autobiography of a Child* one would not realise that these were not of sea-water.

She pestered him to take down his pantaloons. "The woman tempted me", said Adam and, says Scott as editor in brackets: "Hereafter follow a few sentences which show that the child was obviously oversexed for her age and an exhibitionist at that . . ."

But the text that he claims to be editing is surely not that of the Victorian child but of his own *Autobiography of a Child*. He did not want it prosecuted again, in the revised version. Why had 1885 been chosen as the year in which the diary should start? Scott was born in 1879, so on 1 January 1885, he would have been five years old, the age of himself and Muriel when they became playmates, as explained in the earlier work.

What distinguishes that from this is that the narrator is made to be clairvoyant. He sees everybody's "lights", by which one is meant to divine their auras. People's lights go bluer when they go into church. His father's are only yellow. His mother's are blue most of the time, but sometimes when she hugged him they turned pink. Now, in Besant and Leadbeater's *Thought Forms* (1901) it is explained that yellow is shown as representing intellect, blue devotion and rose pink affection[129], and in Leadbeater's *Man Visible and Invisible* (1902) there are representations of sudden rush of affection, swirling rose-pink forms in an ovoid turned mainly that colour, and of sudden rush of devotion, the same but everything blue instead of pink.[130] The reader is meant to take the child's vision as confirming Besant and Leadbeater but I submit that Scott is taken from them.

The many references to fairies, elves, gnomes and devas are, of course, taken from Geoffrey Hodson's books. Indeed, Hodson's *Fairies at Work and at Play* (1925)[131] is cited in the appended notes; only the reader is meant to believe the later clairvoyance of Geoffrey Hodson confirmed that of the boy forty years earlier.

The clairvoyance of the supposed boy troubles his parents, who wonder if something is wrong with him. When the family doctor comes, he is allowed to talk with his young patient alone, and asks him about the things he sees. The boy says, Jesus and a lot of elves, a crab clinging to a lady and another lady with an old gentleman inside her. The doctor, not hostile, says "Tut, tut, tut,

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[129] Annie Besant and C.W. Leadbeater, *Thought-Forms*, (Adyar, Madras: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1901), frontispiece.

[130] C.W. Leadbeater, *Man Visible and Invisible*, (Adyar, Madras: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1902), plates facing 104, 107.

[131] Geoffrey Hodson, *Fairies at Work and at Play*, (London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1925); *The Kingdom of Faerie* (London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1926); *The Brotherhood of Angels and of Men* (London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1927), *etc*.

that was a funny thing to see."[132] He assures the boy that doctors are good at keeping secrets. For months, I had been looking for a personage in Scott's entourage who said, "Tut, tut," an expression used more than once by Sir Thomas.[133] Now I had found him. It was the family doctor whom Scott had added into Dr. Bonnier to make up the secret Master in the Dark Cycle.

In the *Autobiography of a Child,* there was a Mr. Podmore[134], whom he met through his tutor Mr. Grantham; Mr. Podmore was a repressed homosexual, who proceeded to fall in love with him. Podmore being an uncommon name, I wrote to the Society for Psychical Research and asked them for whatever they might have on Frank Podmore, one of their earliest members. They sent me photocopies of his entry in two encyclopaedias plus *The Strange Case of Edmund Gurney*, by Trevor Hall[135], who did indeed advance the idea that Frank Podmore was a homosexual. There was, however, nothing to suggest a connection with Scott. But now, in *The Boy Who Saw True*, there appeared a Mr. Patmore[136], whose name sounded rather like Podmore, who was the boy's tutor, who was not a homosexual but who was very keen on psychical research[137]—or rather, became so after the boy's visions started him off. It was he who, through the boy, put perceptive questions to the Elder Brother whom the boy had taken for Jesus, and wrote the replies down at dictation, thus producing Scott's own views upon spiritual matters. At the schoolroom level, he incorporated Dr. Grantham's instructions concerning language; where Dr. Grantham had talked about syllables[138], Mr. Patmore talked about vowels.[139]

Scott, in his repetitious autobiographies, is all the time decomposing his personages and recomposing them in different combinations to make different characters. It therefore dismays me

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[132] *The Boy Who Saw True*, 48.

[133] *The Initiate in the Dark Cycle*, 111, 126, 134.

[134] *The Autobiography of a Child*, 291-95.

[135] *The Strange Case of Edmund Gurney*, Trevor Hall (London: Duckworth, 1964), 174, 200f.

[136] *The Boy Who Saw True,* 69 and thereafter *passim*.

[137] *Ibid.*, 80, 89, 90, 91-92 and ff.

[138] *Autobiography of a Child*, 267 ff.

[139] *The Boy Who Saw True*, 99.

when I read in Govert Schüller's monograph, "Haig stated" or "Sir Thomas"[140] explained—concerning Krishnamurti—as though these were real people, of altogether superior understanding than ordinary mortals. To take up a position on "their" words is to build upon the shifting sands of Scott. They cannot know more than Scott, their creator. To go properly into the misunderstandings of Krishnamurti's teachings which they voice would exceed the scope of this monograph but will form a chapter in the biography of Krishnamurti I am now writing.

The purported diary ended in 1886, but the diarist's widow, says Scott, had persuaded him to let it be published, to which he had agreed, subject to the condition it should not appear until some years after his death, that his identity should not be disclosed and that the names of persons mentioned be altered so as not to cause embarrassment to relatives . . . .[141] She also supplied some information concerning the diarist's life after he had grown up. At eighteen he had been sent to Germany to study music for some years, then to Paris . . . In the war, his weak heart had kept him out of military service . . . he had travelled . . . .

He had stayed in a hotel where there was a man suffering from disseminated sclerosis, the result of his cruelty as an Inquisitor in a past life.[142] The diarist, himself, had been had up before the Inquisition, but seeing the faces of the Inquisitors had promptly recanted, and so avoided being tortured.[143] When visiting Fiesoli, he had felt he had been a monk.[144] Earlier, he had been a Welsh bard, playing the harp, which explained his feeling for that instrument even now, despite its present unfashionability except in an orchestra.[145] But the harp he played then was a smaller, lighter instrument than its modern counterpart, which he would not care to have to lug about.

The diarist had been married before, but before his first wife died had separated from her. Apart from the fact that Rose did not die before Scott, he met her in a pension (the Chaplins again) and she was at the time "endeavouring unsuccessfully to develop a not too remarkable voice . . . it soon became apparent to both parties that, instead of having married a complement they had each married an opposite without any of those enlivening advantages which a contrast is said to present. The young

[140] Govert Schüller, *Krishnamurti and the World Teacher Project* (Fullerton, California: Theosophical History, 1997), 12.

[141] *The Boy Who Saw True*, 9.

[142] *Ibid.*, 215.

[143] *Ibid.*, 217.

[144] *Ibid.*, 211.

[145] *Ibid.*, 226.

Mrs. X. displayed ambitions and inclinations to reach the highest steps of the social staircase . . . ."[146] That cannot be Rose, who surely had no interest in "Society". But wait a moment . . . In *Root and Branch* there was a strand in the plot . . . the girl, Theodora, to whom in the beginning—Lionel had been engaged, was making her debut as a concert pianist. Lionel attended but did not like her playing. Particularly, he disliked her rendering of Chopin; technically it was all right but she put passion into it, which was her passion, not that of Chopin, she was not trying to feel his sensitive intentions but to use his music as a vehicle for displaying her virtuosity.[147] The reviews next day were bad. She had been enormously ambitious, musically, had hoped to establish herself as a really great pianist, and rather than be second-rate had given it up. The entry under Eunice Buckley in *The Authors' and Writers' Who's Who* says "Studied music in Vienna." Sand was highly musical. She left her husband because he forbade her to play the piano. Yet after Chopin came to live with her, do we hear of her playing? Delacroix wrote of walking in the garden in the evening listening to the strains of Chopin's music wafted from his window to mingle with the scents of the roses. We do not hear of the strains of hers. They do not seem even to have played duets. Pamela Hansford Johnson told me it was when she began to go out with Dylan Thomas she stopped writing poetry, because it seemed to her so much weaker than his, and switched to writing novels (which he did not.) Had the same happened to Rose? To have a common ground of appreciation and understanding is good, but two artists in exactly the same genre can become rivals, unless one suffers extinction or switches to a different art. Read "musically" for "socially", above.

It is admitted that the diarist had faults; failure to come to meals at set times and demand for them at unseasonable hours.

"His wife seems to have been somewhat strongly sexed, whereas he himself was not over troubled with immoderate sexual desires."[148] Sounds like Sand and Chopin over again.

She wrote to him once, asking him to come back, but he had felt it would work no better; she liked him when he was absent, but disliked him when he was present.[149] And in the meantime, he had met this new girl, who was so sympathetic. This was Marjorie Hartston.[150]

But we are listening to Scott talking, and would like to hear the voice of Rose.

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[146] *Ibid.*, 206.

[147] *Root and Branch*, 132.

[148] *The Boy Who Saw True*, 206-207.

[149] *Ibid.*, 214.

[150] *Ibid.*, 208.

The post brought me unexpectedly two books. They came from a Mrs. Annette Tanner, in Newport, South Wales, with whom I had a correspondence some years before concerning the Roerichs. She had read in the *Theosophical Journal* the report of the lecture I had given on Scott to the Theosophical History conference, looked forward to my paper when it was published and sent me the two Eunice Buckley's she had; they had meant something to her and I was welcome to keep them. They were *You Have to Have Gold* (Hale, 1972)—the original, not the large print edition—and *Work of Art* (Hale, 1978): two books written after Scott's death.

Both of them were set largely in Switzerland, high in the Alps, where the mysteries can be sensed in the snows. In the first, Elissa has had an unhappy childhood, orphaned, the least liked of the children tended by an overbearing though complaining governess who seems to dominate the whole family. On a holiday in Switzerland, she meets and marries Mario, who has inherited a hotel in the Alps. Their relationship is perfect but for one thing, the presence of an old, overbearing housekeeper, who is as bad as the governess. Why, she asks herself, do situations not of our choosing repeat? Is it something in our own behaviour, perhaps in past existences, that draw them to us till we learn how to cope with them? Mario is killed in a motoring accident; she is unable to forgive the driver of the other car and rebuffs his mother, who comes to tell her of his penitence. The overbearing housekeeper supposes herself now to be got rid of; but Elissa, suddenly more understanding, assures her she would never go against Mario's wish, that she should stay. A dictum of the mediaeval alchemists comes back to her: to make gold, one has to have gold, to start with. The gold in this case was forgiveness. She writes a letter to the mother, saying she can tell her son she no longer holds the accident against him. And then something happens. Standing on the little bridge near the hotel, where she had often stood with Mario, suddenly she felt he was with her. "Somewhere, somehow they were together again, and in some wordless fashion that was nevertheless totally adequate he was assuring her that his love for her . . . was as much a living thing as ever, only it hadn't been possible for him to make her really feel it until now." How could he, "while she was sending out waves of resentment and hate? But those obstacles that had formerly been between them no longer had power to keep them apart." Picking up his thoughts, she looks back at the hotel, thinking of those who slept or woke in it, and warms to the thought that "the divine alchemist was secretly, patiently at work to transform at long last[151] base metal into gold."

Where have we met that hotel before—with a little bridge near it? Though it is a stream that now flows under it and then a railway, is not this the bridge near the hotel on which Antoinette and Dennis—Rose and Cyril—first nearly kissed? Could this passage possibly have been written without her own husband being the husband her heroine found in spirit?

In the second book, it is a young composer who goes for a holiday to Switzerland. Foolishly responding to taunts from another lad, Billy, Nikos attempts to climb up a cleft in the rocks that is

[151] Eunice Buckley [Rose Scott], *You Have to Have Gold* (London: Hale, 1972), 255-56.

too difficult for him, slips and falls, injuring his spine so that he can never walk again. He is consumed by bitterness; granted that it was foolish to accept the dare, a whole life's incapacity seems rather an over-punishment for a moment's silliness. Neither conventional nor psychic healers can help him, perhaps because of his gnawing hatred of Billy. But then it comes to him that the threads which led up to that silly accident were of infinite complexity, of his own making. He writes a note to Billy, assuring him that he no longer feels rancour, and it comes to him that, whilst our modern astronomers tell us "now that they have almost reached the very frontiers of time and space, reckoned in billions upon billions of light-years going back to the actual moment of creation—the Big Bang" they might not find, as they expect, "NOTHING" but "in reality it's not that at all, but the unimaginable fullness and Splendour that projects images, glimpses, symbols of itself throughout the universe . . . in star cluster and flower-petal . . .."[152]

It is a passage worthy of *The Secret Doctrine*; and the thoughts she lends to Nikos, as in longed for death he at last escapes the prison of his crippled body, seem prescient of her own death, so soon to follow and to the spirit in which she would leave another incarnation.

I do not think there is any doubt she and Scott were on the side of the angels; they could not understand Krishnamurti but perhaps they do now.

Endnotes

[a] (Small gas-fires used to be supplied on flexible tubes, so that one could move them about the room. I can remember one that my mother had, at just about that period. Later they were banned.)

[b] I think of this because Noor Inayat Khan was born in Moscow on 20 December 1913 by the old calendar; she knew she had to add some days to bring it into the one everyone else used but was not sure how many, so gave her birth date, even to the WAAF, as 1 January 1914 This was incorrect, as the number she should have added was thirteen, bringing it to 2 January.

[c] In Polish, stress falls on the penultimate syllable and rz is a post-alveolar fricative, after G practically as the s in English sh measure, leisure, pleasure, etc.)

[152] Eunice Buckley [Rose Scott], *Work of Art* (London: Hale, 1978), 164.