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PLEASE NOTE
PAGE NUMBERING
CHANGE.
NOW STARTS WITH JANUARY - RUNS
CONSECUTIVE THROUGH
DECEMBER



We recently received from David Reigle, a lengthy letter outlining the scope of his chosen life work in the field of theosophy. We believe that David's task is so vital to the theosophic cause that we publish excerpts from his letter expressing his concerns, interspersed with editorial viewpoint, as this month's lead article. The complete text of David's letter can be supplied on request, and will be carried, we understand, in a forthcoming issue of *The Eclectic Theosophist*.

Quotes from David's letter (below) are indicated in **boldface**:

Well-wishing friends have urged me to let the **Theosophical community know of the ongoing research being done here in preparation for release of a preliminary manuscript and ultimate the publication of an original manuscript of the Book of Dzyan, to be translated from among the thousands of ancient Sanskrit and Tibetan manuscripts that have come to light in the last two decades. H.P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, specifically mentions the existence of translations of the original Senzar into these languages. (S.D. I. 23).**

This achievement, comparable to the discovery of *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, will remove the greatest single obstacle to the acceptance of Theosophy by the world. Heretofore, as H.P.B. predicted, western scholars have refused to acknowledge the content of the *Secret Doctrine* as historical *truth* because no one has ever seen the source text upon which it is based.

the world, has been for long ages lost to men, but is at last found.” [ibid. xxxviii]

I have long been convinced that this will be achieved during my lifetime, but felt that the timing of the event would depend upon the receptivity of Theosophists. If there are only skeptical academicians to evaluate it, it is unlikely that its spiritual significance will be recognized. Now that I have personally passed the 42 year mark, and with the close of the millennium only five years away, I am becoming concerned about getting this preparatory work done in time.

To this end, I have been seriously considering leaving here and embarking upon an academic career in which adequate funding can be solicited to support not only the textual aspect of the project, but would also could include grants for research in places like Tibet.

Because our present secluded location, high in the Colorado Rockies, provides a psychic environment more conducive to dealing with the Book of Dzyan, than the large cities where universities are located, friends have advised me to turn first to the Theosophical community for support. Hence this letter.

In her Introductory to *The Secret Doctrine*, Blavatsky predicted:

“In Century the Twentieth, some disciple more informed, and far better fitted, may be sent by the Masters of Wisdom to give final and irrefutable proofs that there exists a Science called *Gupta-Vidya*; ... the source of all religions and philosophies now known to

The Mahatmas could, when the time is right, send a chela to bring out the Book of Dzyan and explain its meaning. With but a dwindling five years remaining until the close of the twentieth century, it seems unlikely that a chela, specially selected by the Brotherhood, will arrive to fulfil the mandate in that fashion.

In *The Mahatma Letters to A.P. Sinnett*, we are advised repeatedly that the Masters searched “for over a century for a European body to send out upon European soil,” and found in H. P. Blavatsky, their “only opportunity.” Both she and Col. Henry S. Olcott were, for Their purposes, “far from perfect, but they were the best available.” [vide HCT Jan. `95, p. 3] Being forbidden by the rules of the Brotherhood to step into any given situation and personally intervene and manage, they can only wait until the timing is right and then use the best workers that are available.

David Reigle has spent twenty years in preparation for the task outlined by H.P.B., having learned to read and translate both Sanskrit and Tibetan. Beginning in 1983, in Oregon, David and Nancy (his wife) developed *The Eastern School Curriculum*, with the objective of educating a small group of students to an understanding of the theosophical significance of unique and heretofore unknown Hindu, Jaina and Buddhist texts that he has painstakingly collected over this period. These students would then be qualified to undertake the ongoing work of translation of the Sanskrit and Tibetan manuscripts into English.

Opportunities to obtain these texts come once in a lifetime, , referred to by H.P.B. in *The Secret Doctrine* as additional commentaries on *The Stanzas*, . It is through the translation of these

texts which will form additional commentaries on and correlate with, the Stanzas of Dzyan that will, thereby, establish the validity of *The Secret Doctrine* in the eyes of world scholarship.

The Sanskrit scriptures of Aryavarta, “the bright focus into which had been poured in the beginning of time the flames of Divine Wisdom” (BCW 14.310), and their English translations, have been systematically sought out and gathered over a period of nearly two decades, and our collection is at present unparalleled in the private sector.

To safely preserve these texts and provide an appropriate place to work with them we purchased a small piece of land (two and a half acres) and began construction of a fireproof building two and a half years ago. This is so far all completely paid for, but we have been unable to finish it.

My wife and I have always believed in the principle, “consciousness first, form follows,” in other words, prepare our minds by learning the languages, etc., and gather the texts, and the building will come. Even in the last year, due to unusual opportunities, we purchased a set of the Tibetan Kangyur in 100 volumes, purchased several important Vedic text edition sets, and traveled to major academic libraries to locate and photocopy some 200 printed Sanskrit texts, mostly Buddhist, spending over five thousand dollars that could otherwise have gone toward completing the building.

(Only fifteen thousand dollars total is needed to complete it.) Thus having a building sit without a roof for two and a half years is not necessarily a sign of financial incompetence on our part, but rather reflects our priorities.

However, our building permit cannot be renewed indefinitely without some progress on the building.

Last March, the extensive library of Alex Patterson was willed to me, which I believe is to be used for the annotation of the Book of Dzyan, as it adds many subject areas which we were lacking, such as Platonic and Egyptian.

But the persons responsible for implementing the will, who have the right to withhold from the library whatever they wish, have understandably been reluctant to release the books to me as long as our building remains without a roof.

So our immediate need is funding to get our building completed, and our long-term need is funding for textual work in preparation for the publication of the Book of Dzyan. This work must be done and will be done, whether here or at a university, i. e., whether in or out of the Theosophical world.

The obstacle in the academic world is skepticism, which shuts out the influence of the Mahatmas, and even prevented H.P.B. from doing her work at Adyar (see “Why I Do Not Return to India,” BCW 12. 156-167).

The obstacle in the Theosophical world is lack of funding, which just as effectually prevents the work from getting done. I had always believed that this work should be done in the Theosophical world, and best in a Theosophical setting dedicated solely to it. This is what I have spent my adult life working for. But time is running out.

If the Theosophical community feels that this work is their responsibility, then let them support it.

**Senzar: The Mystery of the
Mystery Language
John Algeo**

Senzar is a mystery. According to H.P. Blavatsky, it is the language of the Stanzas of Dzyan and of certain commentaries and glosses upon them.

Blavatsky calls Senzar a tongue absent from the nomenclature of languages and dialects with which philology is acquainted (S.D. I, xxxvii), and so it is. The name of Senzar appears in none of the lists of the world's languages that linguists have compiled, nor is it ever likely to. We know about Senzar only what H.P.B. has told us, but in fact she has told us a good deal.

When Blavatsky talks about Senzar itself, she provides a very ancient genealogy for the language. She says that there was a time when the whole world was "of one lip and of one knowledge" (1:229), which is to say that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion (1: 341).

In this idea, H. P. B. is echoing Ralston Skinner, who in a passage quoted in *The Secret Doctrine* postulates an ancient language which modernly and up to this time appears to have been lost, the vestiges of which, however, abundantly exist (1:,308).

She frequently repeats this idea, mentioning the one sacerdotal universal tongue (Collected Writings 1 4: 196), one universal esoteric or "Mystery" Language... the language of the Hierophants (1:3 10), an she says that this secret language, common to

all schools of occult science once prevailed throughout the world (Collected Writings 5: 306).

The secret sacerdotal tongue is Senzar, the language in which was written an old book, the original work from which the books of Kiu-ti were compiled. The old book was taken down in Senzar from the words of the Divine Beings, who dictated it to the sons of Light, in Central Asia, at the very beginning of the 5th (our) Race.

But Senzar itself is much older than that . . . For there was a time when its language (the Senzar) was known to the Initiates of every nation, when the forefathers of the Toltec understood it as easily as the inhabitants of the lost Atlantis, who inherited it, in their turn, from the sages of the 3rd Race, the Manushis, who learnt it direct from the Devas of the 2nd and 1st Races (1:xlili).

The foregoing passage is of considerable interest, since, in providing such antiquity for the history of Senzar, it was effectively indicated that Senzar is not properly a language at all.

In commenting on sloka 36 of stanza 9, *The Fourth Race* developed Speech, Blavatsky says: *The Commentaries* explain that the first race—the ethereal or astral Sons of Yoga, also called "Selfborn" was, in our sense, speechless, as it was devoid of mind on our plane. . .

The Third Race developed in the beginning a kind of language which was only a slight improvement on the various sounds in

Nature, on the cry of gigantic insects and of the first animals. . . The whole human race was at that time of “one language and of one lip” (2: 198). Obviously, it could not have been much of a language or of a lip.

To make sense out of the mysteries surrounding Senzar, we need to consider the meaning of the word language. Like most other words, it has more than one. Webster’s Third New International Dictionary has six main, including fourteen subsidiary, meanings for the word, two of which are of especial relevance here.

Ralston Skinner, in a passage quoted by H.P.B. (1:308), points to these two meanings: To clear up an ambiguity as to the term language:

Primarily alone the word means the expression of ideas by human speech; but, secondarily, it may mean the expression of ideas by any other instrumentality.

Another instrumentality is the symbol. Is Senzar a language in the sense of a form of human speech, or is it an expression of ideas by some other instrumentality, some form of symbol?

Symbols can be pictures, like Amerindian pictographs, or more abstract drawings, like the yantras of some forms of Hinduism.

They can be other objects, either natural ones Himalayas or artefactual ones like Stonehenge. They can be words, either spoken or written.

Words are especially likely to be symbolic when they are used figuratively, in parables or allegories. Moreover the same idea can be expressed symbolically through a variety of alternative forms, in which case the alternative forms are equivalents (as H.P.B. says, a symbol is thus a recorded parable, and a parable a spoken symbol. . .) We can think of Senzar as being the whole complex of sacred symbols with expressions of various kinds, but of two chief types:

1. the archetypal symbols in myths and fairytales, allegories and parables, alchemical recipes and biblical history-stories that have a hidden meaning underneath the obvious narrative, stories that bear a double interpretation, and

2. a visual representation of those archetypal symbols and in pictographs or hieroglyphic and cipher like characters whose meaning the initiated can interpret independently of any language.

If Senzar is the system of such symbols, many of the puzzles about it are automatically cleared up. Blavatsky’s comparisons of Senzar with ordinary human languages are no problem. She used terms like language, speech, hieroglyph, ideograph, and cipher loosely.

She was no philologist and had no interest in the detailed distinctions that academic scholars make when they talk about such matters. For her it was enough to convey a general meaning and let her readers work out the details for themselves.

So the symbolic system of Senzar is a language in the broad sense of the term, but radically different from ordinary languages like Sanskrit, Latin, and English.

If Senzar is a system of verbal and iconic symbols, then we can understand the association of Senzar with Egyptian hieroglyphics. The latter are based upon symbolic pictures and thus fall into the same broad class as the symbols of Senzar.

It is not that spoken Egyptian and Senzar are related, but rather that the written Senzar symbols and hieroglyphs reflect the same archetypal images. . .

Senzar is the one language of the youth of mankind because it is the collection of symbols found worldwide throughout the ages. It goes back to the earliest, pre-physical and pre-intellectual, races of humanity.

Ordinary language is a product of the mind and could not exist before the mind was activated, as H.P.B. makes clear in her history of human speech.

However, symbols are pre-linguistic and pre-logical. Their proper place is not the conscious mind, but the unconscious. They belong to our most remote past and speak to us irrationally and therefore powerfully. . .

Senzar is indeed our common language, the language of symbolism-the one language that expresses the one knowledge.

[Reprinted from *The Eclectic Theosophist*, Nov/Dec 1986]

A Memorial to Dick Lyman Thoughts and Reflections from a Theosophic Journal by Marty Lyman

About nine months ago I heard news that my father was terminal with a very aggressive cancer. He was given three to six months to live. At first, I was grief stricken and I went into the wilderness. I hiked 18 miles, swam in very, very cold water, and climbed 14 foot snow drifts.

I offered all this to my Dad, not that he be or not be healed but that he make the dharmic choices. I cried and I was joyous over the shared memories I had with him. Gradually this desire fell away. I came out of the wilderness but **the love remained.**

In July, Dick and I decided to visit him and New York. It was a wonderful visit. I renewed old ties with my childhood home. Dad wasn't very strong, as he could only stand for about 10 or 15 minutes but he had an incredible courage. He wasn't angry.

I asked him how he dealt with the thought of dying and he said: "I just take it one day at a time." O! he had fight in him, he wasn't ready to die.

He decided he would take Chemotherapy and extend his life as long as he felt it necessary. "I just take it one day at a time," would be his response.

Eventually, Dad had to go into Chemotherapy and we would have to leave New York. We left but **the love remained.**

Dad responded well to the Chemotherapy. Not that it healed him. It bought him valuable time. During this period he shared his memories with me and in the course of four months he wrote about two letters a week.

All will be collected in a book. Eventually, he ran out of things to say. He stopped writing them but **the love remained**.

I felt a need to share my Theosophic Journal with him. I wrote about twice weekly and sometimes called as frequently. Gradually, he started to lose his eyesight and hearing. Life didn't have its appeal but **the love remained**.

Friday, January 28, 1995

I received my last letter, it was not a memory but it told me that my step mother had accepted a job and that she was cleaning the place and gardening. He was very, very lonely, losing his eyesight, hearing and appetite.

Saturday, January 29, 1995:

I called my Dad.

He told me he was very weak and wouldn't be taking any more Chemotherapy. His last words to me were: "**I love you.**"

Monday, January 30, 1995: 7:00 a.m.

Dick was thinking about my Dad all weekend. He said he had an uneasy feeling that Dad was ready to die. I asked him to call Dad. The fact is that Dad had taken a turn for the worse and was getting weaker and weaker.

He told Dick: "I'm alive but just barely." Dick said: "You are embarking on a great journey and don't be afraid." He replied: "I'm not."

Later, I tried to call but the line was busy.

5:00 p.m.

My step mother told me: "Dad was refusing to eat, drink, and his kidneys were failing. He was confused.

"He would ask: "Honey, What's wrong with me?"

'You are dying of cancer ,' was her reply. "Why can't they help me?" 'Honey, they have.'

Dad was beginning to forget the most recent memories. "If you want to come out and see him before he dies, you and your sister had better do it now," she advised. "He doesn't want to see anybody including me right now. He is going fast, it is your choice. I will be alright, you don't have to come out for me."

I called my sister. We both knew Dad didn't want anyone around. We didn't know what to do? I thought hard.

I thought about the kids in the inner cities. I knew that to go back to graduate school would make my Dad the happiest.

I called my step mom back and asked her to tell Dad before he dies: "I am choosing not to come out and I will use the money that would have been spent on the plane fare for graduate school."

It was a very restless night. I decided to read some Theosophy about death and dying. I felt a great amount of peace and love.

3:00 a.m.

I woke up thinking about my Dad. Had a vision. I was seeing stars in the sky and a face superimposed itself on them, then this face turned into an angel of light and then disappeared into the stars.

I felt afraid but of what?? I was restless but why??

Tuesday, January 31, 1995:

I went to work at an At Risk school in Denver. All I could think about was the aphorism which was sent to me by a Pasadena friend. It reads:

“I have heard that some South American Indians teach that leaves fall off trees in the Fall, because the bud of the next season pushes it off. Perhaps as you help your Dad through these next few months, you’ll be able to sense this bud that is pushing off the old ‘leaf’ and getting ready to be born.”

I thought about the courage my Dad has had these last few months. I thought about his motto: “I just take it one day at a time.” Every new challenge was met with this courage. I thought about my love for working with the inner city special needs students and about graduate school.

I thought of Dad’s motto and of applying it to entering graduate school. Could *this bud* be my own *flowering heart* and *spiritual aspiration* to work in the inner city??

3:00 p.m.

I called my sister. Dad is now comatose. My two step sisters decided to fly home and help my step mother. Dad did open his eyes when my step sister brought in her new baby girl. My sister feels good about our choice not to come.

My step mom went in immediately to tell Dad and he was gratified.

Had the urge to study all the pictures I had

taken of my father. How incredibly young he looked all his life. What wonderful memories it evoked. Gradually, I tired of this and went to meditate.

I placed the last picture I had taken of Dad in front of the clock he had made for me and sat down to meditate. What peace and love I felt.

I began to follow my breath. Little irritations Dad had caused me surfaced. All the pains and hurts of Dad’s spoken words and actions surfaced -- that’s it!! I knew what I feared and why I was restless.

I knew I would never again be able to speak to the personality who was “Dick Lyman,” -- that is what I feared! I had to release the bondage of my own irritations and hurts -- however slight -- that is why I was restless.

I reflected:

Dad will be released from all the pain he has created in this life. He will carry with him only “Love” and “*spiritual aspirations*” and his *spirit* will grow even more beautiful. I will release my irritations and hurts into compassion.

I, too, will grow. Our love will bring us together next time even stronger. A most beautiful thought.

Another restless night.

Wednesday, February 1, 1995:

Dad is still comatose. One of my step sisters talked to me. At first, she didn’t want to come. She was angry at Dad. He didn’t wish her to come either but she had a need to help her mother.

I told her about my meditation experience. She was thinking about trying it herself, but didn't know how. I told her that the usual way was to sit quietly and follow your breath but there are as many ways to meditate as there are people. The important thing is to quiet your mind and the tranquility soothes your anger.

I finally slept well.

Thursday, February 2, 1995:

This is the first morning I was able to drive to work and return without tears. All I felt was peace and love.

I called to check on Dad's condition. My step mom was excited because Dad was conscious. I could talk to him and this would probably be my last chance.

She told me to really yell so I shouted so loud that everyone from Denver to Florida could hear me. **"I LOVE YOU, DAD!"** -- then I heard a feeble, hoarse but very understandable response: **"I love you."** I didn't know what else to say but it doesn't matter, **for only love remains.**

It is so hard on my step-mom now. Dad is only skin and bones. She so much wants him to die. Yet there is a part of her that wants him to stay, for they had so many plans of things they had wanted to do together.

She said: "His faculties are shutting down one by one, very slowly. He has the *Lyman* tenacity. I just wish he would let go."

I meditated, this time, asking him to release himself into the *light*.

Friday, February 3, 1995:

My call was answered by my step mother:

"Dad went back into a coma."

"Hospice is wonderful!! They came in, bathed him and cleaned his teeth. One of the Hospice workers did Therapeutic Touch. He described etheric hot spots, most of which, were located in the cancer area,. He worked a long time and even though Dad was in a coma, his body seemed more relaxed.

"People have been calling. People we haven't heard from in years. He must have touched over a hundred hearts."

I meditated again trying to help Dad release his Spirit into the *light*. This time I added a candle and have decided to keep it lit so that any time I am near Dad's picture I can do a little meditation.

Saturday, February 4, 1995:

Dick and I went for a ride around Boulder Reservoir. We stopped at a small pond to watch the light dance on the ripples. They looked like sparkling, multicolored, dancing fairies. They would appear and disappear only to reappear somewhere else.

I thought about how the life spark that ensouled my Dad was like those fairies and is destined to reappear in some other place and time.

7:00 p.m.

My call was answered by my step mother:

"Dad's breathing is much less labored now. He tried to sit up once. I wish he would let go. He is fighting it all the way and it is hard on both of us."

I tried to reassure her that he was reviewing his past memories. He is not in any pain.

I meditated again, this time concentrating on the *spiritual aspirations* I knew Dad cherished.

Sunday, February 5, 1995:

5:00 a.m.

I felt calm. My own breathing was light. It would stop and then resume sometime later. I sensed peace and love.

The silver cord has been broken.

May the spirit go in *love*.
I love you Dad!

5:15 a.m.

My step mother called saying : “Your Dad died 15 minutes ago. It was very peaceful.” I already knew,” I replied.

*His remains will be cremated.
There will be no funeral service.*

*This is my memorial.
This is my commemoration.
I will apply to graduate school.*

*In June, Dick and I will return
to Valley View Hot Springs
and watch the bats fly at sunset
as my Dad and I had promised
to do together.*

THE SPIRIT IS NOW FREED FROM THE
HOUSE OF CLAY.

David Spurlin retires Editorship of *The Link*

The Theosophic Link, published quarterly, is the Newsletter of the American Section of the Judge lineage T.S. David Spurlin, our good friend, has been its editor over its six year existence and we have come to admire the way in which fidelity to source theosophy is embedded in articles in which the emphasis is on practical, applied theosophy.

David has maintained both the quarterly schedule and quality notwithstanding a hard disk crash, a recent earthquake that left serious cracks in his house and a wild fire that reduced three houses on his block to ashes and burned with 20 feet of his house.

As an editor, I regard this an outstanding achievement. The current, Winter 1995, issue carries the announcement that “a change in his health obliges him to retire,” as editor.

From the *High Country* to David Spurlin -- well done!

Letters Received

The following broadside letter received from Alan Donant, announcing his assumption of the editorship leads us to look forward to future issues with pleasure. We reprint it here for the benefit of HCT readers not receiving *The Link*.

Dear FTS - American Section:

Last month, after attending a meeting at our San Diego Library Center, I visited some friends I had made during the ten years I lived and worked in San Diego.

The first comes to our Center from time to time. She met David Spurlin many years ago and, though not a member, remarked how much she looked forward to receiving each issue of *The Link*.

This demonstrated two things: one, the gratitude we all share for the efforts David has made over the last eight years in building the groundwork for the future of the American Section, and secondly, the power of theosophy to touch lives in a meaningful manner.

The other two I visited are both not yet forty. One of them has built up a successful business over the last decade. He has the trappings of wealth: cars, motorcycles, home, trips to different parts of the world, and plenty of disposable income. After telling me that this year was his best ever and that he saw no end to his success, he said, "I have worked very hard, perhaps too hard, and now I am asking myself, what is it all for?"

The other friend had only a moment to give. During the past month and a half he had been spending all his time outside of work caring for his brother who was suffering from AIDS-related dementia, and was near death. The toll of my friend's love and care was evident as we talked briefly about death and dying; he has no philosophical background and those few moments seemed to help.

Each of these personal events is multiplied across the country. We have all known someone in need of theosophical insight, or those who by virtue of sharing these thoughts, have been deeply moved by them.

The effort to spread a knowledge of theosophy in America will be 120 years old this year, and its influence goes far beyond individual cases.

Scientific discovery glimmers here and

there with theosophic insight; exploration into the common principles behind the world's religions is burgeoning; and from these a new-old philosophy of life is taking shape.

What is it that the scientist is discovering, that examination of the roots of all religions is revealing, and that the new philosophy is moving toward? It is the realization that brotherhood is universal, though perhaps not stated in those words. But surely the interlinked nature of reality emerging from today's scientific disciplines is evident. Simultaneously, larger numbers than we might at first think are discovering the links between themselves and the common foundation upon which the world's spiritual expressions are built. This --- in an era where earthquakes in one part of the globe affects us all --- is brotherhood no matter what names we care to give it.

Although materialism still holds humanity in its grasp, its weakness is becoming increasingly apparent. A transition is taking place, and many, caught in the struggle between powerful forces, are in need of a hand-hold. Will they find it by turning back to the dogmas of the past, or will theosophists make readily available an alternative that will liberate the mind and the heart, opening the way to a new continent of thought so painstakingly built over the millennia?

Opportunity and need have never been greater. The question for us is, how shall we proceed? In the months to come I hope to explore this question with as many of you as possible -- by letters, E-mail, or in person. The time is right for the American Section to begin a new effort to bring the concepts presented by H.P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and their teachers before the people of America so that they may in turn explore and discover what value these ideas hold for their lives.

From the gods to the teachers of mankind, and from them to all humanity this exchange has

been taking place since our capacity to think was awakened. It is only natural that we, as one of many links in this endeavor, strengthen our efforts at this time.

We have no need to convince anyone of the significance of theosophy, nor to compete with anyone in this task. We share these concepts simply because we feel certain of the ideals and principles as we have understood them, and because we recognize that each of us has a unique capacity and responsibility to share what we have received.

I hope every one of you will feel free to contact me at the office of the American Section, PO Box C, Pasadena, CA 91109-7107. In addition, those with computer and modem may reach me via the internet (DGBP56C@Prodigy.com) or Prodigy (DGBP56C).

It is a new time, with new tools, but the most important things endure: the capacity of the human heart and mind to be of benefit to all. I look forward to our bringing our many hearts and minds closer together in this cause.

[signed] Alan Donant

Liesel Deutsch writes from Rochester, N.Y.:

I'd like to say something in defense of "the most popular & mainstream of the (TS) movement ... led into psychism and distorted teachings under Annie Besant & CW Leadbeater."

If you'll note, the two¹ really well trained (by CWL) "psychics" who belong to the Adyar TS today, old as they now are, still use their skills to diagnose people and to heal them, and so did two I know of that passed over in the '80s; Geoffery Hodson and Phoebe Bendit. I can't see how that

can be classified as a distortion, or a nefarious use of anything.

These individuals have spent their lives, used their training upon which they've built, selflessly helping other people ... by the hundreds, if not by the thousands. And what's so bad about that? Making other people more whole, & able to function more creatively is surely helping to make the wheels of the world go round, not putting in a monkey wrench.

If you read AB & CWL, I think you'll find that rather than being distorted, their writings are cogent, & applicable to today's living. Maybe some people would call them "distorted" because they don't say exactly what HPB said.

I would suggest that HPB herself meant for her writings to be meaningful to different individuals in different ways. She was opposed to anyone swallowing her words verbatim. To me, HPB's writings are still alive & vibrant, just because after 100 some years new generations can still gather Wisdom from them.

Since it's 100 years later I would suspect that this Wisdom isn't interpreted any more exactly as it was during HPB's life time, & even at that point in time, people differed already. I think that's what she wanted. "Be Ye a lamp unto yourselves." "Buddhas can but show the way." Namaste Liesel

[Editor's note: Liesel refers to the editor's statement in the January '95 HCT, in her opening sentence, enclosing it in quotes. As a student of theosophical history, I stand on my statement.

The teachings emanating from the brotherhood of Tibetan Adepts and transmitted through H.P. Blavatsky were the source material for her

Isis Unveiled (1877), to A.P. Sinnett for *Esoteric Buddhism* (1885) and for her *Secret Doctrine* (1888).

The initial distortion of the teachings was the result of A.P. Sinnett's misunderstanding of the reply of Master K.H. concerning the place of the planets Mars and Mercury -- Sinnett interpreted the reply to mean that the two planets belonged to the Earth's chain of seven globes and made that statement in his *Esoteric Buddhism*. The error and misconception was noted in the *Secret Doctrine*, with its publication, three years later.

The details of what is called "the Mars-Mercury controversy" are fairly well covered in the *High Country Newsletter* for June 1988. See also *Secret Doctrine* Vol I, pp. 163-65. This is historical fact.

Now the historical facts that the above and a number of other teachings were "revised" as a result of C.W. Leadbeater's "clairvoyance," does not in-and-of-itself, automatically render the work of all those theosophists following that lineage worthless, or as Liesel puts it "nefarious." ormer T.S.A. president Dora Kunz, grew up in association with C.W.L., is clairvoyant herself, and together with Dolores Kreiger developed *Therapeutic Touch*, a technique now widely used with the terminally ill and dying.

A Hospice worker used the technique on co-editor Marty Lyman's dad with acknowledged benefit.

So, let it be understood that I recognize and honor the contributions made to humanity by Dora Kunz and others in the Adyar CWL/AB lineage, such as Harry van Gelder, Phoebe Bendit and Geoffery Hodson.

But it **does not follow** that, where the writings of CWL differ from those of *The Mahatma Letters* and *The Secret Doctrine*, the value of the two differing world views (or Ontologies as Hugh Shearman termed them [HCT Aug. '94]) are, as he argued, equally valid.

For the serious student of theosophy, each should and **must** explore the above sources and compare them with the original and *unedited* editions of CWL's works such as *Man, Whence, How and Whither*, *The Hidden Side of Things* and *The Inner Life*.

Each, must make up his own mind. To take my word for it, or anyone else's, is to crystalize the teachings into a dogma.

The editorial staff of the Theosophical Publishing House (Wheaton) has, over the years, made major revisions in the CWL writings referenced above and the originals were not reprinted.

Winds of Change noted in *The American Theosophist*

We have noticed and rejoice in the dramatic improvement in quality and content in the *AT* since the assumption of American Section presidency by John Algeo.

The *Late Winter 1995*, vol. 83, no. 1 issue, just arrived, contains at least two articles worthy of special mention (Co-editor Marty and I have not yet had time to read the entire issue), and we highly recommend them:

The Adepts, Our Brothers by Edward Abdill and; *The Adeptic Tradition in Europe* by Stephan Hoeller.

Travel Plans

HCT editors, Dick Slusser and Marty Lyman, have made firm plans to visit as many of our fellow theosophist friends in California as possible during the last two weeks of March. Our planned itinerary:

Sat. 18, 7 - 8 a.m. Leave Boulder
Mon. 20, 12 pm Arrive TS: 2416 Lake St. Pasadena.
Phone: 818-798-3378/6043
Tue. 21, Free
Wed. 22, 7:30 pm ULT 245 w 33rd L.A.
Thu. 23, Free
Fri. 24, Dara Eklund, Studio City
Sat. 25, Dara Eklund Ph: 818-985-9473
Sun. 26, Enroute to Lakeside
Mon. 27 Abhinyano, Lakeside
Tue. 28 John Drais, Dulzura
Wed. 29 Emmett Small, San Diego
Thu. 30 Emmett Small Ph: 619-222-3291

Pilgrimage to India

Letter 10
December 20, 1984
Theosophical World Headquarters
Adyar Madras

Dearly Beloved Marty,

I left Varanasi by train at 7 a.m. on Tuesday December 18th and travelled in 1st class air-conditioned luxury for 39 hours, arriving here in Madras last night at 10 p.m.

The journey was very relaxed and pleasant, travelling with Dr. Agarwal, his wife and 22 year old daughter. They were most gracious, generous and kind and fed me the entire way with delicious home made vegetarian Indian food.

As we were travelling, Dr. Agarwal was

reviewing his annual report of the affairs of the Indian Section and I could see that he needed a good pencil, and so I made him a gift of my spare Pentel Japanese mechanical pencil and spare leads. I still have my original pencil with the body filled with leads which I expect will last for the remainder of the trip.

Enroute, we were discussing further the difficulties faced by the Indian headquarters in providing for the accommodation and comfort of guests, particularly those from western countries. The buildings there have no provision for heating and it gets quite chilly in the evenings in December and January.

Dr. Agarwal was considering the purchase of several electric space heaters for guests, but the 60 year old wiring is inadequate for such a load and would have to be replaced for such an application and would incur an additional major expense.

So I suggested that he consider obtaining the kerosene catalytic heaters now approved in the U.S. for unvented indoor use. They became quite popular several years ago, cost about \$50 and are very cheap to operate. One brand name was "Kerosun", but I believe they went out of business.

We were thinking that some future visitors from the U.S. could bring along 2 or 3 heaters as baggage as a gift to the Indian Section. This would, I understand, avoid the import duty.

The next roll, #13, will contain scenes from Adyar, which is an estate of some 220 acres, fronting on the bay of Bengal beach and the Adyar river. Tomorrow, I plan to get up in time to see the sun as it rises out of the ocean.

The lovely house I am quartered in is about

200 yards from the beach and the constant roll of the waves breaking can be heard and the fragrant sea breeze felt. The daytime temperature is about 80°, night 65-70 and the water must be about 80-85 also. I know you would love it.

Early this afternoon, after lunch, I took a walk with Finn, a young 28 year old Norwegian who is my room mate, also here for the convention. There are many lovely sea shells on the beach and I'll bring a collection home.

I left the railroad station by bike last night at 10: 15 p.m. and with the help of a city map and my compass, found my way to the T.S. Adyar estate with only slight difficulty, arriving at about 11 p.m. - a distance of about 6 to 7 miles.

Even at night, Madras seems to be a beautiful city, completely different from any other Indian cities I have been in. It has wide clean boulevards and attractive well maintained buildings, set on spacious grounds along the beach front. My Hindi is apparently of little use here, since the local indigenous language is Telugu but English seems pretty prevalent too, so I don't expect it to be a problem.

The people here at Adyar are so utterly warm and loving it's a little bit reminiscent of Family Synergy except that the overtones are on the spiritual level rather than the sensual.

I wish you could be here to share the experience. But since that is not to be for this time, I shall do my best to share it with you by photo and written description.

The Adyar book shop is a treasure of Theosophical books and I'll probably bring a number of books home which I don't think are generally available in the U.S.

Through these new book resources, I am learning many of the details of the controversies surrounding W.Q. Judge, Annie Besant and C.W. Leadbeater which led to the present divisions in the Society.

Sunday, the night before I left Varanasi, they had a service of the Mystic Star which was one of the most moving and beautiful religious services I have ever attended. It was highly symbolic and a group of youths and young girls representing the disciplines of Science, Will, Love, Knowledge, Service, etc. (about 8 in all) paid respects in symbolic fashion to the World Teachers of the 4th and 5th Races; Krishna, Rama, Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster and Mohammed (although I think that the latter was regarded more as a messenger than as a World Teacher). The thing that made it so moving and beautiful was that it honored in equal fashion all the founders of the major world religions.

The narrow sectarianism of many religions has always been a source of great discomfort to me and here was open and loving recognition of the brotherhood of all of the family of mankind, not only world wide in our present time, but down through the ages long before the dawn of recorded history, encompassing civilizations only hinted and guessed at by the sciences of archaeology and history!

Such a presentation fills one with a sense of the majestic sweep and great purpose of the evolution of humankind on this planet down through the ages, utterly dwarfing the usual historical viewpoint. And yet the most inspiring and satisfying realization is that we, as re-incarnating spiritual entities, play our parts over and over again in this pageant.

I just had a decadent western feast. I went out with Finn this morning and there is actually a bakery nearby that has "brown bread", not exactly

whole wheat, but better than the usual white bread. Brown bread with butter and Mango Jam made a real feast!

My problem, it seems, is that I usually get from 1/2 to 2/3 of the amount I'd like to eat, so I'm continually supplementing meals with "Gluco Biscuits" which are sugar cookies like animal crackers, oranges and bananas. The dinner quantities here at Adyar do seem to be larger than at Varanasi, however.

The convention starts on Wednesday the 26th and runs through the 31st. The last few hours before the train reached Madras I was really missing you I felt a strong pang in my heart for my beloved Marty with whom I share so much in this life's journey.

I feel so close and connected to you. Well it's 5: 45 p.m. and time to go to supper, so I'll close this letter. There will be much to tell you of what is happening here, so I'll write again in a day or so.

Namaste my beloved,
Now and forever,

P.S. 8 a.m. Friday Dec. 21.

Last night I slept on the roof so that I could see the brilliant stars overhead and would have an opportunity to see the sunrise over the sea.

The roof is tiled and flat and quite pleasant, affording a good view of the beach. The sky colors were quite nice before dawn but the actual sunrise was obscured owing to some clouds on the eastern horizon. I did get several shots of the sun rising with a fishing boat under the sun's disk.

Norma Sastry (to whom I wrote) is a delightful white haired woman not quite as tall as Eleanor and appears to be in her late 70s.

She comes originally from Michigan and last night, treated us to a concert of western classical music. We listened to Rachmaninoff's 2nd Piano Concerto.

She has a classical record collection with many of the same works that I have at home.

THE HIGH COUNTRY THEOSOPHIST is an *independent* journal and has the following editorial objectives:

(1) To serve the greater Theosophical Movement as a forum for the free interchange of ideas and commentary in the pursuit of *Truth* and to facilitate various projects in furtherance of Theosophical principles.

(2) 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.

(3) To examine contemporary ethical, religious, metaphysical, scientific and philosophical issues from the viewpoint of the *source* theosophical teachings.

(4) To impartially examine significant events and issues in the history of the theosophical movement which have affected and shaped its present-day realities.

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