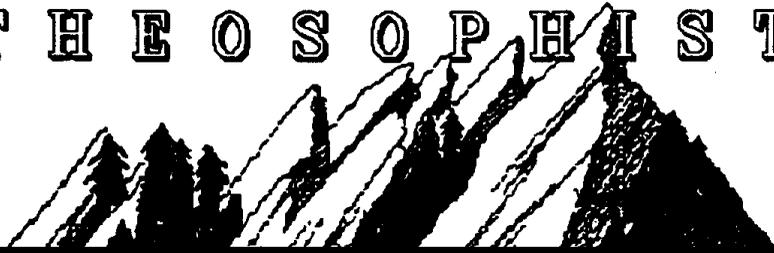


THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST



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I am going to try to paint for you a wondrous picture, to draw aside a curtain, so that you may see and understand some of the ancient teachings of the esoteric Mystery-Schools of antiquity, the Wisdom-Religion of mankind.

This Ancient Wisdom is not based on anyone's say-so: not based on the deceptive vision of so-called psychical clairvoyants, but is actually rooted in the very structure and operations of the Universe surrounding us, and which has been put into human thought and language by the great Sages and Seers of past ages, who through initiation learned how to send their consciousness behind the veils of the Universe that seem so apparently real, and that surround us on all sides.

These great Sages and Seers brought back from



this most marvelous of human adventures what they had discovered; put it into human terms, and taught it as a sublime natural philosophy of Truth in those ancient esoteric Schools of the Mysteries.

There is an ancient Wisdom, my Brothers, the Ancient wisdom that I have told you about. It tells us that the Universe is not only a living organism, but that we physical human beings live in intimate connexion with invisible and intangible realms, unknown to us only because our physical senses are so imperfectly evolved that we neither see, feel, hear, smell, taste, nor cognise them except by that much more highly evolved sense which men call the 'mind.'

These inner realms interpenetrate our physical sphere, permeate it, so that in our daily affairs, we actually pass through the very entities dwelling in these invisible realms. These invisible realms are built of matter just as this our physical world is, but of a more ethereal matter than ours; but we cognise them not at all with our physical senses. The explanation is that it is matter of differing rates of vibration.

The ancients said that there are ten planes or realms; ranging from high to low; and that each plane or realm is somewhat more ethereal than the realm immediately below it in the hierarchical scale, and all of them more ethereal than the physical realm

in which we happen to live at the present time.

And is the highest or spiritual realm the end? It is not. It is merely the beginning of a second ascending hierarchical ladder of life, so that the tenth or highest stage of any such Hierarchy if you count upwards, is merely the most inferior plane of another superior Hierarchy, itself ascending in ten stages or degrees; and so on endlessly.

Furthermore, the same rule applies in the opposite direction, that the lowest stage of any Hierarchy is the highest of an inferior Hierarchy on the descending scale, and so on forever.

The world is filled with gods and demigods, and beings who are even higher than what men call gods — all of them spiritual beings, cosmic entities, call them by what name you like; and we human beings are but one class of them, at the present time passing through this phase of a long evolutionary journey from inferior to better, on the ascending arc of growth and development; and our temporary sojourn in this, our physical world, occurs as we pass along that ascending arc.

Further, this evolutionary path, said the Teachers of this Ancient Wisdom, proceeds in cycles, spirals, each turn of the spiral bringing out new manifestations of the inherent life of the evolving entity.

Furthermore, these Wise Men taught — taught from what they themselves had experienced in the initiation-chambers — taught not because someone else had instructed them but because they had been on the mystical Adventure to these interior realms, and because they had been there and had seen and felt and contacted these realms — they knew and therefore could teach Truth. How can a man really know anything at all which he himself has not been through?

They taught that these inner worlds are the worlds to which all the better part of man goes when he lays aside the physical body — into the interior realms, planes and spheres of the cosmic life.

They taught that the journey after death was made upwards through these nine other planes or spheres, until the acme or top of the hierarchical ladder was reached; and then came the return journey downwards through the same planes, until the earth-sphere was again entered upon, and thus a man is reborn, each time a little higher than before, let us hope — because there are certain cases of retrogression — with each new birth learning a little more and becoming somewhat more than he was before.

You yourselves are imbodyed gods. Yes, the root of each one of you is a divine

being; and your humanhood today is but a visible and imperfect manifestation in this world of gross substance of the powers and faculties that you have locked up within you.

The real roots of things are in the invisible worlds; the real causes lie there. Therefrom spring forth the entities that compose the variety of our physical world; and today you have your ultra-modern scientific thinkers, and the greatest of them, talking more or less vaguely but intuitively about other ‘dimensions of space,’ instead of which phrase ‘dimensions of space,’ we Theosophists, having the same idea although much more developed, talk about superior planes of space.

Your modern scientists have completely thrown over the materialism of your fathers. It is dead — gone, but not yet forgotten; and the minds of men today are still filled with the old materialistic ideas and teachings and theories of forty, fifty and a hundred years ago, and those ideas and theories are still taught in our schools, although it may be in a more or less disguised form.

Yet the great leaders of scientific thought, the great discoverers and investigators, know that the materialism of our fathers is now dead. These great ultra-modern scientists are teaching of invisible worlds; they are now talking about ‘space’

very much as a Theosophist talks about space, as being the habitat of consciousness, the habitat of mind.

But to speak of it as ‘mind’ is merely putting in a generalized form exactly what we Theosophists say when we talk about minds — in the plural — meaning gods, cosmic spirits, and invisible realms and worlds and spheres, the habitats and dwellings of these gods and cosmic spirits.

What is space? Can any one of you tell me what space is? Is it a mere container? Is it a mere emptiness which holds things? Will you tell me how emptiness can hold things? Think! How can emptiness hold things?

If it is a container, what is that container? I repeat the question: What is the container? Furthermore, what contains the container? To the Theosophist, Space is the Cosmic All.

We Theosophists don’t dare further to define it, because we cannot; it is infinitude — infinitude lasting throughout eternity; it is boundless, frontierless; it is the All — it is what we, using one of our technical terms, call Parabrahman — the Boundless, beginningless, endless.

Furthermore, Infinity is not mere emptiness, but is a Plenum: It is an infinite

fulness, and merely seems empty to us because our physical eyes cannot interpret the vibrations emanating and flowing forth from the worlds and realms with which Space is packed full, and which actually forms space itself.

The ancients frequently spoke of cosmic space as ‘the waters’ of space. “The spirit of God,” says the Hebrew Bible, “the spirit of elohim, of the gods, moved on the waters of space” — an exoteric expression simply meaning the vast Plenum or Fulness packed full with cosmic divinities and the worlds or realms in which they dwell; and our scientists, the biggest ones among them at least, are teaching essentially the same thing in very different words, as witness Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Eddington, Dr. James Jeans and the great American physicist Millikan.

They speak of space now as being the real fountain from which everything else comes, saying that worlds, suns and stars are but interruptions, as it were, of the fulness of space.

We Theosophists would consider the term ‘interruptions’ as wrong; we would say that any physical sphere or world is but a thickening or condensation of the substance with which space is filled — thickened and concreted around a heart, a central point.

Sir James Jeans is teaching essentially the same conception when he speaks of nebulae as having at their heart 'singular points,' through which stream from another dimension ('world' say we Theosophists) into this world, primal matter in its first physical state; thus teaching in scientific phraseology a tenet of the ancient Wisdom-Religion.

The 'singular-points' of Dr. Jeans we Theosophists call 'laya-centers' —and it is an old teaching among us — ancient, archaic.

Let me tell you something more: every globe that you see in space has at its heart just such a 'singular point,' to adopt the language of Jeans, the English astronomical physicist; and through this center of each such globe come into that globe the streams of entities, the river of living things, by which that globe is inhabited, all of them on their evolutionary pathway.

They then enter into the atmosphere of any such globe, such as our earth, and find, if they be human entities, their habitats in the bodies of little children; and similarly so is it the case with the beasts and the vegetables, as well as the atomic entities of the mineral kingdom.

The anatomy of space is really the structure of the Universe — a vast organic entity filled with lives, from the highest

called gods down to the least evolved which we call atoms, all combining to form an endless chain or Hierarchy of living entities.

What a sublime destiny for men and for all things! Remember that men are merely one family of the vast host of evolving entities with which the Universe is filled: gods above us, and we shall become gods; beasts below us who shall in time become men or at least human; vegetation, the plants below the beasts, who will in time blossom forth as beasts; and the atoms, the chemical elements below the plants, which atomic elementals likewise are learning and evolving things on their upward evolutionary journey.

They too will in the distant aeons of the future become men and then become gods, a host of gods.

And throughout endless eternity in the past, on all the worlds that have been and now are gone because they have lived and gone higher, this endless stream of advancing entities has been evolving; so that, as I have told you, the Universe is filled with gods, the evolved product of past eternities of growth.

These, then are some of the teachings of Theosophy. You see how this picture of the structure of the world, consisting as it does of endless series of steps, of grades,

gives the key to wondrous mysteries.

It also means that the following of this pathway inwards brings you ever more fully into the inner worlds, into the inner spheres, ever more closely to the spiritual roots of things.

It is this wonderful evolutionary pathway that all entities follow, leading them into causal elements and worlds, until finally the pilgrim returns as a fully evolved and self-conscious god — which you are even now in the heart of the heart of your inner being — to that divine spiritual Sun of which you are immortal rays.

[Condensed from *Questions We All Ask*, Second Series No. 14. Oct 12, 1930.]

Pilgrimage to India

The on-going narrative of HCT editor Dick Slusser's experiences on his solo trip to India resumes here. The autobiographical Introduction, beginning with the April '92 HCT, was concluded with the August issue.

Letter 1 November 13, 1984
Dear Marty,

Darling, there is much to tell you. It truly feels like a month since I kissed you goodbye in Denver, Sunday morning. I'll try to bring you up to date. It tugged at my heartstrings to see the tears in your eyes.

I arrived at Kennedy airport NYC about 5:15 p.m. E.S.T., with rain pouring down and mild temperatures. It was necessary to take a shuttle bus from the United Airlines arrival building to the International Departures building where Air India is located. The bus was jammed in typical New York style, with standing room only.

I forced my way aboard via the rear doors and helped a small elderly French woman aboard. When the doors opened at the next stop, she fell backwards out of the bus into a rain puddle and hit her head on the curb -- fortunately she was not injured.

The waiting room of Air India was my first taste of Indian culture, with crimson red carpets, tile mosaic and painted wall murals, accompanied by musical dialogue in Hindi.

The plane left Kennedy at 8:15 p.m. (E.S.T.), flying out across the Atlantic ocean in inky blackness. I could not sleep on the crossing to London - and arrived at Heathrow airport at 8 a.m. (2 a.m. Denver time) feeling kind of dragged out.

Meals on Air India were excellent,

but no vegetarian choice was available. I had chicken curry “Kashmiri” over the Atlantic between NYC and London and “Fricassee de Volialle a la ancienne”, another chicken dish, over the U.S.S.R. at 6 a.m. (Denver time) for the second supper.

Flying east on a northern great circle route, a full day and night is only about 12 hours long!

The first night’s in-flight movie was “Never Cry Wolf” which I enjoyed immensely.

I had fun explaining it to my seat partner, Mr. Yohannes Haille of Addis Ababa Ethiopia who is a seed oil salesman. He invited me to visit him in Ethiopia. He is a very handsome man with beautiful chocolate skin and finely chiseled features. Ethiopians are definitely not of negroid stock.

I had intended to send you the menus and the in-flight magazine “Namaskar” but forgot them when leaving the plane at New Delhi.

On arriving at New Delhi, the fun began! No concourse, just steps from the 747 exit to the ground and a shuttle bus to the terminal building - and unlike NY; seats for everyone. By the time we got to the terminal building and through customs, the

baggage was already arriving on a rickety conveyor belt arranged in a U shape.

A group of 3 other cyclists from London, bound for Kashmir, had already retrieved their road bicycles. I spotted my bike carton; battered, crumpled, full of holes and water soaked at one end! But by God and Guru’s grace there was no damage to the bike and no lost parts (pedals, pump and water bottles).

But the rear panniers and sleeping bag were nowhere to be found when the last of the baggage came through. I had a sick feeling of dread in my heart - all of my clothes except for what I was wearing plus the locks and cable, stove, water filter, bottom bracket tools and spare parts were missing.

I began filling out the “baggage irregularity” form, wondering if the panniers had gone astray in New York or London. To get on with it, I changed \$50 into Rupees (about Rs 585), put on the pedals and straightened the handlebars.

I tried phoning the YMCA per Tushar’s advice but couldn’t get the phone to ring. So I went to the Tourist Aid desk and the woman there had no better luck, so she recommended Hotel Alka in New Delhi at Rs 200 a night; just for a room, but there was no other choice. I was feeling worse and worse, utterly exhausted and sick with dread at 2 a.m.

Just at that moment, the man from “baggage irregularity” came and said he had good news! The panniers and sleeping bag apparently had made a journey on the conveyor belt around the U and back outside the building before I had arrived. In gratitude, I threw my arms around him and thanked him; God and Guru still protecting.

I got on a bus for New Delhi with the bike and everything complete at 2:30 a.m. No way was I going to ride 20 miles into New Delhi in the dark and get lost. About 5 miles from the airport we stopped at a military checkpoint where two soldiers with rifles over their shoulders were checking traffic. I was glad to be safe on the bus. No hassle however.

I checked in to room 236 in Hotel Alka and had to stand the bike on the rear wheel to get it into the elevator. I was not about to trust assurances that the bike would be safe in the lobby after stern warnings at the airport about the possibility of theft. By this time, around 4 a.m., I was too exhausted, paranoid and hyped up to sleep, but I guess I did finally drop off between 5 and 6 a.m. Oh yes, to top it all off, I got a nosebleed while waiting for the bus to leave the airport, but it subsided ok.

I woke up at 6:30 a.m. and took a

welcome shower, shaved and felt reasonably good, although still tired. Decided to try the YMCA again. I picked up the phone and the hotel switchboard answered but couldn't hear me. The phone was out of order and there were wires hanging out everywhere. I noticed wires shorted across terminal screws, so I twisted them out of the way and tried again. Success!

The YMCA had breakfast for Rs 10 (a buck) and was about a mile away. I took the front panniers and backpack with the film and camera, leaving the rest of the gear in the room and headed for the YMCA.

Now the Alka hotel is on Connaught Circus, a one way circular boulevard (clockwise) and the YMCA is on Jai Singh Road off of a spoke street, Sonsag Marg, but 2 spokes away, counter clockwise - against traffic.

Traffic here is so insane that riding along the curb against traffic isn't much worse than going with the flow. I made it to the “Y” OK and had breakfast by 8 a.m. but needed two breakfasts to fill the hole. (Bill would have starved on it.) The room charge at the Y is only Rs 75, including breakfast, but I had to wait until 10 a.m. check-in time, so I decided to explore a bit and get used to the traffic and finding my way around.

Traffic is on the left side, so the rear-

view mirror must be put on the right side. The habit of riding on the right is hard to change and I found myself on the wrong side of the street at several intersections.

I succeeded in finding the Post Office and was able to find my way back to the Y three times and was feeling more confident. Yet after 10 miles of riding, I couldn't find hotel Alka again to check out. The problem was the lack of street signs. I must have passed right by it 3 or 4 times.

Finally, I walked the bike slowly along Connaught Circus checking every single sign, and after making about 4 inquiries and checking Pat Connor's map about 6 times, I finally found it.

I was sorry that last night I had been feeling so paranoid that I had only tipped the bell boy 60 Paise (about 7 cents) and he wasn't happy. This morning, I gave him 5 rupees and he seemed grateful.

On checking into the Y, one of my 20 rupee notes was torn and taped together and the desk clerk wouldn't accept it. He said I should return it to whoever gave it to me (at the airport). Just at that moment a kindly young Indian said he'd take it and give me change for it. From now on I'll watch my money carefully. Somehow I keep getting rescued from all sorts of mishaps.

When checking in, I asked for permission to keep my bike in my room. The YMCA Manager, Mr. Sondhi, was heart warming, friendly, reassuring and helpful. He had great faith in the democratic process in India and made me feel welcome and really good. I sat at his desk in his private office, drinking his tea for a good half hour, and then showed him the bike. He seemed to genuinely admire what I'm doing (or trying to do).

The Y here is a good place; friendly and spacious - and also inexpensive. I haven't made plans beyond the expectation of staying at the Y for about 3 days as originally planned, so please continue to write to Hardwar, general delivery. Right now, I need to rest.

The traffic darn near freaks me out. Downtown Denver would be a piece of cake by comparison. Fortunately, nobody is moving more than about 25 m.p.h. and most of it is 15 - 20. If I had the guts, I could keep up with it, but it's an awesome mix of pedestrians, bicycles, mopeds, mini-motorcycles, motor scooters, mini-cabs (the size of U.S. 3 wheel mail trucks), buses and taxis. And they're all honking madly and continually pushing you from behind, grazing from the right and left and crossing in front from both sides. Strangely, I have yet to see a collision.

I'm glad I brought along Annie Besant's "*In the Outer Court*". I was

reading the following on page 20, on Purification;

“There is no place for anger of any sort, even though the anger be free of personal antagonism. For the aspirant has now to learn that those who do the wrong are also his brothers, and that they suffer more in their wrongdoing than ... (their victim) ... the energy of the Soul becomes an energy that is absolutely pure and goes out to help the tyrant as well as the slave. For the Saviors of men choose not who they will serve ... and They that are the servants of all hate none within the Universe. The candidate must carry into (the Inner Court) with him love, but it is love that has lost its exclusiveness.”

I remember you making that same statement to me (about non-exclusiveness) many times.

All my deepest love and commitment-
yours,

BOOK REVIEW

by Marty Lyman

Have you ever wondered why humanity must fight war and what we as mere mortals can do to prevent it or how we can help if war has to be? And how can we help those in our prisons? What is our

system doing wrong and what changes must take place? Why must our children suffer and what can we as parents and teachers do to alleviate their suffering and help them grow into strong spiritual beings?

THE GODS AWAIT by Katherine Tingley is an inspirational book written for the compassionate soul who wishes to address these questions. In the book she explains how these questions affected her.

It was as a child, in 1861, that Katherine Tingley experienced first hand the horrors of battle when, watching from her darkened window, she saw in the glare of pine torches “files of Confederate soldiers, ragged and half starving, sick and war-worn” passing in front of her house.

This so moved her with compassion for the suffering that she felt compelled to go into the night streets to bind up their wounds. “Everything in the war atmosphere had something of misery in it that awed [her], and there seemed to be no remedy.” [p. 28]

She was so overwhelmed by the continuing misery and suffering she observed all around her, that she was later moved to establish “The Do-Good Mission” in New York’s East side.

She speaks of ministering to over six hundred women and children waiting for

relief in the streets: “They were but half-dressed — they had pawned most of their clothes -- they were perishing with the cold; they were wailing out loud, many of them, and clamoring for help.” [p. 63] It was there that she met William Quan Judge who introduced her to Theosophy.

“It was he [Judge] who first gave me glimpses of the power of thought and made me realize what it will do to build or ruin the destiny of a human being.

And in doing so, he showed me how to find in Theosophy, solution of all the problems that had vexed me: how it points the way to the right treatment of the downtrodden and outcast of humanity, and to the real remedies for poverty, vice, and crime.” [p. 65] This is definitely an inspirational book for those treading the path in applied Theosophy.

Second and Revised Edition, 160 p. \$9.00 Cloth, \$6.00 Softcover. Theosophical University Press P.O. Bin C, Pasadena, CA. 91109.

Letters Received

Rosemary Vosse writes from South Africa: ... “The T.S. History Conference in San Diego brought back memories of my brief visit there in 1976, staying with Iverson Harris and his wife, visiting with the

Smalls and the Plummers — Gordon gave me a ‘sleight o’ hand’ show -- quite incredible. You may not have heard of that side of his capacities.

My own trip to look up Victor Endersby at Napa was not so sensational - - it must have been a different cabin he was living in at the time, because a taxi was able to get me up there -- but the place was empty, though we found some of his engineering books in an outhouse which confirmed it was the right place.

We had been getting his Theosophical Notes for some years, but he got worked up at the idea of us corresponding with Tibetans who he was sure were tantrists of the worst sort. This has not turned out to be the case at all.

Last Sunday a talk by me at the T.S. in Cape Town was entitled “Who was Gottfried de Purucker” and based largely on your [HCT July `91] article. The local T.S. is Adyar oriented, but we try to put across some of the original teachings whenever possible.”

QWAA REPRINT PROJECT

Index entries for 160 of the 516 total pages in the Second Series have been checked.

Calendar

Tue. Oct. 20 Call L.B. Hansen, 761-5925 or Judy, 477-4788 for details.

Fri. Nov. 13 Charlene's home

Dora Kunz, past president of T.S.A., (Wheaton) will visit THE T.S. OF DENVER to present a talk on "The Dynamics of Healing" at The Unity Church, 3021 S. University Blvd., Denver. Free will donation of \$5 suggested. Time: 7:30 P.M.

Al Skrobisch leads ongoing study of Light on the Path, Volume III of Talks on the Path of Occultism. Meeting begins with meditation at 7:00 p.m. Call Charlene 757-7298 or Judy 477-4788 for location.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF DENVER holds regular meetings and study classes in Denver on the second and fourth Fridays monthly.

THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST has the following editorial objectives: (1) To present articles and essays consistent with source theosophy, otherwise known as the Ancient Wisdom; as given by The Masters and H.P. Blavatsky, and other theosophical writers consistent with this tradition. (2) To examine contemporary ethical, religious, metaphysical, scientific and philosophical issues from the viewpoint of the source theosophical teachings.

(3) To impartially examine significant events and issues in the history of the theosophical movement which have affected and shaped its present-day realities. (4) To serve as a forum for the free interchange of ideas and commentary and to facilitate various projects in furtherance of Theosophical principles.

Annual subscriptions renew in June. Complimentary copies and abstracts of back issues are available on request to Dick Slusser, 140 S. 33rd. St., Boulder, Colo. 80303-3426. Tel. (303) 494-5482.