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**W.Q.J. is the Antaskarana
between the two Manas(es) the
American thought and the Indian
-- or rather the trans-Himalayan**

Esoteric knowledge.

dixi H.P.B.

An Esoteric look at William Q. Judge

As mentioned in the June HCT we spent time, while in Pasadena, as guests of David and Virginia Spurlin. During the course of our discussions, I mentioned that one of my first encounters with eastern religion was in a study of The Bhagavad Gita some years ago in Boulder -- which was a significant turning point for me, spiritually. In that study group, each member would read a different commentary for each Sloka in turn. My favorite Gita commentary was that of Radhakrishnan.

David then asked me if I had ever read *Essays on the Gita* by William Q. Judge. I replied that I hadn't and expressed doubt that Judge, a naturalized American of Irish origin, would be likely to have much insight into the subtleties of Hindu metaphysics.

David said that, for him, Judge's commentary was superior to any he had read and suggested that for an appreciation of Judge's qualifications, I read Judge's Occult Novel "In a Borrowed Body" in his *Letters That Have Helped Me*.

Judge's tale "In a Borrowed Body" suggests that he too, like G. de P., was a chela sent by the Masters as a Teacher and



worker for the West through the medium of Avesa; although in Judge's case -- unlike that of G. de Purucker, his Hindu body evidently continued to live, presenting the Ego with the difficult ordeal of living a "double life." Here follows his story:

"I must tell you first what happened to me in this present life since it is in this one that I am relating to you about many other lives of mine.

"I was a simple student of our high Philosophy for many lives on earth in various countries, and then at last developed in myself a desire for action. So I died once more as so often before and was again reborn in the family of a Rajah, and in time came to sit on his throne after his death.

"Two years after that sad event, one day an old wandering Brahmin came to me and asked if I was ready to follow my vows of long lives before, and go to do some work for my old master in a foreign land. Thinking this meant a journey only, I said I was.

"Yes," said he, "but it is not only a journey. It will cause you to be here and there all days and years. Today here, tonight there."

"Well," I replied, "I will do even that, for my vows had no conditions and master orders."

I knew of the order, for the old Brahmin gave me the sign marked on my forehead. He had taken my hand, and covering it with his waist-cloth, traced the sign in my palm under the cloth so that it stood out in lines of light before my eyes.

He went away with no other word, as you know they so often do, leaving me in my palace. I fell asleep in the heat, with only faithful Gopal beside me. I dreamed and thought I was at the bedside of a mere child, a boy, in a foreign land unfamiliar to me only that the people looked like what I knew of the Europeans. The boy lay as if dying, and relatives were all about the bed.

A strange and irresistible feeling drew me nearer to the child, and for a moment I felt in this dream as if I were about to lose consciousness. With a start I awoke in my own palace -- on the mat where I had fallen asleep, with no one but Gopal near and no noise but the howling of jackals near the edge of the compound.

"Gopal," I said, "how long have I slept?"

"Five hours, master, since an old Brahmin went away, and the night is nearly gone, master."

I was about to ask him something else when again sleepiness fell on my senses, and once more I dreamed of the small dying foreign child.

The scene had changed a little, other people had come in, there was a doctor there, and the boy looked to me, dreaming so vividly, as if dead. The people were weeping, and his mother knelt by the bedside. The doctor laid his head on the child's breast a moment. As for myself I was drawn again nearer to the body and thought surely the people were strange not to notice me at all. They acted as if no stranger were there, and I looked at my

clothes and saw they were eastern and bizarre to them. A magnetic line seemed to pull me to the form of the child.

And now beside me I saw the old Brahmin standing. He smiled.

“This is the child,” he said, “and here must you fulfil a part of your vows. Quick now! There is no time to lose, the child is almost dead. These people think him already a corpse. You see, the doctor has told them the fatal words, ‘he is dead!’”

Yes, they were weeping. But the old Brahmin put his hands on my head, and submitting to his touch, I felt myself in my dream falling asleep. A dream in a dream. But I woke in my dream, but not on my mat with Gopal near me. I was that boy, I thought. I looked out through his eyes, and near me I heard, as if his soul had slipped off to the ether with a sigh of relief. The doctor turned once more and I opened my eyes -- his eyes -- on him.

The physician started and turned pale. To another I heard him whisper “automatic nerve action.” He drew near, and the intelligence in that eye startled him to paleness. He did not see the old Brahmin making passes over this body I was in and from which I felt great waves of heat and life rolling over me -- or the boy.

And yet this all now seemed real, as if my identity was merged in the boy.

I was that boy and still confused, vague dreams seemed to flit through my brain of

some other plane where I thought I was again, and had a faithful servant named Gopal; but that must be the dream, this the reality. For did I not see my mother and father, the old doctor and the nurse so long in our house with the children? Yes; of course, this is the reality.

And then I feebly smiled, whereon the doctor said: “Most marvelous. He has revived. He may live.”

He was feeling the slow moving pulse and noting that breathing began and that vitality seemed once more to return to the child, but he did not see the old Brahmin in his illusionary body sending air currents of life over the body of this boy, who dreamed he had been a Rajah with a faithful servant named Gopal. Then in the dream, sleep seemed to fall upon me. A sensation of falling, falling came to my brain, and with a start I awoke in my palace on my own mat. Turning to see if my servant was there I saw him standing as if full of sorrow or fear for me.

“Gopal, how long have I slept again?”

“It is just morning, master, and I feared you had gone to Yama’s dominions and left your own Gopal behind.”

No, I was not sleeping. This was reality, these my own dominions. So, this day passed as all days had except that the dream of the small boy in a foreign land came to my mind all day until the night when I felt more drowsy than usual. Once more I slept and dreamed.

The same place and the same house, only now it was morning there. What a

strange dream I thought I had had; as the doctor came in with my mother and bent over me, I heard him say softly: "Yes, he will recover. The night sleep has done good. Take him, when he can go, to the country, where he may see and walk on the grass."

As he spoke, behind him I saw the form of a foreign looking man with a turban on. He looked like the pictures of Brahmins I saw in the books before I fell sick. Then I grew very vague and told my mother: "I had had two dreams for two nights, the same in each. I dreamed I was a king and had one faithful servant for whom I was sorry as I liked him very much, and it was only a dream, and both were gone."

My mother soothed me, and said; "Yes, yes my dear."

And so that day went by as days go with sick boys, and early in the evening I fell fast asleep as a boy in a foreign land, but did no more dream of being a king, and as before I seemed to fall until I woke again on my mat in my own palace with Gopal sitting near. Before I could rise, the old Brahmin, who had gone away, came in and I sent Gopal off.

"Rama," said he, "as a boy you will not dream of being Rajah, but now you must know that every night as sleeping king you are waking boy in foreign land. Do well your duty and fail not. It will be some years, but Time's never stopping car rolls on. Remember my words," and then he passed through the open door.

So I knew those dreams about a sick foreign boy were not mere dreams but that

they were recollections, and I condemned each night to animate that small child just risen from the grave, as his relatives thought, but I knew that his mind for many years would not know itself, but would ever feel strange in its surroundings, for, indeed, that boy would be myself inside and him without, his friends not seeing that he had fled away and another taken his place.

Each night I, as sleeping Rajah who had listened to the words of sages, would be an ignorant foreign boy, until through lapse of years and effort unremittingly continued I learned how to live two lives at once. Yet horrible at first seemed the thought that although my life in that foreign land as a growing youth would be undisturbed by vague dreams of independent power as Rajah, I would always, when I woke on the mat, have a clear remembrance of what at first seemed only dreams of being a king, with vivid knowledge that while my faithful servant watched my sleeping form I would be masquerading in a borrowed body, unruly as the wind.

Thus, as a boy, I might be happy, but as a king miserable maybe. And then after I should become accustomed to this double life, perhaps my foreign mind and habits would so dominate the body of the boy that existence there would grow full of pain from the struggle with an environment wholly at war with the thinker within.

But a vow once made is to be fulfilled, and Father Time eats up all things and ever the centuries. [*Letters That Have Helped Me*, pp. 95-100]

The following is from *Echoes of the Orient*:

The special trust and confidence reposed in Judge by H.P.B. may be better understood if the psychological mystery connected with him is borne in mind, a mystery which is better known in the Orient and which had remained completely unknown in the West until recent times.

As explained by C. A. Griscom, one of Judge's friends and co-workers:

"It was the good fortune of a few of us to know something of the real Ego who used the body known as Wm. Q. Judge. He once spent some hours describing to my wife and me the experience the Ego had in assuming control of the instrument it was to use for so many years. The process was not quick nor an easy one and indeed was never absolutely perfected, for to Mr. Judge's dying day, the physical tendencies and heredity of the body he used could crop up and interfere with the full expression of the inner man's thoughts and feelings. An occasional abruptness and coldness of manner was attributable to this lack of co-ordination. Of course Mr. Judge was perfectly aware of this and it would trouble him for fear his real friends would be deceived as to his real feeling. He was always in control of his thoughts and actions, but his body would sometimes modify their expression. ...

Mr. Judge told me in December 1894, that the Judge body was due by its Karma to die the next year and that it would have to be tided over this period by extraordinary means. He then expected

this process to be entirely successful, and that he would be able to use that body for many years, but he did not count on assaults from without, and the strain and exhaustion. This, and the body's heredity, proved too much for even his will and power. Two months before his death, he knew he was to die, but even then the indomitable will was hard to conquer and the poor, pain wracked body was dragged through two months in one final and supreme effort to stay with his friends."

In this connection, the following passage from one of H.P.B.'s letters to Judge, written from Ostende on October 3, 1886, is of great interest:

"The trouble with you is that you do not know the great change that came to pass in you a few years ago. Others have occasionally their astrals changed and replaced by those of Adepts (as of Elementaries) and they influence the outer, and the higher man. With you, it is the nirmanakaya not the 'astral' that blended with your astral. Hence the dual nature and the fighting."

The fact referred to in both of these excerpts is what is known as Tulku, a technical Tibetan term which describes the condition when a living Initiate or High Occultist sends a portion of his consciousness to take embodiment, for a longer or shorter period of time, in a neophyte-messenger whom that Initiate sends into the outer world to perform a duty or to teach.

There are many degrees of this condition, and most of its mysteries remained under the seal of secrecy until the present century, and are even today

but very imperfectly understood among students of the Movement. It is this teaching which provides the key to the many apparent contradictions in the character of Messengers and Chelas as witnessed in the history of the Movement for many years past. [*Echoes of the Orient*, Vol. I, pp. xxxiv - xxxv.]

H.P.B.'s statement to Judge raises additional questions and deepens the mystery when she says; "you do not know the great change that came to pass in you a few years ago" As the Judge body was born in 1851, the Hindu 'Rajah' took over the body during the fatal illness at the age of seven -- or in 1858. Judge would have been 35 in 1886 at the time of H.P.B.'s statement and thus her reference to 'the great change ... a few years ago' could hardly be in reference to the avesa event in 1858, 28 years previous. Furthermore, we would expect Judge to remember that, based on the 'Borrowed body' tale.

H.P.B.'s *Theosophical Glossary* provides a clue in her definition of 'Nirmanakaya':

Occultism ... says: that Nirmanakaya, although meaning, literally, a transformed 'body,' is a state. The form is that of an adept or yogi who enters, or chooses that post-mortem condition in preference to the Dharmakaya or absolute Nirvanic state. ... As a Nirmanakaya, however, the man leaves behind him only his physical body, and retains every other principle, save the Kamic -- for he has crushed this out forever from his nature ...

The 'Rajah' Judge refers to in the

'Borrowed body' tale was very much alive -- not post-mortem and he definitely returned to his body. So we are left to speculate that in addition to the difficulties of inhabiting a 'borrowed body,' W.Q.J. may have, in addition been host to an adept 'Nirmanakaya.'

Continuing from *Echoes*:

The individual known under the name of William Quan Judge was a Hindu initiated disciple, a Yogi as a matter of fact, who had taken over the body of an Irish boy by means of occult Avesa or Tulku, i.e., transference of consciousness, when the boy died of Typhoid fever. From various references to Judge, it is not difficult to come to the conclusion that he was occupying a "borrowed body."

In this connection, the testimony of Cyrus Field Willard, a close friend of Judge for many years, is of great interest. Writing to the editor of *The Canadian Theosophist*, and commenting on certain objections raised by a correspondent, in regard to the "borrowed body" idea, he says:

"In answer to this statement as to something which 'we' do not know, the writer should have said that it was something which 'I' do not know. I can tell, now, what I know, and saw with my own eyes, about this 'borrowed body' and which was also seen and verified by at least ten other persons, who openly so stated at a meeting held in the headquarters of the Boston Branch, shortly after Judge's death in 1896. And I think Brother Smythe can vouch for my reputation for veracity.

It was at the Boston convention in

1891, where I served on a committee with Annie Besant, on her first visit to America, and was pre-disposed in her favor by her work for the Bryant & May match-girls.

Word was sent to all members of the E.S.T. which I had joined under H.P.B. in 1889, to be present at an E.S. meeting in the large double parlours of the Parker House. When I got in, it was early and from newspaper habit I walked down to the front row of seats and sat less than 10 feet away from Judge and Annie. As she has seen fit to publish the E.S. instructions, it will not therefore be without justification that I relate what occurred, in order to give Judge his due.

The room soon filled up with about 200 persons, and I noticed leaning up against the pedestal behind which Judge stood as presiding officer, so all could see and exposed for the first time, pictures of the two Masters, blessed be their name, for the knowledge they have given us.

As he started to call the meeting to order, he leaned toward her, who stood on his right hand, and I heard him say to her in a low voice: 'Sound the Word with the triple intonation.' She replied in the same low voice: 'I don't dare to,' or 'I don't care to,' but I think it was the first. I heard him say in a firm tone: 'Then I will.' He had been twirling his gavel in his hand but laid it down, stepped to his right, pushing her aside, and stepped to the side of the pedestal, facing his audience, with her behind him, and said:

'I am about to sound the Word with the triple intonation, but before I do so, I have a statement to make which I do not

care to have you speak to me about later, nor do I wish to have you discuss among yourselves. I am not what I seem; I am a Hindu.'

Then he sounded the Word with the triple intonation.

Before my eyes, I saw the man's face turn brown and a clean-shaven Hindu face of a young man was there, and you know he wore a beard. I am no psychic nor have ever pretended to 'see things,' as I joined the T.S. to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. This change was not one seen by me only, and we did not discuss the import of his significant statement until after his death, when a meeting was held in the Boston headquarters to determine our future action. Then I mentioned it in a speech and his statement, and fully ten persons from different parts of the hall spoke up and said, 'I saw it too.' 'I saw and heard what he said,' etc. That would seem proof enough about the borrowed body. ... [*The Canadian Theosophist*, Vol. XIII, May 15, 1932, pp. 65-67.]

It is obvious from a number of very important statements by H.P.B. that the initiated disciple known as William Quan Judge had a very close karmic tie with her, and was intended to serve as one of the channels between the Teachers and the outer movement They were launching at the time. In a forthright letter dated from London, October 23, 1889, H.P.B. spoke of Judge as being "part of herself since several aeons." [*Echoes of the Orient*, Vol. I, pp. xxxv -xxxvii.]

Calendar

Friday, August 2nd

Barbara Ginsberg's
home -: 696-0794 for directions.

We conclude study of Introductory Study Course in Theosophy Part II with Al Skrobisch -- Lesson XII: The Ancient Wisdom in the Modern World. Plans for ongoing studies in theosophy will be discussed.

Meeting begins at 7:00 P.M.

Monday August 12th
Park Hill Public Library

Afternoon brunch meeting. Bring food to share.

Friday, August 23rd

Barbara Ginsberg's home -: 696-0794
for directions.

Part II of Peter Brook's PBS version of the Indian epic The Mahabharata, "The game of dice" will be shown.

Meeting begins at 12:00 noon.

Sunday, August 25th

Nancy Bilm's home
3101 Witter Gulch Rd.
Evergreen -: 674-7181 for directions.

Al Skrobisch leads study of Introductory Study Course in Theosophy Part II -- Lesson XI: The Rise and Fall of Civilizations.

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ADDRESS CORRECTION RE-
QUESTED

Meeting begins at 7:00 P.M.

RECYCLED PAPER

No meeting scheduled this month

Next meeting Monday Sept. 9th